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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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J. COGHLAN, D. D. S., L. D. S., DENTIST. WORK CAREFULLY DONE. PATIENTS NOTIFIED. 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 4½%.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. A. E. HUSBAND, V. S. Graduate Ontario Veterinary College. Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society. Office—R. Noble's Flour and Feed Store, Mill St. Acton.

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

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, ultra 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 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 $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, Box 32, or telephone 54, will be promptly handed in. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

ACTON Machine and Repair Shops HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor. All 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 repairs performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Lawn mowers and lifting done.

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

Summer Months and Sporting Goods

Whether you want anything in the Sporting Goods line for these warm months, or anything to assist you in taking life easy, come to us for our line of

Spalding's Sporting Goods

is complete and the prices are the same as Toronto, circulars quote. Or do you want something for comfort such as a

Hammock or Novel?

If so, try us, for we have hammocks ranging in price from 35c. to $4, and we are offering a special line of novels at 2 for 25c.

Day's Bookstore, Guelph. Day tells cheap.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Capital $6,000,000
Rest 2,600,000

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.

—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

WHEN YOU WANT FLOUR —and— OATMEAL GET OUR OGILVIE AND ODDIN MILLS BRAND. The best in the market. All wide-awake dealers use it. Extra quality—prices right. HENRY HORTOP.

TURNIP SEED

Now ready, imported direct from growers in England and Scotland, strictly fresh and true to kind. For shipping purposes I would recommend—

Halls Westbury
Highland Prize
East Lothian
Crosses Improved.

For feeding purposes—

Elephant
Bangholm,
Carters Imperial
Marshalls Improved
Suttons Champion

We have also—

Hartleys Bronze
Shamrock
Royal Skirvings
Rennies Prize
Steeles Selected
Greystone
Aberdeen
Etc.

In Rape I have the Genuine Dwarf Essex. Buy no other.

Remember we buy wool and pay the highest price.

GEO. J. THORP, Direct Seed Importer. Mkt. Square, Guelph.

THE TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

Assets Over $8,000,000.

Guelph Branch (NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE)

Savings Bank Department

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. E. H. JONES, Manager.

HAMMOCKS

Should you think of of a Hammock as a source of comfort and pleasure for the summer months see our bright array of Hammocks before buying. Reversible hade Hammocks for places where shade is scarce, Netted and Un-netted Hammocks, Hammocks from 75c. to $17.00. Call or write. Either will receive our best attention.

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

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

Authorized Capital - - $3,000,000.00

Ten-year maturity shares are paid Monthly Instalments of 50c. per share for 120 months, when payments cease—$60.00 paid in—maturity value $100.00.

Money to loan at 5% straight loan or repayable in monthly instalments on application to

R. J. McNabb, Agent, Acton

Wanted...

Agents to fill permanent positions with us AT GOOD PAY. All supplies free. Chance of promotion to good men.

We also desire some good Agents, either on whole or part time, to sell our preparation for the destruction of the Tussock Moth Caterpillar, known as

"CATARPILLARINE"

Many of our salesmen carry this as a side line, and make considerably more than their expenses thereby.

We have the largest assortment of stock of any Nursery in Canada. People prefer our goods because of our guarantee. All our stock is sent out under Government Certificate, proving cleanliness and freedom from disease. Apply now for territory.

STONE & WELLINGTON TORONTO.

ACTON Saw & Planing Mills MAIN ST.

Manufacturers and Dealers in All Kinds of DRESSED AND UNDRESSED LUMBER, LATH AND SHINGLES. SASH, DOORS AND BLINDS. WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES. ALL KINDS OF INDOOR AND OUTDOOR FINISH.

Having a well assorted stock of lumber on hand orders will in all cases be promptly filled.

Lumber dressed and matched while you wait.

Prices are as low as any other mill turning out work equal in quality.

Custom logs cut at any time.

JNO. EVANS, Manager. JAMES BROWN, Proprietor.

All kinds of wood on hand and promptly delivered to any part of the town.

W. WILLIAMS.

Williams' SHOES FOR summer Wear.

A GRAND range of Summer Footwear. The nicest stock we have ever had and we are proud of every line in the store and only ask a chance to show them and quote you the prices.

Special For Tanners. We have a special Rubber Boot for Tanners and other wet work, which we guarantee to be waterproof and to wear longer than any other make of boot. See them.

REPAIRING AS USUAL.

W. WILLIAMS. MILL ST.

Poetry.

TELL HIM SO.

If you have a word of cheer
That may light the pathway drear
Of a brother pilgrim here,
Let him know.
Show him you appreciate
What he does, and do not wait
Till the heavy hand of fate
Lays him low.
If your heart contains a thought
That would brighter make his lot,
Then, I beg you, hide it not;
Tell him so.

Life is hard enough at best,
But the love that is expressed
Makes it seem a pathway blest
To our feet;
And the troubles that we share
Seem the easier to bear,
Smile upon your neighbors care
As you greet.
Rough and stony are our ways,
Dark and dreary are our days,
But another's love and praise
Makes them sweet.

Wait not till your friend is dead
Ere your compliments are said,
For the spirit that has fled,
If it knows,
Does not need to spend it on
Our poor praise; where it has gone
Love's eternal, golden dawn
Is aglow,
But unto our brother here
That poor praise is very dear.
If you've any word of cheer,
Tell him so.

—Denver News.

Select Family Reading.

A Sailor's Love.

THE *Gray Eagle* went on her course, parting the waves of the Indian Ocean. She was a packet steamer in the employ of a great English company and carried many passengers. Among those, standing on the promenade deck forward and looking across the broad expanse of water before her, was a beautiful girl, in the flush of her youth and beauty.

In the wheelhouse stood a young man, second mate of the ship, looking at Mabel Vane. He was young, with a bold, manly face, curling brown hair and beard and speaking gray eyes—a man in grace of person, manly beauty and pure heart—a man worthy of the name. He was only a sailor and had risen to his present rank from cabin boy, but yet he dared to love the daughter of the East Indian millionaire, Arthur Vane.

He loved her and had no hope—loved her as we worship a star which is far beyond our reach. Nothing was further from his thoughts than to insult her by telling her that he loved her. But to be near her, to see her often, perhaps to do some service which would win a smile from her—that was reward enough for Will Clay.

She never dreamed of his adoration, and he had heard her say among her friends that she liked him better than any other officer on board the *Gray Eagle*. She said it in the careless way of girlhood, and yet he treasured it in his heart. Standing there watching the course of the ship and ready to give a word of warning to the wheelman if it were needed, he never took his eyes from her for long.

"Mr. Clay," said the man at the wheel, as he gave it a half turn and rested there, "don't you smell smoke?"

"It comes from the galley."

"Perhaps so, but what are they burning rosin in the galley for?

"Rosin!" cried Will, raising his head quickly and snuffing the air. He caught the peculiar smell himself and leaped down from the wheelhouse. "Keep steady," he whispered to the man at the wheel. "There may be danger, but if there is, for God's sake, keep it quiet."

The man nodded quietly and took a firmer hold on the wheel. Will Clay crossed the deck without apparent haste and yet with a fearful fear tugging at his heart. He caught sight of the captain coming out of the gentlemen's cabin and hurried up to him.

"There is something wrong," he whispered. "Don't you smell burning rosin, captain?"

The old sea captain suppressed a cry of horror. With fifty passengers on board in the midst of the Indian Ocean, far from land, a fire was one of the most horrible things which could come upon a ship.

"Go forward and investigate," he said in a low tone. "If you find that it is a fire, you know what to do. How are the boats?"

"All right, sir. You may trust to them."

They had good cause for fear. The entire forehold was filled with rosin, in boxes and casks, and if a fire started there it might as well be in a nest of fat pine. Will ran down to the lower deck, where he was met by a crowd of excited firemen and cool passers, who were rushing madly on deck. Quick as thought he seized the foremost and hurled him back.

"Go back, you fools!" he cried. "Where are you running to?"

"Fire!" whispered the man hoarsely. "Fire in the forehold!"

"Suppose there is. Is it your duty to rush on deck and alarm the passengers or get buckets and try to put out the fire? Back, there, all of you, for I will brain the man who dares to flinch a hair now! Stand back, I say!"

The men cowed before his superior will and saw that they might yet do something to save the steamer.

A guard was placed at the hatch, so that no one could come down, and the scuttle which led into the forehold was opened. No sooner was this done than a dense volume of black smoke rolled out, and the scuttle was closed again, for Will saw that nothing could be done in that way. The men ran forward with axes, but had scarcely gone a dozen steps when they felt the deck tremble under their feet and saw small jets of flame shooting up through the planks. A moment more and there was a sore of explosion, and the red flame leaped up suddenly and caught the planks above.

There was no hope of concealing the danger from the passengers now, for the steamer was full of smoke, and wild cries from the deck announced that the danger was known. They must face the most terrible situation known to the sea, the one of all others most feared—fire! Women shrieked and fainted, strong men trembled and could not move hand or foot, and others ran wildly about the decks rendering no assistance. Mabel Vane, utterly bewildered by the sudden horror, felt a strong hand clutch her arm and saw Will Clay, blackened by smoke and singed by flame.

"Go aft!" he said hoarsely. "Stand on the port quarter and wait for me, and I will save you or die trying. Obey me, girl—I am your master now."

She looked at him in mute wonder and obeyed him in silence. He sprang away and began to fight the fire as best he could, aided by the officers and crew and some few of the passengers who kept their heads. Among these was Arthur Vane, a handsome old gentleman with an engaging face.

"You are a man, William Clay," he said as the two hurled the contents of a great water cask down the open hatch. "If ever we escape the company shall know that they have a man in their employment. If we don't, it is all the same. Have you seen my daughter?"

"I sent her aft just now and told her that I would save her or lose my life, and I'll do it, too, because I love her."

"Love her—you!"

"Just now you said I was a man," said Will quietly. "Lay hold on that cask, you. What are you skirking for? Can't we talk and work too?"

A strange smile came over the face of the old merchant, as they hurled the cask into the water and assisted the man working at the fall in raising it.

"Don't think I'm a fool, Mr. Vane," said Will. "If I lived a thousand years and saw her every day, I wouldn't tell her as much as I've told you, and what's more, you wouldn't have heard me say it if it had not come out before I thought."

Mr. Vane said not a word, and Will Clay was silent. They worked hard to save the steamer, but the flames gained upon them inch by inch and drove them aft.

"Give it up, captain," whispered Will. "Get out the boats and provision them. Take time for all you want, and we will fight the fire."

The sailors worked with a will until they saw the boats drawing up to the gangway and the passengers taking places, when they left their work and sprang for the boats. The passengers made a rush at the same moment, but as they neared the gangway they met Will Clay, a pistol in each hand and his eyes flashing fire.

"Stand back, there!" he cried. "Do you call yourselves men? Do you want to swamp the boats and spoil your only chance?"

"Get out of the way!" hissed a gigantic Swede, raising his heavy hand. "Out of the way or I will crush you with a single blow."

A pistol cracked, and the man fell back, shot through the shoulder. The crowd recoiled before this determined young man, for even in an hour like this man fear sudden death.

"Keep back, I say!" repeated the young mate. "Pass along those ladies first, for they go in the first boat."

The order was promptly obeyed, and then six of the crew, called out by name, went into the boat and pulled it away from the gangway under command of the first mate. Boat after boat pulled up to the gangway, received its load, and pulled away. There was no more rushing, for there was death in the eyes of the young man and the captain, who had taken his place by his side.

"My daughter is not in the boats, young man," said Arthur Vane, hoarsely.

"Miss Vane," cried Will, "you can come now."

Mabel, who had been standing apart, hurried forward. Mr. Vane stepped into the boat, and the last of the crew followed. Then a panic seemed to seize them, and they pushed off, leaving the captain and the mate upon the doomed steamer as long tongues of flames leaped out toward the boat. Through this fiery barrier the two men dashed and were seen striking out for the boat.

"Stop!" cried Mr. Vane. "You have left the captain and Mr. Clay!"

The men looked at him fiercely, but the steady eye of the old man awed them, and the two were helped into the boat, the captain supported by the strong arm of his gallant mate. The boats pulled away together, while the column of flame which shot in the air announced the fate of the *Gray Eagle*. They reached the islands safely after a week had passed.

* * * * * * * *

There is a young man who sails a steamer from London to Alexandria, whose name is Will Clay, and he is married. The name of his wife is Mabel, for Arthur Vane, having "found a man," knew how to make him all his own.—*Exchange.*

BOTH NEEDED.

The watchman found him hunting under the bronzed heater.

"What are you looking for?"

"I just lost two licenses, mister."

"What kind were they?"

"A dog and a marriage."

"Well, here is the dog license; I found it out there."

"Taint no good without the marriage license. You see, Mandy promised to marry me if I'd get a license for her dog."

A DANGER SIGNAL.

"When I am telling a man a story I stop short if I see a peculiar gleam in his eye."

"Does it mean that he has heard it before?"

"No, it means that he isn't listening because he is thinking up the one he intends to tell me."

HAD THE LAW ON HIS SIDE.

It was at forty-sixth Street and Vincennes Avenue where the work of excavating for a large flat building has been in progress for some time. Frequently the indignation of the people living nearby had been aroused by the brutalities visited upon the horses at work there.

The soil is of a soft, sandy character and the wheels of the wagon sink almost to the hubs under the weight of the loads carried. The sand is dumped on a vacant lot about 100 feet to the south of the place of excavation, and the horses have suffered more at this place than at the other, as they are are obliged to pull their loads to the top of the soft mound.

The other day after a wagon had deposited its load, and, for no other reason save his own innate brutality, the driver began beating his horses. Suddenly he was approached by a boy of about ten years of age, who, with flashing eye and in a peremptory tone of voice, said:

"Stop whipping those horses. If you strike them again I'll have you arrested."

The driver for a moment was too astonished to reply, for the child's earnest and determined manner impressed even him; then with an oath at the child he raised his whip again to strike his horses.

"Look out," said the fearless child, as he stepped nearer. "I am a member of the humane society and if you beat those horses any more I'll certainly have you arrested."

The blow did not fall. The words "humane society" and the child's determined manner arrested the uplifted arm, but in another moment the driver whirled about on the boy, and swinging his whip in a menacing manner shouted, amid a volley of epithets directed at the boy:

"Get out of here, you——little whelp, or I'll wrap this whip around you and cut you in two."

"If you do it will be the dearest blow you ever struck," said the unflinching child, "for I'll have you in jail where you belong within an hour."

The moral force of the child triumphed over the brutal instincts of the man. With a sullen oath at the boy the driver turned his attention to his horses, but he did not beat them again.—Chicago Tribune, Jan. 21.

A TELL-THE-TRUTH EDITOR.

A western editor who believes in telling the truth, printed the following recently: "Willie Shortlike and Bertie Bloomers were married at ——Church last evening. The church was very prettily decorated with flowers and potted plants, borrowed promiscuously from people who didn't want to lend them. The decorating was done under protest by some of the members of the church, who were asked to do so by the bride, and couldn't well refuse. The ladies are of the opinion that if the couple were so bent on having a stylish marriage they should have been willing to have paid some one to chase all over town for a day getting flowers together and then taking them home again.

The bride wore a handsome fillversteain gown, made at home, and the groom was decked out with a $10 hand-me-down suit. The ushers wore cutaway coats, borrowed for the occasion. Sallie Potts was maid of honor, and the consensus of opinion was that she was 2 to 1 better than the bride. The young couple took the morning train for St. Louis, where they will spend more money in a few days than they will earn in three months.

"Willie says that now he's married he's going to settle down. Some of our merchants think it would have been better if he had settled down at first. The groom gets a salary of $27 a month; which is about the allowance Bettie has been used to for pin money. We wish for Willie's sake that the old saying that it takes no more to support two than one wasn't a lie.

The bride sent us a shoe box full of a conglomeration of stuff supposed to be cake. If this is a sample of Bettie's cooking we feel sorry for Willie. Our janitor's dog fell heir to the cake and now he's lying in the cold, cold ground. But this wedding is none of our funeral. If Willie and Bettie are satisfied we've got no kick coming."

THE LORDS HORRIFIED.

London "M. A. P." says: "I am reminded of a story about the Duke of Argyle. A Lord Provost of Edinburgh was giving evidence in the House of Lords as to some rioting which had occurred in that city, and was asked by the then Duke of Newcastle what sort of shot the town guard had in their muskets when they fired on the rioters. In his broad northern dialect, the Lord Provost replied: "Oo I just wis sae shoots dukes and sic like fules wi!" The Lords were thunderstruck with what seemed a contemptuous answer to the question, and were about to send the Bootsman to prison for contempt of the House of Lords, when the Duke of Argyle, who until then had been convulsed with laughter at the turn matters had taken, interposed. He smoothed the difficulty over by explaining that the worthy Bootsman meant no insult to the House, and that his answer, when translated into English, meant that the shot used was similar to that used to shoot wild ducks and other waterfowl.

SHE LIKED FRIED HAM.

According to one young woman's experience, it is not exactly wise to have a decided fondness for any one article of diet and to let your friends know about it. In her case, somehow, most of her friends had grasped the fact that she was partial to fried ham. She did like it once in a while for breakfast, but she little realized how wearisome too much of the good thing may become, nor how jubilant the tired housekeeper is when she discovers some favorite dish to lead when she is in doubt. She was going out to the suburbs for a few days, and before she left she had a delicious slice of fried ham served for her breakfast.

"Because I know how fond you are of ham," explained the old friend, with whom she boards. The young woman was pleased by the thoughtful little attention and ate with a thankful spirit.

It was near luncheon time when the young woman arrived at her suburban destination. As she went to the table the faint aroma of fried ham somewhere in the culinary regions greeted her.

"It is such a comfort to know what you like," said her hostess. "I knew I couldn't fail to please you if I had fried ham for luncheon." The young woman smiled, still pleased with the thoughtfulness and with the fried ham.

That night she had promised to dine with the young married friend who lives in the same suburbs and who is tackling household problems and the suburbs and the domestic service problem all at one and the same time.

"Yes, I'm without a maid again, and I'm so glad to see you," the young housekeeper enthused. At dinner she served fried ham.

"It is so hard to know what to have to eat these days, and I remember your old fondness," she said in explanation.

So it went on until to the young woman's mind the future seemed one long procession of meals, three a day, with fried ham as their chief constituent. The crushing blow came with her first meal back in her boarding place.

We haven't had fried ham all the time you've been gone. We thought we'd wait till your return, because we know how fond you are of it," said her kind old friend.

DOING LITTLE THINGS JUST RIGHT.

"I had two office boys," said a business man, "whose main duty was to bring me notes or cards that were sent to me, or to fetch things that I wanted to use. One of these boys, when sent for a book or anything heavy, would walk rapidly by my desk and toss it indefinitely toward me. If it happened to raise me and land on the desk, he seemed to think it was all right. If it fell on the floor he always managed to fall over it in his eagerness to pick it up. If he had a letter or card to deliver, he would come up to my desk and stand there, scanning it with minute care. This being concluded, he would flip it airly in my direction and depart.

The other boy always came and went so that I could hardly hear him. If he brought a book, ink-stand, or box of letters he would quietly set it down at one side of the desk. Letters and cards were always laid, not tossed, right where my eye would fall on them directly. If there was any doubt in his mind whether he ought to lay a letter on my desk or deliver it to some other person in the office, he always did his thinking before he came near me, and did not stand annoyingly at my elbow studying the letter. That boy understood the science of little things. When New Year's Day came, he got ten dollars. The other boy was discharged."

A VERY RESTFUL MAN.

Adolf Menzel, the German artist, was at one time engaged on a mural decoration. He had rigged up a scaffolding in his studio and his model was requested to stand. For two long hours the poor "poseur" stood up aloft in a most fatiguing posture. Menzel in the meantime worked at his sketch, heedless of the fact that his model was growing tired.

At length the model found it necessary to speak. "Herr professor," said he, "how about a recess?"

Menzel apologized profusely for his forgetfulness. "Certainly, certainly, my dear sir" said he. "Come down and rest yourself a bit."

The model had clambered from the scaffolding to the ladder, which led down from it to the studio floor.

"Stop!" cried the artist suddenly. "That pose is fine! Don't move a muscle!"

And once more the model was forced into strained rigidity, while the enthusiastic draftsman sat about sketching him.

At the end of half an hour Menzel looked up from his work. "There," said he, "that will do nicely! Get back on the scaffold. We have had our rest. Let us get back to work again."

What the model said is left to the reader's imagination.

"Ill weeds grow apace." Impurities in your blood will also grow apace unless you promptly expel them by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE WOODS ON A SUMMER MORNING.

Have you heard, of a summer morning,
The burst of the woodland praise,
Like a glorious hallelujah
Which God's people love to raise
In their churches and cathedrals,—
"He reigneth for evermore!"
It is most sublime in the woodland
When the winds through the tall trees roar,

"He liveth forever and ever!"
It sounds from the crested hills,
It echoes in sheltered valleys,
And is sung by the tinkling rills.
The pines take it up in a whisper,
And the ferns repeat it again—
"He liveth forever and ever!"
In an endless, soft refrain.

The breeze tones down to a zephyr,
And the birds pour forth their lays,
And oh, what a burst of music
From their golden throats they raise—
"We praise Him for tender mercy,
We praise Him for loving care!"
And the winds take up the anthem,
Till the chorus is everywhere.

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We join in the acclamation,
As through far-distant trees
The winds again are roaring
Like the waves of storm-tossed seas.
Our hearts are aglow with rapture
That the earth was made so fair,
And we feel a pervading Presence
That sings and stirs in the air.

—*Anna E. Preston.*

PAUL PRY OF THE VELDT.

There is nothing in the wide, wide world quite as impudent as the South African meercat. He is a little, lithe, dun-colored animal something between a ferret and a weasel, with short silver-tipped fur, an impudent snout and bright, beady little eyes.

Nothing disturbs his equanimity, and it takes a deal to frighten him. He has been before now compared to the mongoose for his absolute indifference to surroundings and his curiosity to see what is going on in his immediate neighborhood.

Riding quietly over the veldt, scores of meercats may be seen popping up here and there and exchanging the time of day. They usually run in couples, and when they are surprised they sit up next to one another on their haunches and twist their heads from side to side in the most comical manner, making all the while a quaint whirring sound in their throats and flapping their absurd little fore-paws in a pathetically humorous sort of way.

There is really no limit their cheek. One may be quietly asleep in a tent with one's head on a saddle and a kaross, or fur rug, thrown over one for warmth's sake. By and by a soft, cold, little nose is thrust into one's face, and the whirring, purring sound announces the visit of a friendly and inquisitive meercat.

CULTIVATE A SWEET VOICE.

Kind hearts are more plentiful than persistently kind and gentle voices, and yet love loses much of its power when the voice is sharp and hard.

Try, therefore, most earnestly to acquire the right tone in speaking and guard yourself carefully from falling into careless and bad habits of voice.

Often a sharp voice shows far more ill will than the heart feels, but people do not know that the speaker's "bark is worse than her bite," and they believe her to be ill tempered and disagreeable.

It is so easy to pick up a sharp and snappish manner of speaking. Very often it is acquired in mirth and in the give and take battles of words in which boys and girls delight. There is no malice in their sallies, and a great deal of fun, but meanwhile the voice is often acquiring a sharp and shrewish tone which sticks through life, making it stir up strife and ill will among its listeners.

So watch the tone in which you speak and take care that it is gentle and sweet. A kind voice is like music in the home, and is to the heart what light and beauty are to the eye.

HABIT.

A habit is formed in the same way that paths or roads are. You often see people "cutting across lots." Where they do this, a narrow strip of grass about a foot or fourteen inches wide, will be trodden bare, and is a path. It is made by being walked over again and again.

You can soon get into the habit of doing a thing if you do it over and over many times. The more you do, the easier it will become, just as a path grows wider and plainer the more it is travelled. It is hard to keep people from going across lots after a path is once made; and so it is hard to stop doing what we have fallen into the habit of doing. It will not be easy for you to do well after you have once learned to do wrong.

Bad habits are like the ruts made by carriage wheels in country roads—they hold people fast. I once read of an old man who had crooked fingers. When a boy, his hand was as limber as yours. He could open it easily, but for fifty years he drove a stage, and his fingers got so in the habit of shutting down on the lines that they finally stayed shut. The old man's hand can never open.

IMPROVED HIS HOLIDAYS.

In these days, when a schoolhouse is not infrequently closed because of the prevalence of some contagious disease, an incident of school attendance, told by the Westminster *Gazette*, is worth preserving.

Thomas Ward, a Wolworth lad, recently left school with a special medal awarded on account of his constant attendance, without a single absence, during the eleven years since he was four years of age.

The proud mother was asked to explain how this apparently impossible feat had been accomplished. "Did he have the usual childish diseases—measles, whooping cough, and so forth?"

"Oh yes sir," was the reply.

"How then, could he have always been at school?"

"Please, sir, he had them during the holidays," was the interesting reply.

A DIFFERENT APPRECIATION

"Jaysmith is a sharp man," said Bloodbumper.

"I should use the comparative degree instead of the positive," said Spatte.

"How's that?"

"I should call him a sharper."

I believe there are hearts that could cut diamonds.