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H. P. MOORE Editor and Proprietor

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# Envelopes!

We received during August 600,000 Envelopes bought very low and we will sell them extra cheap. If you want a box of Envelopes go straight

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Guelph. Day has the envelopes to please you and his prices are the lowest.

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Manufacturers of DYNAMOS, ELECTRIC MOTORS. WATER MOTORS, GASOLINE; AND GAS ENGINES, BRASS & IRON CASTINGS TO ORDER. Repairing Promptly Done.

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GEORGETOWN, ONT

MAKE A SPROIALTY OF

HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.

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WM. BARBER & BRO.

## Everton and Eden Mills. The place to go for the

..Best Flour.. Bran, Middlings, Chop Feed,

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Always buying wheat. No credit

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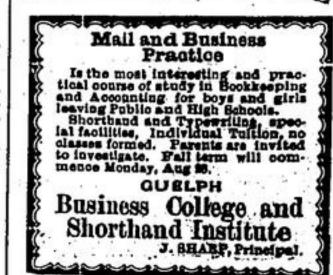
## Two Kinds of Men

There are two kinds of men to be found everywhere those who are obliged to dress roughly while at work and those whose occupation involves no difference in attire. For the laborer we have heavy, ped Grain of all kinds. substantial boots; for the business man comfortable, sensible shoes; for the boys and girls good knockabouts, novelties in footwear.

OUR FALL STOCK

is now coming in and embraces goods sure to please. our customers as to style, quality and prices. CALL AND SEE OUR NEW LINES

WILLIAMS. MILL ST.



# AGENTS WANTED—For "The Life and Achievements of Admiral Dewey," the world's greatest naval here. By Murat Halstead, the life-long friend and admirer of the agricultude, Bignest and best book; over 800 pages, eight by ten inches; nearly 100 pages halftone illustrations. Only \$1.50. Enormous demand. Big commissions. Outfit free. Chance of a life-time. Write quick. The Dominion Company, 3rd Floor Caxton Bidg., Chicago

# -THB-

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We are now issuing Money Orders payable at par at any branch of Chartered Bank in Canada, excepting the Yukon District, at the following .10 cents. 12 conta.

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 Advances made to responsible farmers on heir own names a the lowest curren rates. No charge made for collecting sales notes if payable in Guelph.

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Cheap Sport With Short Snider Rifles.

Another case in this week. (Sword-Bayonet this time) All just as good as new. Each WATERS BROS., rifle Government tested. If you want a good rifle for STORE. little money call or write us for particulars.

Ammunition always kept on hand. John M. Bond & Co.

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Parents are reminded that the best conditions for the mental, moral and social training of their daughters are to be found in a residential school like Alma College, St-Thomas Ont.

Machine Finished Book Papers Rev. R. I. WARNER, Prin. St. Thomas, Ont.

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> John Cameron, Architect and Contractor,

fanufacturer of Sash Doors Frames Mouldings DRESSING.

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JOHN CAMERON

THE most popular brand of Family Flour and Roller Oats for sale at

## ROBERT NOBLE'S Flour & Feed Store At Acton.

Also Mill Feed and chop-

We want delivered at Acton and for the ladies the latest Graineries large quantities of grain for which we will pay the highest market price in cash.

DON'T FAIL TO SEE Geo. Stovel's

Stock of Suitable for All Classes. Prices Reasonable.

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Has a splendid line of School Children's Shoes: adies' Street Shoes, Misses' Walking Shoes, Men's Working Boots, Men's Dress Shoes, Men's Boots and Leggings for T nery wear. Full line of rubbers for Fall wear. ALL EXCELLENT VALUE.

Stovel Does all kinds of Custom Work and guarantees his own work.

Stove Makes a syccialty of REPAIRING.

Stovel las a line of Boys' Strong Boots which is clearing out at 50c. per pair. At AGNEW'S OLD STAND, NEXT TO MELVIN'S BARRER SHOP.

## Poetry.

SOME HOP, OTHERS WALK. little bird sat on a twig of a tree. A-swinging and singing as happy as could be, And shaking his tail and smoothing his dross, And having such fun as you never could guess.

And when he had finished his gay little song He flow down in the street and went hopping along. This way and that with both little feet, While his sharp little eyes looked for something to ent.

little boy said to him, "Little bird, stop And tell me the resson you go with a hop: Why don't you walk as boys do and men. One foot at a time, like a dove or a ben?" Then the little bird went with a hop, hop, hop; And he laughed and he laughed as he never would stop.

that talk.

And some birds that hop, and some birds that Use your eyes, little boy; watch closely and see What little birds bop with both feet like me, And what little birds walk, like the ducks and the ben.

nd when you know that, you will know more than some men. Every bird that can scratch in the dirt Every bird that can wade in the water can walk Every bird that has claws to catch prey with can walk. One foot at a time-that is why they can walk. But most little birds that can slog you a song

To scratch with, or wade with, or catch things that's why They hop with both feet. Little boy, good-bye."

Select Family Reading.

Are so small that their legs are not very strong

The Missing Book.

"Why, it's absolutely absurd. Mr. Bar rie, and you ought to be ashamed even to make such a suggestion. Can't you see that if she had the book it must be in the house somewhere? She has had no opportunity to dispose of it."

Robert Barrie, Scotchman, had tried hard to keep his temper through this interview with young Sprague for many reasons. One of them was his susploion that Spragge loved his daughter Marion. the very apple of his eye, Another was his respect for Sprague himself, and perhaps the strongest of all, his boast that he

never let his temper master him. This occasion, however, was too much. To be told by a young "whuppersnapper" that he ought to be ashamed of anything was not to be tolerated. Sprague evidently did not know that the book had been found in the house of his aunt, Barbara Myles. He turned on his caller, purple anger mounting to his forehead, and shouted:

"Yes, I can see that the book must c course be in the house." He came a step nearer and added: "And it was found there this morning. Here it is now."

And he held out the priceless copy of Izaak Walton that had long been the pride of Norwell: Sprague turned white and seemed about to fall. "Found in my aunt's house, you say ?" he feltered "Aye," answered Barrie. "Now, can you deny she stole it? "Who else knew more of its value? Who else had a chance to steal it? Didn't she tell Miss Timmins it would sell for at least \$500 and she knew where she could use the money well. don't know that she hasn't used her position as librarian to steal other books. Heaven knows where she got any money to send to you at college. I shall call a meeting of the library trustees at once and see if they will not agree with me to prosecute her to the full extent of the law, and now, don't you step over my threshold again so long as you live. I don't want anything do with any breed of thieves.

either you or your"-Sprague took a sudden step and tackled Barrie as he had many a time tackled a rouning half back at football practice. "Now, get up," said Sprague, "and if you ever say another word against my aunt in my presence I'll-I'll give you another lesson in football tricks of the goal

kicking description," he finished, half

smiling to himself. Only the morning before this interview the town of Norwell had been thrown into a space of excitement by the news that "our book" had been stolen. When Peter Hackets died he divided his really notable library among the public libraries of his native state and to Norwell fell his famous Walton, the object of many a bookworm's pilgrimage to his library. Its bequest was hedged about by many conditions, the foremost of which was the solemn injunction that under no circumstances was it to be

removed from the library. It was this particular condition which caused Barbara Myles to experience a continual oppressing sense of responsibility. The Walton was never absent from her mind, and she visited its resting place in the library a dozen times a day.

Beyond the slender salary which came from her position she had little except an | minded chap will forget where he lives unusual education and the bibliophile's | next." love of books. John Sprague was her only relative and she loved him with the love of mother. Robert Barrie, bringing her the quarter's salary, his daughter Marion, and of late eccentric Job Doyle, comprised the Young Sprague repaid her love aud sac-

list of her Norwell callers. rifice with almost the devotion of a lover. He knew the story of the extra cataloguing done for the big city library, that he might complete his college course. His love for Marion Barrie, too, was no secret from his gentle little aunt, and she fed him, hungry for news of his sweetheast, with constant

letters. reported it to the chairman of trustees, Robert Barrie, with fear and trembling. He had told the village constable, and that Sherlook Holmes, being told the remark made to Miss Timmins about the value of the Walton immediately arrested Barbara Myles. It was this that had caused the interview ending with the foot bell

John Sprague left the house realizing that probably his love dream was over for good and all, but not sorry on the whole that he had defended his aunt's good name in such a summary fashion.

The news of the finding of the book staggered him, and he sought to explain it to himself, never once departing from his stout belief in his aunt's honesty. On the way to her house, where she was confined in the absence of & more enitable jail, he met Job Dayle. Job was as eccentric and absentminded as Pudd'nhead Wilson and This morning he was full of the missing book and as indignant as Sprague himself

at the turn of affairs. "John, my son," said he, "what fuddle headed piece of business is this? If I could get hold of that constable, I believe I'd cane him, I do. Why, the fool, to

think Barbara, I mean Miss Myles, took it. The angel Gabriel might steal it, but she woul in't. See here, John, I suppose I ought to tell you comething, being you are the only living relative she's got. I'm | Chicago Record in love with that little woman-yes sir, I am-and by the old Issak Walton himself I'm going to marry her if she'll say yes. Meanwhile we'll get her out of this scrape,

you and I." "Mr. Doil-," sai. Sprague, "I am surprised. Go in and win though. I'll And he said: "Little boy, there are some birds all I can to Help things along. But this is no time to talk of such things. I've been to Barrie's, and we had a scrap, and e's forbidden me the house."

"Poor boy," replied Doyle, "and Marion how does she feel ?" "I haven't seen her since she got here, but it is easy to imagine how she will real me."

"That reminds me, I went to see Barrie myself this morning, and a new maid came to the door whom I never saw before, and when she asked my name I couldn't tell her. No, sir, I couldn't, and she thought she'd got a lunatic, I guess, because she slammed the door in my face, and I couldn't think what my name was till I got round the corner. But about the book. Of course the thing has been mirlaid, and larn it all, I was reading the book myself that afternoon, and I went home with Barbara-I'll call her that this time without the miss-and she didn't have it. Pot it back? Why certainly, I always do. Of course, addle headed fool ! I'll cane

John went straight to his annt's, determined not to tell her of the fatile interview with Barrie and its ending. But Capid ruled otherwise. He found Marion Barrie in the house, and, realizing how hopeless his love must be now, was hardly civil to her. His sunt acticed it and said :

"Why John, Marion has been my only comfort except you always, since this happened, and you act as if you were angry with her. Oh, what are they going to do with me, John? What did Mr. Bar-

rie say?" And John could keep in no longer. It all came in a rush of passionate words, restrained only by Marion's presence. As she listened the color left her face and a great tear filled each eye. She loved her father, but now she reslized that she loved John Spragge more, and as she realized it her eyes told the story. Barbara had stolen from the room, and they were alone. John finished with "And that's why I have little to say to you, Miss Barrie."

" Miss Barrie!' Ah, no, John, not that I"-and she blushed and hesitated. don't agree with my father, John. Ten minutes later they sought Burbara

Myles to assure her that neither "agreed with father." "Now, John," said Marion, "I believe hat you and I must fanthom this. Of course the most natural theory is that some enemy of Miss Myles has put this book bere in this boose. But there are two facts against that. No one has been in the house but old Job Doyle, and Miss "Where was it found ?" asked John.

fireplace," answered Barbara. left here the morning I found it was gone some one had come here and placed it in "Were there any signs of any one's coming in, Aunt Barbara !" Tell us the

whole story again from the last time you saw the book," said John. "When I came home to lunch, the book was there in its accoustomed place. That

was the last I saw of it. Oh, no, Joh him. Doyle had it that afternoon." "Why, John, you don's think-Of course he put it back."

"Did you see it after you saw it in bands? Think hard, now." The poor little woman blushed and looked uncomfortable and finally said: "No. Mr. Doyle was waiting outside for me. and it was storming flerely. So I just put out the remaining lights, and I do believe I did not look to see if the Welton were

"Yes, yes," said John. "Why, we walk ed home together," she said shyly, "and I asked Job in to have a cup of tea, and he took off his coat and put it"-

"Where? demanded John. "Why-why, in the sestle-why-John, you don't think-Why, where are you going, John ?" John rushed out of the house, saying

something as he went about "that absent-

He went to Job Doyle's house, and the maid told him she expected her master back at any moment, so he concluded to Boon in came Job, wearing a far-Wait. away look, and greeted John with a very

formal : "How do you do, sir? What can I do for you?" "Tell us what you stole the Walton for, "God bless my soul," ejaculated Joi "What do you mean, sir ?" "Nothing but what I said," said Joh laughing in spite of himself. "Now, see

reading the book that afternoon. Did you She herself had discovered the loss and | put it back? Now, for Barbara's sake, Doyle, do try and recollect." "No. I have no reclication of replacing "Now, as a matter of fact, isn't this what happened? You read the Welton all

here, Mr. Doyle. You told me you were

the afternoon, and when 6 o'clock struck and Aunt Barbara began to put the lights out you put your greatcoat on"-"And, like a fudddle headed fool that am, slipped the book in my pooket." "Exactly."

"But how did it get into the cettle?" "Simplest thing in the world. Who you went into the house"-"I took my coat off, and it slipped out of the pocket." "Right again." .

"Well, John Sprague. I'm a baldheaded

idios. Come on down to Barrie's and tel

ing for the constable with a shotzun."

him the story and then we'll go out haut-

"No. You'd better send for Mr. Barrie

Accordingly Mr. Barrie was sent for, and Job told him the whole story, concluding

"Robert Barrie, you'd better take back some things you said this morning to John here. But if you want to play any foot ball tricks on me, why I guess I'd make good way back. Did you ever in your life meet a bigger addle pated ape than me And Robert Barrie was forced to admir that he never had .- George Lincoln

WHY YOUNG MEN FAIL. A discussion has arisen, and it is always interesting, as to the reas:n why young men fail in life. If the cause can be ascertained to a certainty, it might lead to some remedy. It has been learnedly discussed by millionaires, but they do not seem to arrive at the heart of the question. And then, it also depends upon what is colled success. If making a million is the standard, I am much afraid there is no remedy, because there may be success that is not worth a million, yet it is not a failure on that account.

One of the means of preventing success is to leave a fool son with a big lot of money, which you have made by skimping and saving and working from early morn till late at night. If you never had any fan out of it, you may rest assured that your boy, who is left with a fortune that he hasn't sense enough to take care of, will. And by this I am reminded that it is a good deal easier to prescribe what will prevent success than it is to give a receipt I'll make Barrie smart for this. Why, for success with the guarantee blown in

Another good way to take success by the nape of the neck and throw it out of the window, is to teach a boy that you do not want him to work as hard as his old dad was obliged to. He immediately gets the, idea that perhaps it is not genteel to labor and that real smart people avoid work and live by their wits. I have seen a man who lived by his wite, and before the honeymoon his wife was taking in washing, or they had gone to live with the old folks, just for the company they would be, you

It is easy to live by oue's wits and genius and a few things like that, if, a fellow is satisfied to subsist on fatted calves and spring chickens that his wife's relatives have killed, upon his home-coming, but otherwise a hungry man would call it mighty slim picking. It really is not very genteel to be obliged to work and besides it s exceedingly unhandy and monotonous, bot the probabilites are that the "man with the hoe" eats when he is hungry, while the kid glove, mojelica gent living by his wits, cats when the releation brings in the necessary provender.

It is a serious and slso a fatal mistake to think that education is the sure road to success. We hear peor lessy their obil fron must be better educated than themselves were and then maybe they won't be obliged to work as they have to get slong. We cannot tell from actual experience what time it struck everybody as a mighty effect an education might have, never having enjoyed that luxury, but it has been our observation that an education is only useful as it is used and has no value as a possession to be trotted out when there is company, to be looked at admiringly. that she wool's never let anybody who had It It is one of the tools or instruments

to be worked with. A carpenter may have ever such a nice, new tel Myles basn't any enemies. But there was of tools, but if he expects to live by his wits, there will be another candidate to live on his bucks. So it is a sad and "In the box under the seat here by the gloomy mistake to try to educate everybody, just as much as it is to try to make could it have come there no less after I had all vegetation bloom slike. You would waste much veluable time trying to make a cornstelk bloom, yet it will make a good deal more corn bread than a resebush, no

odds how full of blossoms. If your boy has a wooden head, what a pity it would be to spend a lot of money trying to make a scholar out of him or if he is a first-class wood-sawyer or dirtshovelier to try to make a preacher out of

fence than to be the author of some of the | was called upon for a speech. daube, yelept art, that one sees on the work. Hard work, intelligently applied, is speech-making. At that moment a longall the royal road to success there is that | faced old man directly across the table

is worth while considering .- Alex. Miller.

BRAVE AND COOL. In January last a Philadelphia tenment house was burned. Two men wore killed, several persons were badly injured. while others escaped in an almost miraouious manner. The fourth floor was occupied by the family of Joseph Zellers. The father and mother seem to have been absent, but the five children were at home. All were saved, through the bravery and coolness of the oldest of them, a girl of eixteen, whose conduct is briefly described by

Jenny Zellers was dressing the children, the youngest a mere baby, when a cloud of smoke came into the room and at the same time the frantio cries of those below reached | got no feet."

her cars. Hastily opening the door she saw the flames leaping up the stairway toward her Never hesitating, she shut the door, and celled the children together, forced them up a ladder and through a trap-door to the roof. They were elevated high above the surrounding buildings, and below them the flames were roaring with terrible fory. Still retaining her presence of mind, the

south. It was a fall of ten feet, but the boy landed safely, and then the girl braved the fire in her doomed home to secure quantity of bedding. This she threw to her brother, wh arranged it on the roof, and then, one by one, she dropped the other children. The infant she took in her arms, and leaped with it in safety to the bedding. next

she broke a skylight in the roof to which

through it, they all reached the street.

brave girl dropped her brother, a lad of

fourteen, to the roof of the house to the

AN-UP-TO-DATE ELOPEMENT. "I am in mortal terror !" exclaimed the gitated maiden who was preparing to slope, "If the horses should whinny we like our oriole. are lost !"

automobile !

A TEMPERANCE DOG.

The old blue farm wagon, with its load fresh green "garden truck," gave lessant touch of spring to the city square. and the farmer had such a kindly face and such a homely air about him that many man in the hurrying throng smiled half

involunt trily as he caught his eye. But it was the farmer's dog on which the glances of the passerby rested longest -a magnificent, pure-blooded Newfoundland, black as coal except for a little patch of white on his cheet, and a hint of gray with which advancing age had touched his muzzle. He stood on the curb by his master, watching the passers with expectant eye, and wagging his tail in dignified approval whenever some one stopped to make a purchase.

By and by one man, who seemed to have more leisure than his fellows, paused a moment to speak to him. What's his name ?" he asked. "Dow," replied the farmer promptly.

"Dow? That's a queer name for "Yes, I s'pose it is, but it fits him. Nea Dow is his full name."

"O I see ! Temperance dog !" said the stranger, smiling. "Nover takes anything but water, I suppose.' "Yes; but he's more than that. He's a

probibitioner-a regular temperance reformer." The stranger evidently wanted the story, and the farmer continued: "Yes, Jim fellow otherwise, but he never went to got the dog, he came home, as usual, mind, ready for use at the right moment. staggering drunk. The dog was lying in The fell swing story has probably been told the sun on the doorster. He had grown by more than one lawyer to illustrate this very fond of Jim; but this time, instead fact :

pearer the dog fastened on his hand and obcose. there he hung. Jim yelled, and the Spragues, where he worked, came running out, but the whole family had all they could do to make him let go. The next seed corn. He resolved to kill the squirrel day the dog was as good natured as over, at the first opportunity. but when Jim came home drunk again a just as he had before, and finally went out to the barn and stayed two days. Jim kind of took the thing to the heart. He'd bove. had plenty of good advice before, but it didn't seem to take hold of bim the way this did, and after it happened the third

time, be said : "Well, if I've got so low my dog is ashamed to associate with me, I guess it's time to quit !" He stopped right there-never drank another drop, and never had another bit of trouble with the dog from that day to this. At the strange thing. We didn't know how to account for it. But about two years afterwards the peddler told somebody how one time a drnnken tavern loafer struck this dog's mother with a hot poker, and after been drinking come near her. I suppose her puppy got the trait from her."

"But how came this dog in your possesion?" asked the stranger. "Well," said the farmer, with a twinkle, "you see my name is Snow. I was the hired man. If it hadn't been for Neal of owning a good farm. Poor ol i dog! He's getting well up in years now, but I ain't likely to forget him."- Youth's Com-

OUT OF HIS LATITUDE. It would be hard to say which a "funny man" likes best, a listoner to whom all his iokes are now and "side-splitting," or one of those dull souls who take everything What folly it would be to make an artist seriously. An ex-governor of Wisconsin "Yes, he told me so when I met him. out of a boy or girl who would be such a famous as a story teller, is reported by the triumphant hit as a fence white-washer or | Chicago Tribune as having related an a floor-scrubber. I would a good deal anecdote of his own experience with a man rather make a success at spreading the of the latter class. The governor was at a picturesque white-wash open the backyard | clam-bake in New Jersey, and after dinner

I started off by saying that I had caten walls of fond but mistaken parents. The so many of their low-neck clams that I conclusion, then, of the whole matter is, wasn't in the least sort of condition for

soowled at me and said in a stage whisper "Little-neck clame, little necks-not low necks." I paid no attention to him and went on with my remarks. After dinner he follow-

"You are from Wisconein, alu't you?"

e asked.

"Yes," I answered. "You don't have any clams out there, rockon ?" "Well," said I, "we have some, but it's good way to water, and in driving then across the country their feet get sore and

He gave me a look that was worth a dollar and a half. "Why, man alive !" said he, "clams ain" He turned away, and shortly afterward approached one of my friends.

they don't thrive very well."

a fool at the sea-shore."

"Is that fellow Governor of Wisconsin ?" "W-a-I-l," said he, "he may be a smar mun in Wisconsip, but he's a good deal of

LITTLE BIRD WITH A BIG VOICE At dusk, in the wilds of the gloomy Brazillan forest, you will think it strange to hear the clink of a hammer on an anvil. You would imagine, says Our Animal Friends, that you were approaching some

by a campanero, as they call it, although to foreigners it is known as the anvil THE PLEASURES OF PUBLIC LIFE all had escaped, and lowering the children This bird is a little larger than a thrush. The plamage is perfectly white; the eyes are of a pale gray color, and the naked throat and skin around the eyes are of a fine bright green, while its more northerly relative's is orange and black, very much

It is generally in the early part of the "Horses I' said the waiting lover, tender- day that the campanero sends forth the heard at a distance of three miles.

PRICE THREE CENTS

WHEN I HAVE TIME. Whon I have time, I'll pause and turn aside ; 'il take the narrow way; forsake the wide; I'll shuu the theroughfares where traffic grinds forever and amon; Where lucro's sheen the soul of mankind blinds, But drives and shoves him on : And guides bis flugers to his neighbor's purse, And sinks him to perdition's depths or worse;

When I have time. Whon I have time, at home I'll spend it more I'll kiss the face that greets me at the door; And by my tired wife I'll take my place, Her burdens will I share. smooth her way; I'll banish from her face The shad wy clouds of care. I'll hie me to the byways; the oppressed

When I have time. When I have time, I'll make my peach with I'll tread the paths that other saints have tred

I'll learn to love my neighbor as myself (A procept learned by few); And then, some day, I'll lay me down to rest Well satisfied that I have done my best -

When I have time. -Lawrence Porcher Hext, in Les'ie's Weekly

BORN TO BE A LAWYER. What is the chief characteristic of s "born lawyer?" Some people fancy that spoiled a lawyer's success as often as it has

"A certain farmer," began the lawyer "was troubled with a red squirrel that got in through a hele in his barn and stale his

first shot set the barn on fire." "Did the barn burn?" said one of the The lawyer, without answering, continu-

"Did he put it out?" said another. "As he passed inside, the door shut to and the barn was snou in flames. When the hired girl rushed out with more

The lawyer went on without answer, "Then the oll lady came out, and a'l was noise and confusion, and everybody was

The lawyer said, "There, that will do: you have all shown great interest in the story." But observing one lit-le bright-eyed fellow in deep silence, he said, "Now, my

little man, what have you to say ?"

became of that equirrel: that's what I want to know." "You'll do," sail the lawyer; "you are my man. You have not been switched off by a confusion and a barn burning, and

PASSING AN EXAMINATION. A European newspaper is inclined to be jocose at the expense of modern health precautions, and thus reports a schoolroom scene in the year 1900 :

"Have you a written guarantee that you are proof against whooping-cough, measles "Yes, sir."

"Will you make a solemn promise never to exchange sponges with the other boys. and never to use any pencil but your "Yes, sir."

"Yes, eir." "Haus, I see that you fulfill all the requirements of modern hygienics. Now

SENTENCE SERMONS.

The direst poverty is poverty of soul. : The only way to have a friend is to be

It is bitter to be remembered in a good man's prayers than in a rich man's will. That is not the best sermon that makes the hearers go away talking to one another settlement, and the picture of the ruddy and praising the preacher, but that which glow of the forge would come up before makes them go away thoughtful and

> "What office is Colonel Bunker running for at present?" asked the man who just returned from the Klondiko. "He isn't candidate for anything at

ed at home. "Great George Dowey! What's the matter? Has be been a victim of foul

"No, he succeeded in being appointed ly, reasening her. "Darling, it is an wonderful note that can be distinctly oil gauger about three months ago, and he's been away on his vacation over since."

I'll aid; I'll comfort the distressed. These things I'll do, and more-

Some day; not now; not yot;

it is audacity; but audacity has, perhaps, made it. Craftiners, another quality often attributed to lawyers as a class, is as likely Snow, a hired man up our way, got him of to get them into trouble as it is to win a tin peddler when he was about a year old. them cases. The real master-quality of a good lawyer, according to many modern authorities, is a "genius for details"-an town without coming home the worse of ability to see through a case to the utterliquor. One day, a week or two after be most particular, and keep everything in

of running to meet him, he rose up, growl- A lawyer advertised for a clark. The ing, with the hair on his back as stiff as next morning his office was crowded with bristles and every tooth in his head applicants-all bright and many suitable. showing. Any man in his senses would He bade them wait until all should arrive, have kept away, but Jim was to far gone and then ranged them in a row and said to now what he was doing. He spoke to he would tell them a story, note their him, but the minute he started to go a step | comments, and so judge whom he would

Seeing him go in at the hole one noon week or to later, he growled and enarled, he took his shot-gun and fired away. The

> ed, "And, seeing the barn on fire, the farmer seized a pail of water, and ran to

"Did they all burn up?" said another

trying to put out the fire." "Did any one burn up?" said another.

The little fellow blushed, grew uneasy, here, I might be a hired man yet, instead and stammered out, "I want to know what.

> the hired girls and waterpails. You have kept your eye on the squirrel."

Teacher-to new boy .- Hans, have you got your certificate of vaccination againt

emalipox? "Yes, sir." "Have you been inoculated for croup?" "Have you had an injection of ohelera baollins ?"

and scarlet fever ?" "And are you provided with your own drinking-cap." "Yes, sir."

"Do you agree to have your books fumigated with sulphur and your clothes sprinkled with chloride of lime one a

you can climb over that wire, place yourself on an isolated alumium soat, and begin doing your eums."

The Sabbath is the savings bank of He that would have the fruit must climb

your eyes. But if your guide were a native serious and hastening to be slone.-The he would tell you that the sound was made | Watchman.

pretent," replied the one who had remain-

I'll quit these scenes, some day-

I'll take my dusty Bible from its shelf, And read it through and through ;