ACTON, ONT.

The Acton Free Press

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Editor and Proprietor

MEDICAL -

H. P. MOORE

Business Birectory.

Accounts payable monthly.

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to ask the ladies of Acton the question :

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In their store-St. George's Sq. All cars stop opposite their doors. Pictures.

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Poetry.

THE CLOWN'S BABY. BY MARGARET VANDEGRIPT.

The miners, rugged and brown, Wore gathered cround the posters-The circus bad come to town! The great tent shous in the darkest Like a wonderful palace of light,

And rough mon crowded the entrance-Shows didn't come every night! Not a woman's face among them ; Many a face that was bad,

In a corner of the place, Was "making up" bis face. A weary-looking woman,

A. F. H. JONES,

Manager

GUELPH.

A stupid fellow who guages the quality of ness to be married. Yet one of this class directed his wife to buy footwear for herself and the children from another firm because they charged more for them, and "they must therefore be better." His better half bought several pair from us and several from the other house and showed her husband they were identical, being even manufactured by the same people. This proved conclusively how foolish a man can be when he really tries. The lady of the house generally knows where she can get the most his companion served as a dramatic critic, and the best for her money, and if you were

SPECIAL EXHIBI

Artist's Supplies, Fancy Goods, At prices that will surprise you.

Machine and Repair Shops from his pocket, and an eye glass dangled

Business College

It was out on the Western frontier ;

And some that were only vacant, And some that were very sad. And behind a canvas curtain, The clown, with chalk and vermillion

With a smile that still was sweet; Bowed on s'little garment, With a oradib at her feet. Pantaloon stood ready and waiting: It was time for the going on; But the clown in vain searched wildly-

The "property baby" was gone.

He murmured, impatiently hunting,

"It's strange that I cannot find-There! I've looked in every corner; It must have been left behind?" The miners were stamping and shouting They were not very patient men; The clown bent over the cradlo-. "I must take 'you', little Ben !"

The mother started and shivered, But trouble and want were near; She lifted her baby gently; "You'll be very careful, dear?" areful? You foolish darling How tondorly it was said; While a smile shope through the chalk and

"I fove each hair of his head!" The nelse rose into an uproar, Misrule for the time was king; The clown, with a foolish chuckle, Bolted into the ring. But, as with a squeak and flourish. The fiddles closed their tune.

Eaid the clown to pantaloon. The jovial fellow nodded; "I've a couple myself," he said; 'I know he to handle 'em, bless you Old fellow, go ahead !' The fun grow fast and furious, And not one of all the crowd

From the benches with a ring, And the roughest customer there sprang With, "Boys, it's the real thing!" The ring was jammed in a minute; Not a man that did not strive For "a shot at holding the baby"-

Had guessed that the baby was alive,

Ho was thronged by kneeling suitors In the midst of the dusty ring, And he hold his court right royally-The fair little baby king-Till one of the shouting courtiers. A man with a bold, hard face, The talk for miles of the country. And the terror of the place.

As the chubby fingers clutched his hair; Then, "Boys, hand round the hat!" There never was such a hatful Of silver and gold and notes; People are not always penniless Because they don't wear coats. And then "Three cheers for the baby !" I tell you those cheers were meant;

And the way in which they were given

Raised the little king to his shoulder

And chuckled, "Look at that!"

And then there was sudden silence, And a gruff old miner said: "Come, boys; enough of this rumpus It's time it was put to bed." So, looking a little sheepish, But with faces strangely bright, The audience, somewhat lingering, Flocked out into the night. And the bold-faced leader chuckled!

Was enough to raise the tent.

Ho's as game as he is good-looking-Boys, that was a show that paid !"

"He wasn't a bit afraid!

Select Family Reading.

Little Dot. BRY O. H. DIRHOLE. manager onthusiastically. "Is he indeed?" said Vance Raymond

rather abstractedly, as he gazed at the packed auditorium. They were standing in the lobby of the "People's." Raymond had dropped in for few minutes, while making his nightly round of the theatres. The manager, eager for a good notice in the paper upon which

was making himself almost offensively agreeable. "The hit of the show! he emphatically you? He comes on next." "I don't know whether I can spare the

time," said Raymond, smoothing out the play-bill that had been thrust into his hand. And, in type that stood out bolder than the rest, he read : "LITTLE DOT!"

HE PHENOMENAL CHILD ARTIST IN HIS WON-DERFUL CHARACTER CHANGES. Followed by more terms of a laudatory character similarly extravegant. Raymond carelessly cast his programme saide, and watched the two upon the stage. They were going through what figured on the bills as an "acrobatic song and dance." Prezently they executed a remarkable somersault, that brought forth a cloud of dust. and made their exit, followed by the deafening applause of the gallery. In response,

they came out and bowed, and the stamping of feet and clapping of hands gradually The quiet that fell upon the house was broken by the tinkle of the prompter's Wall Papers, bell. The eyes of the audience expectantly sought the wings. The musicians raised

their instruments and began to play one of the popular airs in vogue. "Watch him," whispered the manager, a born actor and no mistake." As he spoke, a little figure, olad black velvet suit with delicately striped pink stockings, appeared on the stage. A crimson handkerchief protruded slightly

at his side. In his hand he held a light cane, which he twirled foppishly at in-Such a pinched, wan face he turned toward the audience as he began his some in the yellow gleam of the foot-lights. feverish flush was on his obseks, and his eyes sparkled with unwonted brillianov. Raymond felt his heart grow soft with pity as he listened to the rare, sweet voice.

ed signs of breaking. "Poor listle nhap," he murmured. "He's flourist on the way, he ; urchased at bunch

childieh horoes at the time, came to him. The song soon came to au end and the hild-disappeared, followed by the enthus iastic approval of the audience.

to Raymond, his face beaming with pleasu re. "Eb ? Eh ?" he said delightedly. "Doesn't he bring down the house? An infant prodigy, and all that, you know 'Pon 'my word, its worth the price of

manager joined in the applause and turned

admission to see him alone." "Rather a fit subject for the prevention of cruelty to children, I should say," remarked Raymond dryly. "For my part, I hate your infant prodigies. They ought all to be in their bode at this hour, eminying the sleep of healthful children!

The manager eyed him sharply. "Bluff and nonsense," he grunted; then in a more cheerful tone : "Jast watch him this next turn. His drunken man simply wonderful. I'm capable of criticising that, you know." And he hushed the chuckle on his lips as little Dot-a com plete metamorphosis-staggered in with a high silk hat crushed over his eyes, and a white handkerchief hanging from his coat-

ance with which he rendered the song fuirly convalsed the audience. When he was through, he was greeted with a torrific storm of applause. "True to life; wasn't it?" laughed the manager. "Well, it ought to be. Ho's

had plenty of chances to get points, goodness knowns. His father's Whitely, of the 'Stare,' who are playing at the Globe this week. Good actor, but boozes too much. That is why he and his wife separated. It's looky she's got the boy. He's worth a cool \$75 to her every week." Baymond listened with his eyes intent

ing to his second encore. When he finished he was vociferously re-demanded: Again he came out and delivered a pathetic he will come. He drank and-and we little recitation that evoked fresh applause. "What a shame !" he muttered angrily. "They'd keep the poor little chap before them the whole-night if they could."

At that moment little Dot appeared from the wings and raised his hand to his lips. The pink glow on his cheeks had died out, and in its place was a look of utter weariness. The audience must have noticed it, for the house grew still- and the performanos proceeded with the next act. Raymond buttoned up bis overcost and. left the theatre. The snow lay deep upon

the ground, and a raw, bleak wind blew the still falling flakes remorselessly into his face. In spite of all his efforts he on tiptoe could not dismiss the peaked, wan face from his thoughts. A picture rose before him of Little Dot, trudging his way back to the hotel in all the snow at an hour when other children were cosily tucked away in bod, and his heart was filled with pity at the constrast.

The post night found him at the "People's" behind the stenes. At his request he was taken by the manager to the dressing-room that Little Dot occupied, and introduced to him. The child was with his mother, waiting to "go on." "It's the gentleman who was kind enough to write that notice about you."

"Oh, it was you, was it ?" he said, turning his big blue eyes up at Raymond. "You're an editor, ain't you?" The a we with which he asked this question brought a smile to Raymond's face.

she said to him. "You must thank him

He placed his hand to his forebead and held it there a moment. Raymond noticed | shake of the head. it, and looked grave. "Onite well," the child fultered, "Only -only I'm tired and my-my head aches. Hurry, mamma," as the call-boy appeared at the door; and, turning to Raymond, he

held out his hand. 'Good-bye," he said, "it's time for me to go on." Little Dot hastened with his mother through the dark and gloomy passage leading to the stage, and stood at a wing awaiting for bisque. His mother stationed herself near by to assist him in making heart.

his changer. Raymond and the manager sought the ront of the house. "That youngeter is going to be eick." "It's too late! Where's mamma? I can't said the journalist with conviction as they parted. "He looked half ill now. It's too bad that such a weak, delicate child should

eay ?" oried the manager with alarm. hope not-I hope not. It might affect join them together. They saw what husiness, you know, if he didn't appear. He is the strongest card on the bill this Raymond ourled his lip slightly at the other's heartlessness, and walked off Somehow Little - Dot interested . him

strangely. It might have been that he regarded the tiny favorite of the footlights with pitying tenderness for the sake of his

"Read it," he said with a scowl on Thue, adjured, Raymond took it. glanced burriedly at its contents. It was to the effect that Little Dot was dangerously low with scarlet fever, and, as a consequence, could not perform the rest of the week. The words he read brought up a vivid recollection of the two babes wh had his in the terrible grasp of the scarlet flend until only the great mother-love had

session of his throat. "Poor Little Dot," he murmured. "I worldn't have it h ppen for a hundred dollars," grunmb d the manager "It places me in a pretty fix. It's next to impossible to put any one in his pla at such a short notice."

oard and a request to know how the little fellow was.

Would he go up? Mrs. Whitely would like Raymond followed the boy upstairs and softly entered the darkened room. The mother, with the marks of weariness about her eyes, came from the window where she

not tell me so, and ret-I'm sure he'll nover get well sgain." She gave a bitter sob, but her eyes were dry-ber tears had been exhausted long ago.

"Oh, why doesn't he come, why doesn't She resumed her place by the window, ooking vacantly out at the wild black night. Raymoud remained standing by the bed, and gazed passionately down at the small face marked with livid spots. Near him stood a stand, upon which his fra-

Suddenly the little sufferer opened his eyes with a faint moan. For a moment they rested on Raymond, and then wearily

His mother approached the bed noiseless-"Yes, Dot," she said soothingly, "he will soon be here-soon be here. You won't have long to wait now, darling" and looking at Raymond she continued in a choking voice, "he wants to see his father. have sent for him but I don't know whether

parted. God forgive me, I have been to blame, too. Oh, do you think that he will Raymond looked at his watch. The time lacked a few minutes of eleven. "Yes, I am sure he will," he said pityingly. He is at the Globe, I think. The performance is scarcely over. No matter bow heavy an actor's griet may be, he is

Slowly the minutes dragged by. Finally a faint knock was heard at the door. She went and softly opened it. A man entered "Thank heaven you are here at last

"I could not come before," he uttered boarsely. "How is he-better?" She mournfully shook her-head. He went and looked down at his child. paggard face told of the violent grief that

scene too sacred for his presence. But the mother caught him by the arm, giving him a wild, imploring look. "Stay," she said. "He liked you." While his father stood there, the child pened his eyes and recognized him.

"Yes, my boy," he said, his strong voice with difficulty.

" His father caught it, and held it in

little hot hand affectionately.

His father moistened his lips with water, "There, Dot," he said, with forced cheer-"How oleter you must be! And it was fulness. "You feel better now, don't you? you who wrote that about me. Thank And you're going to get well soon. Such you, ever so much. You are very, very good times we'll have together when you

> "Yes, Dot," he said with a groan. "That you won't get-get-that way."

"That's a good deal," said the child fondly. "I-I knew you would. couldn't help it, could you, dad ?" Every word was a stab at the man's He turned to Raymond. "For God's sake get a doctor. He's dying."

"No, no !" interposed the child hastily.

see. I want her hand." His mother came and held out her trembling hand to him. His father deavored to draw his away. "No, No!" said Dot, the words coming n gaspe. "I want both-both." He strove with his obbing strength

wished, too, and clasped hands. A peaceful smile lit on his wan face. He said no more, but they understood.

LEGS LOST IN BATTLE.

firing, in order to balance the body so that funny. Then a big German walked by, steadier aim can be taken. This naturally muttering aloud to himself. won them back to life. A lump took posacts as a protection to the right leg, which, of course, is more or less concessed. Consegrently, the bullet of the enemy is much more apt to find lodgement in the left leg than the right. Now, the cavalryman uses a pistol nearly altogether. It is handler and less cumbersome. The piatol is held in the right hand, and this causes the his flets uplifted. cavalryman when firing to place his right foot forward for support. In this way that | harm. I was laughing for my health." side of him is much more likely to soffer than the left. But, as I said, either case is mit big Dutchman ! Dot ish all right. thus maimed were facing the enemy when | ya !" Will commence
SEPT, ust.

Girculars free.

J. SHARP, Principal

SH

WAITING FOR YOUR IDEAL LADY Presently the answer came no bette

autions may be suggested :

receive. If one expects all the graces and virtues to reside in a woman-personal beauty, agreeable manners, intelligence, efficiency, prudence, good, management evontness, affectionateness-by what right does he lay claim to the heart of such o What rare creature are "you", that such a paragon should be yours? . Is it modest or manly to suppose that you have only to ack to receive such a noble creature? On what grounds do you claim the alliance of a great soul in a royal form, when you yourself have no equivalent to offer? No man thinks of talking so about anything but women. What if a plain aboring man should ask: "Shall I buy me a horse now, or wait till I meet my

A young clerk might ask: "Shall I buy

he within their reach. But men-possibly not that sex alonepicture every imaginable excellence in the chosen one whom Time is bringing to them, add it does not seem to occur to them that t would be a shame to graft a branch from the Tree of Life itself upon a miserable crab of a stick; or to ally one "little lower than the angels" with a plain, un-

2. But there is a wiser method of selection. Let one find one who is fairly his equal, and who will be able, without loss, to adapt herself to him and to his circumstances. Let the partnership be equal. Do not ask her to bring everything and you nothing. If she brings health, good-nature and industry, so must you. If she brings devotion, sacrificing love and a gentle and complying disposition, so must you. To marry your "ideal" woman may all be

management will be more to your happiness than all the sentimental excellences in the realm of imagination. Instead of spending bours in forming an "ideal," make your own disposition agreeable, your manners gentle, correcting concelt and arrogance and fitting yourself to

very well; but you will have to live with a

"real" one. And good health, a good dis-

position, industrious habits and prudent

BY ACTUAL PROOF. Dr. B. W. Richardson, the noted physician, says that he was once enabled to preach an effectual temperance lecture by "Dad !" he oried, stretching forth his means of a scientific experiment. An acquaintance was singing the praises of wine, and declared that he could not get

> Richardson. The man did so. "Seventy-four."

said, in astonishment. "What an extra- be kept sorupulously neat, and made as ordinary thing !" "The child interrupted him with a faint 'No, dad," he said, fixing his big oyes | physician, "that is the way nature takes to | upon his surroundings. The nurse herself "Are you quite well?" he asked kindly. solemnly upon him, "I won't get well; and give your heart rest. You may know noth- may contribute to the agreeable environ-

> less a minuto. handred; multiply it by eight hours and, within a fraction, there is a difference of throwing six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of thirty thousand ounces of life during the night. When I lie down at night without any

alcohol, that is the rest my heart gets. "But when I take wine or grog, I do not allow that rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes. Instead of getting repose, the man who uses alcohol puts on something like fifteen thousand extra strokes, and he rises quite unfit for the next day's work, until he has

LAUGH CURE. Persons suffering from rheumatism are

Mississippi, the famous Confederate scout | than in the hot water remedies, the faith and poet, who was at the Laclede. "If the | ource, the electric, and all other new treatleft leg is missing, then I am pretty certain | ments in the world, and it costs nothing. he belonged to the infantry, and if he is If you know of nothing else to laugh at, ing that he was a cavalryman. In either | This was a new idea to poor Mr. Ray-

the man who lost it was fighting like a | the medical journal said, "Laugh at your neighbor." He went out on the front porch, and, left leg in battle is this; Infantrymen are sitting in a chair, watched the people on drilled to place the left foot forward when | the streets. For a time he saw nothing

> "Vot's dot ?" "Ha, ha, ha !" 'Vot vor you haw, haw, haw mit me?' "He, he, be !" Over the fence leaped the big German,

"Oh !" dried Raymond, "I-I meant no

"Und den you leetle sick Yankees laugh

considere evidence to me that the soldiers | Dot ish won good shoke on me. Ya, ya,

A grasshopper sat in his plush-severed chair And extended his foot to the fire ; He had slippors of felt and a cap of red silk,

And he was just thinking, with satisfied mind Of his larder's bountoous store. When the butler announced, with a took disdaln,

A little black ant at the door. This ittle ant's talg was distressing to hear, Her-cottage was covered with snow. And all the provisions laid in for a year,

And he thought of that day in the past, . When an uncle of hers told an old aunt of his She could dance lu the wintry blast. But he gave her some mittens, a bood and

A box filled with everything nice; As he tendorly bolood, her down the from

Ho added this parting advice : 'I fear, my dear ant, you work too slow When the summer days are long:

Whonever I find things are falling behind I brace myself up with a song. "Now, here is a point, just bear it in mind, When you start out again in the spring.

You can do more work, in much less time

If you merrily whistle and sing.". JUST FOR FUN. An illiterate young man once got a friend write a letter for him to his awcetheart. The letter was rather prossio for a love letter, and he folt that an apology was due

t allus gives him the spazzums." First Boy: My ma says I mustn't play with you, because your father is nothing Second Boy: So's your father a shoe

First Boy: Ma says he's a manufacturer. He makes a thousand paire to your ather's one pair. Second Boy: Then he must be a thousand times worse than my father. I guess

"my old hog at home has got away over to Mrs. Marphy: Do you ase condensed

Mrs. O'Fahey: I think it must be con-

lensed. There is never more than a pint

and a half in a quart. A wit declares that the nose is put in the middle of the face because it is the center "Mamma," said Willie leaning toward

been counting 'em ou him !". "Oh, children, you are so noisy to day. Can't you be a little quieter and better?" "Now, grandma, you must be a little

considerate, und not scold us. You see, if

t wasn't for us you wouldn't be a grandma

CARE OF THE SICK-ROOM. Mrs. Burton Kingsland, writing of "When Narsing the Sick" in the Ladies Home Journal, insists that "a tranquil mind is of the utmost importance to the patient, be moving smoothly and easily, no matter The physician then went and lay down | what difficulties the nurse may have to on a sofe, and asked the gentleman to encounter. The invalid should not be allowed to feel any responsibility whatever "It has gone down to sixty-four," he shout his own case. The sick-room should cheerful and attractive as possible, that the "When you lie down at night," said the eyes of the patient may rest with pleasure

> sight. Even the medicine bottles need not "Stillness has in itself a power to soothe, and, as all know, when the nerves are quiet impediment. 'Creaking shoes, rustling of garments, the rattling of dishes and kindred noises are often the occasion of positive suffering to an invelid. To accidentally jar the bed, to spill the medicine when administering it, to close a door noisily, to "sleep audibly" are cases where "a small

THE DIFFERENCE. He made a careful examination of the '96 and '97 wheels, marked respectively

"Yes," answered the salesman. "The tubing is just the same?" "There is no difference in the sprocket

"The hubs are alike ?"

this year?"

"Precisely." "It is the same chain on both?" "The tires are of the same make ?" "They are."

"There is no change in the handle bars

"And the rims, spokes and podals are alike in both wheels.

After serious illness Hood's Barsaparilla has wonderful building up power. It purifice the blood and restores perfect health. Little Tommy rather electrified his mother, the other day, when he saw an ice

If you desire a good head of healthy,

man delivering his commodity for the

School Books

Keep them Healthy. Stewart's

Over Williams Store.) Account Books of all kinds made to order Pariodicals of every description carefully bound. Buling nearly and promptly done

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Also money to loan on the most favorable sums and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of \$500 and pwards.

upplies.

We have opened a large and complete

DAY'S BOOKSTORE,

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thing you want in our line.

Responsible agent wanted.

WE have the largest assertment and employ
the very latest and most improved methods for propagation. All stock carefully packed
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No charge made for collecting Sales Notes

Matting that was:

35c. now 28c. a yd.

to cover one floor anyhow. Let us figure the cost.

If you have never had the pleasure of wearing stylish well fitting clothes, let us make your fall suit.

By Keeping Things That Move.

Where can I get the best value in Boots and Shoes? The answer in nine cases out of ten would be "At W. Williams'." Our affirmed. "You'll wait for him, won't prices are hard to beat. Try us for any-

tail pocket.

upon the stage. Little Dot was respond-"You'll hold bim as if he was in

When he suddenly laughed aloud. Oh, that baby laugh; it was echoed The baby that was "alive !"

> "Poor little chap !" he said sgain with a sigh. "I'll give him a good notice."

have to be out nights in such bitter "Eb. what was that? Sick did von.

The pext night when he returned to "People's" the manager met him with note in hishand.

"You're in hard lines," said Raymon Something impelled him, before he we to the no wipe per office that night, to seek that, to his experienced ear, already show. the second class hotel where the child and bis mosher were sto ping. Passing a

had been standing, and led the way to the "He was taken ill last night on his way back from the theater," ohe whispered in a hoarse, atrained tone. "I thought it was nothing but a cold and-and did not call in a doctor. But he grew so much worse in the night that I had to send for one, and he says its scarlet fover in its most malignant form. He has been delirious nearly all the time. The doctor did

The drunken bicoough and thick attergrant offering and several vials of medicine

> closed again. "Dad I" the parched lips formed. y and bent auxiously over him.

obliged to disguise it sometimes and play his part. Yes, he will come, without

was raging in his breast. Raymond turned to go. He deemed the

"Give me a drink, dad," he whispered, "Oh, dad." with a pathetic moan, "I'm . "Not exactly," he replied. "I write for all burning up !"

> I want you to promise me-promise He looked steadily up. His father bowed his head, too full of anguish to speak.

see an old soldier stalking around on one read this in a medical journal : leg." said Colonel Lamar Fontaine of | "There is more benefit in a good laugh minus the right leg, then I feel safe in say- laugh at your neighbor." case the absence of the leg proves more | mond. But what should be laugh at? In conclusively than the written record that | the house was nothing amusing. However, soldier when wounded. "The reason the infantryman loses the

When a young man is in a situation support a wife and household he should marry. But how long he should wait in making up his mind depends on too many

things to be here specified. But a few 1. A man ought to consider what he has o give, as well as what he expects to

me a cottage or wait till I can find an ideal mansion?" But your ideal mansion s far beyond your reach, and a cottage is within it and as you must live somewhere, you had better choose modestly. In property matters, men accommodate their idear to his sweetheart for its lack of tender to their circumstances. They do not wait nothings. It was as follows: "Please for ideal clothes or houses or business. They would laugh at the extravagence of the chap wote 'ritio' it is a married man, waiting for that which was not probable or which might not reasonably be expected to

deal of a horse?" Buy a horse that suits

your circumstances and is within the reach

gifted, ordinary mortal.

make an honest and virtuous woman

through the day without it. "Will you be good enough to feel my pulse, as I stand here?" asked Doctor "Count it carefully. What does it say ?" and consequently everything must seem to

ing about it, but the organ is resting to | ment if her own dress be simple and tastethat extent; and if you reckon the rate, it | ful; and above all, conspicuously neat. Allinvolves a good deal of rest, because, in soiled dishes should be removed immediate lying down, the heart is doing ten strokes ly after being used, and no food kept in "Multiply that by sixty, and it is six | be obtrusively in evidence. five thousand strokes; and as the heart is | Nature's healing processes go on without

taken a little more of that 'ruddy bumper,' which he calls 'the soul of man below.'

naturally anxious to try every proposed remedy. John Raymond of northern Iowa "I can tell almost to a certainty to which had tried; without relief, nearly every ranch of the service he belonged when I alleged ours suggested by friends. Then be

> "Ha, ha, ha!" went Mr. Raymond. The big German stopped and looked.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT

And all that one's heart could desire,

Were eaten and gone long ago. The grasshopper leaned his obin on his hand,

excuse the mildness of this here letter, as and he says he can't bide any soft scaping-

won't play with you any more. "Step right in, ladies and gentlemen," cried the showman. Step right in and see the educated pig add and subtract." "Pahaw," interrupted Farmer Backlots,

is mother and speaking in a loud whisper, "the preacher said a little while ago, "One word more and I have done,' and he's talked 503 words since he said it. I've

unkindness is a great offense" in the hypersensitive condition of the perves of the patient."

between them. "These wheels seem to be pretty much alike." he remarked to the salesman. "The '97 model has exactly the same kind of frame as the '96 one, hasn't it?"

\$50 and \$100 and could detect no difference

"Well, then what is the difference be tween the two wheels." "Fifty dollars."

first time. Oh, mamma ? just look at the men carrying & chunk of ice with a pair of bow-legged solssors !