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INBURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications for the to my address, liox 628, or telephone 68, will be promptly at-JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph

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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 sums, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of \$500 and pwards.

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All kinds of Wood in stock and promptly delivered to any part of the town at reasonable prices.

Hardwood and slabs out stove length always

Collars, Cuffs, Etc . Work called for every Monday and Thursday and delivered every Thursday

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First-class work guaranteed in

Family Laundry Work Shirts,

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Probable cost of new barn or perhaps a new house. We'd like you Hardware required.

and can save you money. No doubt about that.

J. M. BOND & Co. HARDWARE . GUELPH.

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> Our stock of new Spring Goods is now complete.

They are all choice goods, and we would respectfully suggest an early selection. Prices right; also

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Frames, Pictures, Artists'

Headquarters for Presents, Repair your pumps or put in new ones before it is too cold. WE CAN DO IT.

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BUPERIOR FACILITIES for thorough and practical courses of Study. Bookkeeping. Graduates assisted to positions.

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WATER MOTORS, and A Change Pipe and Steam Pitting and General Repairing. Being equipped with a gas brazing machine I am prepared to do brazing on Bicycles Frames &c. Wheels converted from Direct to Tangen Spokes. Handle Bars bent to any desired augle Full line of spokes kept in stock. Satisfaction guaranteed. Bicycles enamelled in any color.

of Business Having bought the Tailor-

ing Establishment lately car ried on by Mr. H. Strasser, I hope, by strict attention to business, to share a continuance of your support. I shall put into stock choice Suitings, Pantings and Overcoatings ready for the spring trade.

E. H. Schlimme.

Poetry.

THE BLACKBIRD'S SONG.

WALDO. Tra-la-la-lo! the blackbird sang, As he swung on the topmost spray. To stay with you The summer through,

I've come from far away; So morry bo, And welcome me This joyous April day. Tra-la-la-le ! The day is fair,

And soft the April sky,

And I'vo a mate, Though rather late, That's coming by and by To nicot mo hore :... Is drawing near As swift as wings can fly.

Tra-la-la-let I know a spot Whore waving rushes grow; A hidden-nook . Beside a brook
That only sun leams know,

Or wandering wind. May chartog to find, And where we fear no foo. Tra-la .lol From rosy dawn To dusky eve I'll swing The nest above. That holds my love,

But six, wo'll southward wing,

No longer two

And prompts my heart to sing.

Theu, summer through,

Rose Pemberton's Test.

Select Family Reading

"Oh, dear! I wish I could be a heroine aside the novel she had just finished with sistent wilfulness that amazed herself. to write us about the a deep sigh of discontent. "I'm pretty "I will answer you to-morrow even-We want your trade glance at the mirror opposite, in which her her saucy lips. "I must have a little time piquent face and curling golden hair were to reflect upon so dreadfully serious a pleasingly reflected-"but nothing ever matter, Mr. Severance." happens-nothing ever will happpen either, so far as 1 can see-that has the least bit of romance in it. Just the same old humdrum life; I'm tired and sick of it. If something startling would only occur ! If I could even fail desperately in love

with some one-Here the low, discontented murmur of Rose's voice ceased, and a faint blush crept into her pretty cheeks as her thoughts little o'der that he's if. drifted away toward a certain "some one" who had never formed a part of that hum- | ly by the parents of the two. drum life of which she had so often and so

bitterly complained. pratticet girl in the village always will have, and she gould recall an equal number of flirtations which had served to brighten the monotony of her village life. But they were tame affairs; her heart had never been really interested for a

As for the grand passion Rose knew nothing of it save her day dreams and in the pages of her favorite novels.

She had laughed at her would-be lovers, and declared her conviction that there is no such thing as love in real life. But of late pretty Rose had begun to entertain a somewhat different opinion on

A handsome, intellectual face and a pair of laughing brown eyes were the direct cause of her change of heart: Yet their owner seemed in no haste to

enroll himself on the list of her admirers. Guelph Indeed Rose knew him only by sight, for Wilbur Severance was a stranger in the village; she had seen him in church two three times, and occasionally on the street; but he had never sought an introduction to the belle of the place, and, beyond a passing glance of admiration, had not evinced any

special notice of her attractions. Perhaps that was the very thing which had awakened Rozo's interest in him. At all events, she often caught barself dreaming of those handsome brown eyes, and wondering what she should do if Mr. Severance were ever to tell her the story of love which she had often heard from other

But there was little danger of that, steady tones. that thought forced itself upon her, even while she was contemplating her graceful image in the mirror; and, catching up her wide-brimmed garden hat, she stiddenly

quit the room and went hurrying down the path with a kind of desperate determination in her heart to get away from the duliness of overyday existence and ring in adventure of some sort from the unwilling hands of Fate.

"I'll go down to the river," she said. after a moment of indecision at the gate. and if I can find a boat, I'll row aboue in the most dangerous places I can find. And I hope something will happen : but it won't." she added sarcastically, "unless I

upset the boat on purpose." Turning into the winding road that led out of the village, she soon came to the river and found a fragile shed of a boat there by fate for her especial use.

time with her oars to her own restless voor final one."

-All at once a sound, breaking the stillheart gave a mad bound, and then seemed answer." to stop beating, for there on the bank, only a few feet distant, busily arranging a pile of fishing tackle, sat the hero of her present thoughts-the handsome stranger with the laughing brown eyes. And they were quietly laughing at her new, Rose thought, as a blush of confusion

dyed her cheeks. The sudden start she gave jostled one of the oars out of her grasp, and, reaching to recover it, the "something" which she had so recklessly wished for happened; for the next instant, to her disgust she found herself overboard, and floundering about in the water, looking as little like her ideal heroine as could be imagined.

Mr. - Severance hastened as once to her rescur, and when he had brought her, pale and exhausted, to the shore. Rose glancing sliyly upward, saw those brown eyes, no longer laughing at her, but full of grave anxiety that filled her heart. "I am not at all injured,' she said, reply. ing to the look, "and I hope my boat isn't gone for I must try my luck sgein with

it by starting home at once." "But your strength is quite exhausted," | hesitat". he said decidedly, as she rose slowly to her feet. "I shall row you back to the point from which you started, and then, if you will permit me, I shall accompany you to your home. I really think is unsafe for ACTON you to go alohe "be added, seeing the tide him, Rose sank back into her chair and

hor white cheeks. Rose effered but faint objections; and thus begen the acquaintance which was she mound as she thought of the desols destined to prove so eventful to-both.

And Rose was happy. . It was just in the flush of her happinere that Rose met at a village hotel, whose landlady's daughter was one of her friends,

a lady who had come there hoping to regain her lost health. Pale and delicate, but atill very levely, was Carvi Stewart, and very soon she and the village bolle were fast friends.

"My physicians say that my ailmout oppsomption," said Caryl Stewart oneday, emiling a slow, sad smile that went straight to Rose's heart; "but I know better than they, Rose. I know that I am dying of a it. Then, in my pity for her and broken beart. Some day I will tell you, my, bitter anger toward you, I You will come in again to morrow?" she | weak enough to offer to renew that questioned, lifting, her dark eyes with a wietful look.

smile. "I will come in any day-every coughing severely, and ruptured a bloodday, Mies Stewart.". She was thinking of that conversation

when Wilbur Severance came to see her later in the evening. But she could not remain melancholy | She knew that you loved me, Rose. long in his presence now, particularly as he

for her heart and hand.

Rose had often pictured this moment to herself, and she had resolved to be all weet gess and sincerity to this man whomshe loved with all her soul. Bat-how it was she could never tell-

somehow her old wilful spirit of coquetry seemed to take possession of her all in moment, and she laughed, teased and myself," pouted Rose Pemberton, tossing | evaded her lover's questioning with a perenough, I'm shre"-casting an appreciative ling," was the reply he finally coaxed from

> But there was that in the happy blue eyes that belied the wilful lips, and Wilbur Severance went away with a cheerful heart in spite of all. The following day Rose paid her promis-

> ed visit to Miss Stewart, and it was then that the invelid made her a confidente. Caryl Stewart had been betrothed when scarcely more than a child to a youth a

The arrangements had been made entire-But as they grew older, with a better understanding of the rituation. Caryl Rose had numberless admirers, as the realized that her whole heart was envolved in the matter, while her fiance proved indifferent, and finally rebelled outright against the bonds which he had no part in

In her pride Caryl had granted him his freedom, though the broke her own heart by doing it.

Other suitors she had had, but she would never love again to her dying day. "And that will not be far off," she ended, pathotically, unless I can win his love. And I don't quite despair of doing that yet, Rose. Away from all rivals and free from the bu-iness-like fetters that once prejudiced him more than all, when he realizes, at last, that his love, and only that, can save my life-do you think, dear little Rose, that my hope of yet winning him is such a

wild one, after all?' "No, indeed, I do not, Miss Stewart," she earnestly replied "4 don't think he could help but learn to love you, did he know all the truth. If he could be here to

"He is here and I have mpt him several times, though he doesn't know the mad hope that brought me here-as yet, I have merely told him that I came here for my health. I think you know him also, Rose,' she added, slowly, watching the girl's face from beneath her long, dark lasher. 'His name is Wilbur Severance."

"Wilbur Severance !" One moment Rose's little-hand was pressed tightly over her heart, and her breathing seemed to cease.

Then she spoke, almost in her usual "Yes. I know Mr. Severance; we are Mrs. Feeney the other morning to take an quite good friends," she said. "And I order for bread, rolls, etc., he discovered think he will come back to you yet, Miss that the lady's skirts were on fire, and Stewart; indeed, I am-am almost sure

parting words, then touching her cold lips extinguished. Instead of blessing her prelightly to Caryl Stewart's brow, bastened server, Mrs. Feeney gave him a fearful from the room. last night, when I loved him so !" cried | charred skirts she declared that she would

Rose in anguish of heart, as she hurried. hume. "Then it would all have been settled, and nothing could have changed it, The question is, 'Was Mr. Johnson guilty

when Wilbur called that night, she gave fire to put it out before he has had an introhim his answer promptly enough. It was duction or before consulting the lady as to deliberately intended to deceive me?" he and Mrs. Feeney are concerned, the case is

dancing at anchor on the waves, as if left cried. "Surely no woman under heaven closed. Mr. Johnson will never feel warcould have a heart so hard and false as ranted in interfering with her dieng here-Rose unfastened the chain and was soon | that ! Do not trifle this time, Rose, after in any way she may select .- Buffalo shooting swiftly down the stream, keeping | Whatever your answer is now, it must be | Commercial "It is final," she auswered, steadily. "I

-chall regret the loss of your friendship ness of the scone drew her attention toward but I oun never be your wife, Mr. the shore; and with that glance Rose's Severance. That is my deliberate final "And I hurled back the lie in the teeth of all those who tried to warn me against

you for what you are-a souliese coquette," he said, with a bitter laugh. "I might have saved my happiness, but I would not. and-well I deserve my fate for being such a fool."

He turned on his beel to go, but Rose stepped quietly before him. She had a small b fket of fruit and flowers in her hand.

"I should like to ask you to do me one little favor," she said, coldly, not seeming to have noticed his Litter words. "I have a friend at the hotel which you will pass as you go home. Sho is ill, very ill, indeed, and I wish to sand her the so. I promised, but as I could not go my self, I must ask von to take them for me-and this note," she added, offering it. "Don't refuso, please, she will be so disappointed. And if you will kindly take them up to her parlor yourself-I never trust these things to the caroless servants there. It is the only service I shall ask of you," she added, with a half pleading little smile, as she saw him

the trifling task, and, w h a cold, distant bow, he took both backut and note from her hand and went his way. And when the door Bad closed behind

Of course he had no cludes but to scoept

of crimson that swept back sud-losly. to | 8 bbed until her heart was ready to burst. "I have sent him to her, and surely she can find some way to win him back again, tion sho had brought upon her own hap-

for which he paid thirteen cents, and then How long she sat there weeping Rose asked permission to leave his box while he never knew. But ages after, so it seemed a stop sounded beside her, and Wilbur's own voice was tenderly calling her name "Look up, my Rose, and let me, tell vot what has happened." he was saying sadly. to me by an old Italian who died at my yet with a deep undertone of joy in his father's house. I beg you will be o weful loving voice. "I executed your errand, and

before I could leave, Curyl in some way made me understand the state of her feelings toward me. You know the whole story, Rose, so I need not repeat engagement. I need not tell you that esgerly accepted, and then, in her joy or "Oh, yee," returned Rose, with a bright | the agitation of the moment, she fell to

vessel. "Yes-" in answer to Rose's horand ancient-looking one. roified ory-"she is dead now, my darling, but not before she made me understand the sacrifice you tried to make for her now I shall not ask you for that answer, professor-that he was the leader of an had come for the express purpose of asking | dear; I shall take it thus;" and he kissed orchestra -- and that he could never see her quivering lips. "My love-my hero-

> Rose had nover once thought of it in that | drew the bow across the strings, playing a few passages of a fine old German waltz. light; but no one now now ever hears from her sweet lips that old-time, foolish wish : "Oh, if I could be a heroine!"-Dublin

OUTWITTING A CUSTOMS OFFICER.

ine !" he added, proudly.

The famous Hungarian, Count Zichy, who lived on a princely income in Vienna. was in his younger days, well known all over Europe on account of the bets he made and generally won. Once, when there was a heavy duty imposed on every head of cattle entering the Austrian capital, he made a bet that he would carry a lamb free of duty through the gate of Vienna and that the gate-keeper, who was' acting as imperial officer, adjusting and receiving the duty, would be glad to let o'clock. If he cannot do that, tell him to

Next morning, the count, disguised as a Academy of Music and inquire for the butcher, his butcher knife in his hand, his shirt sleeves rolled up, and carrying a heavy sack on his shoulder, made his way to one of the fashionable gates of Vienna not tell the man what I have said about his violin, nor what I have offered, because But the watchful officer soon espied him.

"What have you in that sack, fellow?" "A dog, eir." "A dog? Dog yourself! Down with cumspect." that sack ! I know fellows like you sometimes carry dogs in sacks through the gates, and sell them for mutton in town.

Down with your sack !" "But it's nothing but a dog, and a bad had been captivated by the golden buit. dog too. I will-

"Never mind what you will. Down for? with your sack !" The officer pulled the sack from the supposed butcher's shoulder, out the string and sure enough, out jumped one of the the faithful government servant, landed him several stops away in the gutter, and then left for parts unknown. After him went the young butcher, shaking his knife before the eyes of the frightened officer.

and exclaiming: orchestra, as he might be able. "I'll sottle you after I catch that dog?" About two hours afterward the face of the butcher again appeared before the raised window of the gate-officer.

"I have just caught that dog again. Would you like to look at him?" "Get away ! Get out, you and your infernal dog!" And with a crash the window went down, and the smiling butoher entered Vienna. But no dog was that time in his eack,

but the fattest lamb that could be found in the suburbs of the capital. A QUESTION OF DEPORTMENT.

Here is a nut for the authorities on "How to Be a Gentleman" or "Manners in SILEasy Lessons" to crack, When Mr. Johnson, of West Islip, N. Y., called upon without a word he picked her up and, throwing her into a deep snow bank, rolled And rising quickly, the murmured a few ber over and over until the flames were "gostherin" for treating her "most un-"Oh, why didn't I tell him 'Yes' at once gentlemanly." Even when shown the rather be burned to death than man handled in that uncermonious fashion. of angentlemanly conduct? Is it correct Her resolve was already taken; and form when a "gent" discovers a lady on her choice of style in suppressing the out of sight. ... "You cannot mean, Rose, that you have flames? Of course, so far as Mr. Johnson

DANGEROUS MISSLES.

"Bplendid fun seeing the procession said Billy to Sammy, who didn't go They were sitting together on the fence. "Ye-os !" drawled Sammy.

"Yes. Elephants and camels, au' horses

an' wagons full of Indians, and Roman

warriors, an' jockeys on horses, an' piles o' "Yos,". Billy was determined to arous his stupid companion. An' a turrible

prowd of men and boye rushin' after and' throwin' things at the Indians an' Romar "Gracious!" exclaimed Sanmy. "What

did they throw, Bill?', ' Lots of things," replied Bill solemnly "Mud an' tomaters an' one fellow fired im precations !" "You don't say !" (in a tone of awe!

·I never saw them. Was anybody killed?

MEDICINE GLASSES. One of the small things desirable on occasions to know is how to prevent confusion

when he came to an overtured poplarin medicino glasses where homeopathio' remedica are used. A trained nurse gives a simle rule, easily remembered : Aled. A she-bear, it appeared, was suckling ways set the just given medicine farthest her oubs in a bed which she had made near away from the patient; then no matter the roots of the tree. She greeted the what the arrangement of spoons, it is the Indian with a hug, and Downing did not forward and nearest glass that is to be taken from next.

When you are weak, tired and lifeless, on need to enrich and purify your blo

THESE ARE WICKED TIMES.

A goutleman called in at the shop of Mr

Abraham Lovi Isaacs, with a violin-cas

under his arm. He purchase! a neck-tio.

did a few errands in the neighborhood

"It is a violin," said the contlem in

which I prize very highly. It was given

Mr. Isaaos promised and the owner o

Toward noon, while the old olothes deal

er was deeply engaged in the work of sell-

ing an ancient and time-honored suit as

banged-up broadoloth, a stranger entered

with a distinguished look. The violin case

was in sight upon a shelf, and as no one

"Hallod" cried Isaacs, when he

The stranger explained that he

touch dat, eh?"

twenty dollars for it.".

Issacs said it was not hir.

He put them back remarking :

Isancs said be would.

"I'll give you fifty-a hundre ! !"

buy it. When the owner returns, will you

call at the office of the treasurer of the

"But," suggested thoutranger, "you need

he may have no idea of what a treasure

The stranger went away, and Abraham

Levi Isaacs reflected. In the course of an

hour, the owner of the vio in returne l, an I

asked for his box. But the "old els" man

What would the gentlem in sell his violin

of talk, he confessed that he was not him-

Mr. Isaacs paid the money, and became

to the proposition : But after a great

"Five dollars, without the case !"

THANKS TO THE BEAR.

heard the snapping of twigs behind them-

Some Indians were dogging their footsteps,

he believed. His companion, Yates, treat.

Downing was not satisfied, and finally, as

he continued to hear the suspicuous poises,

denly aside and dropped in to a thick patch

of huckleberry bushes. Yates, who was

singing, continued his course, and was soon

Almost at the same moniont two Indians

pushed aside the stalks of a canebrake and

looked cautiously in the direction that

Yutes had taken. Poor Downing, fearing

that his own movements had been observed

determined to fire upon the savages, but in

his pervousness be was hardly more than a

boy-he let off his gun without taking aim.

Then he started to run: Very soon he

met Yates, who had been alarmed at the

report, and had hastened back to see what

full view, and the two white men ran for

their lives. Yates, who was the faster of

the two, would not leave Downing in the

till they came to a deep gully. Yates

cleare I it outily enough, but Downing, be-

ing pretty well exhausted, fell short, and

after striking the farther bank, dropped to

the bottom. The Indians mosatime were

crossing the gully a little farther down, and

chase after him.

seeing Yates making off ahoad, they took

Downing crept along the bed of the gully

till it became too shallow to conceal him;

and then, looking up, saw one of the

Indiana returning, evidently to look for

him. Again he took to his his heels, and

the Indian followed. All hope of escape

was dying out of the young fellow's heart-

He took one side of it, and the Indian

was the matter. The snemy was now

Downing's scalp for sixpence.

professor.

ten per cent.

At first the gentleman would not listen

violin came to be left in his shop.

the shop-a remarkably well dressed

Mr. Isaacs had no objection.

the precions violin departed:

POLLY'S DILEMMA. There's something that I've though · I wish you'd 'splain to me:

And when they need them most To keep them warm and nice They lose off all their clothes And look as cold as ice.

-L. R. Chittenden in The Outlook

A POET WHO WAS A COLLIER In all the annuls of literary history there can scarcely have been recorded a life story more unusual, and at first view more nearly increditable than that of Joseph Skipsoy, the Collier Post. It is well worthy the consideration and the emplation of those to whom fate has been kinder. He was born at North Shields-in the "Black

was near to prevent him, the new-comer called-in March, 1832. elipped around and opened the case, and took out the instrument-a very dark hued the sound of the violin; what for you violin without trying it. And then he

world underground, "My soul !" he cried, after he had run his fingers over the instrument a while, is not a better one in England-a perfectly

genuine old Cremona. I will give you Mr. Isanes was forced to explain how the The stranger had taken out his proketbook and drawn forth a roll of bank-notes.

It was by means of this door which he guarded that Skipsey taught himself to "I must have that violin if money will read; for he had only learned his letters when he was sent to the mine. ask him to wait for me? If he cannot . Candle ends were priceless treasures to

wait, ask him to meet, me here at six him. He used them to light his darkness, placards or advertisements he could pick up, thus teaching himself to form letters director of the orchestra. Will you do it?"

formed a serious resolution to commit the whole Bible to memory; and he could probably, even now, repeat more chapters he possesses. You will be enreful and cirof Holy Writ than any other person alive. Somehow he got hold of Shakespeare and Milton and Burns-we will not pity him hat dime novels were beyond his reach. He printed a few of his lyrics in 1859, and in consequence of the interest they

underground world, where he could ears self a professor, and could not well afford six or seven dollars a week; on which he biggest dogs in Vienna. The dog rushed at to keep such a valuable instrument. He managed to keep himself and his family in what a miner considers' resentable com would sell it for fifty dollars-not a penny From time to time he published one little volume of poems after another, and the legal possessor of the violin, ready to with each new issue he won new friendstake anything from two bundred to two

> end of a week, Issaes carried the violin to not only Rorsetti and Scott, but also a professional friend, and asked him what William Morris, Burno Jones and Theowas its real value, before calling on the dore Watts. In 1882 he once more left the mines, and was soon after invited to edit Walter

> director was a partner in the business, and fatory essays from his pen. Ill health compelled him to resign this that together they had made him their victim. That night old clothes went up congenial work. Then for a time he was curator of Shakespeare's birthplace, till his wife's illness obliged him to resign that position also. But he has always found something to do, and no difficulties have conquered his resolute and buoyant spirit. Almost a hundred years ago two young Fancy a life of which nearly fifty years mon who lived in a Kentucky fort went out have been passed underground, and yet out of which has come the evolution of a poet ! ed hither and thither through the woods Nothing could be more touching than his until, toward evening, they found themown simple story of his boyish days, and selves in a wild valley six or seven miles of the visions with which he peopled his from home. Here the younger of them, darkness. Sunday was literally sun-day Francis Downing by name, fancied that he

to him, for it was the only day on which he ever saw the sun. volumes of verse, and has now a recognized position among English poets. Rossetti said of him, "His real-life pieces are more sustained and decided than almost any

and has liked what he describe." Skipsoy himself would not speak of his life as sad, for it has had the glamor of imagination, the excitement of aspiration and endeavor. He has won friends among the best and noblest, and he has proved that a man is stronger than his environ ment, more powerful than what we foolishly call his destiny.

A LUCID EXPLANATION.

"W'y," replied the mother, always will ing and glad to touch her children, "it's

Prison Inspector-"That man over there seems positively to enjoy the tread

one of them that ain't pulled by horses."

tion. 'E was a bicycle thief.' APPARENTLY A HOPELESS CASE. Kincardine Banker who suffered Distressingly from Indigestion --

What this wonderful remedy for all forms of stomach trouble can do is best told in the words of John Boyer, banker, Kincardine, Ont. "About a year ago, as a result of heavy work no doubt, I became very much troubled, with indigestion; associated with it were those terribly distook the other. Just then the Indian yell- tressing feelings that our hardly be described in any language. I had tried various methods of ridding myself of the trouble. but without success, until I was influenced to use South American Nervine. The retarry to see how the interview terminated. | sult and I gladly say it for the benefit of New hope put new life iuto his legs, and he others-this remedy oured me, and I never reached the fort in safety, where he was healtate to recommend it to any person afwelcomed'by Yates who had arrived two ! feeted with any form of stomach trouble."

PRICE THREE CENTS

OWhy, whon the weather's warm, There's leaves on every tree,

Of course it's right for folks, But I'm thinking bout the trees. I'd like to wrap them up in shawls For four they're going to frueze.

Country," as that part of England is

His father was shot dead in some mining riot when the future poet was only four months old. He was the youngest of eight obildren, and the widowed mother was hard-pressed to keep her little open fed and clothed. Joseph was only seven years old when he was sent to work in the coal pits of the Percy Main, near North Shields, and from that time until he was past fifty almost all his life was spent in the dark

. As a little boy his business was to stand beside a wide door, open it when, he heard the rumble of an approaching cart of coals, and close it again when the cart had passed

"Standing there in the dark," he said, in telling his story to a friend, "I saw things wonderful and strange. Sometimes I seemed to see a great ball of light, like a gigantio egg, and as I watched it it seemed to open, and I saw shapes with aureoles round their heads."

while he traced on his door copies of any into words until he has learned to read and Before he was eleven years old he bad

excited he was made sub-librarian of a literary society at Newcastle-on-Tyne. But the salary was pitifully small, and ofter a brief experiment he returned to his

hundred and fifty from the director of the among them Rossetti, the poet, and William Bell Scott, poet and painter. In 1880 he But the director did not come. At the went to London for a brief visit, and met

Abraham Levi Isascs, was strongly of Scott's series of "Canterbury Poets," and opinion that the gentleman who left the first six of the series came out under his supervision, and with admirable previolin in his care was a swindler, that the

He has published in all some five or six ed the matter as a jest, and offered to insure thing I know. He is a poet of the people, he fell behind Yates sonme twenty or thirty paces, and at a favorable epot sprang sud-

"Say, mother," inquired the small boy, whose early education had been somewhat neglected and he felt the used of improvement, "what kind of a horse car is a patent

-Warder-"Yes, sir. 'E's used to the his

Apparently a Hopeless case of Stomach trouble Until South American Nepvine was Used--His Words Are: "It Cured Mo Absolutely."