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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

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

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

DR. DRYDEN,
EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.
McLean's Block, Douglas St., near P. O., GUELPH.
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SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

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DENTIST.
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Office over Drug Store, Acton.
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DENTIST,
BROOKVILLE.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
Work made Satisfactory. Prices Moderate.
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Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan.
Office:—Town Hall, Acton.
WM. A. McLEAN. JNO. A. McLEAN.

A. J. MACKINNON,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
OFFICE—Mill Street; in Matthews' Block, Upstairs.

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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS
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Solicitor of Patents, for Invention, etc.
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H. P. MOORE,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued residence in the evening.
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Wellington Mutual
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ESTABLISHED 1840
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 623, or telephone 58, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
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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.

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FOR every unoccupied district in Canada to sell our high grade Canadian Grown Nursery Stock. Every tree and bush guaranteed free from San Jose scale.
Liberal terms to part time men, and good wages to those giving their entire time to the work.
The demand for good home grown and acclimated nursery stock is on the increase.
Apply now and secure good ground.
All our stock guaranteed true to name or purchase price refunded.
E. P. BLACKFORD & CO.,
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SCRIBBLER, EXERCISE & DRAWING BOOKS.

The Books required in the Collegiate and Public Schools. A full stock at

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DAY SELLS CHEAP.

GUELPH Business College & Shorthand Institute

Bookkeeping, Penmanship, Shorthand, Typewriting and Actual Office Work a specialty.
Write for Circulars.
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Acton Saw Mills, and Wood Yards.

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MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
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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 cut stove length always on hand.

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HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT.

Authorized Capital - $5,000,000.00

Ten-year maturity shares are paid in Monthly Instalments of 50c, per share for 120 months, when payments cease—$60.00 paid in—maturity value $100.00.

Money to loan at 5% straight loan or repayable in monthly instalments on application to

R. J. McNabb,
Agent, Acton.

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WHEAT	At the
PEAS	Warehouse,
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SEEDS, All	Feed
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The Best Family Flour in the market.

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Wilkinson Plough Co.
LIMITED,
TORONTO.

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Last longest, work easiest, and draw lightest. Points and Soles LAST TWICE AS LONG. All cast parts have our name and address in full on them. See that you get them. It will pay you.

The strongest and simplest Pneumatic

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in the market; guaranteed to cut 20 tons an hour and deliver 40 feet. Full line of Straw Cutters and Root Pulpers. Roller Bearings. All kinds of Wheelbarrows.

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LIMITED,
TORONTO

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Usually knows how to kick and stamp out his shoes in very quick order. Just now, in the language of the boy himself, we have "got the bulge on him in the shape of a stock of shoes that, for wearing qualities, cannot be beaten, and the price is very low. We have not forgotten the older heads, either, having put in a large and varied stock, to suit all requirements and all purses. Come in and see 'em.

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The Old Reliable Boot and Shoe Dealer
Mill St. - Acton.

—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

Authorized Capital..... $1,000,000

Guelph Branch

Sums of $1 and upwards received on deposit and highest current rate of 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. B. JONES,
Manager

Wash Day Worries

Are materially lessened if the housewife has all the little helps she needs. Hundreds of women would never twist their wrists in hand wringing another hour, if they knew the many advantages of one of our Clothes Wringers. If not satisfactory bring the wringer back and get your money.

J. M. BOND & CO.
HARDWARE.
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Dyspepsia Positively Cured
By McKee's Dyspepsia Powders.

Many Dyspepsia Remedies have been discovered and offered to the public as cures, that have failed. But if you are a dyspeptic and have tried many of these so-called cures with repeated failure, don't give it up and settle down to a life of misery just when this great boon is within your reach. There is no other disease which brings so many other derangements of the system. To Dyspepsia are due very often all such conditions as Sick Headache, Sleeplessness, Heartburn, Biliousness, Nausea, Constipation, Jaundice, and Liver Complaint. These powders give decided relief from the first and eventually restore the digestive organs to their original healthy condition.

Now don't be a skeptic. Try them and be convinced.

ONLY 50c. A BOX. 24 powders. Manufactured and sold only by

J. D. McKEE,
CHEMIST, - ACTON.

The Little Trifles

That help brighten up a room, such as Fancy China, Bric-a-brac, &c., are found in great variety in our store.

Wall Papers,
Pictures, Picture
Frames, Mouldings,

And such requisites are leaders with us.

THE PRICE?

We think the closest buyer will be pleased with our values.

WATERS BROS.,
St. George's Square,
GUELPH.

Winter is Here
. . . . AND . . . .
Cooper & Akins

Are well prepared for it, having just opened a fine new stock of cloths specially suitable for

Winter Suitings, Winter Overcoatings, &c.

We have a very fine assortment in all lines.

Since commencing business in Acton we have had assurance from all customers that the garments turned out by us have given entire satisfaction from all standpoints. Fit, style, prices and enduring qualities.

Your patronage is solicited.

Cooper & Akins.
Main Street, Acton.

The 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
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 and machine or implement of any make. Saw gumming and filing done.

Poetry.

THE LUNACY OF CYRUS KENT.

WILL TEMPLER.

It must have be'n twenty years ago sence Sam Black sez to me:
"Cy Kent is a-gittin' crazy." "No!" "Well, that he is," sez he.
"He's won an' gone right off his head." "Why, what hes he done?" sez I.
"Done! 'tain't no one but a crazy man 'twould ever go an' buy
Two hundred of young, sour churry trees, an' set 'em out in rows
Up onto that stony ridge of his where 'nothin' ever grows
Exceptin' some quack an' jointswort' hess sorrel an' golden-rod.
But here this 'ere precious lunatic's be'n 'tearin' up the sod
An' plantin' it out to churries; it's a notion that he's got.
An' he'll follor out his notion to his ruin, like as not;
Fur black knot an' cat-a-pillers, an' them worms that eats up fruit,
Will take in his little churry trees an' Cy Kent's cash to boot."

Nor it wasn't only Black alone who 'lowed that Kent was rash;
Fur we all lived on an' waited fur to see him go to smash.
But never a bit would that Kent smash, as we all thought he would,
Tho' each of us agreed with him fur to show him where he stood.
But he still kep' on a-plantin'—apples, churries, plums and pears;
Jes' a-mindin' his own biz'ness tendin' to his own affairs,
Which was diggin', prunin', trimmin'. Seemed his work was never done,
Fur he went to fertilizin', an' with somethin' like a gun
Was a-squirtin' pizened water, which he said would kill the bugs,
Burcullars, cat-a-pillers, animalculers and slugs;
But when he got 'round to "Fungies," in a confidential tone,
Then it was too much. We fled an' left that lunatic alone.

Which we've be'n a-doin' sence then, fur we couldn't see the sense
Of his buyin' bone an' potash, an' his goin' to expense,
Doin' somethin' that his father nor his neighbors never done;
But this mild lunatic worked on an' let us have our fun.
Well, of late years it's be'n whispered that Kent wasn't crazy quite;
That of churries, pears an' apples he was sellin' of a sight.
An' we met him joggin' homeward summer evenin's on the road,
With a stack of empty baskets after marketin' a load,
Fur he had a load to market purty nearly ev'ry day.
An' it wasn't very long before the folks begun to say:
"Cy Kent is a-gittin' wealthy, so he is, now, did you hear?
Why, his income from his orchards is two thousand every year."
"Great Scott!" "Yes, sir, let me tell you what I heard ol' Sam Black say—
That Kent could draw his check fur twenty thousand, any day."
An' that same ol' meddlin' rascal'd used his neighbors fur a tool
To advertise fur fifteen years that Cy Kent fur a fool;
An' now, sence Cy has got there with his brains an' by his pluck,
This same ol' Black goes a-tellin' round it's only Cy Kent's luck.

Select Family Reading.

Ortonville.

When I—can read—my ti—tle clear,
To man—"

That's the third time this morning."

Becky Marsh's song had come to an abrupt end. With the exclamation she hoisted herself laboriously from the high long seat of her loom and, crawling underneath with difficulty, she patiently fixed a refractory treadle back again in an insecure socket.

This accomplished, with sundry grunts and groans she swung herself back to her seat and took up again both shuttle and song:

"—sions in the skies,
I'll bid—farewell—to ev—'ry fear
And wipe—my weep—ing eyes."

Well, Miss March, you needn't count on doing the first if you keep on with that work."

"Is that you, Dr. Beebe?" She craned her neck around the post at her side to see the figure standing in the woodhouse doorway.

"Yes, and I warn you that a woman who has just had a spell of rheumatism in the shoulder had better ask to keep her fears with her awhile, for she stands a pretty good chance of wiping her weeping eyes a good many times, especially if she is bound to keep pounding on an old loom."

"You ain't obliged to ridicule old Ortonville if you don't approve of the work." Miss Marsh turned back grimly to her work.

"Oh, I have a high respect for Ortonville. If I hadn't you would make me have, for you are always singing it. And I don't disapprove of the work—it's the worker.

"Two rd." Pump, creak, bump!

Miss March had darted one quick glance at him as she consulted her stripe-stick, before she sent the shuttle flying through the warp, shifted the treadles, and beat up vigorously the last thread of wool into place. Then she curtly answered:

"I can't stop my weavin' just to suit your notion."

"You will most likely have to stop to suit that shoulder's notion. Bones and muscle aren't always polite enough to say 'By your leave.'"

"I tell you my shoulder's 'most well—a little equinge now an' then—and I've got a yarn carpet and a hit-an'-miss, 'sides 'nothor striped one, to get out after this. I just can't stop."

"Get some one to help you."

"That's all a man knows 'bout it. What help could I get, I'd like to know? Who knows anything about my weaving? There ain't a soul in Barberry that could make an even stripe, let alone gettin' warp on to that beam."

"Teach some one, then. You'll have it to do. You are overdoing. Mind what I say."

Miss Marsh looked at him with fine scorn in her eyes. "Who would I teach? Perhaps you know of some one that 'd like to take weaving lessons."

"There is some one." Dr. Beebe stammered under the suspicious, piercing glance she gave him, and dropped down uninvited on the bench by the door, blurting out as he did so: "Miss Marsh, Jordan's wife is dead."

Bump, bump! "One green." Creak, bump, bump!

Miss Marsh set her lips sternly and beat the one thread into an almost invisible line of color.

"I heard it," she finally snapped through set teeth.

"And there's his girl," pursued Dr. Beebe, bending over to lay his hat down upon the floor with an air of settled determination, that did not escape Miss Marsh's notice.

"Look here, Dr. Beebe." Miss Marsh turned about on the old oaken seat. "You know I wouldn't have one of Jordan Marsh's children in the house no more'n I'd have so much pizen. When Jordan married that circus girl and went clowin' it I washed my hands of him and all that belonged to him fer once an' fer all."

"But we can't wash our hands of duty very well," persisted the doctor, bravely. "He was your half-brother."

"Don't I know that? Ain't that what I'm ashamed of?" she curtly answered, reaching forward to set down the warp from the beam and deliberately winding up a finished length. "Such sin 'n folly's he followed after! No, sir; we met just once after that he took his way, and the words we had will stand 'twixt us forever. His circus wife's as good as I was."

He rose to go with an air of sudden indifference.

"If I could get a decent one that would learn, I don't know as I'd mind it, for a spell, anyway, I guess I could reel rags and make quilts," she observed somewhat mollified at the abandonment of the unpleasant theme. "I'm not achin' for another tour of rheumatiz."

"I'll send one over, if I come across a good, strong one," he answered. "Nothing in the world keeps you at that but your everlasting will."

"Should earth—against—my soul—engage,"

Miss Marsh smiled grimly, as she poured out the second stanza in jerky accompaniment to her labored movements, and watched the doctor as he strode down to the gate.

It was not a pleasant subject that Dr. Beebe had brought up. Why should he not have left it alone? What right had he to mix in family troubles, if he was a doctor? Jordan Marsh had been a willful disgrace to the family, and she—the last one of the Marshes—she said to herself, was not going to condone his misdeeds because he happened to be a half-brother.

She was sure, too, that she was in the right, and as long as she kept her senses she would have nothing to do with them. Catch her giving up now! Let this girl—she had never seen her—keep to her spangles and tights. Her lips drew into harder lines as she thought of it.

Despite the anger, however, she could not still the thought that her brother's child was homeless. She worked the harder as she thought, and at noontime she looked at the glowing roll upon the beam with considerable complacency.

"Not a sleezy yard in it," she remarked, as she stopped once more to let down more warp. "I detest sleezy work—and sleezy folks," she panted with the exertion, recurring again to the unpleasant topic. "And if Dr. Beebe thinks I'm going to be brow-beat into givin' in and taking one of the tribe, he just don't know Becky Marsh yet."

She emphasized her determination with a last decided twist of the crank as she rolled up the carpet. But she dropped it abruptly with a smothered cry, and caught her right arm with her left hand. It had come and no mistake. There was no use of trying; she could not raise her arm to save her. She crawled off the seat holding it piteously as she crept out of the loom-room, while Ortonville lumbered on haltingly—almost mockingly—through her brain:

"And storms—of sor—row fall."

As she hovered over the kitchen stove, with the vain hope that the heat might assuage the pain, she wondered for a moment if she could really echo the meaning of old Ortonville after all. She even vaguely began to ponder whether she had not been too headstrong not to listen to Dr. Beebe's advice. She groaned in despair as the pain rioted over her shoulder down her arm, stopping to tweak viciously her elbow joint before proceeding to her finger tips with exasperating, decorous dullness. Her old enemy was indeed upon her, and by the end of an hour she was in a state of savage desperaton as she said to herself that if Dr. Beebe knew of anybody he could send she wished he would hurry up and do it.

She did not hear the timid knock at the door as she huddled closer to the stove, groaning, nor did she note that the door was pushed open.

"Miss Marsh. Dr. Beebe said he thought you wanted a girl."

Miss Marsh started at the voice that reached her ears and caught at the clear, cheery tone as a drowning man at a straw. She turned painfully about and saw a robust young girl hesitating on the threshold.

"No thought about it; I do." The pain only made her voice more rasping. "Come in and tell me what you can do."

"I'm handy at anything, they say," she answered with a modest flush, as she came forward, removing her bonnet as she spoke.

Somebody handy about everything was Miss March's crying want just then, and a Fiji Islander possessed of such qualifications would have stood a fair chance of securing an engagement. Miss Marsh, therefore, did something that she never could account for under any reason other than acute rheumatic dementia—she asked no further question.

"See if you can make a flaxseed poultice, first thing. I'm goin' to try heroic measures at the start. I've no notion of bein' floored for a month dawdlin' 'long with camphire liniments an' such."

The shoulder was soon swathed deftly in a hot mushy affair, the big chair was brought out and made comfortable with cushions, the kitchen litter was cleared up and the girl sat fashioning flannel bags.

"Filled with salt and kept hot, I should not wonder if we could not get it right out," she had suggested.

It was then in the lull of pain that Miss Marsh bethought herself of her unheard of omission.

"I hain't as much as asked you your name," she said.

"Lyddy," was the answer as the girl stopped to pick up some pieces.

"Lyddy who?"

"What, ma'am?" murmured Lyddy, nervously, as she raised herself from the floor.

"Wait, eh? Lyddy Watt. Humph! Lyddy was my mother's name," she mused. "S'pose you're relation to the Wattses over on the inlet. Wel', she continued, "I like the first part an' I ain't got no call to quarrel with t'other. Lyddy, do you think you could manage to weave if I could manage to show you how?"

"I expect so's soon as I got the knack. I 'most know I could," looking up eagerly, with crimson cheeks.

She got the knack "surprising quick," Miss Marsh herself admitted. In less than a week she could send the shuttle through the warp with unerring aim and rapidity. She easily conquered the few mechanical movements, and Miss Marsh was forced to confess as well that the strong young arms could beat up the threads as closely as she herself.

Then Miss Marsh sat down to think again. The shoulder was improving. With such help she could dispense with Dr. Beebe's services. There would be no need to strain that contrary member of her body. Lyddy was alone—no near relatives to speak of—she had elicited that much. She was not given to prying into matters outside, and was satisfied with what the girl had told her and her own conclusions—that she had come of "good stock." The Wattses were all decent people if they were poor.

She felt a new sensation, too. She liked Lyddy. She began to think that here might be one who would become a prop to her in her old age. Lyddy was not "giddy." Then came the other idea—that with Lyddy near her she would have the satisfaction of knowing that no strolling circus folks would have an opportunity to get a "pin's worth from her."

She would not own to herself that it was a pang other than rheumatic that caused her to heave a sigh as she thought what might have been if Jordan had only conducted his marriage affairs so that now she would not be shut off for all "blood relations;" for the thought of Jordan's daughter somewhere in the world alone would obtrude itself.

But he had "made his bed," she declared to herself, and she fortified herself anew with her oft-repeated assertion that "what she had said she had said, and she was fixed as the everlasting hills—she would have nothing to do with them." She grew fixed upon something else. The bright face bending cheerily over the big basket of rags, sorting out for the next carpet so wisely, was a pleasure to look upon. Miss Marsh even had hopes that the mysterious process of "warping" might be accomplished through her without much delay. Yes, Lyddy should stay if she would. No one need mention Jordan's folks again. With this determination she found herself humming as Lyddy worked at the loom:

"And not—a wave—of trou—ble roll—"

Her song was interrupted as once before. Dr. Beebe stood in the doorway smiling upon her.

"I'm glad, Miss Marsh, to see you've reached that state. I knew you would if you would only let yourself do the right thing."

"If by the right thing you mean getting somebody who has sense enough to weave, I s'pose I did. Come in; you haven't been near since the day you sent Lyddy here. But I don't need your doctorin', thanks to her."

"Well, I'm willing to resign practice on you—more than willing in this case and glad that you've overcome your senseless prejudice against Jordan's girl."

"Jordan's girl! It's Lyddy Watts," she gasped.

"It's Lyddy Jordan, your niece," said Dr. Beebe, firmly.

For the moment Miss Marsh felt that everything had returned to chaos. Like a flash came back her own query as to the name. Her own inferential blunder was clear. What was queer, she could not muster up a single harsh feeling toward the child. Instead she felt an increasing anger against herself. Why had the old Becky Marsh set up what she was going to do over what the new Becky Marsh had determined upon. Then she found her tongue. Dr. Beebe must not see her weakness.

"I didn't know it was his girl," she said, stiffly. "If I had she'd never set foot in here, an' what I've said I stick to. I don't expect to give an inch."

"Well, Miss Marsh"—Dr. Beebe had not seated himself and now he stepped outside. There he stood and finished bluntly—"I've always said you needed doctoring for something else than rheumatism, and you do. You need something to draw that stubborn will of yours, and if what I've got doesn't do it I give you up. It'll be like a Spanish fly-blister, I suppose; but I can't help it."

"Say what you're goin' to an' done with it," said Miss Marsh, bracing herself up, figuratively speaking, as the doctor paused at the sound of Lyddy's fresh young voice which came to them from the loomroom beyond.

"Becky Mason, if you let your brother's child go homeless just because you've set up that you'll have nothing to do with anything of his, you need never expect to read your title clear to mansions in the skies," as the words of the hymn floated into them. "Good-day."

Miss Marsh was alone. The audacious doctor was driving from the gate before she realized it. The steady swing of the loom outside was the only sound except the old tune as Lyddy's voice swayed in it with her work. She must face it now. Had she done right? Was there any reason why she should hold to the old will in the matter? Dr. Beebe's warning came again and again as Lyddy's tones rose and fell. Lyddy was her own kin—she liked her. The girl did look like Jordan, come to think of it. She had liked Jordan. There was a time when the freckled-faced, tow-headed half-brother had thought the world of his sister Becky. Lyddy—and he had named her after their mother, too. She suddenly gulped down a sob.

"What a fool I am," she straightened herself up sternly:

"Should earth—against—my soul—engage,
And fo—ry darts—be hurled,
Then I—can smile—at satan's rage,
And face—a frown—ing world."

Lyddy's voice rang out joyously above the loom clatter. Miss Marsh, listening, dropped her face in her hands. Then she rose unsteadily. She opened the woodshed door.

"Lyddy Marsh!" she called abruptly.

"Ma'am!" The girl at the loom dropped the shuttle in consternation as her name was emphasized by her aunt's lips. She looked up beseechingly.

"Lyddy Marsh, this is to be your home hereafter. You and I're are all that's left, an' it's won't be my fault if things don't go right 'twixt us.

Nobody ever knew how much that speech cost Miss Marsh. But she was conscious that she felt more than repaid for the surrender when Lyddy, springing from her seat, threw her arms about her with the words: "I did so want to come to you, Aunt Becky."

Miss Marsh even sent for Dr. Beebe. He met her with a provoking smile. She answered her interpretation of it before he could speak.

"Oh, I ain't the first one that sings loudly 'bout facin' a frowning world, an' ain't got 'nuff spunk to face their own selves on a moral question."

"Well you can smile sincerely now," he replied. "Really, Miss Marsh, your attack of rheumatism was the best thing for your will, after all."

"Rheumatiz hadn't anything to do with it," she contended, but with softened tones. "I'd just got so's to understand Ortonville."—New-York *Independent.*

JUST AS HE PUT IT.

Modest people should have a care. If carried to an extreme, modesty is liable to become ridiculous, as in a case reported by the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*:

Years ago a member of the Indiana legislature, in a brand new suit of broadcloth and a silk hat, gold headed cane and white lawn tie, wandered up into the sanctum of the *Courier-Journal* stood around in a listless way, looked over the papers, went down stairs and came back several times. He was asked to take a seat which he declined elaborately, and ended by drawing his chair in a confidential way up to the "Roundabout" man's desk.

"Couldn't you" he said, "put in the paper that I am at the Galt House with my bride, and just fling in something about my being a prominent Indianaian? I don't care the least bit at all about this sort of thing myself, but you know the women do. I want fifty copies of the paper sent to this address." He laid down two dollars and a half, grinned, got red in the face, said "Good morning" and vanished.

Next morning he read that "Mr. John Huckleberry requests us to say that he is at the Galt House with his bride, that he is a prominent member of the Indiana legislature, and that he, himself, personally, cares nothing for newspaper notoriety, but that a society note would be very gratifying to Mrs. Huckleberry. He added that he wanted fifty copies of the paper for distribution to his constituents."

SHE USED THE PASS.

A genial Chicagoan, who for obvious reasons does not care to have his name printed on this occasion, secured a parlor car seat on an express train for Indianapolis a few days ago and as he was about to pass through the gates was surprised to hear himself accosted in feminine tones with the somewhat startling question: "Please, mister, could I borrow you for a while?" Looking around he found two buxom women, who hesitatingly explained that they were riding on a pass made out in the name of a gentleman and his wife, and as the gentleman was not present, they wanted the genial-looking citizen to place his bought ticket at the disposal of one lady, and take the other one under his wing while he personated the absent owner of the pass.

"Which is my wife?" he inquired, with an inward qualm lest his own absent better half should over hear the story.

"You can take your choice, sir," said the lady in search of an escort, and he promptly did so by taking the arm of the younger and fairer one under his own and leading her into the car. The couple proved to be right jolly travelling companions and the citizen's only regret in the transaction was due to a fear that the story might leak out and get home ahead of him.

THE BIBLE AND DEATH.

The Bible deals largely with life, and very little with death. It has much to say about the present probationary state and what follows. Death is a momentary experience—the gateway from time to eternity. He who is ready for the transfer, finds the portal to heaven. The inspired record tells of the deeds and services of the saint, but sums up his exit in very brief, but significant terms. According to the Old Testament, "he was gathered to his fathers," and in the New Testament; "he fell on sleep." We talk about the mystery of death, but he who meets life's duties as a Christian enters no strange land, but goes to be with Christ, which is far better. God's heroes are not so much those who die bravely and nobly as those who live bravely and nobly. The character of one's departure depends upon the character of his living. If we want to get the best out of the hour of bodily dissolution, we must first get the best out of our life's lease, which then terminates.

A LOVER'S NOTE.

A young gentleman whose gallantry and pecuniary means were by no means commensurate, arranged with a gardener to let him have a bouquet from time to time in return for his cast off clothes. One day he received a bunch of beautiful roses, which he at once sent off to his fiancee. In sure anticipation of a friendly welcome, he called at the house of the lady the same evening and was not a little surprised at the frosty reception which he met.

"You sent me a note to-day?" the young lady remarked after a pause, in the most frigid tones. "I—a note?" he inquired, in blank astonishment. Certainly—along with a nosegay." "To be sure, I sent you a nosegay." "And there was this note inside—do you still mean to deny it?" With these words she handed the dumfounded swain a scrap of paper, on which the following words were written: "Don't forget the old trousers you promised me the other day!" !!!!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S AUTOGRAPH.

Editors will appreciate the following "sentiment:"

Abraham Lincoln once received a letter asking for a sentiment and his autograph. He replied:—

Dear Madam—When you ask from a stranger what is only of interest to yourself, always enclose a stamp. There's your sentiment and here is my autograph.

A. LINCOLN.

ONE TO THE BARBER.

Scene—Crowded barber shop.

Enter customer, who, seeing a friend being shaved, addressed the barber with:

"I did not know you shaved monkeys."

Barber: "Yes, sir, take a seat, you're next."

The roars of laughter silenced the funny one so effectively that he left hurriedly.

If you feel weak, dull and discouraged you will find a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla will do you wonderful good.

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 unfed—
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.

SUCCESS IN "STRIKING" TITLES.

The value of a striking title to an article or story is understood by no American periodical so well as the *Ladies' Home Journal*, writes a New York correspondent. It has made its titles famous by their uniqueness. Its "Side talks With Girls," "Heart to Heart Talks" and "Unknown Wives of Well-Known Men" have been ridiculed and paraphrased from one end of the country to the other. But it has all been grist for the Philadelphia periodical. Just now the title of "The Inner Experience of a Cabinet Member's Wife" is attracting attention. Julia Magruder's new love-story is given the title of "A Heaven-Kissing Hill"—taken from Shakespeare, really, but who but the *Journal* would have thought of it? Marion Crawford's new story is called "The Dead Smile"—a title good enough to sell any story." "The Men I Never Married" is tacked to a new series. "The Man Under Thirty five" made the reputation of Lilian Bell in this magazine. "My Literary Passions," under which Mr. Howells wrote in the *Journal*, served at once to attract attention. Julian Hawthorne sends a strong story to the magazine, but with a poor title. It is immediately re-christened "There are no Wolves in Ireland." Yet each title adopted by this clever magazine fits the story and is really the best caption for it. "A Minister of the World" started that story on its success. "Mr. Brocher as I Knew Him" was an inimitable title for Mrs. Beecher's memoirs of her husband. "The Gentleman Who is Going to Die" is the caption for a forthcoming story by Clara Morris. Talk about cleverness in titles, what magazine is such a pastmaster in the art as is the *Ladies' Home Journal*? And a newspaper man knows how difficult this art of title making is. But nothing is so valuable in attracting the eye of the public.

SITS DOWN TO WALK.

The Western Indians, though not fond of work do not approve of indolent white men. The "heap good white man" is the white man who works hard; and to sit by and watch him as he toils seems to afford them never failing pleasure. Some young warriors of the Blackfoot tribe sat one day watching a group of laborers who were constructing a grade for a branch railway in Montana. They were commenting upon the workmen and their work, when a bicyclist, the first they had ever seen, came riding along the newly completed grade. He had got off the train at the last station and was going to the fort, a little farther on. The Indians watched the wheelman without a word until he passed beyond a knoll which hid him from view then they expressed their sentiments concerning him.

"No good white man," one remarked.

"No," answered another with great scorn. "Heap lazy white man, sits down to walk."

GOOD INTENTIONS.

Many a good intention dies from inattention. If, through carelessness or indolence or selfishness, a good intention is not put into effect, we have lost an opportunity, demoralized ourselves and stolen from the pile of possible good. To be born and not fed is to perish. To launch a ship and neglect it is to lose it. To have a talent and bury it is to be a "wicked and slothful servant." For in the end we shall be judged, not alone by what we have done, but by what we could have done.—*Sunday School Times.*

Diamond Dyes Are the Only Safe and Pure Dyestuffs.

Our legislators have adopted stringent laws against food adulteration, and as a result our people have been benefitted and all classes of our population get better value for their money. It would be a boon to the women of Canada if the adulteration act applied to package dyes for home dyeing. Dyestuffs are now used in tens of thousands of homes and too frequently valuable goods and materials are spoiled by use of adulterated dyes that should be prohibited by law.

The Diamond Dyes for long years have given the most complete satisfaction. They are the only reliable, pure and fast dyes now before the public—the only package dyes that can stand the most crucial tests.

Diamond Dyes are sold by all up-to-date druggists and dealers. If you meet a dealer who recommends some other make of dye, pause before you buy from him. Such a dealer is working only for big profits; he has no regard for your success and comfort.

Other blessings may be taken away, but if we have acquired a good friend by goodness, we have a blessing which improves in value when others fail. It is even heightened by sufferings.

Few consumptives believe they are in danger till medicine is of little avail. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral taken in the early stages, has prevented further progress of the disease, and saved many a life. At any stage of phthisis, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral affords great relief.