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Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

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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 6.

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S. DENTIST, BROOKVILLE. HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY. Work made Satisfactory. Prices Moderate. Visiting Days—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. McLEOD, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, AND COMMISSIONER FOR TAKING AFFIDAVITS. Main Street, Georgetown. Conveyancing done, and money loaned on first-mortgage on farm property at 6%.

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MISS S. L. SCHRAM, LATE OF HAVERGAL COLLEGE, TORONTO. Is prepared to give thorough instruction in both vocal and instrumental music—piano or organ. Terms reasonable and made known upon application at the house of the Misses Laing, Agnes St., Acton, or at FREE PRESS OFFICE.

INSURANCE AGENT, W. H. DENNY, General Agent Canada Station Life Association. Agent Union and Northern Fire Insurance Companies. Office Young St., Acton.

HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA. Solicitor of Patents, for Inventions, 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, ACCOUNTANT, Wyndham St., (Over Williams' Store.) Guelph, Ontario. Account Books of all kinds made to order at reduction of very 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. Terms Reasonable. Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest in sums of $500 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, Box 342, or telephone 58, will be promptly handed to — JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

Acton Saw Mills, and Wood Yards.

JAMES BROWN MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN *Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Wood, Etc.*

All kinds of wood in stock and promptly delivered to any part of the town at reasonable prices. Sawing and slabs cut stove length always on hand.

Telephone Communicate

Oxford Teacher's Bible

Minion Type, 20 Illustrations, Concordance, Helps, 14 Maps, Red and Gold Edges, Leather Binding, Size 7¼ by 5 in. Weight 1 lb. 12 oz. Usual price $3.25. Day's low price for the balance of this month, only

$1.00.

$5.00 Teacher's Bible for $1.50
$1.25 Bibles for ..... .75
.90 Bibles for ..... .50
.50 and .40c. Bibles for ..... .25
.50 Edition of Revised Bible ..... .15

Big Bible Sale to end of month at

Day's Bookstore,
Cuelph.
Day sells cheap.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Capital $6,000,000
Rest 2,000,000

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

Interest at most favorable current rates allowed on Savings Bank accounts and Deposit Receipts.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Special attention given to Farmers' Business.

MONEY ORDERS. FOR ANY SUM UP TO $50.

Payable at any banking point in Canada outside of the Yukon Territory, may now be procured at the Bank Counter without any delay.

ACTON BRANCH
J. H. WALLACE, Manager.

FRAME YOUR PICTURES

WATERS BROS.

Can do it for you at the lowest Prices, and in the latest Styles.

Wyndham Street, GUELPH.

THE
Up-to-Date Tailoring - Store.

Suits Cut to Fit You and your pocket.

COOPER & AKINS, Acton's Fashionable & Up-to-date Tailors

Beg to announce to the public that we will, till the 1st of April, sell the balance of our stock of Suitings and Pantings at a big reduction in order to make room for our large purchase of spring goods.

Now is the time to save money.

—Suitings—
—Pantings—
—Overcoatings—

Call and see our goods. It is a pleasure to show them.

Fit and workmanship guaranteed.

Cooper & Akins, Mill St. Acton.

We are sole agents in Acton for the celebrated "Hellwarp and Blankahn Serge, which does not fade or change its color in two years wear or money refunded.

Go To

Thorp's Seedstore Guelph.

For your Clover and Timothy Seed.
Seed Grain of all kinds bought and sold.
Turnip,
Carrot,
Mangel,
Sugar Beet seeds.
Garden Seed 3c. a pkt., 10 for 25c.
Sulphur, Saltpetre, Ginger.
Roller Oatmeal $1.75 per sack, 10 lbs. for 25c.
Feed Corn, 43c. to 45c per bushel.

Potatoes and Grain taken in exchange for anything.

GEO. J. THORP.
Guelph, Rockwood, Elmira.

WANTED—Several bright and honest persons to represent us as Managers in this and close by counties. Salary $100 a year and expenses, straight, bona fide, no more, no less salary. Position permanent. Our references, any bank in any town. It is mainly office work conducted at home. References, inclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. S. Chicago.

—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

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

Cuelph 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 $30 ..... 10 cents.
$30 to $50 ..... 15 cents.
$50 to $100 ..... 25 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.

Electric Bell Outfit Complete $2

For two dollars we supply Bell, Battery, push Button and staples. Can be put up by any handy person in very short time. The Bell for all homes, stores and offices. Sent by express on quick notice.

Our Prices are Always Right

John M. Bond & Co.
CUELPH.
Motto: "Satisfaction." HARDWARE

W. BARBER & BROS.
Paper Makers
Georgetown, Ontario.
BOOK, NEWS, COLORED PAPERS
JOHN R. BARBER.

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

JOHN McQUEEN.
Acton.

Agent for:

FROST & WOOD'S Binders, Mowers, Etc. AND *GOULD, SHAPLEY & MUIR'S* Windmills and Grain Grinders

And a complete line of Farm Implements and all kinds of Repairs.

In my absence Mr. John T. Elliott, who resides on the property, will attend to the wants of customers.

Warerooms -- John St.

John McQueen.

GREAT RUSH FOR
FOOTWEAR
AT MR. MILLIKENS' MILL ST., ACTON.

GOOD Values are the secret of it all. Our method of doing business is to buy the best, sell the best, and recommend only reliable goods. It is this method that has brought to our store a permanent and desirable patronage.

Quality and Price are two of the most important points to consider when buying—

Boots and Shoes Rubbers and Overshoes

We make them our specialty. It will pay you to give us a call and see the bargains we are offering in all kinds of seasonable footwear. We are in touch with the best Wholesale Houses.

Remember, we are after your patronage, and the inducement we offer is GOOD RELIABLE GOODS at close prices for CASH.

"CHEAP AND ONE PRICE. REMEMBER NEATLY DONE.

W. WILLIAMS.
MILL ST.

Poetry.

TOMMY'S "THANK YOU."

The following is described as being Tommy Atkins' reply to the "Absent-Minded Beggar."

When you're passing all your hats around and you're singing in our praise,
And you're dropping in the shillings by the score,
Will you kindly wait and listen to what a soldier says
Of a gentleman who knows about the war?
He's a kindly-hearted beggar, and he does his level best
To put to paper all the thoughts that strike the blind,
Just tell him what to write about and he will do the rest,
And there ain't a living man who doesn't like him.
Great man! State's man! Man in a thousand man!
Loved and honored by every blessed soldier in the ranks;
Working for his country's sake, with paper, pencil and pen;
He pass the word for all our sakes: Thanks, Thanks! Thanks!
He's an open-hearted Briton, and the champion of our cause,
And his poems have the British ring through-out;
And everybody listens when our Mr. Kipling jaws—
He's the poet of the nation without doubt;
And when we're knocking 'rout about, it's very nice to hear
That the kindly hearted beggar's busy writing
For the misses and the kiddies, coz their daddy isn't near;
And it sort of makes us cheerful in our fighting.
Great man! State's man! Man in a thousand man!
Loved and honored by every blessed soldier in the ranks;
Working for his country's sake, with paper, pencil and pen;
He pass the word for all our sakes: Thanks! Thanks! Thanks!

Select Family Reading.

The Prize Oration.

BY KNEN K. BENFORD.

THE faculty of Brandon Academy had offered a prize for the best oration to be delivered at the coming commencement by any member of the graduating class. The prize was to be a scholarship in one of the best colleges in the country.

John Darryll's heart gave a great thrill when the announcement was made regarding the nature of the prize to be given. If he could only gain it!

He was a poor boy. It had been hard work for him to complete the Academy course. But by doing whatever he found to do outside of school hours, and patient, persistent study, he had succeeded in not only keeping up with his class, but in practically leading it. He was looked upon as the member of the graduating class who was most likely to carry off the honors at the coming commencement.

His heart was set upon obtaining a thorough education, but it seemed probable that his school days must end with the completion of the Academy course. But when the possibility of securing a scholarship in college was presented a great hope took possession of him. He could gratify his ambition, perhaps, if he were to win that.

"I'll do the best I can to get it," he said, bravely and hopefully. "That's the best any one can do."

He had one rival in his class. That rival was Robert Torrey, the son of the one rich man of Brandon. He was a fellow of good natural ability, but being a rich man's son had interfered with his progress in many ways. He had not felt the spur of necessity, as had John Darryll, and the result was that he had become careless and lacked ambition. He would go through school because it was expected that one in his position would do so, but not because he cared very much about the education which a college course is supposed to represent.

He recognized the fact that in John Darryll he had a rival who was quite likely to carry off the honors of the class. He respected John, as did all who knew the manly young fellow, but that did not prevent him from cherishing a feeling of jealousy toward him. It seemed to Robert that the honors ought naturally to come to him because he occupied a social position which the other did not. He did not care about the scholarship as a scholarship, but it would gratify his pride to win it away from his rival, and so he made up his mind to secure it if it were possible to do so.

"I suppose you're going to try for the prize?" he said to John one day.

"Yes, I am," answered John, frankly. "You will, of course?"

"Certainly," responded Robert. "And I mean to win. I give you fair warning of that."

"All right, if you win fairly," answered John, with one of the bright, pleasant smiles that made his face attractive. "I shall try very hard to get the start of you, but of course I may fall to do so. If I do you may be very sure that it won't be because I didn't do my best."

"Of course the prize lies between us," said Robert. "Both of us know that no one else stands any chance of getting it. It's you and I—and I'm going to win."

"If you can," laughed John.

The orations which were to be delivered in competition for the prize were to be submitted to the president of the Academy a month before commencement. Just about that time President Jackson was obliged to go away for a fortnight, and he announced to the graduating class, just before his departure, that the orations were to be handed to Professor Foy, the secretary of the faculty, for examination.

John Daryll put a great deal of honest, conscientious work on his oration. He wrote and rewrote it, and was not content with it as long as he saw a chance of improving it.

"There!" he said, as he finished copying it for the last time. "That's all I can do with it. It may not win the prize, but I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that I did my best to make it a winner."

The next day the orations were handed in to Professor Foy. Three or four days later they were handed back to their owners with such criticisms as he saw fit to make and a few suggestions about delivery.

"I'm a little surprised about young Torrey's oration," Professor Foy said to another member of the faculty. "He's a bright, keen fellow, but he hasn't seemed to have ambition enough to do himself justice. But his oration is a fine piece of work. Really a most superior thing. It would do credit to a student graduating from college."

"Better than Darryll?"

"Yes, because it shows more maturity of thought and a firmer mental grasp," was the reply. "That's what surprised me. I didn't give Torrey credit for so much development mentally, or such knowledge of composition and command of language."

"Of course the prize should go to the one who deserves it," said Professor Strong, "but I shall be somewhat disappointed if Darryll fails to get it. I have always considered him the brighter and better student of the two. The scholarship would be such a help for him."

"I'd like to have him get it," said Professor Foy, "but it can't go by preference, you know. Merit must decide who gets it, and after reading the orations I'm pretty sure what the judges' decision will be."

Commencement day came, bright and beautiful, and it seemed as if all Brandon turned out to hear the contest of intellect and scholarship. The stage was a perfect bower of roses and foliage, and the faces of the graduating class were bright and beaming as the day was. The audience seemed expecting a great pleasure, and whispers were heard all over the room about the rival candidates for the one great honor of the day. It seemed to be generally conceded that the prize was sure to fall to Darryll or Torrey.

The exercises began with music, after which there was prayer. Then President Jackson rose and said that before the class exercises began three judges must be appointed to decide on the relative merit of the orations to be delivered by the graduating class.

The judges were soon selected. They took their places and the graduating exercises began.

Robert Torrey had the salutory. He took his place on the stage with an easy, confident air that seemed to say, "I know my strength," and began his oration.

When he had done with his words of salutation and plunged into the oration proper it was noticed by the audience that President Jackson's face all at once took on a puzzled look. He seemed bewildered, then the bewilderment seemed to give way to angry surprise, and many wondered why he looked at the speaker in that cold, stern way.

Robert Torrey's oration was, as Professor Foy had said, a very fine thing, and it was well delivered. When it was ended the house rang with applause and flowers fell upon the stage in a fragrant shower.

John Darryll listened to it with a sinking heart. He knew that his oration must seem crude and weak after such a masterful effort. The prize was lost. He felt that, but his disappointment did not prevent him from offering his class-mate congratulations on his triumph, and Robert felt that he meant every word he said. His face colored before John's honest glance and he looked away in confusion that the other could not account for.

John Daryll had the valedictory. He delivered it with simple modest dignity that won admiration and approval from all and then his oration began. He forgot all about the prize in its delivery. His fine face glowed with the enthusiasm of his theme. He was no longer the contestant for a prize, but a young orator who felt the fire of lofty thoughts and an earnest belief in the truth and justice of the cause for which he pleaded.

When he ended the room rang with applause again, and his friends pelted him with roses all the way to his seat.

President Jackson rose and came forward.

"Before the judges render a decision I have a few words to say," he said. "The first oration, for reasons which are perfectly understood by the young man who delivered it and myself"—here he looked at Robert with a most significant expression on his face which no one in the audience understood the meaning of—"is not to be considered by the judges in making their decision."

John Darryll could hardly credit the evidence of his senses. Not to be considered? Why? There must be something wrong somewhere. What was it.

But President Jackson made no explanation of the reasons upon which his instructions to the judges were based. All eyes were turned upon Robert Torrey inquiringly. He was very pale and seemed to be making a great effort to control himself. Evidently he wanted to make some reply to the President, but for reasons best known to himself, he thought it advisable to remain silent.

There was no doubt where the prize would go if Torrey's oration was to be counted out. John realized that this meant victory for him. There was a mystery about it, however, that bewildered him. If the oration was his rival's, why was it not to be considered? Could it be possible that it was not his?

The decision of the judges was made and handed up to the President. He advanced to the front of the stage and read it to the audience:

"The judges, after carefully considering the orations of the graduating class, unanimously decide in favor of 'True Greatness,' by John Darryll."

There was silence for a moment and then the room rang with cheers which seemed to make the roof tremble. Then there were calls for John Darryll, John Darryll! and the hero of the day was compelled to take the stage and bow his thanks to those who were so enthusiastic over his victory.

"I congratulate you most heartily," President Jackson said, coming up to John and shaking him warmly by the hand. "Honor wins," he added, with a meaning look at Robert Torrey.

Several days later Robert Torrey met President Jackson on the street. He was going by without speaking, but the President stopped him.

"I was sorry, very sorry, sir, to find out that I had been mistaken in you," he said, "I hope the theft of that oration was your first one and that it will be your last one. There's a lesson in it which I hope you will not fail to learn. Perhaps you did not know that your uncle, whose graduating essay you made use of, was a classmate of mine in college—a roommate also. I heard it rehearsed so many times before commencement that I could never forget it. I recognized it before you had delivered half a dozen sentences. I was terribly surprised and pained, for I would not have believed you could be guilty of such a dishonest act. My words may seem harsh, but I do not believe in glossing over wrong-doing. It was dishonesty, and I felt like publicly exposing your wrong-doing, but I thought better of that, and no one, except the faculty, to whom it was necessary to explain my action in the matter, and ourselves, knows the truth. Take my advice, sir, and let this prove to you that the man who resorts to dishonesty is never safe from detection. If your theft had not been discovered you would have lost your own self-respect, for you would have known yourself to be the recipient of stolen honors, and the man who has lost respect for himself is a man greatly to be pitied."

THE FIRST COAT OF PAINT.

Mother was painting the woodwork of the dining-room. Robert had been watching her for some time, and thought it was very easy and pleasant work.

"I would like to try painting a little while, May I?"

"Why, yes. There must always be a first time."

Robert took the brush. How clumsy his fingers seemed, after all! But he went bravely on, mother watching in the meantime. Now and then she gave him words of encouragement and instruction, so that he went on quite bravely, and mother went away for a little while.

When she came back she saw that Robert was slighting his work in places. The paint was not smooth, and streaks plainly appeared.

"Robert," she said, "remember that the streaks will show plainly when the paint is dry."

"But you're going to put on two coats, aren't you?" he asked, somewhat sharply. "If you do, the last time over will cover all the streaks."

"But we must put on the first coat just as well as if there was to be now coat," mother said patiently. "It is just as important as to do the work well the last time."

Since then Robert has grown to be a man, he has never forgotten his mother's words. He has noticed that many do the work just as he started to do it that day: when painting the dining-room; but whenever he has been tempted to do so, the words of his mother have come back to him, "Do your work now just as if there were to be no second coat."

"Have you thoroughly mastered all the rules in this lesson?" said a teacher to her class in mathematics one day.

Most of the class thought they had done their work well. One boy thoughtfully said:

"I can't say that I have the second rule, Miss Dee. But I thought I could master it when the review came."

"It isn't safe to slip over work in that way, George," was the quiet reply. "You are not sure that you will have the time when review comes. Do you not think it would be better to master each lesson as we go along and let the review take care of itself?"

George flushed, but he saw the point and was not caught that way again.

"I will plow that little strip when I come around again," a young man said to himself, while working in the field. The plow struck a stone and slipped over a piece of green turf without turning it under.

But the next time he was busily thinking of the particular furrow he was ploughing, and the balk escaped his eye for the day. But all summer long there was a green place in the corn field. The planter slipped over it; the cultivator could not dig it up; no corn grew upon it. That little spot of ground went to waste.

"If I had pulled the plow back and turned that patch over I would have been wise;" so thought the young man when it was too late.

The best time to do good, honest work is the present moment. We are sure of this hour, but of nothing further.—*Canadian Churchman.*

WILL JAPAN FIGHT RUSSIA?

There is no particular danger of a war between Russia and England, but close observers are of the opinion that Japan and Russia may come to blows at almost any moment. Reports have emanated from Russia to the effect that a good understanding has been reached with the Japanese, but these reports must be received with some skepticism. For several years the Japanese have regarded a war with Russia as inevitable, and they prefer to have it before the Trans-Siberian Railway is finished and while Japan's naval strength is decidedly superior to that of Russia in the Pacific. The Japanese consider themselves rightly entitled to Port Arthur and they aspire to dominate Korea. Their influence is now very great at Pekin. They have known how to play upon the reactionary and anti European sentiments of the Dowager-Empress of China; and it is supposed that they are largely responsible for that lady's recent policy. It is expected that Japanese officers will organize the Chinese army on a modern footing and that a firm alliance will be established between these two kindred empires. That it will be the policy of this alliance to cultivate the friendship of England and the United States, while opposing the Asiatic encroachments of Russia, can readily be believed. In short, a movement by Japan against Russia at this time, when the Muscovites want quiet in the Quarter in order to make bold gains elsewhere, would be thought to point directly to a close understanding between England and Japan, if not an actual alliance.—From "The Progress of the World," in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for March.

HIS LUCID EXPLANATION.

A Chicago woman, who had been reading about the whisky frauds in the paper, turned to her husband last evening and inquired:

"My dear, what do the papers mean by saying that the man has squealed?"

"Why," replied the man loftily, "they mean that some member of the ring has peached on the rest."

"Peached on the rest? exclaimed the wife; "now what does that mean?"

"Why it means that he's—he's blowed on 'em."

"Blowed on them?"

"Yes: you see he's given 'em away.'"

"Given them away?"

"Why, of course—dummie! Can't you understand anything? Do you think I'm an unabridged dictionary?" continued the husband impatiently. "It means he's—he's let out on 'em'—gone back on his pals'—squealed'—you know?"

The woman did not seem quite satisfied with the man's lucid explanation; but not wishing to appear ignorant in her husband's eyes, she remarked: "Ah, yes: I see!" and forebore further questioning.

GEORGIE'S PA TALKS.

"Paw, what's all this in the papers about poverty, being a blessing?" maw ast.

"That's the latest discovery," paw says. "This is the greatest sign of disgoverjoy the world ever seen. Every few days they are some new kind of a discovery. One week they discover a wireless telegraph pole and the next day sumbuddy gets up from the table in a hurry and says: 'Excuse me a few minutes. I got to go out and discover a limf to keep people from ever growing old,' or else he discovers how to freeze air and then thaw it so it'll be ice water.

"Bo Andru Carniggy got to thinking about it the other day, and he thot he would do a little discoverling, bcoz he had plenty of time before he would have to take off the next bunch of soop pons. That pite he had to make a speech before some people that haven't anything to live for except how to find some way to get rid of the worry a purson has after they get more than 'leven or fourteen million dollers, so he thot and sed:

"'Poverty is a blessing.'

"The unhappy millyunaires that were listening to him spoke out in wild applox and give him three cheers. It was one of the most touching things ever happened. Strong men wept and wimmen who haft to use marble buth tubs nearly fainted when they thot of the blessings of the poor and then remembered their own trubbles. The poor don't haft to worry for fear the coachman might get drunk and let the horses run away when they are going home from the Grand opera. The poor don't need to be afrade the ship rats sink while they take three trips to Yoorup every year. The poor needn't toss about at nite thinking mebby one of the servants mite run away with a dimund necklace valued at three hundred thousan' dollers and dimunds going up every day on account of the war in Afriky. The poor don't haft to think their sons mite get their necks broke playing polo or chasing bags with anise seed in them.

"All these things and a lot more I can't think of just now come to Andy in a flash when he looked at the sad faces of the ritch in front of him, and it's no wonder sum of them almost broke down when they thot how they had rocked their lives by getting so they could own countries here and there with rassels on them and have their own foe out. So when the meeting was over they all went up and shook Andy's hand, and when they went away from there every one had a new resolve in his hart."

"What was that?" maw ast.

"To go on nobly sacrificing themselves and time and happiness to keep wealth from where it mite bring misery and dispapsy to millyuns of their benited countrymen who don't know enuff to enjoy a first-class blessing when they've got it and can't get out from under it," paw says.

—Georgie in Chicago *Times-Herald.*

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES.

"Stuff and nonsense," said the fat man who was back among the smokers on a Woodward avenue car. "This talk about germs and bacilli and contagions and all that sort of rot makes me fighting mad. People used to live longer and make a blamed sight less fuss about it before all these fads and kinks were ever heard of.

"The idea of consumption being contagious! Bah! They'll be claiming pretty soon that sneezing is contagious."

"So it is," asserted the tall man to the left. "You bet it is. So is laughing, so is crying, so is toothache and pretty near everything."

"Oh, go on! So's corns, so's baldness, so's tight shoes," sneeringly. "Who did you catch your mustache from?"

"That's all right. That's the way man talk when they don't know what they're talking about. Ignorance is the great foe to reform, and always has been. You had better—"

"Who's ignorant? If my forehead was not any higher than yours, I'd keep off the subject of ignorance if I had to muzzle myself. I wasn't talking to you anyhow."

"No; you were talking just to hear yourself talk and make those people think you were wise. I'll bet you $5 you don't know the difference between chicken pox and small pox, and you riding around preaching about contagion."

"Gentlemen," said the smiling old lady in the seat ahead as she turned to them, "doesn't it strike you that anger is contagious? Has either of you graduated in medicine?"

The two looked sheepishly at each other, laughed and went to abusing the weather department.—The Detroit *Free Press.*

KEEP STILL.

Keep still. When trouble is brewing, keep still. When slander is getting on its legs, keep still, till you recover from your excitement at any rate. Things look differently through an unagitated eye. In a commotion once I wrote a letter and sent it, and wished I had not. In my latter years I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter; but life rubbed a little sense into me, and I kept that latter in my pocket against the day when I could look it over without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Less and less it seemed necessary to send it. I was not sure it would do any hurt, but in my doubtfulness I leaned to reticence, and eventually it was destroyed.

Time works wonders. Wait till you can speak calmly, and then you will not need to speak, it may be. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable sometimes. It is strength in very grandeur. It is like a regiment ordered to stand still in the mad fury of battle. To plunge in were twice as easy. The tongue has unsettled more sninisters than small salaries ever did, or lack of ability.—*World's Crisis.*

A CLOSE CALL.

A Detroit boy surprised his father the other day by asking:

"Father, do you like mother?"

"Why, yes of course."

"And she likes you?"

"Of course she does."

"Did she ever say so?"

"Many a time, my son."

"Did she marry you because she loved you?"

"Certainly she did."

The boy looked the old man over, and after a long pause asked:

"Well, was she as near-sighted then as she is now?"

Safe bind, safe find. Fortify yourself by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla now and be sure of good health for months to come.

THE OLD COLONIALS.

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
When the Hessian drummers were longing
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon shot;
When the flag
Of the false
From the smoky night-encampment, bore the banner of the rebellion
Unfurled
And grummer, grimmer, grummer rolled the roll of the drummer
Through the mornl!

Then with eyes to the front all
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streaks flashing redly,
Blazed the fires!
As the roar
On the shore
Burst the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder cracked the black gunpowder,
Crashing amain!

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red-hot, George's
Cannoneers;
And the "villainous saltpetre"
Rung a fierce, discordant meter
Round their ears.
As the swift
Storm-drift,
With hot, sweeping anger came the horse-guards' charge!
On our flanks;
Then higher, higher, higher burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

Then the old fashioned colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder cloud;
And his broadsword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet loud.
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the troopers' jackets reddened at the touch of the leaden
Rifle breath;
And rounder, rounder, rounder reared the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death!

—*Guy Humphrey McMaster.*

LIFE OF DWIGHT L. MOODY.

(From the Guelph Daily Herald.)

When Dwight L. Moody died, one of the greatest preachers of this or any other century passed away. No evangelist ever gathered greater fame as a preacher and a man than Mr. Moody. His simplicity of language, his strong individuality, his implicit faith and his belief in the message he gave to men, stamped him as the greatest of all evangelists, a great thinker and a great reformer.

Again and again Mr. Moody requested, before he died, that his son might be his biographer, and to assist him, Mr. Moody left him all his papers, his letters, his sermons and the family photographs. His son, W. L. Moody, is now carrying out his father's wish, and is writing his life. The work written by Mr. Moody's son has the endorsement of Ira D. Sankey, and of all the Moody family, and the officials of the Northfield Seminary. Several other lives of Mr. Moody are being published, all of which are condemned by the family and the friends of Mr. Moody; and the fact of such publication is very painful to the family.

The authorized book, which the son is writing, will be magnificently illustrated by a great number of fine half tone engravings of Mr. Moody, and of his family, of the Northfield Seminary and the life and work of Mr. Moody, and will be much larger and better made and illustrated than the unauthorized copies.

It is estimated that over one million copies of the authorized book will be sold within the next three months. All the profit arising from the sale of these books is to be devoted by the authors to the maintenance of the Institute at Northfield, founded by Dwight L. Moody.

The work is published by The World Publishing Company, of Guelph, Ont.

ALCOHOL NOT NEEDED IN MEDICINE.

A recent issue of the Minnesota *Good Templar* contains the following statement from Dr. Hutchinson, who was formerly Grand Chief Templar of Minnesota. Dr. Hutchinson has been practicing medicine in Kansas for several years and he says:—"I can give you one item which ought to be of interest to temperance workers everywhere. I am demonstrating that liquors are unnecessary as a medicine, and that the physician who cannot get along without prescribing them in his practice merely advertises his own ignorance. I have now entered upon my third term as physician to the State Reformatory. We have now had over 550 inmates. I have had absolute control over them medically for over four years; have made over 5,000 prescriptions, and have not found it necessary to prescribe liquor in a single instance. In fact, we do not keep it in the building. There have been only four deaths in the four and one-half years, three from consumption and one from internal hemorrhage. Can the whisky-prescribing doctors show any better record? I do not use it in my private practice, and out of hundreds of cases of pneumonia and typhoid fever treated in the last eleven years I have lost only two. Any other doctor who does not use liquor ought to do as well."

DON'T THROW YOUR FADED THINGS AWAY.

Diamond Dyes Give New Life to Old Garments.

That faded and rusty dress, skirt, blouse, cape, jacket, cloak, or your laces and ribbons that you are thinking of consigning to the rag bag can be made as good as new if dyed with any of the fashionable and seasonable colors that Diamond Dyes produce.

Your husband's, son's or brother's dingy and faded overcoat or suit can be renewed for another season's wear by the Diamond Dyes at a trifling cost.

Diamond Dyes work wonders and save scores of dollars annually for thousands of homes on this continent. All well managed homes use the Diamond Dyes and extol their beauty and usefulness. Guard against imitations and substitutes. See that your dealer gives you the Diamond Dyes when you ask for them.