The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

Accounts payable monthly.

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M., SUCCESSOR TO J. P. UREN, M. D. C. M. Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick streets, Acton. Office Hours:—8 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.

DR. DRYDEN, EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE. Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets, GUELPH. OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 2 to 5 p.m. SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

DENTAL.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST, GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

J. COGHLAN, D. D. S., L. D. S., DENTIST. WORK CAREFULLY DONE. PRICES MODERATE. OFFICE OVER BROWN'S DRUG STORE. HOURS—EVERY DAY FROM 9 TO 5.

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. 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%.

R. J. McNABB, Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc. OFFICE—Farryman's Block. ACTON ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. A. P. HUSBAND, V. S. Graduate Ontario Veterinary College. Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society. Office—Over Worden's Harber Shop, next door to Feed Store, Mill Street, Acton.

INSURANCE AGENT, W. H. DENNY, 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.) Accounts Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

MARRIAGE LICENSES. H. P. MOORE, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening. Free Press Office, ACTON.

WM HEMSTREET, LICENSED AUCTIONEER. For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms Reasonable. Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

AUTHORIZED STOCK CAPITAL $125,000.

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 343, or telephone 54, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, 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 all trains between 10 a.m. and 6:30 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS, PROPRIETOR.

OPENING

New Christmas Goods.

The Newest Novelties AT

Day's Bookstore, Guelph.

Day sells 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.

Headquarters —for— USEFUL ORNAMENTAL ARTISTIC Christmas Goods

WATERS BROS. Wyndham Street GUELPH

ACTON Machine and Repair Shops

HENRY GRINDMILL 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. Saw gumming and filing done.

Sun Savings and Loan Co.

HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT.

Authorized Capital - $5,000,000.00

Ten-year maturity shares are paid Monthly Instalments of 50c. per share for Two months, when payments cease—$50.00 aid 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

ACTON Flour Mills

HUMPHREYS & HAWKE, Proprietors.

Highest Market Prices Paid —FOR— WHEAT AND OTHER GRAINS.

Our Make of FLOUR Has won wide-spread favor. Best grades always on hand. FLOUR CHOP MILL FEED CRACKED WHEAT ETC. At lowest prices for Cash.

Humphreys & Hawke, ACTON.

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.

—THE— TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

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. A general banking business transacted.

A. P. H. JONES, Manager.

FROM NOW TILL CHRISTMAS

Our advertisement will tell of our arrangements for your benefit in the way of goods suitable for useful and pleasing presents.

Lamps, Silverware, Table and Pocket Cutlery, Carvers and Razors, 5 O'Clock Tea Kettles, Sweepers

and so on down the list. Don't forget us. We will save you money and trouble. Simply write us for prices and you will get all the information possible for us to give.

"Our Prices are Always Right."

JOHN M. BOND & CO. HARDWARE GUELPH

ROYAL CITY Business College

PREPARE TO MEET

The responsibilities which will devolve upon you as the future business men and women of our progressive country, by taking a course at Guelph's up-to-date school.

ROYAL CITY BUSINESS COLLEGE

We have every facility for doing good work, and are doing it.

We Train for Business.

When in Guelph, call at the College Office, Traders' Bank Building, or write to

A. W. YOUNG, Principal.

Traders Bank Building GUELPH, ONT.

Main Street PLANING MILLS, ACTON ONT.

John Cameron, Architect and Contractor,

Manufacturer of flash Doors Frames Mouldings, in all styles

DRESSING, MATCHING, and MOULDING

to order on short notice

Well assorted stock on hand at prices to suit the times.

JOHN CAMERON Proprietor.

TAKE

A look through Williams' stock of footwear this week.

YOUR

Time will be well spent and you will be surprized at the extent of the stock. Your

FEET

Will be fitted perfectly and your taste suited. Bring the wife and little ones

WITH

You. Their foot needs will be filled equally well and at wonderfully little cost to

YOU

Our whole attention is given to buying and selling Boots and Shoes and there is benefit in this

TO

You. We are sure we can convince you that the place to get your footwear is

WILLIAMS' SHOE STORE MILL ST. ACTON. REPAIRING ESPECIALLY AND PROMPTLY DONE.

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.

WELCOME HOME.

Oh dauntless hearts! Oh stalward sons,
Who from your toil on Afric's shore,
With gladdened eyes and happy hearts
We see returning home once more.
Your mother country waits for you,
She marks your course across the foam,
And in the fullness of her heart,
Cries Welcome Home! Welcome Home!

She bid you speed across the sea,
She urged you to your kinsmen's needs
With loving hands your swords she girt,
She knew your worth, foresaw your deeds;
But now she waits upon the strand
With straining eyes she scans the foam,
To greet you ere you touch the land,
With Welcome Home! Welcome Home!

In you, untried, her trust she stayed,
Her banner in your hands she placed,
Though hard the march, though fierce the fight,
She knew it no'er would be disgraced.
She knew you would fulfill her trust
In every land 'neath heaven's dome,
She now would fold you to her heart
With Welcome Home! Welcome Home!

Her eyes are wet for those no more,
Who gave their all for Britain's right,
Their memory dwells within her heart;
Who died to keep her honor bright;
But you, her glorious valiant sons,
Who for her take afar did roam,
Your hardships o'er she waits to meet,
With Welcome Home! Welcome Home!

Oh, joy to greet her warlike sons;
Oh, bliss to press each hardened hand;
Oh, pride to hear your valor praised,
Your fame proclaimed through every land,
A mother's heart beats high for you;
Canada watches o'er the foam
Her noble sons to see once more,
And Welcome Home! Welcome Home!

Theodore A. Girling, Nisette, Man.

Select Family Reading.

The Seamstress.

"WHAT will do—yes, it is charming—quite the right style; do you not think so, mamma? I don't believe Madame Michau could have made it better," said Adda Jefferson, exultingly, as she examined a dress which was just relinquished by a pale, gentle, silent girl busily stitching at the other end of the apartment.

Mrs. Jefferson looked critically at the robe.

"Yes, it is well—very fair indeed, and Miss Spencer has understood my instructions; but still, of course she could not have done without them."

"I never knew that my gentle, high-bred mother was a *modiste*," said Norman Jefferson, who had just entered the room, without, perhaps lawful permission.

"Really, Norman, how you do startle one! And your father is coming too. Really, I shall be obliged to forbid the morning-rooms to all male comers," returned the mother, half-reprovingly, half-proudly, regarding her handsome and favorite son.

"My dear mother, the snow is falling thickly, the winds blows like a monster organ in a rage, and the fire in the library smokes, and the drawing-room is in agonies of dissolution, or revival as the case may be. You really cannot send me away. It is cruelty to animals."

The lady shook her head. She fancied she had detected glances of admiration bent on the simply-attired dressmaker, which she could ill-brook from anyone in the presence of Adda's queenly beauty.

Of course, there could be no rivalry in this case; but if Norman thought the girl worth looking at, there might be danger ahead.

And Mrs. Jefferson was a far-seeing pilot.

"Have you nearly finished, Miss Spencer?" she asked.

"I will be as quick as possible, ma'am," said the girl, calmly, "more especially as I wish to get home to a sick mother."

Mrs. Jefferson moved the lamp nearer to the workwoman, and then she, her husband, son, and daughter drew near the fire, to chat over the morning's expected festivities.

"It's all very pleasant, getting up these Christmas gaities," remarked Norman, "but I often think we are, as a family, sadly deficient in near relatives to share them with us. We are peculiarly isolated in that respect," he continued musingly. "Do you know, I often recall a remembrance of childhood, in the shape of a fair aunt, not very unlike our Adela, and a little child, who was even more attractive to my boyish fancy. She was so sweet, so gentle and girlish in every little childish way."

Mr. Jefferson cleared his throat. His wife frowned gloomily.

"Better forget all such nonsense, Norman; your aunt was not one of us. She exiled herself from her family, and deserves no thought for regret at our hands," she said.

"And why not, mother? She did not look like one to commit an evil deed. She seemed purity and sweetness itself," he said, thoughtfully, his eyes still fixed on the fair, wan face of the dressmaker, whose downcast eyes displayed to the full their long, thick lashes.

"No, boy—no. She did but marry beneath herself," interrupted his father, hoarsely. "It was a venial error, and I have often repented I did not bring her to my home, when she was at last left a widow. But we were not so rich then as we are now, and your mother feared the consequences on our rising fortunes and and your sister's future prospects, so I sent her a present, poor thing! and never heard of her more."

"You do not know whether she is living or dead?" asked Norman in astonishment.

His father was pale to and assent.

"I have no doubt she went abroad as we advised," put in Mrs. Jefferson. "Very likely she is dead, and her daughter married, by this time.—Bless me, Miss Spencer, how you made me start! Have you finished, that you dropped the scissors in such a hurry, and almost overset your chair?"

"Yes, madam, I have finished, and, if you please, I will go home at once," returned the girl tinkly.

"It is a dreadful night. Has she far to go? Can she not remain here, Margaret? asked Mr. Jefferson of his wife.

"No, no, please. I must return to my mother. I do not mind," said the girl, anxiously.

"Very well, then, I will pay you at once."

And Mrs. Jefferson, eager to get her dangerous inmate out of the way, drew out her purse, and handed Miss Spencer her scanty duly.

"It is very cheap, certainly. Upon my word, I believe Madame Michau would have charged half as many pounds as this girl has charged shillings," said Mrs. Jefferson, exultingly, as she held up the dress to view. "And it fits beautifully, I must say."

"Then I must say you should have given her twice as much as she charged, my dear, especially with a sick mother, and on such a night," remonstrated her husband.

"Dear me! you would spoil all these people, my dear," said the lady, scornfully. "I'm sure everything is dear enough, without raising them upon us also."

"Only that they are as dear to them as to us," observed her husband. "But where is Norman? He has disappeared during the housekeeping argument.

"Perhaps he has gone to the theatre," said Adda. "He did talk of doing so, I remember."

No more was said, though the mother was not quite satisfied, seeing with all her faith in her darling son. Still, she was too wise to impart her fears to her husband, who, she was well aware, would only laugh them to scorn.

And when Norman reappeared some two hours later, he abstained even from asking any hazardous questions on the cause of his absence.

Miss Spencer had wrapped her cloak round her with one hand, the umbrella and veil obscured the light and occupied the other hand.

The snow was falling fast, and the fog becoming impassible, even with the utmost care and steadiness.

No wonder that her limbs trembled after that long day's work, and that in her haste she slipped, and would have encountered a dangerous fall, but for the friendly support of some powerful hand.

She started round, to perceive that her kindly assistant was no other but the son of her employer.

"Thank you. I shall not be so careless again. You are very good," she said, as he offered her his arm. "I am not at all hurt."

"I hope you are not, but you must not run such another risk," he said persistently.

She was, in truth, too thankful for what was well-high a necessary support to refuse longer, and for a few minutes they went on slowly and in silence.

"I quite forgot to ask where you live," he said at last, with an amused smile at his own absurdity.

"It is not so very far, just out of the Brompton Road; we are near the turning now. I need not trouble you any more," she said.

"I shall see you to your own door," he said, resolutely.

"But," she stammered, "I cannot—I dare not ask you to come in! Mamma would be angry."

"Is she so suspicious or so stern, then?" he asked.

"No, no; only she does not know I work at your mother's; and I would not," she added sadly, "only for her sake, and I have so little connection."

"I do not understand you," said the young man, in bewildered surprise. "What dislike can your mother have to mine, when she has never, I presume, heard of, much less seen, her?"

"Then you—you do not know me?" said the girl, her feelings seeming to break through all reserve. "It was not intentional when you spoke of your aunt and cousin as you did?"

"My aunt and cousin!" repeated Norman, stopping short. "Then, can it be—Is it possible that you are—you are—"

"Your cousin, Maud—Dasent," said the girl, sadly. "I ought not to have told you, perhaps, and you must keep my secret, only I am so desolate, and when I heard your kindly words, I could not help it—indeed I could not, and I fancied you remembered the little Maud of whom you spoke so kindly."

"And you are reduced to this—you, my father's neice, are compelled to work for your living—to be exposed to such insolence — such hardships!" he exclaimed. "Maud, no wonder your mother hates our very name, and that your lip curled with scorn, as I noticed but now, at my poor mother's vain boastings."

"Hush—hush! If it did I was wrong," said the girl, eagerly. "You must not speak or think thus of your mother, Mrs. Jefferson. Then, too, your sister is so lovely — no wonder she's proud of her, and—"

"Call me Norman; give me but the chance of easing your mother of imploring her pardon, and I will do anything!" exclaimed the young man.

Maud shook her head.

"I can call you Norman, if you like, for the name seems so familiar to me from my very childhood," she said; "but to take you to poor mamma—to agitate her by the knowledge of my deception—for such, I fear, it must be called—would be impossible. No, no; you must leave me now. Mamma will be only alarmed too much already; but I shall not forget your kindness, cousin Norman," she added, with a sweet, childlike smile.

The young man longed to kiss the pretty lips turned so temptingly towards him; but he was too generous not to respect her loneliness, and he contented himself with pressing the small hand as he turned away.

But he followed at a distance till he saw Maud safe at her own door, and walked home slowly and silently musing on the eventful walk.

* * * * * *

It was some three months after, and the violets and camelias were heralding sweet, bright spring, when Mr. Jefferson entered his wife and daughter's morning-room.

"Margaret, my dear," he said, "I have a very exciting piece of news for you—some that I am sure you and Adda will be exceedingly happy to hear. What do you think of a wedding in the family?"

"A wedding!" repeated the wife. "My dear, how abrupt you are! I certainly did think Mr Piers very pointed in his manner to Adda the other night; but, nevertheless, I did not expect it so soon."

"Nor has it, and I hope never will, come, my dear," replied Mr. Jefferson; "for I certainly never could give my consent to Adda's marrying a crabbed old man. No; our child will not be in a hurry to leave us, I trust. She will wear bridesmaid jasamine before the orange-blossoms. It is Norman who is going to be married. Guess the bride-elect."

"Well, it is very sly of him; and he has been very queer lately, and always out," said Adda, pouting. "Whoever is it, pape? Blanche Vivian, or Clara Lane, or——"

"No, my dear; nothing so cold, or tall, or proud as your friends," laughed her father, cheerily. "It is the sweetest, most warm-hearted little creature possible, and our own kith and kin—your cousin, Maud Dasent."

"Mr. Jefferson, are you mad? That beggar's girl? and after all that has passed? I will never speak to her, nor him either," gasped the mother, while Adda sneered as mournfully as she dared before her determined father, on whom her chief pleasures and comfort depended.

"Quite a mistake, my love. Maud will have £5,000 from a distant relative, who has kindly taken himself off this world's books. But mark me, Margaret, had she been penniless, I would have taken her to my heart as a daughter, thankful to atone for the past slight to her and her mother."

"And is she living—your sister?" asked the wife, sullenly.

"Thank Heaven! yes, though in most fragil health," replied her husband; "but she will want for nothing that wealth can give, to restore her to strength and prolong her life. But are you not anxious to see your new daughter and sister, ladies?" he added triumphantly. "I would not announce her till I was prepared to prove my words by producing my little jewel." And, opening the door, and disappearing for a few minutes, he returned, leading Maud, now blooming and blushing like a rose, and dressed in elegant though most simple and inexpensive costume.

"Miss Spencer!" burst from both mother and daughter.

"Why, my dear, you said——" continued the former.

"I said the truth, and no more; and another time I will explain all," interrupted Mr. Jefferson. "Now give a welcome to our future daughter—our long lost niece."

Mrs. Jefferson inwardly confessed that Maud was almost and more graceful and refined than her idolised Ada, and that she could not be ashamed of so graceful a girl with £5,000 as a portion. And when she was persuaded to accompany her home, and saw the gentle, fragil sister-in-law, who was yet so unreproaching and patient, and she did really satisfy herself as to the truth of the wonderful legacy asserted by her husband, all scruples and anger passed away; though it may be feared she scarcely repented the cold unkindness to Miss Spencer, while petting the lovely Maud Dasent. Nor did she ever know that her husband had risked hundreds of his own money to establish his sister's and niece's claim as the next of kin to the deceased relative of Mr. Dasent, or that were its success was certain, he had given his sanction to Norman's love for "The Seamtress."

ANY NEEDLES TO-DAY?

An old pedler was passing through a little west of England hamlet, offering his wares for sale, when a little girl beckoned to him.

"Vell, my leetle tear?" said the old man.

"Please, sir, mother wants to know how you sell your needles?"

"Hundred a penny, my leetle tear."

"Then I will have a penn'orth. Only mother says you must count 'em out one by one."

"Count 'em? Certainly.—Hold out your hand. Now dan. Von, two, free—an' vot might be your age, my leetle tear?"

"Please, sir, I'm ten, sir."

"Ten, eh? Thank you. Ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen,—an' what's your mother's age?"

"Thirty-two, sir."

"Dirty-two, dirty-tree, dirty-four—an' what's your father's age?"

"Fifty five, sir."

"Fifty-five, fifty-six, fifty-seven! Grandfader?"

"No, sir, grandmother."

"Ah, she'll do. Vot's her age?"

"Ninety-seven, sir."

"Tank you. Ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine—von hundred needles for von penny.—Money?—Tank you. Mind you don't lose any needles. Good afternoon, my leetle tear!"

TRANSMITTING A HANDSHAKE.

Mr. John Coleman, the famous old actor-manager, has been telling the editor of the *Gem* an apt anecdote of the transmission of a handshake. Something more than a hundred years ago a little boy named Edward King used to play on the pavement in front of Adelphi Terrace, overlooking what is now the Embankment Gardens. A very handsome old lady who lived in one of the terrace houses used to take notice of him, and one day she spoke to him, saying that it was her seventieth birthday. "And now," she said, "I want you to shake hands with me, and when you are seventy years old, as I am to-day, you must pass on the handshake to someone else, and say that you got it from Mrs. Garrick—the wife of Mr. David Garrick, the celebrated actor and friend of Dr. Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Burke, and the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield'" King duly remembered that pretty incident, and on the evening of the day when he was seventy years of age he told the story to the Urban Club, and passed on Mrs. Garrick's handshake to Edward Lamain Blanchard. Similarly Blanchard, when he was seventy, transmitted the handshake, with increased ceremony, to Mr. John Coleman, with whom it remains, awaiting the time when he, too, shall pass it on to someone else.

TO REVIVE THE HALF DROWNED.

There is a new way of pumping air into the lungs of a drowned man—or, what is really important, a half-drowned man.

It is called the Laborde method and is much simpler than the Bylester method, which is used under the United States life-saving rules.

The Laborde method is to pull out the patient's tongue as far as you can and let it slip back into the throat again, repeating the action fifteen times a minute.

You nip the tongue as far back as you can, insuring a firm grasp by covering your finger and thumb with a linen handkerchief or whatever similar fabric may be handy.

Before beginning you use your finger, protected by the handkerchief, to clear away whatever mucous may be obstructing the subject's throat.

Meanwhile the patient is lying on his back, with his head lower than his heels, and a knife or cork or any other handy object between his back teeth to keep his jaws open.

If you have any help station two persons on their knees at either side of the patient and have them exert pressure, one on the ribs and the other on the abdomen from below upwards.

THANK GOD FOR JOY.

Thank God for joy;
For glad sweet thoughts that flood the soul, and spring,
Larklike, into the sky to soar and sing;
For kindly airs that woo to bud and flower
Thy dormant being, and awake new power
With each new morn; new purposes that bring
To heart and soul their full and just employ—
Thank God for joy.

And, O, thank Him for pain
That shuts thee in in silence! Wait and know
The rain that breaks the blossom and lays low
The fair green stalk doth nourish wan in grief
The being's root, of future bud and leaf,
The guarantee; so shalt thou surely grow
To fairer heights, to nobler powers attain—
Thank God for pain.

—*O. W. Bronson.*

HARBORING ANIMALS.

The number of enquiries made recently at the *Sun* office for advertisements of estray cattle has led us to look up the statutes regarding the duties of citizens onto whose premises domestic animals might wander. We find that a man is liable to a penalty for harboring another man's dog, his ox, or his ass, or anything that is his neighbor's property. In cases where cattle are at large and wander onto the premises of one who is not their owner the law is very definite. There are two courses of action to pursue. As soon as an animal is discovered on a man's premises, he may drive it to the pound and notify the clerk of the municipality, who will attend to its release or disposition, or he may secure it on his own premises and retain it while he is complying with the statutory requirements for its disposition, which are these:—He must first publish a notice of the presence of such a beast on property in a newspaper issued in his locality and keep the same running for three consecutive weeks. If the owner fails to claim the animal its custodian must keep it for two months and if its value exceeds twenty dollars it must be sold and after all expenses of harboring and sale, which must not exceed twenty dollars, have been deducted, the balance must be handed to the treasurer of the municipality, in case the lawful owner of the animal has not in the meantime been found. If the value of the animal is below twenty dollars it becomes the property of the man onto whose premises it has strayed, after he has properly advertised its presence. When an animal is claimed and expenses of pasture or feeding are being determined the law makes exorbitant charges. Any persons harboring animals which are not his own and does not advertise their presence is liable to prosecution, when a heavy fine may be imposed by a justice of the peace.—Cobden *Sun.*

FOUND AFTER MANY YEARS.

The Walkerton *Telescope* tells the following strange story. "Two or three years ago Mr. Perry Ell put an advertisement in the local papers stating that he had found a large sum of money. No particulars were given, but a day or two ago he received a letter from one Snodgrass, of Chicago which contained some particulars of some money which he had lost here about eighteen years ago. The writer states that he had been paid $420 in Canadian bank bills, but before leaving Kincardine he exchanged it for gold, American gold pieces, twenty in number, had been wrapped in some brown paper and duly labelled. On arriving at Walkerton he had fallen in with the late G. G. Bohler and had shared a jug of whisky with him in the cellar of the house. On sobering up the money was gone. As Eli found the money on the beam in the cellar of the old Bohler house, and there was just $400 in American eagles in the package he naturally concludes that he has found the rightful owner.

JEFFERSON'S TEN RULES.

Rules that governed Thomas Jefferson's daily life:

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have cost us the evils which never happened.
9. Take things always by the smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; when very angry, a hundred.

JUST FOR FUN.

A devout Scottish Minister once stopped at a country inn to pass the Sunday. The day was rainy and close; and toward night, as he sat in the little parlor, he suggested to his landlady that it would be desirable to have one of the windows raised and have some fresh air in the room. "Mon," said the woman, with stern disapproval written plainly on her rugged face, "dinna ye ken that ye can hae no fresh air in this house on the Sabbath?"

A few years ago the logs in a river in a northwestern lumber district had jammed into a nasty snarl, and no one hankered for the job of going out with a cantdog and starting the key leg. In the crew was an Indian who was noted for his coolness and keenness. The boss finally looked over in his direction. "Lacoote," he said, "you go out and break that jam, and I'll see that you get a nice puff in the paper." The redskin looked at the logs, and then at the boss. "Dead Injun look nice on paper," he grunted, and walked away.

WHY HE COULDN'T FIND IT.

"What makes you so late?" asked his mother.

"The teacher kept me in because I could not find Moscow on the map of Europe," replied Johnnie.

Mother—"And no wonder you could in't find Moscow. It was burned down in 1912. It's an outrage to treat a child in such a way."

In cases of catarrh Hood's Sarsaparilla heals the tissues, builds up the system, expels impurities from the blood and cures.

A NEW ENTERPRISE.

Mr. Geo. J. Thorp, Guelph, Going into the Agricultural Implement Business.

George J. Thorp, the Seedsman and Grain Dealer, Market Square and Macdonnell Street, Guelph, is going to add harvesting machinery (from a binder to a wheelbarrow) to his extensive and ever-increasing seed and grain business. He has leased the store adjoining his present one, formerly used by Mr. O. Hovey, and previous to Mr. Henry by D. Dudd, as a store and his business. This additional room increases his floor and cellar space just double to what he had before. He has secured the agency for the McCormick Harvesting Machinery of Chicago, Ill., the largest manufacturers of farm machines in the world. Their specialties include their celebrated light left binder mower, reaper, all steel horse rake, corn harvester and corn husker and shredder. All up-to-date farmers should see these machines before purchasing elsewhere. Mr. Thorp will also carry a full line of plows, disc harrows, cultivators, corns shellers, feed and ensilage cutters and blowers, land rollers, wheelbarrows, log trucks, etc., also ready-made harness at prices that will astonish you, horse blankets, robes, rugs, whips, curry combs, stable lanterns, measures, leather and rope halters, cattle chains, brushes, axle grease, castor oil, harness blacking, soap, hoof ointment, Worthington's Horse and Cattle Tonic, Pratt's Animal Regulator, Bibby's Calf Equivalent, Pierce's calf meal and stock Tonic, Macdougall's sheep dip, Little's sheep and cattle wash, West's disinfecting fluid for sick rooms, privys, stables, slaughter houses, outhouses, etc., absolutely non-poisonous; Pratt's Poultry Food, Dr. Hess' Poultry Panacea, Pierce's Egg Producer, Sheridan's Condition Powders, Epsom Salts, Glauber Salts, ground sulphur, saltpeter, ground ginger, gentian, Fennugreek's Insect Powder, Lee's Louse Killer, Persiatic Hen House Spray, nest eggs, grit boxes, poultry markers, thermometers, bone mills, bone meal, oyster shells, mica crystal grit, blood meal, Spratt's Food, Spratt's Cracked, Spratt's Dog Cake and Soap, bird sand, bird seed, bird bread, bird cages, bird nests and bath bowls, springs, hooks, cuttle fish bone, etc.

Mr. Thorp is also agent for this vicinity for the McCormick Binder Twine, which he handled so successfully last season, it being the first year for its introduction into Canada. They guarantee the length, strength and weight of every ball they manufacture.

Guelph will also be a distributing centre, under Mr. Thorp's supervision, for all their machines and twine, sold at Galt, Berlin, Elmira, Drayton, Erin, Georgetown, Campbellville, and all intermediate stations, both machines and twine coming in by carloads from Chicago and redistributed from here.

The whole premises are now being overhauled and painted. The retail small seeds, flower pots and saucers, jardinieres, garden tools, fertilizers, bird seed, cages, plants, bulbs, etc., will be removed to the new store fronting on market square. Doors will be broken through connecting the old front and rear store with the new one. The office will also be removed to the centre of the new store. The main store fronting on Macdonnell Street and the old store fronting on the square, will be thrown into one, with the elevator in the middle, connecting with all parts of both the old and the new stores. The two potato cellars will be connected by a door immediately opposite the elevator, and a trap door and stairs will also connect the new cellar with the Macdonnell Street store. The capacity of the two cellars is 5000 bushels, entirely secure from all frost. The machinery will be on show on the first and second floor of the market square side. The flour and feed, field seeds, salt and general farm business will be done on the Macdonnell Street side. The seed grain warehouse will be immediately above, connected by elevator and slides. The wool and furs will be stored on the second floor, above the retail seed store, Market square side, and the third floor will be used for general storage.

The grain store houses are on Norfolk street, adjoining the Market square. In the Palliater warehouse is stored the oats, rye, baled hay and straw, and in the Nunan warehouse is stored the export and malting barley, and the peas, and immediately below in the basement is stored the Barnia course salt, land plaster, beef, horse and calf hides, lambs and sheepskins.

The Windsor barrel and sack salt, and land salt is stored adjoining the C. P. R. station, where it is unloaded directly off the cars in Mr. Thorp's own salt sheds. The stables for his delivery horses and wagons are also adjoining.

Mr. Thorp's branch business is at Rockwood, he having purchased the elevator there adjoining the G. T. R. track some three years ago. It is under the management of Mr. T. May, this being his second year in charge. You will find Mr. May courteous and obliging. He has had a large experience in the grain business, and to do business with him is a pleasure.

All kinds of grain is bought there, including wheat, also wool, hides and sheepskins, the highest prices being paid. A full line of flour, feed, seeds, salt, twine, etc., is kept on hand at Guelph cost prices.

Mr. Wm. Doughty is in charge of the Guelph retail business, with Mr. H. Young in charge of the shipping. Miss Thorp is in charge of the retail front seed store and Miss L. Hayder has charge of the office. Some fourteen hands in all are employed in the busy season.

Mr. Thorp reports having already purchased the majority of his spring seeds, such as rape seed, mangel, turnip, clover, timothy, etc., and informs us that last year's crop was a partial failure and that prices will rule much firmer for these goods the coming spring.

It is now eleven years since Mr. Thorp first started in business, in a very small way on Upper Wyndham Street. Three years afterwards he took in the adjoining store, and six years ago he moved to much larger and more extensive premises on the Market Square, which he has now enlarged by doubling its capacity. He is an active director of the Guelph Central Exhibition, and the Eramosa Agricultural Society, also the Guelph Fat Stock Club. He is treasurer of the Guelph Poultry Association and also Treasurer of St. Patrick's Society. He has represented St. Patrick's Ward in the City Council for the past two years, being Chairman of the Market Committee this year, and also took a great interest in getting the Provincial Fat Stock Show permanently located in Guelph, and particularly on the Market Square city, where its joint usefulness is now so apparent for both fat stock show and market purposes.—Guelph *Herald.*