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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M.D., C.M., SUCCESSOR TO J. F. UREN, M.D. C.M. Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick Streets, Acton. Office Hours:—6 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

DR. C. I. KELLY, HON. GRADUATE McGILL UNIVERSITY, MONTREAL. LICENTIATE SOCIETY OF APOTHECARIES, LONDON, ENGLAND. Office and Residence—Frederick St., Acton. Office Hours—8 to 10; 1 to 2, and 7 to 8.

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—ACTON—

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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 p.m. Careful attention given to horses by order. The value of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS
Proprietor.

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—AT—

Day's Bookstore,
Guelph.
Day sells cheap.

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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. M. WALLACE, Manager.

FRAME YOUR PICTURES

WATERS BROS.

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

Wyndham Street, GUELPH.

W. BARBER & BROS.

Paper Makers

Georgetown, Ontario.

BOOK, NEWS, COLORED PAPERS

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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

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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.

DUNLOP

SOLID RUBBER

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A new carriage tire that makes riding on all roads a pleasure—economical too, for it does away with the vibration that shakes and breaks the carriage.

A V-shaped space between the rubber tire and the steel flange prevents the creeping and cutting which other tires are subject to. See the libel at the big fairs.

Send at once for Free Tire Catalogue giving prices of all sizes.

The Dunlop Tire Company, Limited,
TORONTO.
ST. JOHN WINNIPEG MONTREAL

—THE—

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Capital paid up, $1,000,000
Assets Over $9,000,000.

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.

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NOW IN SESSION

Students may enter at any time as instruction is largely individual. Term dates from day student comes in.

If you are desirous of securing a PRACTICAL knowledge of BOOK-KEEPING, COMMERCIAL PAYNE, SHORTHAND, TYPEWRITING, ETC., ETC., enter for a course with us.

Catalogue for the asking.

A. W. YOUNG, Principal.

Traders Bank Building GUELPH, ONT

Speight & Brady

Manufacturers of

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

Repairing Promptly Done.

Georgetown, Ont.

WHEN YOU WANT FLOUR —and— OATMEAL GET OUR

ÆGERTON AND ÆDEN MILLS BRAND

The best in the market. All wide-awake dealers use it. Extra quality—prices right.

HENRY HORTOP.

ACTON BAKERY

J. C. MATTHEWS, Proprietor.

We handle the following kinds of Bread:

Baker's	Home Made
Brown	Currant
Eureka	Vienna
French Flake	Sandwich
Cottage	Lady Wentworth
Whole Wheat	Bun tops

Also a nice assortment of Cakes and Buns.

J. C. MATTHEWS.

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 OUT-DOOR 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.

It's Your Nerves.

It's the Condition of Your Nerves that Either Makes Your Life a Round of Pleasure or a Useless Burden.

To many women life is one round of sickness, weakness and ill health. To attempt even the lightest household duties fatigues them. Many of the symptoms accompanying this state of decline are: a feeling of tiredness on waking, faintness, dizziness, sinking feeling, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, loss of appetite, cold hands and feet, headache, dark circles under the eyes, pain in the back and side and all the other accompaniments of a run-down and weakened constitution.

All these symptoms and conditions are simply the result of a poor quality and defective circulation of the blood, with a wasting away of the nerve forces.

By feeding the system with

DR. WARD'S BLOOD AND NERVE PILLS

You strike at the root of the disease and lay a solid foundation on which to build. Soon the weight increases, the sunken cheeks and flattened busts fill out, the eyes get bright and the thrill of renewed health and strength vibrates through the system.

50 cents per box at all druggists', or

DR. WARD CO., Toronto, Ont.

Poetry.

THE FIRST FIRE OF THE SEASON.

How it leaps in dance excited,
How it sleeps in trance delighted,
How it loops in liquid shining,
How it glooms in wan declining,
While around the hearth we gather,
One and all,
In the bleak and windy weather
Of the fall!

Friendly flame, remote Chaldean
Seers of name effaced, Sabean
Shepherds in the older ages,
Persian bards in mystic pages,
Thee adored, for so divinely
Streamed thy light.

Half we follow and enshrine thee
Spirit bright!

Dear the friends each heart remembers,
As in cheer we stir the embers,
Did the pall renew its beauty,
Sparkle, flash and glow till duty,
Through the comfort of the hour,
Woos our aunt.

And we deem its sterner dower
Life's best goal.

So we dream not visionary
When we deem the missionary
Household fire, once more relighted,
Blazing higher the while unlisted,
Round the hearth of home we gather,
—One and all,
In the bleak and windy weather
Of the fall!

—*American Kitchen Magazine.*

Select Family Reading.

Cousin Ann Eliza.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

"THERE are to be several gentlemen in the party, so we shall stand a chance to be taken care of, and in some case, no doubt, secure escorts."

"Escorts!" sniffed Cousin Ann Eliza Sparks. "As if we wanted them. You needn't think of putting any escort off on me. I'm not going to be dependent on any man."

The fine scorn with which she uttered the word of masculine import was something superb to any one not acquainted with Cousin Ann Eliza. She was very fair, very fat, and quite forty, if not inclining over somewhat to the shady side of those famous numerals, with a bright eye, a merry laugh and no dignity to speak of, certainly none to spare. She had, however, inherited considerable independence of character from her father's side of the family, and appeared to consider man quite a superfluous factor in the world, often saying she had no patience with people who seemed to think they must have a man forever tagging at their heels.

Pittsville was a remarkably pretty city, and we, the inhabitants thereof, were justly proud of its many points of interest. Some one had said that it was, in some respects, a lesser Washington, with its wide driveways, its leafy squares and spacious mansions, which speech had set one particular oligue all agog to visit the Capital of the nation. Mrs. Kate Ingalls, whose husband was an influential man at Pittsville, remarked that it would be comparatively easy to make up a party; that as there was to be some demonstration about to take place in the Capital, we could avail ourselves of the out rates and have an enjoyable time in the bargain. So we set ourselves about organizing as soon as we found others interested in the projected excursion.

Several of our number assembled in Mrs. Deacon Cole's handsome parlors one pleasant afternoon. Mrs. Cole was an artist, and many of her pictures graced the walls. Her parlor was also her studio, where she sketched and painted when in the humor.

We had come upon our hostess unawares. In her sketching costume, her blue eyes sparkling and her hair close curling to a beautifully shaped head, standing by her easel, surrounded by a harmonious and luxurious warmth of color, she looked every inch an artist.

We begged her not to stop, but to go right on, as the business in hand could be conducted without hindrance to any particular work, and some of our artists in worsted had brought their crochet needles along.

"I wonder how many have consented to go, thus far?" asked Mrs. Kate Ingalls, untying the strings of her bonnet and setting her shawl back on her shoulders.

"There'll be about twenty in all," said Mrs. Cole, as she put the finishing touches on a bit of black satin intended for a bag with a very dainty paint brush, "and I think we shall enjoy it. I don't imagine we shall get in each other's way."

"You won't be troubled much with me," said Cousin Ann Eliza, with two or three mental exclamation points, as she sat making out a list of eatables to be carried on the journey. "I am abundantly able to take care of myself, and shall just go about on my own hook, as the common saying is. Of course, it will be a pleasure to be in your company as much as I can, but nobody shall say I am an incumbrance in any way shape or manner. I'm not blind," she added, sagely, snapping a pair of expressive gray eyes, "nor deaf, and I've got an English speaking tongue in my head. I should laugh if I couldn't go to the ends of the earth without any head of an escort whatever. It positively makes me ill to see strong, healthy women so dependent as they are. The moment girls are out of school they begin looking for an escort, just as a lame man looks about for a cane. Well, thank heaven, I never did, and all my friends are fully aware of it. I should like to know why a woman can't take care of herself?"

She glanced with a mild defiance round the room at the small company assembled, but nobody seemed to think it worth their while to answer her question. Some of them knew Cousin Ann Eliza's methods of taking care of herself.

The deacon's wife ventured to say in the softest, sweetest of tones, that she thought it was a kind of comfort to have a man to depend upon for journeys and the like.

"But, why man?" was the response, and lo! there was silence.

"I shall put my lunch in a paper box," said Cousin Ann Eliza, after some moments of thought, a pencil between her teeth, "then, you see, there's no lugging a basket about. You can dispose of a paper box by throwing it away. Did you say we shall stop over a night in New York?"

"I believe that is the intention of the committee in charge," said one of the enthusiastic group that had gathered about the deacon's wife to inspect her last work. "We shall stop for a night and till the afternoon train of the next day to see the sights."

"I do hope they won't go all in a procession, like the charity children," said Cousin Ann Eliza. "I give you fair warning that I shan't go with you if you do. I shall study up the city well before we start. If there is anything I do delight in it is picture galleries, especially if they have plenty of the old masters. I really don't care for much else—jewels, dry goods and all that sort of thing. I hope we shall stop at a hotel near some of the art exhibitions. However, I've no doubt I can find my way, wherever they are."

"I dare say, we shall all get along somehow," somebody said, "though the feeling in a strange city, alone, is something dreadful. I shouldn't like to go about myself."

"That's just where you and I differ," said Cousin Ann Eliza. "I glory in my ability to find things and places independently. Alone, I can go where I choose, with a crowd one must be forever following somebody's lead, like a tag fastened on a piece of goods. Thank the Lord, I am able to be my own chaperone!"

The appointed day arrived, and a gleeful party it was that boarded the cars that pleasant, sunshiny morning. They sat together, for all the world like so many crows in a flock, Cousin Ann Eliza remarked, each pointing out to the other the many and varied sights to be seen on either side of the rail, laughed and chattered, shared luncheons, and professed at the end of the journey that it had been delightful, and they were not in the least tired.

"We had better take one of those hacks," one of the gentlemen said, "and share the expense. The cars are over-crowded at this hour, and, besides, we should have to change twice, for the hotel is all of three miles away."

"Not I," said Cousin Ann Eliza. "I've been sitting here cramped up too long to go now in a carriage or car. Just give me the name and street, plain, and I shall get there on my two feet almost as soon as you will, and save my money."

"You can't do it," said Colonel Edgerton, almost gruffly. We had at times thought the Colonel was a little sweet on Cousin Ann Eliza, but any one to see him look at her now would have laughed at the idea. In vain we all tried to change her resolution; walk she would, trusting to her "English tongue" and her "two feet."

The rest of our party arrived at our hotel within the hour and waited awhile but no Cousin Ann Eliza made her appearance.

"She is certainly lost," said the deacon's wife, as they left the dinner table at a late hour, "and to be lost in a great city!"

"Well, it certainly is her own fault," was the unanimous verdict, but still we were uneasy, particularly those of us who did not go to any of the various amusements of the evening. Anxiety deepened into fear as the clock struck nine, then ten, and still no Cousin Ann Eliza. Mrs. Lord, a voluble Boston woman, who was one of our party told stories of people lost in New York that curdled the blood in our veins.

"Perhaps they have taken her to the station house," said someone.

"They would have a hard time of it with Cousin Ann Eliza," was the response. "No, I think, perhaps, she has gone to some theatre by herself. She is capable of it."

"Yes, it would just be like her," said the deacon's young wife. "I shall not give her up till after midnight. You know her boast is that she is neither deaf nor blind, and has an English tongue in her head."

It was half past ten before Cousin Ann Eliza made her appearance, an expression of bravado made up for the occasion, belying the suspicious redness of her eyes. She was immediately surrounded and questioned right and left.

"Where have I been? Why, where do you think I've been? Everywhere! I got my supper or dinner, whichever you may call it, at a restaurant, and then looked in shop windows—well, the electric lights do beat everything—but I'm awfully tired. Do let me go to bed."

She did not tell us what actually had happened; that she had lost her way after being put on the right road several times; that a drunken man had frightened her, and that, at last, she had been compelled to put herself under the guidance of a police officer, who found a cab for her, for which she was charged twice the regular fare, it being after hours. No wonder she did not want to be questioned.

Morning came, and Cousin Ann Eliza waked up early, read a chapter in the Bible after dressing, and then found her way to the parlor.

"Of course, they'll ring the bell for breakfast," she said, seating herself comfortably in an easy chair, and then she looked out on the busy street, becoming so much absorbed in the various passing scenes that she forgot the passage of time. An hour, two hours, flew by. Cousin Ann Eliza looked at the silver watch she always carried on her chatelaine. It was ten o'clock.

"Why, what can it mean?" she asked herself. "How unkind that nobody has come to see after me. Can it be possible that they breakfast so late?"

A surprised exclamation caused her to turn around. There in the doorway stood the deacon's wife.

"Where in the world have you been?" the latter asked, coming forward. "We sent up to your room—there was nobody there, and we supposed you had gone out walking."

"I never walk before breakfast," said Cousin Ann Eliza. "It's a most dangerous habit. What time do they breakfast here?"

"We had our breakfast two hours ago," said the other, "after we had given you up."

"I never heard the bell ring," said Cousin Ann Eliza, astonishment in her gray eyes.

"Of course, you didn't; they don't ring any bell here. You go right into the dining room any time from eight to ten, get what you want and pay for it. If you had been here last night to tea, you would have understood it all, but, you know, you wouldn't come with us.

"Well, what have I got to do now?" asked Cousin Ann Eliza, tears of vexation springing to her eyes. "I never was so hungry in my life."

"I suppose if you will go down to the cafe you can get your breakfast, late as it is," said the deacon's wife.

"All by myself? Oh, dear," sighed Cousin Ann Eliza.

"But you like to go by yourself, you know," was the merciless answer. "You would go by yourself last night."

"Where are the rest of the party?" asked Cousin Ann Eliza, ignoring the reproof, as she proceeded to make her way to the dining room.

"All gone sight-seeing. They waited and waited for you, but at last, taking it for granted that you had made other arrangements, they went. I don't believe you could come up with any of them."

"Oh, no, I shouldn't expect it," said Cousin Ann Eliza, in a voice that a snapping turtle might have envied. "Thank heaven, I have learned to depend upon myself—only I wish I had known about this breakfast business. Home one might have told me."

"If you had seen us hunting round to find your room," said the other, "you would have allowed that we took some pains, but see, you didn't register when we did, and it took some time even for the clerk to find your room. When we did, it was empty. Here is the dining room. Do you want me to go in with you?"

"No, indeed," said Cousin Ann Eliza, as she looked down the rows of bare tables. "I shall get on very well by myself. But why are you not sight-seeing with the rest?"

"I've been over the ground so often; you know New York is my native city," was the answer, "so I stayed at home."

Although the hour was late, Cousin Ann Eliza's breakfast was quite satisfactory, and, making all haste, she arrayed herself to go out and see the sights.

"Please do remember, Cousin Ann," said the deacon's wife, "that we start this afternoon at four, sharp. I am really afraid to have you go by yourself, for fear some accident might happen."

"Nonsense," was the rejoiner, with a cheerful little laugh. "I've got a watch, and an English speaking tongue, though for the matter of that, I did wish I knew German or Italian last night, when I was asking my way back, for every man I met was either one or the other. But don't worry about me; I always come out all right. I'll be on time."

"We went to all places of interest; the galleries of art, Central Park, and everything worth taking in, and at three o'clock in the afternoon we sat down to dinner, minus one of our party; I need not say who it was.

"Of course she will be here," was the general verdict, but we could not quite conceal our uneasiness.

"I vote that we stop worrying about it," said Mrs. Kate Ingalls, as we prepared to leave the table. "I don't think we are called upon to lose either our appetite or our personal comfort on account of Cousin Ann Eliza. As long as she shall be cranky enough to go off wilfully by herself, she has only herself to thank if she misses all the pleasure of the trip. I, for one, am determined to put her quite out of my thoughts."

Which advice we all strove to follow, but none of us, I think, succeeded, when the hour for taking the cars came, and Cousin Ann Eliza had not yet made her appearance.

"This train starts in fifteen minutes," said Colonel Stapleton, pushing his gray hair back from his heated brow. "I've been through all the waiting rooms—looked everywhere, and Miss Sparks is nowhere to be found."

"Maybe she has taken the other train," said the deacon's wife.

"More likely she'll miss us by getting lost," said the Colonel. "I'll go over to the express, however. It's horribly crowded."

The long train was just on the point of moving, as the Colonel gave one hopeless, searching glance, walking rapidly beside it. Suddenly something attracted his attention. Surely that was Cousin Ann Eliza's bonnet in the distance, the fluttering strings of blue streaming out. He rushed to where it was.

"All aboard," shouted the conductor. "Colonel, for pity's sake, what am I to do? I couldn't find the rest of the party, and they are all smoking in here. It's positively vile. Why don't they get on?" The car moved, then stopped.

"You've got the wrong train," shouted the Colonel. "Don't move," as she sprang up from her seat. "You'll have to go through now."

"But they told me it was for Washington," she wailed piteously, as the car started at last.

"So it is—express," he said, running along with the train, pitying her, her face was so white and scared.

"And you've got my ticket," she screamed.

"No, I haven't," shouted the Colonel in trumpet tones. "The deacon has all the tickets. You'll have to pay. Put in your head, for heaven's sake, the train's off."

Her voice was heard in answer, but as an echo in the far distance.

The Colonel came back just in time, scant of breath and as red in the face as a boiled lobster. That he was mad, downright, unmistakably mad, there was no need of questioning.

"Plague take that woman!" he said, savagely, as he got aboard. "If it were not for her infernal blundering I should not care how independent she was. Now, she'll have to pay full fare to Washington, and I just imagine her haggling and explaining to the conductor. By Jove, I wouldn't be him for a small farm down East. I wonder if she has money enough?"

"Yes, she has plenty of money with her when travelling; that's one of her good points," said the deacon's wife. "It serves her right to lose it, too. I planed the necessity of her being with us before her in the plainest of plain language. She'll miss her lunch, too. What will she do when she gets there?"

"The Lord only knows," said the Colonel, moodily, and then he began laughing as he recalled the bonnet ribbons and her scared face.

"She had landed in the smoking car," he said. "I suppose she came late and all the carriages were full. Well, she has an English tongue in her head, as she's fond of boasting. I hope she'll have the good sense to wait in the depot in Washington till we come."

We were nearly an hour late on account of side-tracking, but on going into the waiting room, there sat Cousin Ann Eliza, cuddled among her shawls and bundles, fast asleep. When we aroused her, she turned on us all an injured look, and she said with a pathos quite inimitable, "I believe I am the most unfortunate being alive. To think of my finding the train to Washington, and yet getting the wrong one. And I had to pay extra, too; I could not make them understand.

"We were magnanimous enough to spare her, and did all that was possible in the way of consolation, but it took some time to reconcile her to the situation, and to prove to her how impossible it was to get her money back.

Cousin Ann Eliza's memory was, however, one of the elastic kind. As soon as a grievance was fairly over she resumed her old habits and was a law unto herself.

Time would fail to relate her various escapades in Washington. How she was lost in the capital for hours, locked up in the Congressional library, and only rescued by the janitor's remembrance of some wearing apparel left behind. The various clerks of the different departments will never forget her questions and cross-questions, her importunity concerning ways in and ways out.

"I want to find room 31," she said to one of these patient employees in the Treasury Department, who was on his way to the vaults with stacks of money.

"What room 31?" was the questioning reply.

"Why, there isn't more than one, is there?"

"Madam, there are four floors above this one in this building, and every floor has a room 31," was his reply.

"Then, where do I want to go?" she asked, hopelessly.

"Who do you wish to see?" the young man asked, edging away.

"Why a gentleman from our city—I forget his name. I only know he is in room 31. I thought I could find it easy enough."

The young man smiled and departed on his errand, and Cousin Ann Eliza had a good time of it that day, as her pride would not allow her to return and get the correct information from the colonel, who could have directed her just where to go.

It did seem when we started to return to New York as if Cousin Ann Eliza's troubles were about ever, but as usual, she got separated from our party at Jersey City, and in her hurry and anxiety took the wrong ferry boat, so that when we arrived in New York there was no Ann Eliza to be seen. Of course somebody had to take the unenviable task of hunting her up, so the colonel volunteered. It was an all day search, but he finally came upon her in one of the elevated cars, where she sat, restfully waiting to be carried up town.

"Oh, Colonel," she cried, brokenly, "what a blessed sight you are!"

The colonel was too angry and tired to speak.

"Do you know, I had my pocket picked on that horrid steamboat, containing all my names, memorandum, and some money," she half sobbed, "and I've been walking everywhere, asking everybody all sorts of idiotic questions, till I happened to think of a directory where I found the name of our hotel. How lucky I thought of it."

"Madam, the fact of the matter is," said the Colonel, grimly, "you want a man to take care of you, unless you really enjoy getting into scrapes and keeping everybody on the qui vive as to your whereabouts. I really think," he added bluntly, "that you have destroyed more than half the enjoyment of the whole party.

Cousin Ann Eliza felt that she was snubbed and probably the added consciousness that she fully deserved it. At any rate, she sat there subdued, speechless, quietly letting the tears fall under her veil and winking and thinking all the way to the hotel. For her there were no more escapades. She allowed herself to be advised, directed and aided for the remainder of the journey, even to the carrying of her bundles with a submission that was almost angelic.

She even, in one or two instances, asked for advice with a demeanor so childlike and bland that we all thought the lesson was learned and that she might in the future distrust her own judgment, occasionally.

Cousin Ann Eliza is at present preparing to go on a tour abroad, but it will be under the superintendence and in the company of the colonel, as his wife. We all concur in the opinion that there is no danger under the circumstances that Cousin Ann Eliza will give her brave escort any needless trouble in the matter of sight seeing, as she is no longer sufficient unto herself.

WANTED—AN OFFICE BOY.

"I am heartily sick of schools, and if I could get a good position in some office or store it would be a heap more fun," exclaimed Ralph Morton, one forenoon, at recess. "My father is determined that I shall continue at school; says he cannot do much for me in a worldly way, but wants me to have the best possible education. Here I am, fourteen years old, a very fair scholar, but I don't like school, and think I might just as well go to work. I will not have any board to pay, living at home, so whatever I earn I can spend as I please," continued the boy, as a group of his schoolmates crowded round him.

"I have been studying the advertisements in the daily papers lately. This one strikes me as a pretty good place, and I am going to answer it." He read the following:

"WANTED—An office boy, 14 or 15 years old. Apply between 3 and 4 o'clock Wednesday. Inquire in person—918 East State Street."

"Why don't some of you fellows quit school and get a job? What's the fun of school, anyway, when boys get as old as we are? It's fine to earn your own spending money and not have to answer to any one else as to how it is spent," continued Ralph.

Ralph Morton was an average boy, naturally bright and quick, but he lacked application, and seldom obtained very high marks. His parents were in moderately comfortable circumstances, and his life thus far had been a remarkably easy one. He had not the slightest idea of what the stern realities of life meant to so many of his companions. He was thoroughly selfish, always looking out for Number One, and rarely thinking of anyone else. Perhaps he was not so much to blame, for no one ever taught him to divide or share with others. He was an only son with one sister fifteen years older than himself

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When the clock struck three on the following Wednesday afternoon, there were a dozen boys standing in front of Hamilton & Fisher's law office. As the door opened and the boys were ushered into the reception room, a gray-haired man opened the inner office, and one by one they were invited into the private room of Mr. Hamilton, the senior member of the firm.

After questioning several of the boys carefully he began to fear that it would be much more difficult to find just the kind of boy desired than he at first thought. "Too much assurance; too little application a dislike for the routine of school life, and too great selfishness," soliloquized the old man. "If I can find the right sort of boy—one who is not afraid of work and does not want to pose as a little dude all the time, it may be a good thing for him, as well as for our firm, but the average boy of to-day will not fill the bill."

When the twelfth lad entered the room, Mr. Hamilton scrutinized him very closely and was pleased at his neat, manly appearance. His clothes were of the plainest and worn almost thread-bare, but there was a wholesomeness about him, an honest look in his fearless gray eyes, and he carried himself with a quick, elastic step.

"Well, my boy, why are you going to leave school so young? Are you tired of the routine and long to earn your own money in order to spend it as you please?" queried Mr. Hamilton.

"My mother wishes me to continue my studies and knows nothing of my visit here to-day, but we are very poor and she is a widow. I cannot longer see her wearing herself out trying to keep us all in food, clothing and shelter. I am the oldest of four, and much as I love school I feel it is my duty to go to work as soon as I can get a position and help her support the family. I am small but was fourteen last month, and if you decide to give me a trial I will give you my word to be faithful and honest and will strive to the utmost to give satisfaction. My motto is 'Push,' the same that you have on your door."

"What is your name?"

"Stuart North."

"I like your appearance my lad and will give you a month's trial. You can begin to-morrow at eight o'clock. Your wages will be $3 a week until you have shown that you are worth more to us. You will have an hour at noon, and will be through work at five p. m. unless something unusual occurs. I am glad you desire to help your mother to bear the family burdens and can think of some one besides yourself. Good afternoon, my boy," and he grasped his hand in a cordial shake.

Ralph Norton and Stuart North were classmates, and the former could not see why a business man should have chosen the latter out of a dozen boys, all of whom were more prepossessing than Stuart.

"He surely was the poorest-dressed boy of the crowd. He isn't a handsome fellow by any means, and he never has a faculty of showing off. He had to study late harder than the rest of us, and he is too stingy to treat or belong to our club. Queer, wasn't it, that Mr. Hamilton, one of theriichest men in the city, should have given him the place?"

"Not queer at all," remarked Ralph's father at the supper table, "when you think a moment. Stuart, to be sure, is a very different sort of boy from the rest of you, but I have been tempted to wish once or twice that he was our son. Before school, he does the marketing for his mother, fills the wood-boxes and coal-stove, empties the ashes, and makes himself generally useful. He has been known to get dinner when she was particularly busy sewing. In school, he has studied diligently, and while he is not naturally as keen or quick as you are, he applies himself so well that his marks are always good and much higher than your own. He is very unselfish, and every cent he has been able to earn on Saturdays and nights after school has been turned over to his mother for necessary expenses of the family. Stingy? Never. You are old enough to know the difference between economy and stingyness. I am glad you have had a wholesome lesson and hope it will be of life-long benefit to you. First-class positions are not to be had for the asking. Stuart deserves the place, and Mr. Hamilton has risen in my estimation for his wisdom in selecting a boy of sterling worth and integrity."

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Four years have slipped away and Stuart North is no longer an office boy but a valued and trusted clerk in the same office, with a good salary which enables him to nearly, if not quite, to support his mother and his younger brothers and sisters. Mr. Hamilton has never regretted his choice.

Ralph Morton decided to finish the high school course, and the lesson he received when he thought a place could be secured on the asking did him untold good. He has been greatly interested in manual training the past five years, and has begun work under one of the best architects in the city.—Carrie May Ashton.

THAT DATE ENGAGED.

Some time ago a rich but ignorant woman wrote to the weather bureau in Washington saying that she was to give a lawn party on a certain day, and asking the bureau to see that it was clear on that day. To make her communication more impressive she inclosed a list of names of several prominent people she intended to invite.

"I entered into the humor of the thing," said the weather chief, and sent her an answer to the effect that the afternoon she had designated had already been bespoken by a poor washer-woman who wanted to obtain some rainwater with which to wash clothes, and that on this account I could not possibly make it clear on that date."

Your best friend can give no better advice than this: "For impure blood, bad stomach and weak nerves take Hood's Sarsaparilla."

THE PURE AND THE TRUE.

Better far than crowns of gold,
But with jewels rare and bright—
Better far than wealth untold,
Is the praise that crowns the light.

Wrong may wear a royal dress,
Hold the scepter in its hand,
Drink its fill while wretchedness
Universal blights the land;

Wrong may lie up beds of down,
Softest pillows 'neath its head;
It may on the lowly frown,
Those who labor for their bread;

Yet the smile the good man wears
Sweeter is than brightest gems,
And the peace his true heart bears
Richer is than diadems.

Only virtue wins the prize,
Wins the love of noble hearts,
Wins the joy that never dies,
Happiness that never departs.

Seek ye, then, the pure and true,
Shun the false and court the good;
Keep Heaven's promise ever in view;
And let this be understood:

Better far than crowns of gold,
But with jewels rare and bright—
Better far than wealth untold,
Is the praise that crowns the right.