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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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SUCCESSOR TO
J. P. UREN, M. D. C. M.
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Office Hours:—8 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

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LICENTIATE KOENIGT OF APOTHECARIES, LONDON, ENGLAND.
Office and Residence—Frederick St., Acton.
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OFFICE OVER BROWN'S DRUG STORE.
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OFFICE—Mill Street; in Matthews' Block, Upstairs.

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Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society.
Office—Over Worden's Barber Shop, next door to Feed Store, Mill Street, Acton.

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Day sells cheap.

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

Special attention given to Farmers' Business.

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FOR ANY SUM UP TO $50.

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WATERS BROS.

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

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HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT.

Authorized Capital - $5,000,000.00

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

R. J. McNabb,
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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 in whole or part time, to sell our preparation for the destruction of the Tussock Moth Caterpillar, known as

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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.

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TORONTO.

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A V-shaped space between the rubber tire and this metal flange prevents the creeping and cutting which other tires are subject to. See the little at the big fake.

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ST. JOHN WINNIPEG MONTREAL

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Assets Over $9,000,000.

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(NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE)

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Good Silverware.
Guaranteed either sterling or quadruple plate.
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Novelty silverware.
Nothing but the best silverware in stock. Special attention given to this department.
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GUELPH
Motto; "Satisfaction." HARDWARE

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Business College
ESTABLISHED 1862
OPENS FOR FALL TERM
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THE LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.

Saves Time
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While the other man waits on slower methods.

Have you a LONG DISTANCE EQUIPMENT in your office?

As Seasons Change--
So-Do Fashions
COOPER & AKINS
FASHIONABLE TAILORS.

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Cooper & Akins,
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Spring
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Summer Weakness

As spring advances a weakness and debility seems to seize on the strong and delicate alike. The circulation is sluggish on account of the exhausted nerve forces, and the blood is poor in quality and deficient in tissue-building elements. As a result there is a general running down of the system. The stomach is disordered and the appetite poor, the liver, kidneys and bowels become inactive, and there is a lack of energy and ambition which renders work of any kind a burden. It is not strong drugs or purgatives with their depressing action that is required, but a food to nourish the nerve centres and enrich the blood.

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Combine the principles that go to the building up of the body through the medium of the blood and nerves.

BECAUSE

They supply the properties that are needed to tone up the system.

50 CENTS PER BOX. ALL DRUGGISTS, OR SAM WILLIAMS & CO., TORONTO, ONT.

Poetry.

THE HARVEST.

Again the joyous harvest brings
The rustling yellow sheaves;
While all day long the cricket sings
Amidst the golden leaves.
Father again with lavish hand
Has opened out her store,
And eager hands throw golden bands
Around the sheaves once more.

The seed within the bare ground cast
Has come to golden grain;
Warmed by the genial summer past,
And fed by gentle rain;
For now in most the fields around,
What deck our beauteous land;
The golden sheaves securely bound
In martial order stand.

While o'er the scene with silvery beams
The harvest moon doth shine;
The darkness feels as if, it seems,
Uncalled for at this time.
When nature has her grand display
Of golden sheaves in line,
The night is turned as bright as day,
A picture most divine.

And so it's right to hymn a song
Of praise to God above;
To whom the harvest does belong;
Sent to us in His love,
And sure we are He always will
This harvest blessing send,
His gracious promise to fulfill.
Until seed time has an end.

—*James Mitchell, Hamilton.*

Select Family Reading.

Won by Mistake.

"I DO wish you'd sit down and keep quiet, Bessie! You distract me so, fluttering round the room like a bird."

Now, Miss Minerva Elliott was a tall, masculine female, hard on the "thirties," with stiff little curls, and gold-rimmed spectacles, and a stand-up collar and cravat like a man's, and she was very busy among a pile of books and papers, preparing hard questions intended for the annihilation of her Sunday School class on the morrow, while little 18-year-old Bessie, with her pink and white skin, brown curls, innocent blue eyes, picked up her white kitten and beat a retreat, inexpressibly mortified at having "distracted" her staid sister.

"I suppose I shall learn better, sometime," thought Bessie; "but, oh, dear! I am such a silly little goose!"

She went on tiptoe past the door where Mr. Leroy, the young minister, was engaged in the revision of his sermon, for Mr. Leroy lodged at Widow Elliott's, and Bessie felt her youth and folly more painfully than ever in his dignified presence.

She stood a moment in the doorway, where the cheerful July sunbeams made a golden checker-work on the floor, quivering through the morning-glory vines, and a sweet odor crept subtily in of newly-mown clover fields, and roses just blossoming along the garden wall.

"I know what I'll do," thought Bessie, as her pet, the kitten, darted away through the bushes, "I'll have some of those ripe cherries."

Bessie bounded down the garden walk, and deftly climbing the old stone wall, swung herself into the branches of the huge cherry tree, like a white plumed little bird.

"Mother would be horrified and Minerva would have a fit," quietly thought Bessie, "but is so nice and shady up here, and the robins are stealing all the cherries. I almost wish I was a robin, it is such a pleasant life among the green leaves with the blue sky peeping through. Dear me, I hope that isn't mamma."

Bessie crept an inch or two higher up, as footsteps came down the garden path.

Alas! her premonitions were but too correct, Mrs. Elliott's cap strings were fluttering below, and Mrs. Elliott's self had come out with a bowl to pick currants, accompanied by Aunt Sophia, her sister.

"Now, I'm caught," soliloquized our little heroine. "I hope they won't be long, I wonder what they are talking about. Mr. Leroy, as I live."

And Bessie held her breath and secretly laughed to see how utterly unconscious the two dames were of her vicinage.

"Yes," said Mrs. Elliot, solemnly, "he's a good young man; a very good young man."

"There ain't no minister all the country round gives such satisfaction." Them cabbages is comin' on fine, Julia."

"Oh, bother the cabbages," said Mrs. Elliott, tartly, "its about Mr. Leroy I'm talking, Sophia. But he ought to marry and settle down. A single minister can't do all the good he could if he was married."

"That's true," assented Aunt Sophia, "and Minerva would make a capital minister's wife."

"She's the very wife—he needs; and if some one would just put the idea into his head."

"Perhaps he doesn't mean to marry."

"Then he is doing very wrong, encouraging Minerva the way he does—walkin' to Sunday School with her, and talkin' about the poor money, and pickin' out the psalms and hymns with his head close to hers. Of all creatures," went on Mrs. Elliott, energetically, "I do not like a male coquette."

"Dear me, Julia, said Aunt Sophia with mild remonstrance, "I don't suppose he ever thinks of such a thing."

"Then he ought to think of it. Some one ought to speak to him." Meek Aunt Sophia picked currants in silence.

"I don't really think he ought to trifle with my poor Minerva's feelings—and she is sensitive, too," resumed the widow.

"I never did pretend to understand young folks when love and courtship were the business," said Aunt Sophia, "but it would be a fine thing for Minerva."

"I'd be proud to be the minister's mother-in-law," said Mrs. Elliott, exultant at the remotest possibility, and Minerva is a smart girl. You ought to hear her talk about Scripture and theology. Why, Mr. Leroy himself was astonished!"

"I should think it very likely," said Aunt Sophia, dryly.

Minerva had never been her favorite niece—she had lectured Aunt Sophia too often for sleeping in church, eating fennel seed, singing out of tune, and other venial sins.

"I don't know what to think about it," said Mrs. Elliott. "I wish somebody would speak to Mr. Leroy, and tell him plainly what his duty is."

"Haven't we picked most currants enough?" hazarded Aunt Sophia.

"I s'pose so," said Mrs. Elliott, sharply. "You never had the trials of a family, Sophia, and they come hard, though my girls are pretty good girls after all. Minerva's quite a model, and Bessie's well enough, if she would sober down a bit."

"Don't be everlastin' finding fault with Bessie," pleaded Aunt Sophia. "She is a nice, sweet-tempered little girl, and if you want her to put on spectacles and take to the doctrine of foot souls I don't. I like her better the way she is."

And the two old ladies went in, with their bowl of sparkling red currants, leaving their unseen auditor still sitting among the cherry boughs, with her brown curls all blown about and the scarlet velvet of her lips deeper and ruddier than ever.

"Dear me!" thought Bessie, "here's a revelation—our Minerva in love! I didn't know women who wore spectacles ever did fall in love. And Mr. Leroy a male coquette. Well, I never thought that of Mr. Leroy. I really think, as mamma says, some one ought to speak to him. I've a great mind to speak to him myself!" and fired with the ardor of her plan Bessie slid nimbly down from the perch in the cherry tree, to the great astonishment of her friends, the robins, and ran into the house.

"I won't stop to consult mother or aunty," thought eager Bessie, "for I know they'd think I ought not speak, just because I'm only eighteen.

So Bessie slide like a white mouse along the hall, and tapped softly at Mr. Leroy's study door.

"Come in," called the clear, sonorous voice of the young clergyman.

Not until our Bessie was fairly in the room did she fully realize the awkwardness of her position. Then with the roses mantling on her cheeks, and her head hung down, the stood a pretty picture of maiden confusion.

"M—Miss Bessie," said Mr. Leroy, abstractedly, glancing up from his paper and brightening visibly when he saw who it was. "I am happy to see such a sunshine in my gloomy old study. Sit down.

"No, sir, I can't stay," said Bessie, taking courage. "I only came to speak to you, sir, about—about being married."

"About being married!" echoed Mr. Leroy, in genuine astonishment.

"Yes, sir," went on Bessie, twisting her fingers together; the people in the parish think you could do so much more good if you were married."

"So I might," asserted the minister, musingly. "I have thought of that myself."

"Oh, then, you have thought of it, sir," cried Bessie, delightedly, "I am so glad."

"Bessie, I have been here a long time."

"Yes sir, I know you have."

"Should you be sorry to have me go away?"

Bessie lifted her eyes with a roguish sparkle beneath their curling brown lashes. "You need not go away, sir, that is, if—"

"If what, Bessie?"

"Mother said this morning she would be proud to be the minister's mother-in-law."

Mr. Leroy looked a little surprised, but not at all displeased, as Bessie stood demurely before him with her roseate cheeks and dishevelled curls, like a schoolgirl on her bad behavior.

"Did she really say so, Bessie?"

"I heard her say so."

"To you?"

"No, not to me, sir."

"Bessie, would you like it?"

"Oh, sir, I should be so delighted!" cried Bessie, clapping her hands gleefully.

"A minister's wife has many trials to deal with; Bessie."

"Oh, yes, sir, but if she loves her husband?"

Do you think my little wife would love her husband?"

"How strange to think of Minerva as a little wife." Bessie thought love must have cast a glamour on the young minister's eyes, but she answered, nevertheless: "I am sure of it, sir. Minerva is so sensible and learned."

"Yes I know," answered Mr. Leroy, with something of a puzzled expression in his face. "Miss Minerva is a very worthy person, indeed, and I shall be very happy to be connected, however distantly with her."

Bessie stared until her blue eyes were like newly-opened bluebells. What on earth did the minister mean?

Mr. Leroy, however, appeared to be very clear on the subject of his intention. He took Bessie's hand in his and drew her toward him with a caressing gentleness that the young girl felt to be very pleasant.

"But you, Bessie, my dear little wild flower, when you are my wife—"

"I?" echoed Bessie, suddenly becoming as rosy as her own pink neck ribbon. "I your wife, Mr. Leroy?"

"Who else?" demanded the young minister, with a puzzled countenance. "I have been in love with you for the last three months, my Bessie. Nay, do not try so tremblingly to escape from me. Surely—surely I am not so disagreeable to you as that."

"N—no," hesitated Bessie, "it isn't that—but I thought it was Minerva."

Mr. Leroy laughed.

"I respect Miss Minerva very sincerely, but I should just as soon think of marrying a Greek dictionary."

"But I am such a silly little goose, and I am only eighteen, and mamma and Minerva are always scolding me!"

"But," mimicked Mr. Leroy with playful fondness, "they will not scold the minister's wife!" And I shall never let the winds of heaven blow too roughly on my little flower."

"I can't believe it," said Bessie, energetically.

"But you love me Bessie, do you not?"

"I have never thought about it before," said Bessie, meditatively twisting one of her curls around her finger; "but I think I do."

Half an hour had elapsed, and Mrs. Elliott was calling loudly for the little stray to come and set the table for dinner.

"I never saw such a child!" sighed the widow. "Always out of the way when she's wanted. Oh, here you are! Where on earth have you been?"

"In Mr. Leroy's study, mamma."

"What were you doing there?"

"Talking to him, mamma, about his marriage," answered Bessie, mischievously.

"Is Mr. Leroy going to be married?" eagerly demanded the widow.

"Yes, mamma."

"Nonsense!"

"But it isn't nonsense, mamma," cried Bessie, triumphantly, showing a little gold ring with a blue stone that Mr. Leroy had placed off the forefinger of her left hand. "And we are to be married in September next. Mamma, you will be the minister's mother-in-law after all!"

"Bessie, are you in earnest?" demanded Minerva.

"Never more so in my life."

"Do you love him?"

Bessie sobered down in a minute, and held her face on her sister's shoulder.

"I love him dearly, Minerva."

It was a disappointment to Minerva; but she congratulated Bessie in true sisterly style. After all if she couldn't be the minister's wife, it was next best to be his sister-in-law.

And thus it was that Bessie was (at least on he part) won by mistake.

THE PROHIBITION VOTE.

The political effect of an active campaign by the Prohibition party may, in the event of a close fight between the Republicans and Democrats, be very considerable. St. John was often referred to, after the campaign of 1884, as "the man who beat Blaine;" and it is unquestionable that his vote in New York deprived the Republican party of votes enough to have changed the result in the electoral college. Two years later a postal card investigation was made by the *Voice* into the political antecedents of those at that time in the Prohibition party. The results indicated that four Prohibitionists had been drawn from the Republican party for every one drawn from the Democratic party. Yet prohibition sentiment in the Southern States is far more prevalent than in the North. In the South, however, the agitation is for the most part carried on within the ranks of the dominant party; and the remedy is sought from State, not federal, legislation. Thus South Carolina, where the sentiment for State Prohibition has several times come very near carrying the day, cast no vote, either in 1896 or 1892, for the Prohibition Presidential candidate. Mississippi, where three-fourths or more of the State is under prohibitory law, cast but 485 votes for Levering, and 910 for Bidwell. More than one-half of Bidwell's support came from five states; Illinois, Minnesota, New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. The "close states" in 1896 (with less than five per cent. plurality either way) were California, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, Nebraska, North Carolina, Oregon, South Dakota, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia, and Wyoming. In but two of these, Kentucky and South Dakota, was the Prohibition party vote equal to the difference between the votes of the two leading candidates. Four years before, however, the party had the "balance of power" in nine states: California, Delaware, Indiana, Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, and Wisconsin. If four converts are still made from the Republican ranks for each one from the Democrats, any considerable increase in the Prohibition vote this year may cost President McKinley his re-election.—From "The National Prohibition Party and Its Candidates," by Edward J. Wheeler, in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for September.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

The four-year-old daughter of a popular New Hampshire clergyman was ailing one night, and was put to bed early. She said: "Mamma, I want to see my papa." Her mother replied: "No, dear; your papa must not be disturbed." Pretty soon she said again: I want to see my papa." The mother replied as before: "No; your papa must not be disturbed." It was not long before she uttered this clincher: "Mamma, I am a sick woman, and I want to see my minister!"

A woman who had ignored a subpoena to appear as a witness in a case recently tried in Westmoreland, Kans., was brought before the court by the sheriff to answer for contempt. "What reason, madam," said the judge severely, "have you for not obeying the summons of the court?" "I hain't got none, Mr. Judge," she replied. "Only we have smallpox down at our house an' I thought you might be kinder sorter prejudiced ag'in it." Court was instantly adjourned; and the judge, sheriff and onlookers stampeded for the outside.

"My doctor ordered a trip to Europe for me." "Did you follow his direction?" "No. He presented his bill and then took the trip to Europe himself."

The very newest "wrinkle" in sandwiches is to have one slice of white and one slice of brown-bread laid together. They should be cut long and narrow, about one and one-half inches wide by four inches long.

Mamma—I think the baby is growing very fast, don't you? Papa—Decidedly. He weighed three pounds more at four o'clock this morning than he did at two.—*Truth.*

"How did you sleep, Fred?" asked a gentleman of a friend who was "roughing it" with him. "Well," said Fred, who was new to that amusement, "I've had a quantity of very inferior sleep."

THE MARGIN FOR ACCIDENTS.

It does not make any difference how careful your calculations, you have to allow a generous margin for contingencies. Did any one ever take a journey or build a house or engage in any kind of enterprise that he did not find that the cost ran a good deal beyond what he figured out he could get along with? The unexpected is always happening. Accidents will take place. Persons of experience allow for this margin of the unexpected, and they have learned that there is much comfort in adding from a third to a half to their original close estimate in order to be moderately sure that both ends will meet. To be sure the chapter of accidents sometimes reads the other way, and things turn out far better than you could have imagined; but such is the depravity of circumstances that they seem to go oftener the wrong way than the right. But beyond making allowances for adverse fortune in your calculations, it is a source of composure to adjust yourself mentally in advance to disappointment. You cannot reasonably expect that all your plans will succeed, and that everything will turn out to your mind. The unforeseen is the source of most of the fun of life, and you are a happy man if you can play the game so as to put up serenely with losses as well as not to be unduly elated over gains.—*The Watchman.*

CONSOLATORY.

A man who was suffering horribly from gout in the right foot was so fortunate as to possess a wife who used every possible means to comfort and console him.

One day when he was complaining bitterly of the pain, he said spitefully:

"But you are comparatively well off, James. Just think what the gout would be if you were a thousand-legged worm!"

LADYSMITH'S CODE WORD.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis, in the July *Scribner*, tells an amusing story of how an English officer outwitted the Boers at Ladysmith: "The officer, who finally called up Ladysmith, is young Captain Cayser, and the story of his efforts to communicate with the besieged garrison is a most creditable and curious one. For many days he trudged up one hill after another and flashed his mirror, but without response, except from the Boers in between. And they, when he thought he had "got" Ladysmith on the 'phone, would shook and undeceive him by some such pleasantry as "How do you like our pom-poms," or "Go to b——." Not discouraged, Captain Cayser continued to climb many hills, until at last the mirror of Ladysmith winked back at him. "Who are you?" Cayser, asked. "I am Walker, of the Devons," came back the answer. But Cayser had grown suspicious, and in order to make quite sure who it was with whom he was talking flashed back: "Find Capt. Brooks of the Gordons and ask him the name of Captain Cayser's country-place in Scotland." A hurried search was made for Brooks of the Gordons, and the answer come back: "We are acquainted with the name of your home in Perthshire." "Then use it for the code word," Cayser commanded, and for the remainder of the seige the name of Cayser's country home was used to send every cipher message that passed out of Ladysmith over the heads of the Boers. It is further related that when the signal officer found Brooks (of the Gordons) and said: "Captain Cayser has just heliographed in to ask you to tell him the name of his country house," that officer remarked; "Well, I always thought Cayser was an ass, but I didn't think he'd forget the name of his own home." The picture of a gentleman heliographing violently into a besieged city to find out where he lived has certainly a humorous side.

PAPA'S MISTAKE.

The parents stood gazing with frowning brows at their daughter, while she was trembling and weeping, preparatory to reading a letter found in the girl's pocket. It began:

"Angel of my existence—"

"What!" cried the old man. "You don't mean to say it begins like that?" "Oh, that a child of mine should correspond with—But, pray proceed, my dear."

"It is impossible for me to describe the joy with which your presence has filled me—"

"Then why does he attempt it, the donkey? But pray don't let me interrupt you. Go on—go on, let the joy be unconfined."

"I have spent the whole night in bitterly deriding the obstinate old buffer, who will not consent to our union—"

"Great Scott! So I'm an obstinate, disagreeable old buffer, eh? Oh, let me get at him!"

"But, Theodorus, my dear, I didn't see this over the leaf."

"Eh? Let me see. H'm—"

"Yours, with all the love of my heart. —Theodorus, 10th May, 1860."

"Why, bless my eyes, it's one of my letters!" (Sensation.)

"Yes, pa," exclaimed the olive branch. "I found it yesterday, only you would not let me speak."

"You may go into the garden, dear, H'm, we've made a mess of it!"—London *Answers.*

CARRYING BURDENS GRACEFULLY.

"Now watch her," said a tourist friend, pointing to a peasant woman who had lifted a heavy basket up to her head, and was walking off with free, sure step. "See how steadily she carries it, and how well her head is poised. If that were one of our countrywomen, she would try to carry that basket on her arm, where it would be in her own way, and in that of every one who passed. She would shift it from side to side, bending awkwardly under its weight, and reach her destination tired out. But that woman has learned how to carry a load—and what a fine, erect carriage she has! It's a pity our girls cannot have a little training along that line."

While our enthusiast talked we thought of another kind of burden, and of how much it means to "learn how to carry a load." Bear them we must, of one sort or another—the burdens of grief, care, and disappointment which belong to our human lot—but we all know how differently. Some bend under them, and stagger on complainingly, obtruding them upon every one who comes near. Some lift them quietly out of others' way, and, since they must needs be borne, learn to bear them steadily and serenely. There is a gracious poise and beauty of spirit which can be acquired only by the proper bearing of burdens.—*Young Women.*

TWO BRAVE GIRLS.

When girls do brave deeds, boys cannot do less than applaud them. Let all boys then, give particular attention to the following story, which comes from Alameda, California, by way of the San Francisco *Chronicle*:

Dora Patterson and Fida McKean, two twelve-year-old girls, saved John Baker from death by drowning last night. Baker was out on the marsh digging clams, when he walked into a quicksand covered by shallow water. There he began to sink, and the more he struggled the farther he sank into the treacherous sand.

Luckily for Baker, the two girls were near enough to hear his cries, and hastened to help him. He was already up to his shoulders in the water, and was sinking fast. The girls had presence of mind enough to pull off some rails from a fence nearby and put them out to him.

They could only get within about twenty feet of Baker, but he managed to reach the fence-rails and keep himself up while the girls went to the nearest house and got a rope. This they threw to Baker, and he fastened it under his arms. Then, with the aid of the supporting fence-rails, Baker was pulled out of the quicksand and safely landed on shore.

Proud Mother (discussing her daughter, who is singing in the next room)—Such enormous sums as we have spent on Clara's voice!

Sympathetic Neighbor—And can't you really do anything for it?

Bad blood is a bad thing to inherit or acquire, but bad blood may be made good blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"BESET BY EARTH'S CARES."

Beset by earth's cares, by its turmoil and strife,
I prayed for some glimpse of the heavenly life;
Some vision I prayed for to strengthen my faith
And show me the force that can triumph o'er death.

I walked through the street and I walked through the square,
And the face of a stranger replied to my prayer:
The face of a woman where patience and ruth
Like angels smiled out from the quiet fires of youth.

The brow's tranquil arch, and the eyes' tender gray,
And the happy shut mouth, without words seemed to say:
"Our strength may be scanty, our task may be small,
But each has his part in the service of all;
This always we know when perplexed by life's pain:
The hand that created will surely sustain;
If griefs come upon us, in grief let us prove
The conquests of courage, the healing of love;
So, cheerful and calm, to our souls shall be given
A foretaste on earth of the kingdom of heaven."

O thanks, unknown sister! Thy battles, I know,
Right nobly were fought in the long, long ago;
And praise be to God, by whom goodness and grace
The light of His kingdom shines forth in man's face!

—*Dora Read Goodale.*

HAD THE PREPARATION.

Much surprise was once awakened in a quiet New England village by the appointment of a rather retiring young man to a position of great responsibility, which returned a large salary. The old village sexton, when he read of it, thought the matter out of order, and, taking his cane, went over to call on the student.

"Foreign bookkeeper are you? And to that great firm whose goods go to all the markets of the world? You never seemed to amount to much before. Was it luck? Or how did it happen?"

"It came to me."

"How? Such things do not fall from the sky. Did you not apply for it, or scheme for it in any way?"

"No—I did nothing but study."

"Had influential friends?"

"No; my friends are simple people."

"Then how did you of all persons get the position with such a salary and opportunity?"

"An agent of the firm asked the principal of the Scientific School where I have been studying to give him the name of the student who he considered had the best preparation for such a place. Then the agent came to me, and said, 'You have the preparation for a place that I am about to offer you.' I suppose I was given the place because he thought that I had the preparation for it. I have been a hard student for years, and have tried to prepare myself for useful work."

"Had the preparation for it!" said the old gentleman, as he turned away. "Well, it is about so, I guess, in most things in life. The best places come to those who have best preparation, and the world somehow finds those who are best prepared for any special thing. Such do not need to apply."

He turned back to his office under the cool elms, saying as he went along, "Had the preparation for it! Just so; just so."

SHE WOULD HAVE ENJOYED IT.

A woman was on the witness-stand before a badgering lawyer, and was vainly endeavoring to give her testimony about an assault of which she happened to have been a witness. The lawyer, as too often happens, treated her almost as if she were herself the criminal.

"You say he knocked him down," said the lawyer. "Now I want to know how he struck."

"Well, sir," began the witness, "he stood just—"

"I don't care how he stood," interupted the lawyer. "I want to know how he struck."

"Well, sir, I'm trying to tell you," said the witness, growing flustered. "He stood right by—"

"I can't stop to hear you tell anything about his standing," said the lawyer. "I want you to tell me simply how he struck."

The witness hesitated.

"Well, well, madam," said the lawyer, in a tone of great exasperation, "if you have come here to testify in this case, will you have the goodness to tell me without further delay how the blow was struck?"

"I'm afraid my words won't explain to suit you, sir," said the witness, eyeing her tormentor resentfully; "but if I had a broomstick here and was near enough, I reckon I could show you how he struck!"

DIAMOND DYES

Will Dye any Article of Clothing from Feathers to Stockings.

The Only Package Dyes That Make Fast and Unfading Colors.

Feathers, ribbons, silk ties, dress silks, shirt waists, dresses, costumes, capes, jackets and shawls can be dyed at home with Diamond Dyes so that they will look like new. Try a package of the Diamond Dyes, and see what a bright, beautiful, non-fading color it will make, with but little trouble.

Diamond Dyes are the greatest money savers of the age, as many a woman with one or two ten cent packages of these dyes has dyed her old dress a lovely and fashionable color so as to save the expense of a new one. Partly worn clothing can be made over for the little ones, and by dyeing it with Diamond Dyes no one would recognize that the dresses and suits were not new.

Diamond Dyes are adapted to many uses besides simply dyeing old clothing. Diamond Dyes give new life and usefulness to curtains, furniture coverings, draperies, carpets, etc. Beware of imitation and common package dyes; ask for the "Diamond" and see that you get them.

TO THOSE ABOUT TO MARRY

Young men or old men who intend to marry will be pleased to learn that the new Marriage Act is made quite simple by applying to H. P. Moore, issuer of marriage licenses, at the Free Press Office. Call a few days before the ceremony and have the matter explained. Private office. All business strictly private and confidential At residence in evenings.