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Accounts payable monthly.

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M., SUCCESSOR TO J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M. Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick treets, Acton. Office Hours:—8 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m., and to 9 p.m.

DR. F. J. R. FORSTER, SUCCESSOR TO DR. A. S. ELLIOTT, Late resident Physician and Surgeon to Victoria Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto. OFFICE—Mill Street—lately occupied by Dr. Elliott.

DR. DRYDEN, EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE, McLean's Block, Douglas St., near P. O., GUELPH. OFFICE HOURS—10 .m. to 1 p.m. and 3 to 5 p.m SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

DENTAL.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST, GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

J. COGHLAN, D. D. S., L. D. S., DENTIST. WORK CAREFULLY DONE. PRICES MODERATE. OFFICE OVER BROWN'S DRUG STORE. HOURS—EVERY DAY FROM 9 TO 5.

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S. DENTIST, BROOKVILLE. HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY. Work made Satisfactory. Prices Moderate. VISITING DATE.—Monday afternoon, Campbellville; Tuesday, Acton, Office—Clark's Hotel; Friday, Rockwood.

LEGAL.

McLEAN & McLEAN 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.

J. B. McLEOD BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER. Main Street, Georgetown. Money to loan at lowest current rates.

R. J. McNABB, Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc. OFFICE—Ferryman's Block, ACTON ONT.

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HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA. Solicitor of Patents, for Invention, etc. Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks. Send for pamphlet. Thirty-two years experience.

FRANCIS NUNAN BOOKBINDER, Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario. (Over Williams' Store.) Account Books of all kinds made to order Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done

MARRIAGE LICENSES. H. P. MOORE, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening. Free Press Office, ACTON

WM HEMSTREET, LICENSED AUCTIONEER For the Counties of Wellington and Halton Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Fees reduced to:— $5.00 FOR FARM SALES. Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $300 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $185,000. THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. Established 1840. Head Office GUELPH, ONT. INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, or telephone 58, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

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 repaired and painted in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement not any make. Saw gumming a leading line.

Acton Saw Mills, JAMES BROWN, Proprietor, Manufacturer and Dealer in Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Wood, Etc. A stock of Wood in stock and promptly delivered to any part of the town at reasonable prices. Hard wood and slab cut stove length always on hand. Yard—one door south of Methodist church.

Strong in Window Shades

BIG STOCK.

15c, 25c, 35c, 40, 50c.

ALL COLORS AND SIZE.

Shades made up on the premises to order.

Best Cloth—Best Rollers—Low Prices—Good Goods.

Day's low prices win every time.

DAY'S BOOK STORE, Guelph

Day's sells cheap.

FORGET ... US NOT

If you want

—Artists' Goods
—Wall Paper
—Mouldings
—Pictures
—Frames

WTAERS BROS., WYNDHAM STREET, NEW STORE. Guelph.

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.

Main Street 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

SPRING HAS COME

And perhaps you want to replace your

Milk Cans

With new ones of bright new heavy stock, made to order and to your satisfaction. We can give you just what you want at very low prices.

Eavetroughing

Come in and see Samples and let me quote you Prices for eavetroughing for either your house or barn.

Our work has been highly spoken of by our many customers.

REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

C. A. Pennebecker, Mill Street, Acton.

Up-to-Date Business Methods and Practice are taught thoroughly at the Guelph Business College and Shorthand Institute. Catalogue mailed free. Students may enter any time. If you are interested in any way, write for circulars. H. SHARP, Principal.

—THE—

TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

Capital Authorized..... $1,000,000
Capital paid up..... 700,000

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 ..... 3 cents.
$10 to $20 ..... 10 cents.
$20 to $30 ..... 13 cents.
$30 to $50 ..... 14 cents.

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.

BICYCLES ...

FOR—$2500 CASH

LADIES AND GENTS.

Equal to many high-priced wheels. This is right. We mean what we say. Call or write and get particulars. This is something very special and when you see them or know about them you will agree with what we say.

John M. Bond & Co. *HARDWARE GUELPH.*

Speight & Brady

Manufacturers of

DYNAMOS, ELECTRIC MOTORS, WATER MOTORS, GASOLINE AND GAS ENGINES, BRASS & IRON CASTINGS TO ORDER.

Repairing Promptly Done.

Georgetown, Ont.

—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 6:15 p.m. Careful attention given to every order The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS PROPRIETOR

SEED CORN

Wholesale and Retail

FOR SILO AND ENSILAGE.

Yellow Horsetooth 55c a bushel.
Mam. South White 60c "
Red Cob Ensilage 65c "
Early Learning 70c "

—ALSO—

Mammoth Cuban,
Wis. Early White Dent,
Salzar's North Dakota,
Cloud's Early Yellow,
Compton's Early,
Early Butler,
And 20 other kinds.

—We carry largest stock in city.—

—ALSO—

Buckwheat,
Rape Seed,
Turnips, etc.

Garden Seeds 3c pkt, 10 for 25c.

Geo. J. Thorp MARKET SQ. Guelph.

J. D. Mckee, Druggist, is our Agent for ACTON. Orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

Dominion Oil Cloth

This year's goods have copyright guarantee for Purity and Strength when seen on our goods. It makes them the standard for their several purposes and its presence protects you from imitations and inferior goods. Look for it.

Plant Spray

Fermalife Plant Spray, containing no mineral poison—arsenic or paris green. Sure death to all insect life (aphis, etc.). Harmless to vegetation. Cannot injure tender foliage. Cheap, easy, reliable spray.

Sheep Dip

Fermalife Sheep Dip is a preparation for the cure of skin diseases and the eradication of vermin in sheep and cattle. It is highly medicinal and does its work with no drastic or irritating effects. Endorsed by leading sheep raisers.

Horse Wash

Fermalife Horse Wash is specially prepared medicament for the cure of skin disease peculiar to horses and for ridding them of all insect pests and vermin. It has a surpassingly refreshing effect, brightens the pelt and gives the skin a thoroughly healthy condition. Price $1.00 per 1 qt. can.

Pig Wash

Fermalife Pig Wash is successfully used in all cases of skin diseases of swine, and for destroying mite, lice and vermin generally. Keeps the skin in healthy condition and ensures a healthy appearance to the dressed animal for market.

Hen House Spray and Poultry Powder.

Fermalife Hen House Spray and Poultry Powder destroy vermin peculiar to the feathered tribe, wherever they are in sheds. Acts as a disinfectant, destroying germs and purifying the atmosphere. Used liberally they prevent roup and kindred diseases.

Purchase these goods from your dealer or send to us direct for them. We invite correspondence.

The PICKHART BENFREW CO., Limited. Stouffville, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED—For "The Life and Achievements of Admiral Dewey," the world's greatest naval hero. By Murat Halstead, the famous war correspondent, the nation's idol. Fastest and best book. Over 600 pages, eight by ten inches; nearly 100 pages half tones illustrations; only $1.50. Convincing demand. Big commissions. Outfit free. Chance of a lifetime. Write quick. The Dominion Company, 327 Floor Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

Poetry.

CANADIAN SONG.

God bless our Canada!
God bless Britannia!
God save the Queen!
May we united be
And ever firm and free
Be mistress of the sea.
God save the Queen!

Sons of the mother land,
Men of this northern band
From sea to sea.
Yes, of the peoples all
Gather'd in home or hall
List to our country's call
A nation be.

From oak and maple leaves
Each one a garland weaves,
Our chief to crown.
May God our homes defend,
From stain our flag forefend,
And peace and plenty send,
As from His throne.

God's holy will be done
By each and every one,
On him we lean.
Ruled by His righteous hand
May this Dominion stand
Fairest in all the land
God save the Queen!

—Gulielmus.

Competition of Montreal WITNESS.

Select Family Reading.

Two June Nights.

The words echoed idly in Brunton's mind, as escaping by favor of a French casement from the crowded reception room, he found himself in the pleasance. Softly the thrill of the distant music rose and fell upon the still air. Less tunefully sounded the nearer hum of conversation and laughter. Glancing back toward the lighted windows the vague yearning for sympathy that had lain like a cord round his heart gripped him close. Then an affected laugh stung his ear, and Brunton turned afresh for solitude. Under his feet lay the smooth grass of the trim lawn. Overhead was the blue black summer sky, star-flecked, and cloudless. Lower the fairy lights, red, green and gold, twinkled like jewels among the dark foliage. About him hung the fragrance of heliotrope.

Brunton was young. His soul, new-fledged was immature, nebulous, and his emotions were still of the crudest. Yet, as he looked skyward his spirit sank at the thought of leaving so much beauty and sweetness—for he knew not what. To-morrow he would leave England to join his regiment, and few seemed to know or care. For the first time he felt constrained to mourn the lack of near relatives to fuss and weep over his departure. His coming to Mrs. Derrick's "at home" had been a mistake too. Having a few hours to fill in, he had come with the idea that it would pass the time pleasantly. Now he felt annoyed at his folly in doing so.

Taking out a cigar, he lit a match, which a sporting zephr playfully extinguished. Among the shadows was hid a rustic arbor and stepping inside the shelter of its doorway, he struck a fresh gleam. Flaring up brightly, it revealed huddled up close to the back wall of the arbor a shrinking girlish form.

For one startled moment his keen, grey eyes looked amazement into the frightened blue ones.

"Why, by Jove! Oh, I say!" he ejaculated inconsequently.

The childish face, set in an aureole of golden hair, was raised appealingly to his.

"Oh, please don't tell anybody! I only came here to get away from the people."

"Did you? Well I say that should be a bond of union between us, for so did I."

This dying flicker of the wax match saw an expression of relief come across the girl's face. "And you won't tell anybody about my coming out here? It would seem so rude to Mrs Derrick, you know."

"Not a soul, honor bright. But surely you didn't leave the house to crouch up here in the dark?"

"Oh, no. It was lovely among the stars and flowers and things; then I heard some one coming, and ran in here till he should go past, and so you caught me."

He could tell that she was smiling now, though there was still a little hesitating catch in her voice.

"Won't you come out again and walk?" He was longing to see her. The darkness of the summer house was tantalizing, and chivalry rebelled at the rudeness of striking another light.

"And you will smoke?" she asked, rising in reply to his query and walking to the door.

"No thanks, I don't care to now. Suppose we stroll around."

The starlight revealed to Sylvia a soldierly form with short cropped dark hair and a quite perceptible moustache, and showed Brunton a petite figure, whose robe of shimmering white satin draped loosely from the old lace that outlined its square cut bodice, and a string of pearls round the slender neck the only ornament.

For a moment convention triumphed, and they were bashful together. Thereafter the influence of the June night prevailed, and they inclined to confidence. Before they had completely encircled the lawn Sylvia knew that Brunton was a soldier; that to morrow he would sail for India to join the regiment. And ere they emerged from the long archway of roses Brunton knew that this was Silvia's first party; that she was an orphan and lived with her grandmamma; that at that moment grandmamma was playing whist in Mrs. Derrick's ante-drawing room; that Sylvia herself passed endless evenings playing whist with grandmamma, Mrs. Dawson the companion and a dummy; also that a look in Grandmamma's eyes which seemed to Sylvia to hold a suggestion that in the event of no better partner being forthcoming Sylvia might be called upon to make up a set had led to Sylvia's taking refuge in the garden, thus showing that out of her narrower life the woman had more to tell.

"And you have never been anywhere?" This pitingly from the height of his experiences which were yet so young.

"No, never. We always go to Torquay in winter, but that's nearly just the same as being at home. Do you know, I've never, never once been out of doors at night before?"

"Not even to a theatre?"

"No."

"Poor little girl! I say" struck by a sudden idea—"your guardian will be some time over yet, won't she?"

"Why, yes. The game had just begun, and they won't finish under a rubber."

"Well, suppose I take you somewhere for half an hour or so—to a threatre or a music hall. My cab is waiting."

"Oh!" A gasp of delight followed by the inevitable "But would it not be wrong, and I can't go dressed like this."

Manlike, Brunton rode roughshod over both scruples.

"Oh, nobody will know! Wait here a moment, while I run to the house and forage my wraps."

Leaving Sylvia in the safe seclusion of the arbor, he vanished, returning speedily clad in a light topcoat and crush hat and bearing a heavy cloak of velvet and fur.

"That!" breathed Sylvia in a horrified whisper when he showed his spoil. "why, you've brought grandmamma's sable mantle!"

"Oh, that's all right, so long as it's big enough," replied her fellow sinner, with a man's easy indifference to ought but utility.

And as to the encompassing capacity of the matter there could be no doubt. Swallowed up therein, all that was visable of Sylvia was a pair of wonderful blue eyes and a fluff of golden hair at the one end and two tiny white slippers at the other.

To Sylvia the hansom was a chariot sent direct from fairyland for her conveyance to the enchanted world. The gayiety and glitter of the London night delighted and amazed her. At Picadilly Circus Sylvia was entranced, in Leicester Square she was in ecstacies, and when, having reached the seclusion of a curtained box, she could gaze across a valley of dim, smoke-wreathed figures, which the moving marvel of form and color defined as a ballet she acted and moved as though in a dream world.

What they witnessed need not be detailed. It is not written in the daily papers? Suffice it to tell that Sylvia remained oblivious to all Brunton's hints as to the lapse of time until the hour neared eleven.

Safely in the hansom speeding homeward, Sylvia returned to earth again, since she felt like Cinderalla in having to leave the ball at its height. And Brunton tentatively suggested that there had been no prince at her ball, whereupon Sylvia vowed hastily that of course he was the prince, then faltered and blushed. After that it must be confessed that the trees fringing Regent's park witnessed some callow lovemaking.

Yes, Silvia was sorry—very, very sorry he was going, and perhaps when he returned in three years he would have forgotten her, and Brunton was equally convinced of his own faithfulness, but feared the strain of time and absence on hers.

Brunton thought he would like their next meeting to take place, as this one had in a garden; and Sylvia remembered that a certain green door in the high wall encircling her grandmother's ground opened on a quiet side road. It was quite near; they could drive around that way and she would point it out.

Thereafter the stars witnessed a solemn compact that that day three years Sylvia would unlock the green door to give Brunton entrance.

They were very much in earnest. Two real tears glistened in Silvia's eyes as she spoke of the years that the green door must remain closed. And Brunton's voice got husky and he had difficulty in rendering his farewells as manly as he would have wished. So as becoming young lovers were the twain delightfully disconsolate.

Re-entering Mrs. Derrick's garden cautiously, the culprits had scarcely gained the safe vantage of the shrubbery before encountering an emissary in search of Sylvia. Lady Martingale was going, had been going for quite ten minutes, and both her cloak and granddaughter were to seek.

* * * * * * *

Athwart the little green door the moonlight glinted softly, and Brunton standing in the shadow of an ilex would willingly have dropped the coming hour of his life.

Since his return to England a few days before, the memory of his approaching assignation had persistently recurred to him. As a man of honor he knew he dare not shrink it. And yet, how painful to be forced to see Sylvia, to look into those innocent trustful eyes—for of her constancy he had no doubt, and to confess how he had changed, and to tell boldly that their meeting had proved but an incident of no moment in the ordering of his life.

He must undeceive her as tenderly as possible, speak of Eleanor regretfully, at least not let Sylvia guess how entirely happy their union was, or that she had long ago ceased to be aught but a pretty sentimental remembrance to him.

Even as he schooled himself a distant clock struck the hour, and with the first fatal chime came the stealthy sound of an opening lock. She was there!

Gently turning the handle, he passed through the green door and entered Lady Martingale's garden. Beside the great stone basin of the old fountain stood Sylvia, the moonlight sparkling on her hair, and adding an ethereal glamour to the sheen of her robe. About her the tall Madonna lilies sent their fragrance in the night.

A swift pang smote him as he saw that as when they first met, she wore white, forgetting that he too, had sought to recapture his former aspect for her view.

Her eyes met his in questioning appeal, and for a moment a mad rush of pity romance, affection, call it what you will, overcame him, and, springing forward, he caught her hands.

"Sylvia!"

"Yes."

"You had not forgotten?"

"No. And you?"

"I am here."

After the meeting there fell a sense of constraint, which Brunton realized was not all of his making. She was lovely, even more lovely than of yore, taller, too, with the lapse of years, and with an addition something in her expression that was new to him.

Behind them the fountain splashed and murmured. Then Sylvia broke the silence, speaking as if in answer to his thoughts.

"You—you are changed—are not the same. Of course you look older and browned—I don't mean that—but this is something else—your manner."

Brunton felt that there was no escape for him. He must tell her and at once.

"Sylvia," he began breathlessly, "three years is a long time—"

"Oh, yes! Is it not? she interrupted eagerly.

"And, you know, one's circumstances alter—new people intervene."

"Yes, yes; so they do."

Her unexpected acquiescence was disconcerting, but he doggedly stumbled on—

"And, Sylvia, I wish to tell you—I know it seems mean and cruel—but last year I met Eleanor, and—"

"Hush!" interrupted Sylvia suddenly, raising her hand and turning in an attitude of listening expectancy toward the lighted windows of the house visible across the expanse of lawn.

As they paused, mute, from an open casement came a feeble cry — vague, plaintive, sending its message into the night.

Sylvia's eyes sought Brunton's, his wondering, hers lambent with maternal ecstacy.

"My baby!" she cried.

A CHILD'S REPROOF.

A company of young recruits about to join the army were waiting for the cars. They were excited and noisy, and evidently their mothers and sisters were not among the friends who waited with them, for their talk was liberally sprinkled with slang and swearing. There is a perverse notion in silly-heroic minds that a soldier must swear.

The train arrived and the young men stormed aboard, shouting back their goodbyes with interjections of oaths and vulgar lingo. Their rude manners of course drew the notice of all the passengers.

For nearly an hour their coarse fun was kept up. By that time they had about exhausted their hearers' patience. Several of the annoyed and indignant passengers were on the point of appealing to the conductor, when a little girl not more than seven years old, a fair and delicate child, silenced the men in a moment.

Like the rest, she had born their bad language as long as she could. She slipped from her seat beside her mother, and going straight to the loudest swearer in the gang, laid her little pocket bible in his lap.

Not a word was said. One appealing look in the young man's face, and the little girl trotted back to her mother; but she had administered a rebuke that was keenly felt by him and his noisy comrades. Not another oath was heard during the journey.

At the next stopping-place the young man got out and bought a package of candy for his little friend. When he gave it to her he stooped and kissed her, and promised that he would always keep the bible for her sake.

The act of a child—entirely of her own prompting, as her mother afterward said—was one of those inspirations of gentleness that check lawless misdemeanor when direct reproof would only make it more abusive. In the most impressive and tender way it reminded the young soldier and his companions that social decency and divine command still held a claim upon them, and that profanity, instead of a "martial virtue," is an unmanly shame.

CANNED BUTTER.

Professor Robertson, commissioner of dairying in Canada, has had some packages of butter sent to Japan in tins, and, as the reports regarding them have been favorable, it is proposed to pack one, two and five pound tins in a similar manner for the Klondike. The butter is wrapped up in waxed paper and then placed in hermetically sealed tins, which, it is claimed, will keep the butter good in any climate. A number of tins have been manufactured in Montreal, and a shipment has been sent from Calgary to the Yukon. Tinned butter has been a great success in France, and there seems to be no good reason why it should not be so here. Professor Robertson thinks a large trade may be developed with China and Japan; but as neither Chinese nor Japanese include butter or cheese in their bill of fare, it would appear that they need education in that direction first. A large trade in tinned butter has existed for years in Ireland.

A LONG PNEUMATIC TUBE.

A pneumatic tube to transmit mail between New York and Philadelphia is under serious consideration, and the project will probably be introduced in the next Congress. A pressure of eight pounds to a 22 inch tube would give a speed of 35 miles an hour and 200 pounds pressure a speed of 150 miles an hour. Each carrier, 84 inches long and 11 inches wide, would convey 100 pounds, and, dispatched at intervals of ten seconds, giving a carrying capacity of 432 tons daily. At present a letter mailed in one of these cities for the other is seldom delivered on the day it is posted.

THE MONEY SOME MEN MAKE.

First Man: "Hello Bill, what are you driving at these days, you seem to be on the jump all the time and walk as though you had important business on hand?"

Second Man: "Well, the fact is, Jack, a little prosperity puts the drive into a man. I have struck a position at last, after a year of hard luck, which is panning out first-rate.

First Man: Well, that's your luck, for I am doing mighty little these days. But what have you struck?"

Second Man: I have taken a book agency from the Bradley Garretson Co., (Limited) of Brantford, Ont. They have been at me for months to canvass, but I laughed at the idea, and at last they made me a good offer, so I thought I'd give it a trial. I have been at the work now two months, and I like it first rate' and am going to stick to it.

First man: "Say Bill, do you think I could do the work, for I saw the advertisement of this firm yesterday for more men?"

Second man: "I don't see why you could not, but write and get them to make you an offer."

First man: "Thanks old man, I will, and I'll let you know how it turns out."

WANTED!

Five young men to travel, who would not object to spending part of their time at canvassing. References.

BRADLEY GARRETSON CO., Limited Brantford, Ont.

Spring tiredness is due to an impoverished condition of the blood and is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which enriches the blood.

BEST PART OF LIFE.

Life after forty years of age is not the down hill road it is too often claimed to be. Especially to the thoughtful man or woman, the best years are those after two score have been passed in preparation. There is the satisfaction, then, of doing the work with a master hand, rather than that of the apprentice. The trained intellect sees everything more clearly and in better proportions; and the trained temper meets all obstacles more calmly and judiciously. The advance toward every stronghold is with the ordered pace of conscious power and deliberate determination. The student of science then regards the world as the freshest and most enticing field. Everything has gradually taken on a new beauty as parts of a wondrous whole, and the pleasure of advancing knowledge should increase with the advancing years. Life is no more measured by the past, than is the knowledge of the school boy by the pages "been over." The more thoroughly life's lessons have been learned, the greater will be the effectiveness and satisfaction of the real work after the "commencement" at forty. But how about those who never learn any lessons, whose life's school days are all recess? The real life after forty reserves for them no intellectual conquests and pleasures.

SUPERSTITION AND ITS EFFECTS

I wish that some one would write an adequate book upon superstition and its effects, as distinguished from and opposed to revealed religion and its effects. This curse of the world, civilized or savage, deserves a worthy chronicler. Walking round the exhibits in the Agriculture hall, it was borne in to my mind that superstition in all its hideous phases is perhaps the most concrete and tangible form in which the evil one is manifest upon earth, and I think that those who have mixed much with native races will not disagree with me.

Here is an instance of its working which has just come to my notice: Not long ago two Matabeles were tried at Bulawayo for the murder of their grandson, a child of 2. Poison having failed, he was held beneath the water and drowned. The crime was admitted, but the defence raised was that the child had cut its top teeth first. Such children being unlucky and the cause of ill luck to others, it was customary to kill them, and a "witch doctor," on being consulted had ordered that this one should be put to death! Well, only a century or so since we did things almost as bad in England.—Rider Haggard in Longman's.

AN ADDED BURDEN.

I was taking dinner one day at a mountain farmhouse on the headwater of the Cumberland river, and the lady of the house, who had four children playing around the front of the establishment, was inclined to repine at her hard luck in having so much work to do.

"I run this here whole farm" she said in a tone which indicated that she was ready to resign.

"How many acres have you?" I inquired.

"A hundred and forty—20 in wheat, 60 in corn, 10 in medder an' paster, an' the balance scatterin' an' woods."

"Got any stock?"

"Ten head uv cattle, two cows, six hogs an' work critters fer the place."

"And you run the whole business?"

"Indeed I do—every hide an hair uv it," she sighed.

"Don't you hire some help?"

"In course, but 'tain't hired help that takes the load of 'em a body." There was philosophy in that statement, and I paused a minute.

"Haven't you got a husband?", I next asked with a good deal of sympathy.

"Yes" she responded very slowly, "put I have to run him too."—Washington *Star*.

SHE GOT THE MONEY.

In Berlin they tell a pretty short story about Frau Blumenthal, the popular wife of the witty playwright and director of the Lessing theater. Herr Blumenthal, it appears, had great misgivings regarding the success of his new piece, "Zum Weissen Rossa." One day, when he was nearly ready to throw the manuscript aside, his wife, who did not share his view, said to him, "If I had only 20 marks ($5) for every 1,000 it will bring you I should be quite content." "All right, you shall have them," said Herr Blumenthal.

"Zum Weissen Roesse" (White Horse inn) met with an immense success. Every night the frau director—for in Germany the wife shares in her husband's titles if not in his tin—went to the cashier and levied on her 20 mark per 1,000. On one occasion, after the piece had been running some months, bad weather caused a falling off in the receipts below the 1,000 marks, and consequently Frau Blumenthal was not entitled to her "tantieme" of 20 marks.

"How much have you taken?" she asked the cashier.

"Only 997 marks," was the reply.

"Well give me a seat at three marks, then." said Frau Blumenthal, laying down the coin. "Now you have 1,000 marks, give me my 20." She got them.

A STEAMSHIP'S CHINA AND SILVER.

Helen C. Candee gives an interesting view of "Housekeeping on an Ocean Steamship," in June *Ladies' Home Journal*, thus describing the vessels china and silver: "There are a thousand spoons for soup, the same number for tea, and half that number for coffee and dessert. The heaviest forkdrawer contains a thousand dinner forks, and next to that is the same number of breakfast forks. For raw oysters there are three hundred forks provided, and for fish about the same number. Knives follow closely the same figures one thousand each of dinner and breakfast sizes, six hundred for dessert, and two hundred and sixty for fruit. The pantry is lined with shelves which are fitted with racks in which stand high piles of china, secure from the motion of the stormiest sea. The plate-warmer holds many of them, but there are enough left to stock a china shop. There are twelve hundred cups and saucers for soup, tea and bouillon; there are [illegible] chilled glass tumblers, and [illegible] smaller proportions. The plates [illegible] five number twenty-two hundred and the soup-plates are only four hundred and fifty."

LEANIN' ON THE FENCE.

Leanin' on the fence,
Chattin' with a neighbor,
Givin' rein to sense
On the rights o' Labor.
Swappin' off ol' jokes,
Airin' what is in us,
Rippin' up the folks
That we think agin us.
Often it gets hot,
Things are said that rile us,
Then, as like as not,
Temper's apt to spile us.
But there's no alarm,
For a guard fo screen us
From the touch o' harm
Is the fence atween us.
Talkin' over votes
And the whims o' thinkers,
P'intin' out the motes
In a neighbor's blinkers.
Loanin' on the fence,
That is life, my brother,
Chunks o' common sense
Tradin' with each other.

—Chas. S. O'Neill.

Business Men's Corner.

INTEREST.

To find the exact interest on any sum of money at a given rate for one year; multiply the sum by the rate and divide by 100.

Example:—$100.00 at 8% for 1 year.
100.00 multiplied by 8 equals 800.00.
800.00 divided by 100 equals $8.00.

To find the exact interest on any sum of money at a given rate for any given number of days; multiply the interest for one year by the number of days, and divide the product by 365.

Example:—$500.00 at 6% for 90 days.
500.00 multiplied by 6 equals 3000.00.
3000.00 divided by 100 equals 30.00.
30.00 multiplied by 90 equals 2700.00.
2700.00 divided by 365 equals $7.40.

VALUE OF EMPLOYMENT.

One of the reasons that dairying has been profitable to the Wisconsin farmer is the fact that this industry gives steady employment throughout the entire year not only to the farmer himself, but in some measure to his children, large and small, as well. This factor is often of the highest importance and brings the dairy industry in strong contrast with grain growing, where labor is employed only a part of the season to be idle the rest of the time. There are farmers who have no children to assist with stock and who own considerable tracts of land. Such persons if they do not care to pay heavy help bills, naturally turn to stock operations, in which one person can manage a large number of cattle. With them dairying is not a favorite line, while steer feeding or the handling of sheep may be.—W. A. Henry.

QUITE AS NEAR.

A cattle show preparatory to Christmas was being held, and two men were gazing with undisguised admiration at an exceedingly fine-looking, fat beast.

"I wonder what his weight might be?" observed one of them, who, as it turned out, was a town resident without any pretensions to practical knowledge of cattle and the like.

"Oh, it's easy enough to guess pretty nigh it," said the other man, a strapping, self-sufficient farmer, who evidently regarded his companion with some contempt.

"Ah, well," responded the townsman. "I think I can guess as near as you can."

"Can ye, indeed!" roared the farmer. "Then I'll tell ye that I'll bet ye a sovereign that ye can't."

"Done!" was the ready exclamation. "How much did you say?"

After a critical survey, carried out with the utmost care, the farmer replied:

"A hundred and nineteen stone."

"Well," said the townsman, I'll say a hundred and nineteen stone, too. Now hand me over the money"

"What d'ye mean? asked the farmer angrily.

"Well, I said I'd guess as near as you, and I've done so. I've guessed the very same."

And the bystanders with one accord taking the townsman's part, the bumptious farmer had to reluctantly give him the money.

BROWNING WON OUT.

The citizens of a small settlement in which there were no school facilities decided on a literary club, or debating society, for the improvement of the mind.

A drummer came along and gave them the first subject for debate, "Who Was the Greatest Poet, Tenneyson or Browning?"

As a majority of the number knew nothing of either, an old inhabitant rose in meeting and said:

"Seein' as we ain't got no books here to go by, I move that Tom Green an' Bill Spurlin git out in the middle o' the meeting an' see which th'ows the other down fust. We'll give each one o' them the name o' the gentleman we're debatin' and decide the question that away."

Then Browning and Tennyson—in the persons of Tom Green and Bill Spurlin—came forward and went at it.

Spurlin, who masqueraded as Browning threw Green four times, after which the president announced Browning as a greater poet than Tennyson, and the secretary was instructed to acquire Mr. Browning's address and tell him "how he came out.—Atlanta *Constitution*.

OXYGEN FOR BABIES.

An eminent medical authority on children's diseases says, in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*: "Now is the time for mothers to keep their babies out-of-doors all the day long, when the weather is decently fine. Let the little ones, shielded from the sun and draught, take their naps out of doors. Even in the northern latitudes, they may safely sleep in the open air in the daytime until Thanksgiving.

Children thus treated, will have little susceptibility to colds, sore throats, etc., and will withstand almost any disease. Parents seem to forget that children are born with the hunger and need for, plenty of oxygen. It is not less essential than food. Two or three hours on pleasant days are utterly insufficient for expanding the lungs, yet are all that the majority of babies get. Nice hours are none too much this season of the year.