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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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Sundries
—AT—
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—AT—
DAY'S BOOKSTORE, Guelph.
Day's sells cheap.

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W. BARBER & BROS.
PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
—AND—
HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.
The paper used in this journal is from the above mills
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—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS-LINE
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets trains between 9 a.m. and 8:18 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

EVERTON AND EDEN MILLS
The place to go for the
..Best Flour..
Bran, Middlings, Chop Feed, &c., for sale.
Chopping every day at Everton mills and every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Eden Mills.
Always buying wheat. No credit.
Henry Hortop.

Bring your Custom Logs in and Take the Lumber Home with You.
SAYERS'
Lumber & Planing
Mills, Nassagaweya,
P. SAYERS, Proprietor,
Has constantly on hand a full line of 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.

We Hitch the Dollar
—TO A—
Bigger Load than it Ever Drew Before.
OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF
Footwear
At Lowest Prices. To Cash Buyers.

Fall AND Winter
Stock Complete.
While others burn the "midnight oil" in marking up prices preparing for a sale our prices go scooting down the toboggan slide of genuine low and reasonable prices.
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PUPILS Who are about to leave Public or High School should not overlook the great advantage of a practical course of instruction at the
GUELPH
Business College and Short hand Institute
FALL SESSION will commence Tuesday, September 6th.
Write or call if interested.
Circulars Free.
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—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
Capital Authorized..... $1,000,000
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Guelph Branch
We are now issuing Money Orders payable at par at any branch of Chartered Bank in Canada, excepting the Yukon District, at the following rates:—
Under $10 ..... 8 cents.
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HIGHEST CURRENT RATE OF INTEREST paid on sums deposited of $1 and upwards. Interest allowed from date of deposit to date of withdrawal and paid or compounded half yearly.
Advances made to responsible farmers on their own names at the lowest current rates.
No charge made for collecting sales notes if payable in Guelph.
A general banking business transacted.
A. F. H. JONES, Manager.

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SWEEPERS.
Our Bissell "Cyco Bearing." Best on earth.
Our "Two Dollar" Sweeper, a genuine woman pleaser.
J. M. BOND & CO.
GUELPH.

McKEE'S
EMULSION
OF PURE
Cod Liver Oil
With Hypophosphites of LIME & SODA
A RELIABLE REMEDY FOR
Pulmonary Diseases, Coughs and Colds and General Debility.
Contains the Tonic and Nutritive Properties of these popular remedies in their fullest form. Very pleasant to the taste and is easily digested. Highly recommended by the Medical Faculty.
DIRECTIONS;
DOSE—For adults a tablespoonful three times a day after meals. For children in like proportion.
This Emulsion is as palatable as cream. It assimilates readily and will not nauseate the most sensitive stomach
J. D. McKEE,
ACTON, ONT.

Special Sale
Fancy Goods,
Class, China,
Celluloid, &c.
Prices away down.
Fine finished Crokinole Board, complete, 65c.
Bobby $1.00.
Framed Pictures, 50c.
Etc., etc.
WATERS BROS.,
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Sun Savings and Loan Co.
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
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PLANING MILLS,
ACTON, ONT.
John Cameron,
Architect and Contractor.
Manufacturer of Sash Doors Frames Mouldings in all styles
DRESSING, MATCHING, and MOULDING
to order on short notice.
Well assorted stock on hand at prices to suit the times.
JOHN CAMERON
Proprietor.

ACTIVE Solicitors wanted everywhere for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the roar of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books (said) free. Address, F. T. BARBER, Sec'y Star Insurance Building, Chicago.

Poetry.

THE CHASE OF THE GINGERBREAD MAN.

Once when a baker in Fairyville
Was making cakes, as bakers will,
He made, and put by itself in a pan,
A dear little, queer little gingerbread man.

By-and-by, when the cakes were brown
He opened the oven; when nimbly down
Hopped the queer little man, and blinking his eyes,
Called out to the baker, who stared in surprise:

"Run, run! fast as you can!
Can't catch me, little gingerbread man!"
The baker ran, his wife ran too,
And puss started up with a brave "Meow, meow!"

Old Rover ran with a gruff "Bow-wow!"
Followed by Brindle, the staid old cow.
The horse broke out of the barn with a neigh,
For he heard the echo from far away:

"Run, run, fast as you can!
Can't catch me, little gingerbread man!
Man and woman, horse and cow,
Dog and cat were after him now,

But none could run as fast as he,
And over his shoulder he called in glee;
"Run, run, fast as you can!
Can't catch me, little gingerbread man!"

But a wolf crept out of the woods at last,
And wolves, he knew, could run so fast,
Yet he hurried on, and bravely cried,
Just as the wolf crept up by his side:

"Run, run, fast as you can!
Can't catch me, little gingerbread man!
The great grey wolf took a bite, just one,
The gingerbread man was one-fourth gone.

A second bite took him up to the waist,
Just half was gone and 'twas only a taste.
Still another bite took him up to the throat,
And now three fourths was gone, you'll note.

Then he swallowed the head as away he ran,
And that was the last of the gingerbread man.

—*Ella M. White, in the December Ladies' Home Journal.*

Select Family Reading.

Saved the Farm.

Jackson Smith had a hobby, an unconquerable aversion to old maids. And yet, as in very mockery of his pet antipathy, his only child, Sarah, had developed into the hated object, right in his own household.

Sarah was tall and angular, like her father, but her face was pleasing and her disposition mild and amiable. She had never revolted against anything in her life—not even against the injustice of spending her youth in making preserves, apple butter or piecing quilts while other girls were making merry.

One day Jackson Smith received a hurt, and when Dr. Brown was called in he told Jackson his days were numbered. Then it was that his hatred for old maids proved itself.

"I'll never leave this place to a woman that can't get a husband," he said fiercely.

"But, father, Sarah's never had no chance; we've always kept her down," remonstrated his weeping wife.

He waved his hand to silence her. "Woman, no old maid shall inherit my place. I've sent by the doctor for Lawyer Clarke, and he'll come to-morrow. There's money enough in the bank for you, but I'll fix it so that at your death it will go with the farm. Jackson Goggan, my namesake, shall get it all."

Tearfully Mrs. Smith imparted the facts to Sarah.

"Mother, would he turn you out of the old place just because he hates me?" and Sarah looked incredulous.

The elder woman nodded; then Sarah kissed the round, sunburned face and said: "Mother, I never have revolted against father, but I'm going to save the place for you. I wouldn't mind so much, but you shall never leave your home. I'm going out now to think it over," and putting on her pink sunbonnet she went out the back door. When some distance from the house, she sat down in the shade of a tree, and while her heart beat loudly over her father's contemplated injustice she resolved to outwit him.

"There's Josh Mullin, he might—but I can't bear Josh; he chews tobacco, and his mouth always looks dirty." She cast her eyes over the landscape, and on the next farm she saw the figure of a man in the field. "Yes, there's John Howard, but"—and her face grew pink—"I hate somehow to ask it of him." Then the tear stained face of her mother passed before her mental vision, and, giving a jerk to her sunbonnet, she started down the path across the meadow.

John Howard was hoeing corn. When he saw Sarah approaching, he stopped and leaned on his hoe, a look of concern on his face.

"Is the old man worse, Sarah?" he asked.

"Yes. Dr. Brown says he can't live more than two or three days, and—oh, John, it's awful the way he is!"

"Yes, but you have been a good, sacrificing daughter, Sarah, and you can't blame yourself for anything, you"—

"Oh, you don't understand, John! He's going to leave everything to—to Jackson Goggan, and mother'll have to leave the place," she half sobbed.

"You can't mean it, Sarah! Why—why, that would be outrageous. What makes him talk of such a thing?

"Because—because—I am an old maid; he hates all old maids," and her face grew pinker than the sunbonnet. John Howard shifted the hoe to the other arm and looked down.

"John, I've come to ask you—oh, John, don't think me brazen; it's for mother's sake. I can't stand to see her turned out, and for my fault, and if you will only help me and—and—come up to the house and pretend that we are to be married—just until after the will is made—it wouldn't be so very wrong John—not so bad as letting mother be put out of her home." She caught her breath in short gasps, but when John was silent her pink face suddenly paled. "I reckon it's asking a heap too much of you, John, but don't hold it against me. I couldn't see any other way. Good-bye, John." She was turning away.

"Don't go yet, Sarah. I—I think your idea is good, but it might not work. Jackson Smith is sharp. "He'd see right through it, but—if—if you would be willing we could drive over to Squire Hall's this afternoon and get married. I wouldn't trouble you any, Sarah. We could go on just the same, and I'll never want to marry any one else, and if you should you could get a divorce, you know."

"Oh, you're sure it makes no difference—you don't mind, John?" Her tone was eager.

"No, I don't mind. I'd help you any way I could, Sarah. It's nigh noon now. I'll drive over for you in the buggy right after dinner."

"I'll be ready, and—I wouldn't have asked you, John, only—only—you understand how it is, don't you?" Her face was red again.

"Why, Sarah, where have you been? You look as rosy as a poppy," and Mrs. Smith wiped the tears from her eyes as she gazed at her daughter's face.

"I've been attending to business for us, mother. You will not leave the place. I'm going over to Squire Hall's this evening. John Howard is coming to take me in the buggy."

The sun was sinking low in the west when John Howard and Sarah returned from the squire's.

"Will you come in, John, and stay about some? I'd—I'd rather you'd tell him, if you don't mind," Sarah paid.

John tied the horse and went in. He walked to the bedside of Jackson Smith and sat down.

"Uncle Jackson," he began, "I've come to tell you what I've done. You know that I've often warned you that some day you would lose the most valuable possession you had"—

"It's the brindle heifer," interrupted Jackson Smith, his eyes snapping angrily. "John Howard, you think because I am on my deathbed that you can do as you please, but I'll show you. It's just like you to shoot a neighbor's heifer just because she jumped into your wheat. I don't expect anything better of you—the whole party is made up of thieves and outthroats—but I'll leave it in my will. Jackson Gozgan shall law and law until"— He sank back exhausted from his outburst.

"If you get that angry over that brindle heifer, Uncle Jackson, I don't know what you will say when I tell you that I have not touched the heifer, but I have married Sarah."

"Married — Sarah!" and Jackson Smith's eyes dilated. "Married Sarah!" he said, under his breath. "John, give me your hand. I knew Sarah was a Smith. Why, there never was an old maid in the Smith family, but it did seem she meant to take after the Walkers—her mother was a Walker. Sarah—married! I can go in peace, John, now that you have lifted the disgrace from the Smith family. Call Sarah, I want to give her the brindle heifer."

When the lawyer came the next day, he wrote a will bequeathing all, save a life interest to Mrs. Smith, to his beloved daughter, Sarah, who had gladdened the last hours of his life.

A few days later, with all due ceremony, Jackson Smith was laid away by the side of other Smiths. John Howard went home with his wife and her mother. At the porch he halted awkwardly, seeing which Sarah turned.

"Will you come in, John?" she asked.

"I'm afraid it would only pester you if I did. I—reckon I ought to go home, but I hate to leave you—you women folks alone—and you'll be kind of lonesome now."

"You might stay. We could fix up father's room real comfortable if you would just as soon," said Sarah, beginning to realize the awkwardness of her position.

"I'd like to Sarah. I could tend the crop just as well, but I'd feel as if I was living off you women, and—and you might get to hate me if I hung around."

"You needn't be afraid of that, John," said Sarah, tapping her foot nervously on the porch floor. "It would be the easiest way out of our—our—dilemma, but, if you'd rather not stay we could explain to folks how it was that you just married me to save the farm."

"But, Sarah, if we told that, it would be a lie. I took advantage of your trouble to get you married to me, but didn't suspect me, but now I feel mean and as if you will not respect me when I tell you the truth." Sarah gazed at him in wonder. What could he mean, she thought, but no sound came from her lips, and he continued; "I've been trying for ten years to ask you to marry me, but I never could do it, and when you came to me in your trouble I jumped at the chance, Sarah, because I wanted you—I've always wanted you, but now I feel I can't stay—unless you can take me for your husband in earnest." His eyes did not lift to her face.

"John!" Her eyes were open wide in amazement, and the face so lately tear stained became radiant with unexpected joy. "You love me?" she questioned in glad unbelief. "Why, I have loved you all this time, too," she whispered.—Cincinnati *Commercial Tribune.*

ATTENTION! WORKINGMEN.

If the working people of this country want to know why they have hard times every few years, we can tell them. It is not overproduction or underconsumption, as those phrases are commonly employed. If they had kept the $1,000,000,000 they spend every year for strong drink in their pockets for the past five years of hard times, the recent lull in manufacturing and business ability would find many of them able to bear it without being pinched for the necessaries of life. It is the overconsumption of whiskey that makes the under consumption of food and clothing in this land of liberty and liquor. The annual bill for bread, meat, cotton and woollen goods of this great American people foots up a total of over $1,250,000,000. But its annual bill for whiskey, beer and taxes thereon, is $1,400,000. In other words, it unnecessarily drinks $150,000,000 worth more than it necessarily eats and wears. And the people who commit this folly every year are amazed that once in a few years they are hard up, and some of them want to hoist the communistic red flag, and destroy everybody else's property because they have wasted their own share of the national substance in rye juice and other riotous fluids.—Philadelphia *Issue.*

ABSENT MINDED.

On the appointed day the professor joined the aeronaut, and the two men entered the car of the balloon, accompanied by the parachute umbrella by means of which the professor proposed to sink softly and safely to the earth from an enormous height.

The balloon shot upward swiftly. When they were at an altitude a little less than 50,000 feet, the professor suddenly remembered what he was there for, and at once climbed out of the car and dropped off before the aeronaut could stop him.

He had dropped 10,000 feet and was still dropping, when he remarked to himself with great disgust:—

"Good gracious, I've come away and forgotten my umbrella!"

BROTHER SMITH THE BUTCHER.

BY REV. JESSE WOOD, D. D.

The chapters which might be written by all ministers serving town and city churches, giving illustrations of their gullibility, would make a book. From the many incidents of the kind which occurred to me in California I select one for my chapter.

While I was pastor of the Minna Street Church in San Francisco, one Sunday evening when I entered the church five minutes before service, a plain but pleasant looking man met me at the door, and extending his hand, said: "Is this brother Wood? I would like to speak with you a few minutes in the study."

"My name is Brother Smith," he proceeded to say, speaking rapidly, when we had gone in and explained that he must be brief, "and I am a member of Brother Sim's church in Sacremento. I keep a butcher shop there, and I've been down to the coast buying some beef cattle. The cattle are across the bay in Alameda, in charge of the herders. But I have just received a telegram that my wife is very ill, and I must come home immediately. I have enough money to leave with the boys for their use, but I need five dollars to pay my way on the boat. If you would not mind lending me that much I will return it to you next week with good interest."

The last three words were spoken with such emphasis as to make the impression on my mind that my generous Sacremento brother would return the kindness by a free advance of at least fifty per cent. With my church and pulpit feelings on and without time for reflection or further inquiry, I did not hesitate a minute, but replied: "Well, brother, I don't know whether I have as much as five dollars on hand, but I will help you all I can."

My little purse was emptied into his hand, and, as the miners say, panned out four dollars and eighty-five cents.

He grasped my hand warmly and thanked me profusely, saying that he would send it back to me next week with good interest, placing special emphasis on these last three words and causing golden visions of seven and a half as the result of my investment to dance through my head.

When "next week" came and was about to pass without my hearing anything whatever from Brother Smith, a letter came to me from brother Burris, our stationed preacher in Gilroy, inquiring about a Brother Smith, who kept a butcher shop in San Francisco, and was a member of my church. And soon after came a letter from Brother Sims, of Sacremento, inquiring if there was a Brother Smith a member of my church, who kept a butcher shop in the city. So other letters came, and the seriousness of the case began to turn into laughter.

When the city Ministerial Union met, as it did once a month, I heard the Presbyterian ministers inquiring of one another about a "Brother Smith, who kept a butcher shop." The rascal had mastered the ministerial directory of the "coast" and "cleaned up" the entire ground. He was a member of churches of all denominations in San Francisco and Sacremento, and called the names of Brother One and Dr. Other with perfect ease, always adhering to the winning story that he kept a butcher shop, and would return the money within a few days with good interest.

Dr. Fitzgerald was then the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and received what seemed to a Methodist preacher a fat salary. With this he was liberal to a fault. I specially inquired of him if he knew brother Smith, who kept a butcher shop, and he rather reluctantly acknowled that he did, but would never own up to the amount he loaned him in expectancy of a return with good interest. And I could narrate another instance during that same golden period, in which my gullibility and his gal-liberality cost him a solid round twenty-dollar gold piece, which incident through all these years has never been alluded to by either of us.

Well, from year to year I thought I was acquiring wisdom and learning by experience, but the cases differed so I continued to be the dupe of such characters down to the last year of my stay in California. And what I regard as quite remarkable is this: That of the dozens—and I might say scores—whom I have helped with from 25 cents to twenty dollars upon special promise to return it to me, not one ever kept the promise. I have never received back a cent from donations and loans of this class

Can it be counted as treasure laid up in heaven? The question is too hard for me. In some instances I doubt not it is so, but in the case of Brother Smith, the butcher, I am afraid I had rather too much anticipation of the good interest next week to claim any credit on the long score of eternity. At any rate I have this in return: that my four dollars and eighty-five cents has yielded myself and others many a hearty laugh; and if the publication of the incident shall provoke a smile, it may not have been written in vain.

LAUGHABLE FORGETFULNESS.

As Sheridan Knowels, the dramatist, was walking down the Strand one day with a friend he stopped to greet a gentleman, who, however, received him very coldly. "Do you know," said he to Knowles, "that you owe me an apology?"

"An apology! What for?" asked the dramatist.

"For not keeping that dinner engagement you had with me last Thursday. I had a number of people to meet you, and you never came or even sent an explanation of your absence."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" exclaimed Knowles. "I've such a memory that I forgot all about the affair; forgive me and invite me to another dinner."

It was then arranged that he should dine with the gentleman on the following Wednesday, and in order to secure against the engagement being again forgotten he there and then recorded it in his diary. On rejoining his friend he told him the story of his lapse of memory.

"Who is the gentleman?" asked the friend.

"Well, I'm blessed!" cried Sheridan Knowles, "I have forgotten his name."

"That's funny," said the friend, "but you can easily find it out by referring to the directory. You know his address, of course."

"No, not even that!" roared the unhappy dramatist.

To be entirely relieved of the aches and pains of rheumatism means a great deal, and Hood's Sarsaparilla does it.

THE SURPRISE PENHOLDER.

Something a Man Ought to be Able to Keep on His Desk.

There is a very clever trick pen. Let us suppose that a gentleman is seated at his desk and is busily writing when a neighbor comes in, and he jokingly challenges the latter to forge his signature. He hands the pen to his friend, who attempts to write. Immediately there is an explosion and the paper receives a big ink blot. The writer is apt to be surprised by the report, which is like a pistol shot, and, if a timid person, is apt to be frightened. The noise comes from the pen itself, as it is so constructed that it can be loaded and shot off at will. The person in the secret can handle the pen with safety, but the poor unfortunate will experience a rather unexpected shock to his nerves when he attempts to write with it.

The upper part of the penholder into which an ordinary writing pen is thrust works on a pivot about half way down its length. This separate part is provided with only half a bottom, in order that it may engage the conical head of a piston rod which ends in a plunger, which sets off the cap secured in the bottom of the penholder. The moral position of the plunger is against the cap of the holder, but it can be raised by means of a projecting pin rivited to the rod and passing through a slot cut in the side of the lower part of the holder. Now, the closed half of the bottom of the pivoted end enters a notch caused by the conical head of the plunger, and the plunger with its spring is cocked, as it were, by means of the projecting pin and is held in place by the bottom of the pivoted section. When the pen is pressed to the paper, the pivoted section swings on the pivot, releasing the plunger, which is forced down on the explosive cap by the spring.—*Scientific American.*

BRAINS IN KINDNESS.

I have known some people—men as well as women—happily ingenious in the small services of life, and the house in which they live has always a favorable aspect toward the sun. They have received their commission from duty. They act in firm and settled course. Though their alms are in secret, they are never in the dark, for they shed a light of their own. They give little presents which have an exaggerated attraction because they are just what you want. They say the right word—just what every one would say—only they say it at the right time, so that the apple of gold gleams in a basket of silver. They have a promptness of manner which forestalls your comfort and helps you without any burdensome reminder that the help is given. Watching genial and attractive people I have often fallen into a deep despair about myself, for all this seems a natural gift, like music or poetry. But I have some reason to think that it is not so natural either, but toilsomely acquired in the accustomed places—viz., the oratory at the foot of the cross, and the cave under the hilton of duty.

OLD MEN.

Old men have their place and power. Moses was eighty years old when he led the children of Israel out of Egypt and founded the most influential nation in history. Franklin was eighty-one when he sat in the convention that framed our national Constitution and contributed to it its most important compromise, that of equal representation in the Senate and proporsional representation in the House. Gladstone stood erect at eighty-four with the British Empire on his back. Old men have given the world some of its biggest lifts and most powerful pushes, and we must give them a chance and not try to crowd them out.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

STOP IT NOW.

Don't let it Run on Until Your Condition Causes You to be Ostracised as if You were a Leper.

Before it is too late stop that succession of colds that means nothing more nor less than catarrh. Stop the suffering. Stop the disagreeable discharges that are so humiliating to you and offensive to your friends. Don't let it run on until your condition causes you to be ostracized as if you were a leper. Don't neglect yourself until consumption makes its fatal appearance. You can be cured. Not merely relieved, but absolutely and perfectly cured. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will restore you to complete, perfect health. It gives relief at once. It cures in an incredibly short time. Sold by A. T. Brown.

Some people should take more pains to conceal what they know.

Messrs. Northrop and Lyman Co. are the proprietors of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which is now being sold in immense quantities throughout the Dominion. It is welcomed by the suffering invalid everywhere with emotions of delight, because it banishes pain and gives instant relief. This valuable specific for almost "every ill that flesh is heir to," is valued by the sufferer as more precious than gold. It is the elixir of life to many a wasted frame. To the farmer it is indispensible, and it should be in every house.

Brains are the lawer's stock in trade, and he sells them by the case.

BLISTERED BY DOCTORS

For Heart Disease Without Help—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Relieves in Fifteen Minutes.

Mrs. O. Ward, of Magog, Que., was a great sufferer for years from heart disease. Physicians blistered her and gave her other treatment without relief. She read in the papers of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. She procured a bottle of it. Fifteen minutes after the first dose she had relief. Before taking this remedy she had constant spells of suffocation and fluttering, and severe pains about the heart, and was so weak that the act of sweeping the floor caused her to faint. She continued using the remedy until she had taken six bottles, and to-day she is as well as ever she was. Sold by A. T. Brown.

Mr. Harix (after reading letter from son at college)—John says he is a quarter-back. Mrs. Harix—Wa-al, send him th' quarter, an' let him pay up. We can't afford to hev him in debt for the sake uv a small sum like that.—Judge.

For internal or external use Hagyard's Yellow Oil cannot be excelled as a pain relieving and soothing remedy for all pain.

A SONG BY THE WAY.

Life's sunshine for you, sweet!
I do not ask for one pale gleam of light;
So that you rest not where the tempests beat,
I shall endure the night.

All that the heavens can give
Of love, and grace, and glory, be your lot,
If that your name in Earth's great honor live,
Let my name be forgot.

Life is a little space,
And scarce a flower on earthly path adorns;
Yet, if one rose shall ever kiss your face,
I shall not shrink from thorns.

In dark, tumultuous nights
When I have lingered desolate—forlorn,
I only asked for you the starry lights—
The music of the morn!

I do not even pray
For the imagined glory of the skies;
If a God's smile shall light your steps that way,
Leave me where darkness lies.

The path which you must tread
Be gentler than the paths which I have known;
You, to the light, all sweetly, gently led—
I, in the dark, alone!

Frank L. Stanton.

Business Men's Corner.

TO SAVE TROUBLE.

TO BUSINESS MEN.

Keep your accounts closed by notes.

Do not make any alteration in a note after delivery. If an interlineation or erasure is made before delivery, get same initialled by maker. If notes are endorsed, see that they are protested at maturity if not paid.

If an account is to be guaranteed, get the guarantee in writing; otherwise it is of no value.

If any account is secured, make no arrangement of any kind without the written consent of the surety.

If dealing with a married woman through her husband as agent, make it clear to whom you are selling, either to the wife, or husband, or both, and let the account in your books show it.

If you sell to a married woman, make sure that she has at that time separate property, i. e., property of her own, distinct from her husband's. Without this she cannot contract, and no judgment can be obtained against her. Get a statement from her as to what her separate estate consists of. This would be useful should necessity arise of proving existence of such separate property.

Keep copies of all important papers, and file them away, so that they may be at hand when needed.

If unable to meet an obligation at maturity; face it; see the creditor; nothing affects his mind more unfavorably than ignorance or uncertainty.

Confine your purchase to as few houses as possible. An honest trader in trouble can better arrange with one or two than with twenty. It is always the small creditor that blocks an agreement.

Do not give one creditor a preference over another.

A creditor seeking a preference is looking after his own interests, not yours.

Never give a chattel mortgage.

If obliged to give a chattel mortgage or go out of business, go out of business! Better to go out earlier than later. You will have to go out anyway if you give a chattel mortgage.

Have you will made. If you are a member of a firm, let your executors have full power and discretion as to dealing with surviving partners; otherwise they may have no alternative than to liquidate, which may be disastrous to all parties.

Be sure you understand your lease before expending money on rented premises or in fixtures.

A RIDICULOUS AND FALSE CLAIM.

As a rule, modern newspaper advertisers endeavor to make their statements clear and truthful; they know that an intelligent public—especially the woman portion—quickly condemn untruths and deception.

Some advertisers intending to soar high, suddenly fall from the sublime to the ridiculous in their statements. Such errors are promptly detected by the class of people the advertisers would influence.

Imagine an advertiser of dyes for home dyeing, after giving a long list of the virtues possessed by his products, remarking, "They cleanse and dye at the same time." This statement made to tens of thousands of intelligent women is so contrary to truth and common sense, that the advertiser is, without loss of time condemned as a simpleton or deceiver.

Diamond Dyes, the standard home dyes of the world, dare not make any such claim. In their valuable book on Home Dyeing (sent free to all who send for it) they specially mention that "that all goods should be cleansed before they are dyed." A Solon, however, arises in the land and formulates a new doctrine by asserting that ——— Dyes "cleanse and dye at the same time." Soon we will hear of some new starch manufacturer making a claim that his starch will cleanse and stiffen at the same time!

No wonder that many of our women show temper and suffer disappointment when they make use of dyes that pretend to take out dirt and re-color at the one operation. No wonder that deceived women complain of muddy and dismal colors after using adulterated dyestuffs.

Let it be distinctly understood that the inventive genius of man has not yet devised a dye that will take out grease spots, stains and dirt, and at the same time give a decent color. The Diamond Dyes—the world's popular home dyes—give the fullest and richest colors on all materials when the goods are clean. They are the only warranted dyes on the market and always do what is claimed for them. Do not allow the false claims of any manufacturer of common dyes to lead you into trouble and financial loss.

About two-thirds of a man's so-called friends would fail to stand the test.

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera and all summer complaints, sea-sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

The world owes no man a living who is not willing to work for it.