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H. F. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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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.

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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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Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets,
GUELPH.
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GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

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Office over Brown's Drug Store.
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VISITING DAYS.—Tuesday, Brookville; Friday, Rockwood.
The latest anæsthetic used if desired.

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Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society.
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Agent Union Fire Insurance Companies.
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Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American, and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks. Send for pamphlet. Thirty-two years experience.

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(Over Williams' Store.)
Account Books of all kinds made to order periodicals of every description carefully bound, rulling neatly and promptly done

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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 $200 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $186,000.

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 822, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
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ARE 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 repaired performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gumming and filing done.

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In Mrs. Secord's, Block, Acton.

Laundry collected and returned. Family Washing at reasonable rates. All work done by hand. No machines or chemicals used.

LEE SHUN, Proprietor.

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WALL PAPER

Fine new stock of New York and Canadian Papers.

25c GOLD PAPERS for 20c
20c PAPERS for 15c
15c " " 10c
10c " " 8 and 6c
8c " " 5c

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No discount given to paper hangers for their influence for canvassing trade for my store. Go direct to Day's and save the 20% paid to them. Buy your own papers and get the discount yourself.

AT

Day's Bookstore,

Cuelph.

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.
ISSUED 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

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GO ON SEND TO

WATERS BROS.

Wyndham Street

GUELPH

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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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W. BARBER & BROS.

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Georgetown, Ontario.

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JOHN R. BARBER

FOR EVERYBODY

The long and short of successful advertising nowadays are the willingness and ability of the merchant to sell some things for less than his competitors, and all things as cheap as can be bought elsewhere. That is our position exactly and it applies especially to the large range of goods now in stock, such as

Fancy Chairs, Rockers,
Parlor Tables,
Framed Pictures,
Chenille Curtains,
Hat Racks,
Newspaper Holders,
Raymond Sewing Machines,

And numerous other articles which will take your fancy.

Call and inspect our large stock. Our prices are always right

JOHNSTONE & CO,
Furniture Dealers.
Main St., Acton

WANTED.—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; $900 per year, payable weekly; $3 per day absolutely sure and all expenses; straight, bona-fide, definite salary, no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 251 JACKSON ST., CHICAGO.

—THE—

TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

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

Cuelph 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. F. H. JONES, Manager.

FISHING

WE ALL FISH

May Fish come round and find us fishing for trade, you, possibly, ready to fish for fish.

YOU CAN'T FISH

For fish with comfort and success without the proper rod, line, hook, sinker, floater, reel and fish basket.

IF YOU WANT TO FISH

And need any of these articles remember our fishing is to catch your trade. We have a full stock and our bait is "Low Prices."

JOHN M. BOND & CO.

HARDWARE

GUELPH

MANGELS.

When buying mangels be sure and purchase Evan's Improved Saw Log; this variety has led the list at the Agricultural College for the past ten years. We also have Giant Yellow Intermediate, Mammoth Long Red, Gate Post, Yellow Globe, Golden Flesh-ed Tankard.

James Hewer,

Seeds, Flour and Feed,
45 Macdonnell St., Guelph.

—ACTON—

LIVERY

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 6.10 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR.

ACTON BAKERY.

Weston's Bread.

Williams' Bread and Cakes,

Always to be had at Matthews'.
Also a choice line of

CONFECTIONARY, FRUITS, ETC.

Bread delivered to those who cannot send for it.

J. C. Matthews.

FOR YOUR NEW

BUGGIES,

Market or Lumber WAGGONS

Or any REPAIRING in the CARRIAGE LINE, go to

J. N. O'NEILL
Successor to
Culp & McKenzie,
GEORGETOWN

A NEW SPRING SUIT

VERY CHEAP.

Mill & Main Sts. **W. J. LEE,** Merchant Tailor, ACTON.

I have been fortunate in securing a mill lot of new Canadian Tweeds of latest patterns at a very low price and am in a position to make up new spring suitings at from

$16 to $14.
Serges from $11 to $13.
A nice assortment of Scotch Tweeds at $16 to $20.
Fine Fancy Worsteds at from $16 to $22.
Pantings from $3 to $7.

Best workmanship and trimming always used. Your orders are kindly solicited.

W. J. LEE

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Tailor.

N. B. Orders for Ladies' Tailoring and Dress Making filled at shortest notice. An experienced ladies' tailor and dressmaker from Toronto employed.

Poetry.

TALE OF A STAMP.

I'm a stamp—
A postage stamp—
A two center;
Don't want to brag,
But I was never
Licked
Except once;
By a gentleman, too.
He put me on
To a good thing:
It was an envelope—
Perfumed, pink, square;
I've been stuck on
That envelope
Ever since;
He dropped us—
The envelope and me—
Through a slot in a dark box;
But we were rescued
By a mail clerk?
More's the pity;
He hit me an awful
Smash with a hammer;
It left my face
Black and blue;
Then I went on a long
Journey
Of two days;
And when we arrived—
The pink envelope and me—
We were presented
To a perfect love
Of a girl,
With the stunningest pair
Of blue eyes
That ever blinked;
Say, she's a dream!
Well, she mutilated
The pink envelope
And tore one corner
Of me off
With a hairpin!
Then she read what
Was inside
The pink envelope.
I never saw a girl blush
So beautifully;
I would be stuck
On her—if I could.
Well, she placed
The writing back
In the pink envelope;
Then she kissed me.
Oh, you little goddess!
Her lips were ripe
As cherries,
And warm
As the summer sun. I
We—
The pink envelope and me—
Are now
Nestling snugly
In her bosom;
We can hear
Her heart throb;
When it goes fastest
She takes us out
And kisses me.
Oh, say,
This is great!
I'm glad
I'm a stamp—
A two center.

—Ohio State Journal.

Select Family Reading.

The old Champions.

ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

"WELL, will he do it, Kid?" The boys sat astride the high fence, eagerly waiting for him.

"Kid" Ennis was walking toward them very slowly indeed. His hands were plunged deep into his pockets, and gloomy defeat was written plainly on his round, boyish face. Kid's mind was in a whirl of indignant disappointment.

"Do it?" he cried hotly. "No, he won't do it, and that's all the good it did to ask him! He's an old stingy crumb—crumbugh'ron, there!"

Kid stumbled over big words generally—he was so small and they were so big—but for a wonder the boys did not notice this time. The faces had fallen instantly at his words.

"O, I say, that's dirt mean!" Knight Miller exclaimed.

"It's out'n' out mean!"

"He's an old miser!"

"He oughtar be tarred 'n' barreled, there!" This from Kid again, chiming in, in his shrill, clear voice. He had climbed the fence, too, and sat among them, straightening his short figure sturdily to make every inch "count." Kid was only eight, and you feel so little when you're eight an' all the other fellows are in their teens.

He was the mascot of the Broad Acres Baseball Club. The "fellows" had sent him to intercede with Mr. Darius Denison because they didn't want to go themselves. Besides, you know, Kid was little and handsome and had a "way" with him. He'd come round the old skinflint if anybody would, they had decided by unanimous vote. So Kid had gone like a stout little Daniel into the lion's den—and this was the result.

"What did he say, Kid? Out with it! Boys, hush up, will you, and give Kid the floor!"

There was instant silence. Knight was captain and gave orders like a general.

"He said he guessed what was good enough for him when he was a boy was good enough for us. He guessed we'd have to play better'n we do now before he'd let us have it. He wasn't any too good for the 'Cademy grounds when he was a shaver—there. I guess that's all he said."

Kid mopped his flushed face—it was such warm work makin' speeches, you know, you had to keep swipin' them over, all the way, and then you sort of forgot.

The boys looked at each other vindictively, waiting for Knight to speak. But Knight kept still.

It was Nolly Judd, left fielder, that spoke, kicking his heels against the fence rails by way of accompaniment to his words.

"Well," he said, "if he ain't tighter'n the head of a drum! Before I'd dry all up so 'twouldn't be safe to go out when the wind blows. Hun, I guess Old Flyin' Machine"—Mr. Denison's name unfortunately suggested the rude nickname—"never played left field, anyhow, where you can't see the first baseman's head to save your life—have to aim at a tree and let her fly."

The Academy ball ground were, to be sure, far from perfect. Nolly was right, strange as it may seem. The left fielder had to sight the topmost branch of an old apple tree and throw the ball straight at that. Not a hair of the first baseman's head was visible.

The ground slid off on both sides with disconcerting abruptness. It was unfortunate for the Broad Acre Academy Club. They had made the sorry best of it till their courage, or their temper, or something gave out.

They were all fair players—some of them quite extraordinary, and in their contests with the Lithfielders and the west Orange Club they bore off the honors, as Kid said proudly, "offner than they didn't." They had even beaten the redoutable Lockport Matineers twice. No wonder the little Mascot was proud of them.

But, at a meeting of the club, behind closed doors, they had come to a unanimous conclusion. Something must be done. The Broad Acre Baseball Club deserved a better ground—and—it—must—have—it.

Mr. Darius Denison's smooth-turfed, level, roomy field was the place they coveted with all their eager boy's hearts, and to it they laid hasty siege. It was just what they wanted, and Knight—and wasn't he captain?—said they must have it.

A gift of it was out of the question—they would hire it. So that was where they were sitting this pleasant, breezy, September day—on the fence that shut in the beautiful El Dorado of their dreams.

"And I guess we're likely to stay on the fence," Knight said dejectedly.

"Unless we hop off on the wrong side of it," remarked Nolly Judd, suiting the action to the word, and vaulting lightly to the ground. He held out his arms to Kid.

"Come on, Kiddie, time to go home to the mater. Likely's not she doesn't know you're out. I say, fellows, come along out of sight of the old field. You don't bother for it so much when you can't see it. I'll agree to throw her at the top o' the tree a while longer."

But Knight, as he parted from the boys and walked off alone, brooded over the matter moodily. It was so mean. Was Old Flying Machine so old he couldn't remember playing baseball on that very same academy ground, up hill and down? And he was a tiptop player, too, Knight was sure he had heard—well, you had to be tiptop if you pitched on that ground.

Knight himself was pitcher for the Broad Acres nine, and his stand was directly on top of the little hill that sloped sharply on both sides.

Such a ridiculous place to play baseball! But custom and time had made its ridiculousness quite matter-of-fact to the academy boys. It was only recently they had rebelled.

At supper, Knight's thoughts still dwelt upon his grievance.

"Father," he said abruptly, "wasn't Old Fly—I mean Mr. Denison—on your old ball team when you went to the academy?"

Mr. Miller laid down his knife and fork, placid reminiscences dawning on his face.

"Darius? Oh, yes; he was the best player we had. My, but couldn't he run. He'd skite round the track while the ball was in the air, you might almost say. We used to be champions—champion team of the state."

Mr. Miller drew up his bent shoulders impressively, and beamed over at Knight through his spectacles. After thirty-five years, the old enthusiasm still lurked in his blood.

"We were a great team, Knight, my boy. My, but we had giants among us! There was Billy Drew—yes, Dr. Drew he is now—and there was 'Bilmmy' Littlehale (that's the druggist Littlehale—he wasn't fat then) and 'Persimmons' Bobbitt (you know him—the corner grocer) and—and, well, there was—"

"Ephraim Knight Miller—I know him," laughed Knight. "I'll wager, as Kid says, that he was one of the giants!"

"Yes, he was, Knight," Mrs. Miller said, quietly. "He was one of the biggest of them. I was an academy girl, and I know."

Mr. Miller was counting something on his fingers, to himself. "Yes," he murmured, "that makes all but one. I have it. Dennis Blake—he's the ninth. Yes," he added aloud, "the're all alive, and what's more curious, they're every mother's son of them still in Broad Acres. I call that a curious thing—every mother's son!"

"Who father? All the old ball team boys? Why, it must be dozens of years ago!"

Knight's face was astonished enough.

"Three dozen nearly, hey, Puss?"

"Three dozen nearly," Mrs. Miller said with a long breath.

After Knight went to bed, his inspiration came to him. He sat up in the dark, and hugged it rapturously. It was splendid. They'd do it. Just the thing—just the thing—just—the—and then he went to sleep. When he woke up, he remembered his inspiration at once, and hurried into his clothes and through his breakfast. He must see the boys before the academy bell clanged in their ears.

The met together under the old apple tree—Nolly's "slight." Kid saw them and hurried on his short little legs to join them.

"Now, boys, listen!" Knight said hurriedly. "I've thought of just the thing—came to me all a whizzing! We'll challenge the old academy team to play us on this ground and we'll beat them, and they'll see that we need a new ground, and—"

"Who in the dickens are you talking about?" interrupted Palmy Warren.

"Elucidate, there's a good fellow," cried Ben Littlehale.

"Wait till I'm through, will you?" Knight hurried on, impatiently. "I mean the old thirty-five years'-ago team that my father was on, and your father, Ben Littlehale. Father says it was a buster. And they're every mother's son in Broad Acres, ready to be challenged! Let's challenge 'em and make 'em toe the mark. I tell you! We'll show Old Flying Machine we can play!"

Knight's high, excited voice rang out sharply. All the boys were excited. The inspiration "took" at once.

"We'll do it!" they shouted.

"Hoo-ray!" shrilled little Kid. "Hooray!—hip, hip!"

The academy bell suddenly called them, with its slow, emphatic clange, and they went in to their books, their nerves still a-quiver with enthusiasm.

At recess, at noon, after school was done, they discussed excitedly Knight's proposal and drew up together, with infinite pains, a very formal challenge from the Broad Acres Baseball Club to the Old Champions, as they called them.

The challenged team should choose their own grounds, Knight said—and just supposing they chose Old Flying Machine's field. They might reason that it was puffy work running on the academy ground, you know, and they were all rather old and stiff, you know—and, well, who knows what might happen? It would be such glorious fun to play on that smooth, level, floor, and if they played magnificently (as they would, of course), why,——! The dash and the exclamation-point, in Knight's mind, meant things too splendid to be put in words—gifts of smooth fields to victorious clubs, you know, and a long vista of triumphs. Maybe Old Flying Machine couldn't resist in the presence of such scientific playing as the Broad Acres boasted. Then Knight went off into the back yard and practiced his in curves and out-curves and drops for Knight, you remember, was pitcher of the team, and famous for his speed, and for putting to confusion the unfortunate batter, and altogether distinguishing himself praiseworthily.

* * * * * * * *

How he did practice those days before the match. For the Old Champions accepted the challenge, as much to their own astonishment as other people's. They got together at the druggists and talked it over whimsically, shrugging their shoulders over their stiffened muscles and superfluous weight.

"But we'll accept," Knight's father declared, and, oddly enough it was Old Fly—it was Mr. Darius Denison who backed him up. Those two redoubtable souls insisted and persuaded, and at length, the others agreed to, even to lame Doctor Drew himself.

"I'll hire a little pickanin' to do my running for me," he said laughing. "Chloe Washerwoman's got a long-legged little scamp, just the ticket."

Mr. Denison glanced down at his short, bowed legs and said dryly, "I'll do my own running."

A few days later, passersby might have seen strange sights in Mr. Denison's field—men, as boys, running. Men, too, with more white threads than black threads in their hair, and arid, shiny promontories rising above them bleakly; men whose muscles played them odd, awkward tricks, and whose runs were at any rate remarkable.

The Old Champions were practicing. Their coats lay about on the grass in little heaps. Occasionally uproarious laughs greeted some especially good—or bad—play.

But it was on the old, hilly academy ground, after all, that the game took place. It had been advertised well, and a crowd gathered early to watch it. It was a curious crowd, too, in more ways than one. The Old Champions' wives were there, and there grown-up daughters and their academy daughters, who laughed and chaffed their academy sons as they, themselves, the young Old Champions—had been chaffed and laughed at three dozen years ago.

It was a perfect day for ball-playing—cool and clear.

The Broad Acres boys were all in their neat, becoming uniforms. The Old Champions were in white shirtsleeves and trousers, checked or striped or pepper-and salt. How queer they looked. But on all their was a look of grave responsibility, belied, perhaps, if one noticed, by the twinkles playing behind their spectacles.

Sharply at two the game commenced. A toss-up—head, Old champions; tails, Broad Acres—and Old Flying Machine went to the bat. The ball in Knight's palm burned him. Hi, here was his chance to pay off the old miser.

He would give him an in-curve and take his courage away—here she goes. But before he pitched, while he fingered and rolled the ball disconcertingly, he looked down the little incline at the batsman, poising the bat with grim determination in his furrowed face. He saw how sturdily he stood, waiting; he even noticed the crow's feet round his eyes. Did he think he could play ball? Knight's eyes laughed derisively. Well, he should see how a Broad Acres could pitch!—here goes—but suddenly, for some inexplicable reason, Knight took a notion that there was something pathetic in Old Flying Machine's attitude, in his wide-apart crooked legs, in his eager old face face—in everything about him.

Then Knight sent him a straight, old-fashioned ball. The bat took it grandly, and it flew far down toward Nolly Judd's field, and away scurried Old Flying Machine, splendidly verifying his nickname.

Hurrah—first base!

"Go it, Darius, go it!" shouted the Old Champions.

Hurrah, second base!——third base! "Go it! Go it!" What! a home run? Yes, a gallant one, too, that took every one's breath away, and set every one cheering as soon as they found it again.

Old Flying Machine's face was purple, but triumphant.

The Academy team, with a sudden, unanimous impulse, cheered him, round after round.

That was the Old Champions' grandest play, but their luck—or was it skill?—held good all the way through. They played a fine game, and the Broad Acres boys fought them finely.

Inning after inning the score staid almost even. But the Old Champions' muscles twinged mercilessly, and the perspiration ran steadily over their faces, while the boys looked fresh and cool, comparatively. Some of the Champions' wives looked anxious, and forgot to smile indulgently at the queer spectacle the old "boys" made of themselves.

And it was a queer spectacle!

Doctor Drew's wiry little darky stood beside him, bent almost double, his little palms on his knees, and when the time came, how he ran! How everybody ran, when the time came!

To be sure, the Old Champions' short stop—that was staid, grave Mr. Littlehale—instead of firing the ball to first threw it wildly to the center fielder under the nervous apprehension that somebody was threatening his territory, and when the crowd applauded, he drew himself up in conscious pride!

And Dennis Blake, the left-fielder, forgot for a minute the state of affairs, and was trying to capture a gorgeous butterfly in the grass, when the ball flew over his head. O, yes, there were funny things enough in that match game between the doughty Old Champions and the Broad Acres boys, but it was worth seeing, at all events.

Kid Ennis was nearly beside himself with excitement and hoarse as a little crow with shouting. He mounted the old apple tree and swung, at the peril of eager little limbs, on its branches. His straw hat, when the game was over, was raggedly disreputable.

Inning after inning—nine of them. But at the end of the ninth, the score was even; so they played a tenth. And, who will believe it, at the end of the tenth inning, the Old Champions were ahead!

Hurrah! Hurrah for the Old Champions! The Broad Acres team shouted, too,—all but Kid. Privately, behind the thick apple-tree branches, Kid took out his grimy little handkerchief and cried grimy tears into it. He could not see, nor the boys themselves just then, what a fortunate defeat that would prove to be for the Broad Acres Base Ball Club. How could disappointed, hoarse little Kid, the mascot, know how much good was coming out of that just-lost victory—the game they almost won? Nobody could tell, unless it might have been Old Flying Machine, and nobody guessed he could.

But one week after the famous game, Kid rushed, panting and gasping, to the academy ball ground, where the boys were practicing. The little fellow's face was radiant—he was in the secret of the roll of paper in his hand.

"Open it quick!" he whooped, thrusting it into Knight hand. "He's a trump!"

"Who's a trump, Kiddie?"

"Open it—quick, and see!"

And Knight, with the boys crowding round, and Kid shinning up his back to peep over his shoulders, opened the little roll and, together, they all read the curious little deed of the smoothest, leyelest corner of Old Flying Machine,s Field, made over, every blade of grass of it, to the Broad Acres Baseball Club and their heirs, forever.

All the "whereases" and the "saids" were there, duly formal and legal.

There was an instant's silence, and then, ringing loudly above the old academy bell—

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hip, hip 'n' a tiger for the Broad Acres' team! Hurrah for Old Flying Machine!"

A KLONDIKE DOG.

Deeds of heroism have been enacted in Alaska which history will never chronicle. *Truth* prints a story of one party of prospectors who owe their lives to a dog.

Upon the desolate waste of that inhospitable glacier, the Valdez, which has proved a sepulchre to so many bright hopes and aspirations, last winter a party of prospectors were camped. Day after day they had worked their way forward, death disputing every foot with them, until it was decided that the main party should remain in camp, and two of their number, accompanied only by a dog, should endeavor to find a trail which would lead away from the glacier.

For days the two men wandered, until nature succumbed and they lay down, weary and exhausted. Their faithful companion clung to them and the warmth of his body, was grateful, as he crouched low with the bitter ice-laden wind howling about them.

Their scanty stock of provisions was well-nigh exhausted, when one of them suggested sending the dog back to camp. This was a forlorn hope, but their only one. Quickly writing a few words on a leaf torn from a book, they made it fast round the dog's neck and encouraged him to start back on the trail.

The sagacious animal did not appear to understand, but after repeated efforts they persuaded him to start and he was soon swallowed up in the snow, the mist and the storm.

Two days and nights passed, during which the men suffered untold agonies. On the evening of the third day, when all hope had gone and they were becoming resigned to their fate, out of the blinding and drifting snow bounded the faithful dog and close behind him came ready hands to administer to their wants.

The remainder of the story is simple. The whole party returned, having abandoned their useless quest, and on the last *Topeka* going south were two grateful men and a very ordinary-looking dog. "That dog will never want as long as we two live," said a grizzled and sunburnt man.

BOBBIE'S MISTAKE.

Bobbie was fond of teasing his sisters Minnie and Cora. One day (it was day before April fool) he came bounding into the kitchen.

"Hello, Aunt Flora, what are you doing?"

"I am shelling walnuts to make a cake."

"Oh, I say aunty, save the shells for me, will you?"

"Certainly. What do you want them for, dear?"

"To-morrow is April fool's day. I want to play a trick on the girls."

"All right I will glue them together for you," said aunt Flora, with a twinkle in her eye.

The next morning she handed Bobbie a bag with half a dozen nuts in it.

Bobbie was delighted. He ran out into the garden where his sisters were playing.

"Here are some nuts," he said. Cora gave Minnie some, and then handed the bag to Bob.

"No, thank you," he said.

The girls began to crack the nuts. Bobbie smiled, but the smile did not last long, for out of Cora's nut dropped a quarter.

"My!" exclaimed Minnie, and she quickly cracked hers. The rest contained five and ten-cent pieces.

Bobbie wished he had not refused, when Cora offered him some. But he quickly ran up and kissed his sisters.

"It was an April fool trick," he said "but I guess it got twisted wrong side up."

The children laughed.

"You caught yourself in your own trap," said Cora.

DOSN'T WANT MONOCLES.

Here is an extract from a private letter just received from an officer now a patient in No. 2 Officers' Hospital, Pretoria:—"Lord Kitchener came round the hospital two days ago looking out for officers who were shamming. I saw his moustachios pass the door, but he did not come in to look at me. He is very strict about everything. The other day he stopped an officer in the streets of Pretoria who was wearing a single eyeglass. He said, "Excuse me but do you think it absolutely necessary for your sight to wear that glass?" The officer replied, "Yes, sir; certainly." Lord Kitchener said, "I am particular to have officers with good sight only in Pretoria. You will report yourself for duty on lines of communication at the office of the R. E. O. at five o'clock." Collapse of officer.—M. A. P."

CUT THIS OUT.

In view of the possible advent during the coming summer of that dread visitant cholera, to America, we publish the following remedy, which is known as the New York *Sun* mixture:—Take equal parts of tincture of cayenne, tincture of opium, tincture of rhubarb, essence of peppermint, and spirits of camphor. Mix well. Dose fifteen to thirty drops in a wine glass of water according to the age and violence of the attack. Repeat every fifteen minutes until relief is obtained.

OUR DEAD SOLDIER BOY.

He fell not in fierce battle,
He died not in the fray;
Upon no shout of triumph
His spirit passed away;
But weak and worn with fever,
Of camp abuses bred,
Death took him, brave young soldier,
Whom love and glory led.

A year ago—ah, pity!—
How bright and brave his dream!
He saw the banners blowing,
The bayonets a-gleam.
Then rang the longed-for summons,
Thebeating of the drums.
Alas! the rose of glory
That ne'er to blooming comes.

O'er southern veld he struggled
For freedom's cause and right;
In marches long and weary
He gave his strength and might.
And there our soldier sickened;
They missed him from his place—
No more toward fame or glory
He turned his longing face.

But died he not a hero?
Aye! noblest of the brave.
His life, all unrewarded
By victor's palm, he gave.
His sacrifice the greatest
That patriot can make—
He yielded his sweet manhood,
Uncrowned, for country's sake.

Then o'er that wasted body
Our shining banner spread,
And lay a wreath of myrtle
Upon the soldier's head.
O mother, father, neighbor,
Ye are not all who weep—
Beneath the nation's tablet
Your soldier boy shall sleep!

—Adapted by Rev. T. Albert Moore, Hamilton.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A gentleman asked a convict in a penitentiary. "What is the charge against you?" "O," he said, "I am the victim of a little mistake. I borrowed a horse, to try him, and agreed that, if he suited me, I would buy him. He didn't suit me so I sold him."

The man who sits down and waits to be appreciated will find himself among uncalled-for baggage after the limited express train has gone by.

"How did it happen that nearly all the old Quaker families became wealthy?" "Strange; ." "The fashions never changed."

"No," observed one of the neighbors who had called to see the new baby, "the child's mouth is none too large. And see how mobile and flexible it 'it. You will live, Mrs. Banks, to see this little girl become an accomplished elocutionist." And the young father, who had been listening unobserved at the door, went off up stairs, crawled into the attic and wept.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Tommy.—I wouldn't be as stuck-up as girls for anything.

Jimmy.—Me either. They think they are just as good as boys.

First lady: "I saw your husband meet you on Fulton Street yesterday, and I noticed that he removed his hat while speaking to you. I admire him for it. Very few men do that. Second lady: "I remember. I told him in the morning to have his hair cut, and he was showing me that he had obeyed."

WHAT TOTAL ABSTINENCE DOES FOR WORKINGMEN.

At the mines of Knockmahon, in the County of Waterford, Ireland, at the time Father Matthew visited that place about 100 persons were employed, 80 of whom signed the pledge. Previous to the time when they became teetotalers, their monthly earnings were £900 ($4,500). Soon after at the same work and with apparently as much ease, they earned £2,300 ($11,500) in the same period of time. Add to this gain £400 ($2,000) in wages, £500 ($2,500) more which it was estimated they had heretofore spent monthly in the public house, and we have a positive improvement in the pecuniary resources of the industrious people to the extent of £900 ($4,500) per month.

One of the teachers of the city of Waterford states that within two years after the people of Waterford had entered upon the temperance reform "The working part of community had in their cottages and rooms, over 1,000 pounds sterling ($5,000) more value in furniture and clothing than they had before took the the pledge."

From this single instance, see how happy and prosperous might be the condition of workingmen in all parts of the world if they would only let drink alone.—*National Advocate.*

BELIEVE IN YOURSELF.

If you would succeed up to the limit of your possibilities, hold constantly to the belief that you are success organized, and that you will be successful, no matter what opposes. Never allow a shadow of a doubt to enter your mind that the Creator intended you to win in life's battle. Regard every suggestion that your life may be a failure, that you are not made like those who succeed, and that success is not for you, as a traitor, and expel it from your mind as you would a thief from your house.

A man's greatest enemies are his doubts. Resolutely refuse to surround yourself with an army of doubts, fears, and anxieties. Vigorously dispel those foes of your success and happiness, or they will undermine your future. Be firmly convinced that you were made in the image of perfection, designed for success and happiness, and that you have the power to strangle the evils which would thwart you.—*Success.*

A KRUGER STORY.

A book just published on men and things in South Africa has a good story of Kruger. He received one day two applications for grants of land, one from the Reformed Dutch Church, the other from a Jewish community. Both were granted, but presently the Jews complained that their piece of land was much the smaller.

Kruger, at once replied: "The others believe the whole Bible, and, therefore, receive an acre of land; you only believe half and so are granted only half an acre. Why, therefore, complain?"

CAUSE OF DELAY.

Teacher—What made you so late?

Tommy—I had to wait for ma to wrap up a bundle for me to leave at Mrs. Brown's.

Teacher — Surely it didn't take your mother nearly an hour to do that.

Tommy — Yes'm. You see the paper she was wrappin' it up in had a love story in it.

Pimples, blotches and other spring troubles are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla—the most effective of all spring medicines.