them in the way they should go.

drew near when the coach was due, cu

"Say, where's your new parson?"

subject dropped.

it complete.

man left the coach.

The Acton Free Press

-IB PUDLIBIED-EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, -AT THE-

Free Press Steam Printing Office, WILLSTREET. -

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year strictly in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address ADVERTISING RATES-Transient . advertisements, 10 cents per Nonparcil line for first in-certion, 3 cents per line for each subsequent

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Editor and Proprietor Business Directory.

H. P. MOORE

MEDICAL.

Accounts payable monthly.

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or secure a first-class loan of money at low interest and on easy terms of repayment call on me. I make a specialty of lending money and have plenty of funds. I also lend W. C. JACKSON.

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The very Latest and Cheapest Goods 6 1-2 to 45c .- A 1 Roll

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Your Portrait

taken lately? If not protection from the give Ramshaw, the hard summer wear. artist, a sitting and you If used in Bedroom. will be delighted with | Hall or Bathroom they the result. Courteous are the most satisfactory attention. Satisfactory healthful and inexpensive Photographs. Prices floor coverings to be had. day. This weather at 20c., 25c. and 30c. sq. yd. just suits.

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The Tailors,

Are prepared for it with a very attractive Spring Suitings Spring Overcoatings Spring Trouserings

In all the latest goods Our workmanship is always satisfactory Our prices are always right We have plates for the newest styles Bicycle Suits, and are bound to please the Call in and inspect our stock.

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Main Street Enquire at Joyce Bros.' Butcher Shop, Mill PLANING MILLS,

> ACTON, ONT. John Cameron, Architect and. Contractor.

Manufacturer of Sash Doors Frames Mouldin in all styles

DRESSING, MATCHING,

Wall assorted stock on hand at prices icau JOHN CAMERON

Proprietor Bring your Custom Logs in

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P. SAYERS, Proprietor, Has constantly on hand a full line

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Cedar Posts, Wood, Etc. Custom Logs and Bill Stuff cut to order on short notice. Planing and Matching done to the best of satisfaction. Prices very cheap and made to suit the customer's pocket. P. SAYERS. -ACTON-

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The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

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ELECTRIC MOTORS, HYDRAULIC RAMS

WATER MOTORS, and

Pipe and Steam Fitting and General Repairing. Being equipped with agas bracing machine I am prepared to do brazing on Bloyde Frames, &c. Wheels converted from Direct to Tangent Spokes. Handle Bars bent to any desired angle. Full line of Spokes kept in stock. Satisfaction guaranteed. Bicycles enameled in any color. T. J. SPEIGHT, Georgetown

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QUELPH Business College and Shorthand Institute Students may enter any time. Summer Session will commence Write or call if interested. J. SHARP, Principal

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Japanese Floor Mattings are clean and cool for summer floor covering. If put down over your Have you had one carpets they are a perfect Call to- We've good quality prices They are all excellent value.

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Relieve and cure all forms of biliousnes such as dizziness, nausea, drowsiness, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, pain in the back, pain in the side These pills are made from pure concen trated vegetable extracts and contain no calomel or other mineral substance. Their full medicinal effect is produced without even a tendency to gripe or sicken. They are prepared from our own special formula and when taken according to directions they are a specific for habitual con-

Trimmings.

Curtains, Underwear, Ready-

G. McBeath

ACTON, ONTARIO.

Wall

Paper

Prices

Waters'

Bros.,

1898 at

The Picture Gallery,

like North City is to take the chine out of us. No, eir, it ain't likely.' Long before 6 the whole adult population was collected near the saloon, and it was In cases of Neuralgia, Nervous or Billou clear that no room would hold the crowd. Headache they are unequalled. Finally an open air meeting was proposed Price 25c perbox, 5 boxes, \$1.0 and carried-motions moved by Texas Joe

generally were-and the distator took the Prepared and Sold only by "barrel." J. D. MCKEE "Men of South City," he began, "you all know why this here meeting is called. We CHEMIST ACTON, have been made fools of by the people away yonder," waving his hand northward, "and (Mrs. Secord's Block.) . it ain't to be. They have been presump-

tuous enough to get a paraon, as if the inhabitants of these parts want either doctors interference. r parsons, and are cracking on about it no end. Now, I ain't more religious than most, still I say," kloking his beel in the SPRING real disgrace to us that we sin't got a parson too. Now, what I say is this: North <u>INERY</u> City have got a parson; South City will

chap wot's got some education. That'll stalwart men held the loose end, ready at fix 'em up, you bot." The Newest Designs in ventured to say : "I vote we have a good excitement, the parson pressed to the front chapel man; he'll be a sight cheaper and will be more of our own way of thinking." "Now, Treleaven, you dry up. 'Pis-We have also some nice copals I know, Catholica I know, but I know nothing and care less about fancy religious, lines in Prints. Dress Goods, and we'll have one from the bishop or we'll Gloves, Hosiery, Corsets, have none at all." A chorus of approving

Neckties, Collars, Cuffs, Lace voices showed that Joe had the car of the meeting, and the Cornishman sulkily drew made Clothing, Hats, Caps, "Now, it carn't be done without money. I ain't got much, still I'll give \$20," said the chairman. "I'll give \$5!" "I'll give \$10!" "Here, take my duet!" "Here's for the skyscraper I' were heard on all rides, and amid a scene of wild excitement Texas Joe, after counting the collection on

the barrel head, said, "We'll have the best there is to be got-we've got \$400." He beamed on the crowd and saw genuine しいしょうしょう satisfaction on every face in front of him. Then, with a queer smile on his face, Preleavan pushed his way to the front and said: "I call that good start, and now all we've got to do is to write to Frisco, for there sure to be a boas there who will send

us up Aho man we want. I vote that the chairman write and see to the whole job." A dead pause followed this, for almost every man know that Joe could neither read nor write. He rose slowly, with his pistol in his hand.

"Now, look here, mates, there's a kind er nasty twang about the last speaker's remarks that I don't like. I ain't a pushing man, but of course I'll write if Mr. Treleaven wants me to.. Ssy, do you now ?" he asked, looking intently at the Cornishman

as he did so. The crowd fell away on all sides, for the air seemed a little heavy. "No. P'raps young Green, the last tenderfoot, had better write it. We ought

notto put it all on you, Joe. No offense," he muttered. "Ab," said Joe, "just as you like. Now Green get paper and a pen." The crowd gathered again. "Give the boy room

Now just you write." With admiration the miners listened while Joe dictated the following letter : SOUTH CITY, CAL., U. S. A. Hononep Sin-North City have got a chapel town. A weak man ain's no use, cos we want a bye."-St. Paul's.

strong man fit to run the show proper. We soud #400 for exes. Yours truly, THE INMADITANTS OF SOUTH CITY "Now, boys," said Jor, "it's my shout. South City was on fete. The miners, unusually clean, were waiting for the Money to loan at 5% straight loan o arrival of the man who was to fairly knock epayable in monthly instalments on appli-North City. Their hopes had been raised

be hanged, and that's so."

self to judge and to execute? Don't scrow at me and finger your gun, for I'm an unarmed man, and you know it. Have not you enough blood on your hands already your laws? Give him one more chance, and you may be glad yourself of it one

The fury that occasionally comes ove

about Mace's neck. balance, and with pistol raised said, "Clear

him out of the way, boys, or I'll shoot him where he stands."

murder, and they don't love you too much, even here, to stand that." Cornishman, Treleaven, shouted out:

The mob shrank from this cold blooded proposal, and, seizing the psychological

The crowd opened, and Mace stumbled away, looking neither to the right nor left, leaving his resour standing with moving

lips in his place Then Texas Joe said, with an odd break

AN UNIQUE INVITATION.

NATURE'S KALEIDOSCOPE.

Joe had suggested a calvo of pistols as welcome, but it was felt that such a reception was open to misconception and the The empty saloon which had been taken as a temporary church, was clean as whitewash and soap could make it and only wanted the presence of the parson to make The excitement grew intensess the hour minating in a mighty cheer when the driver finally pulled up opposite the saloon. Several passengers got down, but no one answering to the description of a strong Finally Texas Joe said to the driver "There, sitting on his trunk," roplied

the man, with a grin on his face. All eyes turned toward a young, slender looking man, who with eyes twinkling with amusement, was watching his new congregation. Seeing that something was expected of him he came forward and held out his hand. "Men of South City," he began in a clear musical voice, "I have been sent up here to act, if you will have me, as your new parson. Something tells me we are

my fault if 'we aren't. There's lots for me to learn from you and perhaps I can do a little for you too." His face was so boyisb, his hair so curly ing its arrival. The "Diggers' Arms" was, and such an air of sincerity and truth seemed to surround him, that the miners, although deeply disappointed, felt their

going to be good friends, and it won't be

hearte go out to him. * * * * * * * One sultry afternoon the parson of South City was sitting in his room, a prey to the deepest depression. With all the eagerness that youth and zeal could supply he had done his best to raise his people, and he failed and he knew it. He saw his miners first shamefully and then openly stay away from his little church, and his heart was sick within him. He was wondering if it were worth while staying on when his door was suddenly opened and a woman, dis-

heveled and wild eyed, rushed in. "Oh, parson, save my boy !" she gasped and sank on to a chair, breathless with her.

"Why, Mrs. Maco, what on earth is th matter? . Is your son ill?" he asked "No, sir, he aig't ill, but he's worse nor

All looked toward Texas Joe, an old and tough miner, who by a brevity of speech that-the men are going to hang him." and a quick use of his gun bad long held "What for ? Surely he hasn't been tried. What has he done?" "Well, sir," wailed the woman. "ho's got No one spoke-indeed no one quite cared

into bad company late and a man accused him of horse stealing and-and-" looking fearfolly around, "it's true, sir." Young and inexperienced as he was i the ways of a frontier camp the parson knew that horse stealing was one of the

deadly sing, and his face grow pale as "I'm afraid, Mrs. Mace, that if the men have decided to hang your son no word of mine would stay them." "And you, a minister, to say that to me

mother! Why, it's none the less murder, and you know it ! Ob, sir," she pleaded, "there's yet time to catch up! For God's sake, whose word you speak, try and save my boy! Will no one belp a poor mother?" She wept bitterly, while the parson in imagination saw bimself defying the mob, and also in imagination caw the ghastly tragedy that would ensue on his

"Come, Mrs. Mace, let us go and hurry, and perhaps we may do some good." Sciz ing his hat, he ran from the room and barrel to emphasize his words, "that it's a followed the crowd of miners whom he saw were making for some trees about half a mile out of town. When he finally caught up to them, all the grim preparations were have one too. They have got a traveling made for the execution, The rope was cuss; we will have a man of our own, a around the shivering youth's neck. Six a signal to launch the criminal into eter-A redhaired Cornishman, who hated Joe, nity. With his boyish face flushed with and stood side by side with the man about to die. A silence fell on the throng, broken by Texas Joe, who said: "Now, parson,

this ain't no place for you. Judge Lynch has had his say, and Jim Mace is going to "And who are you to take it upon your

without killing this boy who has broken men of quite meek dispositions was on the little man who stood defying the whole

mob. His look seemed to durant even, the men who held the rope, and it hung loose Joe saw his authority trembling in the

"No, you won't, Joe," said the parson undauntedly. "You know that would be

No one spoke for a moment; then the life for a life! If the parson wants Maco to live, let him be hanged instead."

moment, the parson slipped the halter from Mace's neck, placed it round his own and said: "Go, my lad, turn over a new leaf and leave this fown. Gr, and God bless

in his voice for which he could not account "Bay, boys-there sin't going to be no funeral to-day, you bet! Take off that necktie, parson, and I calculate South City will have to do without y u in the future. We wrote to Frieco for a strong parson, and may the Almighty strike me dead if you parson and South City felt that the time has ain't a bit too strong for us. Give us yer come to have a real college parson living in the fist, parson, and"-significantly-"good-

"Put a cork in each car and listen to no other invitation for Thursday evening, etc. This is the craft; way of calling attention to the society incial adopted by the Second Presbyteria Endeavorers of to a high pitch by the receipt of a letter Dubuque, Io. Two little corks were tied always where the bullets were thickestfrom San Francisco informitig them that by yellow ribbons to the corners of the be may have been hiding under the ammua real strong man was coming up to put invitation card.

Did you ever go rowing on a lake or stream in late September or early October, | say. The right person in the right place when the shore was lined with maples, for once." beeches and oaks in all their glory of You pleture him in a flowery bower, or autumn colors? The maples are crimson, on a vine-draped piazza, with a blue sky scarlet and gold, the oaks are a deep overhead and birds einging in the trees, marcon, and the beeches are a bright writing coics and sonnets, in a fine, flowwarm, beautiful brown. The silvery white, | ing hand, on gilt-edged paper, all alone. feathery fruit of the elematis covers an Anybody could write poetry under such o'd broken stump, and the mountain ash circumstandes; you say." is loaded with its clusters of red berries. Here and there are evergreens; soft, vel- sailing for the poet in the country; for vety cedars, dark sombre hemlooks and poets are sensitive, and the moment the spruces, straight and slender and pointed inkitand cover is lifted, a scrable-bug, as church steeples. Every bush and tree | with fourteen legs, commits suicide in the has its reflection in the water, and the depth of the sable pool. Under the shock forest beneath you seems almost as perfect | occasioned by this occurrence the poet's as that above. Then a breeze comes along best line departs, never to return again. and ruffles the surface, and the picture breaks and vanishes. But in its place is it down, when a mysterious and awful a shifting mosaic of color, always changing | thing occurs; scrabble-bug_recovers from but never disappearing. The white of the clomatic, the scarlet of the maple leaves | turns the letter into geosc-tracks, and then, and the ash berries, the brown of the with a sound like a creaking door-hinge, he beeches, the darker colors of the evergreens and the blue of the sky are all there, but | round, perches on the cornice, and creaks mingling, moving and melting away again there until evicted by the force of brooms.

to rapidly that we cannot follow them. The white sunshine strikes a cluster of berries, and something in them stains it red and sends the scarlet rays flying in right and left; so that wherever you may be you see the colored light and the berries | not appropriate. He begins again. appear red. Some of the downward rays There is no rhyme to angel either. strike the water, and every ripple catches one of them and sends them flying in new direction. One little wave throws its beam of light straight into your eyes and you seem to catch a glimse of something red far down beneath the water. It is gone again in an instant, for the ripple has moved and the red ray shoots past you and goes wandering off into space, losing itself in the great glow of light that goes radiating off from our earth as the moonlight does from the moon. Perhaps at last it enters the eye of a dweller on some far distant planet, who never dreams of the mountain ash berries and the gleaming water that it has visited before it reached him. Perhaps, too, the tiny twinkle o light that comes to us from Venus and Mars and Jupiter has glowed in the hearts of roses or strange other-world flowers, sparkled on dancing waters, or glittered

and gleamed on Loar-frost and ice and snow. Who can tell the strange sights that the sunbeams see as they fly from one watches Noptune trample his poems into end of the universe to the other and back the earth, and comes to the conclusion that again? But to come back to our ripple. The light is falling on it from every tree and bush in sight, and from the sky and the clouds overhead; and now instead of the red light from the ash berries it sends you a glimmer of white from the clematis gold from the maples, or blue from heaven itself. Every wavelet gives you something

and the surface of the water between your boat and the shore is a shifting, changing olor that gleams for an instant on the rests of the ripples, and then makes way for something else. You hardly have time to recognize the different tints, so quickly do they come and go, but for the brief moment that it remains each has its part in this kaleidoscope of water and light.

It is so with the little acts and scenes of our daily lives. They last so short a time, and then we forget them ; yet each does its share in making up the mosaic of life. Brief as it is, it is apt to make some impress on our future, if it is only to strengthen or weaken some habit already formed. And just as the beam of light may leave this earth to visit other worlds. so our actions may reach out to other lives long after we have forgotten them .- W. D.

Hulbert.

HOW TO WIN TRADE. "You've got to put yourself out at times to win trade," said a clerk. "What's the use of saying that if you've the goods they will sell themselves? I know better. Give me my pick of clerks along the street, ordinary coods and ordinary clerks I would select are people who have common with the people in a town. He learned how to forget their likes and dislikes, and cater to the whims of the people who buy, and make those whims valuable for their employer. A disagreeable salesman, who feels it his duty to consult his own preferences and put forward his own personality at all times, is a bad man in a store. He will not only loss sates -he will drive trade out of the store never to return. The clerk who succeeds needn't bow down to a customer and sacrifice his own respect. but he can't lord it over purchasers and insist on doing their baying for them, and he can't pick and choose customers, and deal pleasantly with this one and be sharp

and crabbed with one he doesn't like."-

Keystone. ODDS AND ENDS. A shoomaker says we wear away quite two inches of shoe leather in a year. pair of boots that would "last a lifetime" would consequently have to be provided with soles from eight to nine feet thick.

Good Advice-My son, said the aged

politician, it is better, especially when you

are talking about the enemies in your own

party, to use only soft and honeyed words.

They are much easier to eat, should occa-Dumley-How much do you ask for that piece of land? Robinson-I'll sell it to you for a mere song. Dumley-To the tune of -? Robinson-Five thousand dollars. Dumley-Oh! one of Melba's songs.

Then the Premier Fainted-Sagasta-Well, you majesty, we have one hope left The rainy season is about to begin in Cubs. The Queen Regent-Ah, senor it looks to me very much as if the reigny season was about to end there:

after kissing her.

Don't class hens as vegetables because

Don't insult a girl by begging her pardor

Don't think blank leaves are desirable in the volume of business. Don't think because a man is an dealer that he is cold hearted. Don't expect to meet a man who gets

discouraged trying to live without work. Don's forget to remember that there are some things that should be forgotten. Don's strike a man below the bolt-unless you are aiming at his pocket-book. Don's doubt the veteran who says he was

THE POET IN THE COUNTRY. "What a perfect place for a poet!" you

In very truth, however, it is not all plain But another line occurs to him. He jots

his inky suicide, walks along the line lights on the poet's nose, then goes circling The poets then sits down to a fresh sheet

of paper and writes : "Oh, beloved Arabella !" and there stops. He wants a rhyme for every direction, upward, downward, and to Arabella, and he cannot think of any but umbrella, which, besides being forced, is

groan he tries another. "Arabella, best beloved!"

With a little twisting that does better, and the poem is proceeding finely, whou Jerusha enters, crying : "Mr. William ! Missus says the bucke is down the well, and will you please try

and get it up? "Where's the man ?" asks the poet. "It's his day off, and he's gone a-court-'The post thinks, "Would it were mine; but he is a filial son and goes to work to

get the backet up. This done he returns to his study, but a gentle breeze has risen and his manuscripts are strewn about the five acre lot, where a pet, feroclous bull is The post pursues his flying manuscripte, but a bellow of awful volume startles him, Little Neptune, he remembers has an aversion to scarlet, and he wears a cap of that lively hue. He retires hastily and

he will try "Arabella" another day. He will write something for music, and call it "The Laborer's Holiday."

He begins : 'Little the rich can know of the bliss Uf a poor man's holiday," when a voice at his window onts the verse in two, and Mr. Clover sets his elbows or the sill, and says : "Seein' you sittin' here, an' you looked so kinder lonesome, thought I'd stop and speak. Hev. you hearn how the cattle sale turned out?" In the country one must be social or go

to Coventry. The poet satisfies Mr. Clover's curiosity and in half an hour more turns to the paper again. He has promised the editor of the Evening Oriole something for his "Poet's Corner" next week, so he begins: "Give me the woods, the fields, the delis,

The rippling brook, the silver spring."

His mother looks in, and says: "My dear, I'm so sorry; but the Misses Briggs and Mr. Clipper have run over to play lawn tennis, and you will have to come in to the garden." The post rises in his wrath, consigns pound or so of his paper to the waste

basket, and offers himself a sacrifice to the lawn tennis flends. It is bis opinion that the country is no place to write in. "Give me a pice back room, far up stairs, in a city house," he says, when I court the muses." And he is

THE TRAVELING PEDLAR The itinerant peddlar is of no earthly use prices, I'll agree to put a new store on its to a town. He gives nothing to churches feet in any city in a year's time. The or public expenses. He has nothing in can swindle, and he often does, getting into the next town or county before his victims fully realize how badly they have been taken in. The home merchant has s reputation to sustain. He bears his share of the expenses of the town. When a subscription is passed he is the first to be approached. He builds a house and makes other permanent improvements that enhance the value of our property. He helps be slaughtered for the soldiers, two Irishpay for the churches in which we worship, and the schools to which we send our men stood regarding them. children. He cannot afford to misropre sent his goods or swindle his customers. Self-interest alone prevents this. It is not difficult to decide which of the two classes of merchants should receive the patronage

> A farmer came into the office of a attorney at law with whom I was studying a few years ago, says an English correspondent, and in the absence of the lawyer I invited him to sit down and wait a few minutes. While waiting the old gentleman amused himself with walking around the room and looking at some pictures of eminent jurists and statesmen which adorned the walls. A particularly fine portrait of Mr. Glad

GLADSTONE LOOKED HIS PART

of the people.- The Storekeeper.

stone attracted his attention, and after re garding it for a few minutes he inquired Who is this ?" "That is Mr. Gladstone." "Does he live here in tawn?" he asked.

Oh, no, sir; he is an Englishman. He Prime Minister of England." "So," reaponded the farmer. "I thought he looked like a clergymau." OF PRESENT INTEREST.

Of the cities of Cubs, Havana, the

capital of the island, is obief. It is a city of about 220,000 inhabitants, with fine promepales, boulevards and streets; firstclass hotels, with restaurants equal to those of New York, Paris, Buenos Ayres, eto.; three theatrey, in which frat-class companies perform, one of them, the Testro Tacon, being one of the largest in the world ; and clubs and social and scientific institutions. The other cities of the island are of much less importance. The principal are Matangas, Puerto Principe and Bantiago de Cuba, with some 40,000 inhabitants each, and Ciefnegos with a bont 25,000.

It is economy to profit by the experience of others. Thousands have been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, why not you?

PRICE THREE CENTS

POVERTY AND RICHES. When all day long, footsore and tired, We seek for work but seek in vain, And wan-eyed children cry for food, And mothers stifte sobs of pain; While other homes are bright and warm, And tables laid without regard

To hungry, homeless, shivering poor,

Oh! keep us, Lord, from feeling hard. When riclies have been won, and life Is full of luxury and care, With costly yachts, or splendid homes, And hosts of friends our joys to share ; We turn our faces from the slums, And solfilaly our time we guard Lost want amnoy us with its cails :

-Sarah K. Bolton, in The Chautauquan for

Lord, keep us then from being bard.

BUSINESS CATECHISM. Do you see the man? I do see the mup. Who is the man? Ho is a business man. What is a business man? He is a man who makes money by supplying the wants of people. Does he always make money? If he's a good business man he does.

It's the biggest thing on earth in a busi-Is it bigger than the business?

Yes, because the business couldn't live without it. Is it bigger than the business man? Yes, for it keeps him humping himself.

Very good ; but what is this wonderful It is the everlasting and perpetual presenting of those who wish to buy, a clear statement of what there is to sall.

Why must it be so everlasting and per-Because people's wants are that kind and the advertisements must match the wantsfof those to whom it appeals.

Is there no let up? Yes, when the people let up on wanting

How does he do it?

What's advertising?

By advertising.

·But isn't it expensive? My | Do they everlastingly and persistently present and charge nothing for it? Oh, no! they charge of course, but for every dollar paid ont, from ten to a thous-

How is this advertising done? There are ways and ways of doing it All good ? Yes, but some are better than others.

What is the best way of doing it. The newspapers. Why newspapers? Because they go farther and hold on longer.

Why do they? Their subscribers make them. Do all business men advertise? Those who know the most do.

But some are successful who do not?

Yes, just as there are some people saved

from a wreck in which ninety-nine per cent, are killed. It's their luck, not their wisdom or their own efforts. - Fun

BUSINESS BARS THE DRUNKARD "Drunkenness to-day is deemed disropuable in the very quarters where only a little while ago it was looked upon simply as a misfortune," writes Edward W. Bok in the May Ladies' Home Journal. "Every line of business shuts its doors absolutely to the drunkard. It has no use for him. Business compotition has become so keen that only the men of steadiest habits can find employment. This fact the habitual indulger in alcoholics has found out, and the different "ours" establishments for drunkenness-and Godsends they are, too, to humanity-are to-day filled with men who have come to a realization of the changed conditions. The man of steady habits is the man of the hour, and the drunkard realizes this. In the social world the same thing is true. The excessive indulgence of even a few years ago would not be tolerated intolerant of the behavior which inevitably results from excessive indulgence in drinking, and men realize this. It is bad manners to-day to drink to excess. Good taste

is spreading, and moderation is necessarily

THE REASON WHY. The sheep of Afganistan are famed for the great gize and fatness of their tails. A lot purchased by the comissariat in India, having been brought into camp to

"I'm thinkin' Larry, how do they be gettin' them big tails?" exclaimed one of thom. "Aiey enough, me boy." auswered Larry. "Don't you see, they do be always grazing uphill in these mountainous counthries, and by coorse all o' the fat runs down into their tails."

The True, Reliable and Easy-Working Diamond Dyes.

THE KIND YOU NEED.

When the Diamond Dyes are used the work of home dyeing is a pleasure to every woman. Doubts and fears regarding results are never entertained. There is a confidence in every woman's beart that perfect work will crown her efforts. It is an established fact that all colors of the Diamond Dyes come out in fullness, rich-

ness, and beauty. For long, long years Diamond Dyes have been the favorite family dyes in over civilized country, and although imitation package dyes are now being offered for sale by dealers who think more of big profits than of giving satisfaction to the public, the great inferiority of these imitations dyes in strength, fastness beauty and brilliancy was soon discovered, and they are now avoided and condemned by all who prize good, bright and durable

Thousands of testimonials are coming in rom all parts of the country testifying to the excellence and vast superiority of the Diamond Dyes.

Refuse all poor, worthless and imitation dyes whon they are offered to you. Ask for the "Diamond," and see that the name

is on each packet. Book of directions and card of 48 colors . Richardson Co., Montreat, P. Q.

Guelph.

Sun Savings and Loan Co. EAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT.

Ten-year maturity shares are paid Monthly Instalments of 50c, per share for 120 months, when payments ccase-\$60.00

Bring Pictures to be framed.

uthorized Capital . \$5,000,000.00

paid in-majurity value \$100.00.

R. J. McNabb,

If she likes to ride a wheel : Tho' it did, whou first I seen it, Give me a queerish sort of feel.

Suits and collars just like us,

Know more than all the men;

They're just a beap above us.

An' I'll say the same again.

Got no use for the new.

Thoy're gentle an' they're levin',

Select Family Reading.

Strong Man.

The weekly coach was due at South City.

and all the inhabitants were eagerly await-

as usual, crowded, and against its hospit-

able walls lounged those unable to get. in.

Suddenly a crack, loud and reverberating.

sounded in the clear mountain air, and

with a whoop and a rattle the great coach

The driver, a cheery Yankee, who knew

his men as well as he did his horses, shout-

ed : "Have you heard the news, boys?

No! Well, I'll tell you-North City has

"A what !" shouted the miners, jealons

"A real live parson, and, what's more,

There was a long standing foud between

North City and South City, which dated

from the first gold rush, and many and

useless were the buildings that the rival

towns had erected to "go one batter" than

the perilous position of dictator to the

to. At length the oracle, shifting his plug

from one cheek to the other, said: "Pass

the word that there'll be a meeting here of

all the boys at 6 sharp. It sin't to be

allowed that a young shove ahead village

they've turned the old saloon into a meet-

lumbered up.

ing bouse."

imported a parson !

They're brave an' good an' true ;

It's the good old sort I mean, sir-

-HABRIET NULTY

Then I think it's time for men folks

But whon it comes to wearin'

To make a rousin' fuse!

Lalways did say women

Poetrp.

THE NEW WOMAN.

My wife's bin readin' lately,

An' sho said the other day

As how the brand now woman

Had most like come to stay.

She goes to clubs and such like,

Of thom manly kind of tricks.

An' she jines in politics;

Now I don't approve exactly

I ain't got much objection