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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

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SUCCESSOR TO
J. F. OREN, M. D. C. M.
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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,
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SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

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GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

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Office over Brown's Drug Store.
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TEACHER OF PIANO AND ORGAN.
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Terms and arrangements for lessons on application.
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ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
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Careful attention given to everyone.
The waits of Commercial Travellers fully met.
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15c " " 10c
10c " " 8 and 6c
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AT

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Day sells cheap!

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Capital $6,000,000
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Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Special attention given to Farmers' Business.

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Any Pictures to Frame?

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Wyndham Street
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CHINESE LAUNDRY.

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LEE SHUN, Proprietor.

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JOHN R. BARBER

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TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
Capital paid up, $1,000,000
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(NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE)
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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.
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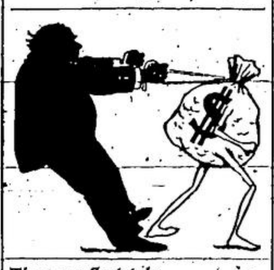

They are Certainly Hard to Hold.

Let us help you to hold the "Dollars." By saving you a little here and there a dollar or more would soon be held. Try us on a Refrigerator, Lawn-mower, Screen-door or Screen-window.

JOHN M. BOND & CO.
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SEED CORN.
For Green Fodd or Silo.

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All at prices that will please you.
Turnip Seed 20c lb. or 6 for $1.00.
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SEEDS, GRAIN, IMPLEMENTS, ETC.
GUELPH & ROCKWOOD.

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Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL Proprietor

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Authorized Capital - $5,000,000.00

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

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

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10 PACKAGES FOR 25c.

Your choice of 10 packages from 58 varieties Rennie's Flower and Garden Seeds for 25c.

Also early garden Peas, Beans, Corn, etc, in bulk cheap.

Canada's Greatest Early Seed Potato at 35c per peck.

Large quantity best Dutch Setts.

Large quantity No. 1 Seed Peas and Oats.

Sole agency for the famous Plymouth Binder Twine, Silver Sheaf, etc.

All kinds Flour and Feed at lowest prices for best quality at

Robt. Noble's Flour & Feed Store
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.

Poetry.

THE HERITAGE.

The rich man's son inherits lands
And miles of brick and stone and gold,
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits care;
A bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft, white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart he hears the pants
Of toiling hands with brown arms bare,
And weariness in his easy chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame a hardier spirit,
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in its labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of daily poor;
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son, there is a toil
That with all others stands!
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens soft, white hands—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son, scorn not thy state,
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heritage vast
By record of a well ordered past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

Select Family Reading.

A Loyal Little Canadian.

MABEL EATON.

BEATRICE lived in Evangeline land, that is what the poets call it; The geographies call it Nova Scotia.

Her home was in a beautiful valley, all pink and white with apple blossoms in June, and like a snowy fairy land in January.

One June day, when Beatrice was eleven years old, she was skipping home from school, cross lots, through meadows.

"I suppose," she said to herself, "I suppose I shall always live right here on the farm until I grow up and get married, and that nothing exciting will ever happen to me; but I do wish I could have a real story book adventure."

Not many days after that her wish came true. Father and mother decided to move to the States—the big United States. Beatrice was so excited when the told her that she just jumped up and down. She could see herself in fancy sailing into Boston harbor on board the big steamer.

She told the wonderful news next day at school, and immediately became the centre of attraction. Games were forgotten, and girls and boys alike gathered around her, while she pictured vividly the scenes and incidents through which she expected to pass.

"And some day," she concluded, "when I am grown up and rich, I'll come back and bring you all a present."

"You'll forget us," said one boy rather sourly."

"Yes, and you'll get whitewashed," said another. "You'll come back talking just like those Yankees. You'll say: 'Dash, pass me the buttah.'"

Beatrice flashed up at this. "I will not! I'll always be a Nova Scotian. I'll always pronounce my R's. I'll always be true to the Queen." Her eyes grew very black and her cheeks very red, so the boy took it all back, and the children closed closed around her and told her they knew she would be true.

So Beatrice sailed away in the big steamer. She stayed at a hotel in Boston, for one whole day and a night and there she had her first drink of soda and the second peach she had ever eaten in her life, so she thought "the States" were delightful.

Then they went to live in a tiny, New Hampshire village, and early in September Beatrice started to school.

She felt very strange and lonely in the little school house, where every one stared at her so. She showed the teacher her dear old Nova Scotia books and was told that not one of them would do.

The next day the teacher brought her some new books just before school began. She glanced at them sorrowfully, then with a proud toss of her head she marched up with them to the teacher's desk.

"Why, what's the matter?" said the teacher in surprise.

"Well, just look at this geography! The United States is put first. Now it isn't first, its last. Canada is furthest north, and it ought to come first, instead of being away over in the back of the book. Then, more than half the book is about the United States. That isn't fair, for it is only half as big as North America, and there are lots of other countries. The map of Nova Scotia isn't any longer than my little finger. It's no wonder the boys and girls ask me if Nova Scotia is Maine."

She paused for breath.

"You must remember that you are in America now," began the teacher."

"I was in America before," retorted Beatrice; Canada is just as much America as the States is."

All the children were listening and wondering if Beatrice would be kept after school or whipped then and there.

But the teacher only said: "I can understand how you feel, but don't you think it would be nice to know about other countries even if you do love Nova Scotia best?"

Beatrice grew very thoughtful. "Yes, I suppose so. I want to know just everything when I grow up, but I shall always love Nova Scotia best."

She gathered up the hateful books reluctantly and started to her desk. She felt lonely and wretched. Adventures weren't all they were cracked up to be; she would give anything to be back in the little Nova Scotia village.

The boys in the school had a military company. Each member was provided with a wooden gun, and they were drilled by a veteran of the Civil War. They had chosen two captains and the captains in turn had chosen their men. Every noon they played over and over again the scenes of the Revolutionary War. The captains had drawn lots to see who would be British and who would be American. The American captain, Fred Hallock, was a bold and skilful warrior, and he had succeeded in capturing some of Roy Everet's best men; so the British army was much depleted when Beatrice became interested in the struggle. Her martial spirit was very strong. Many a time in the Nova Scotia capital she had cheered the gay companies of redcoats, and beat time to their stirring music. Now she disdained the amusements of the girls and spent her long noon hour following with breathless interest the skirmishing of the boys. In her heart of hearts she pined for a wooden gun and permission to join the ranks.

One day the British were about to retreat when Beatrice, unable to restrain herself, sprang to the front of ranks, with a stick in her hands, which she brandished like a sword, and shouted:

"Helly, boys, rally, for the honor of old England and the Queen!"

Both sides were startled. A girl had never dared enter their ranks before, but Beatrice had flung herself heart and soul into the play, and her spirit was contagious.

The struggling British gathered themselves together and drove the others from the little hillock they had fortified. The school bell rang and Beatrice quick as flash, had her handkerchief hoisted on a stick.

At recess the boys talked it over. "She'd make a dandy soldier; what a pity she's a girl," said Roy Everett.

"She just makes you feel that it's real," said Fred Hollock.

"Let us have girls. It will make each side just about twice as big," said another boy.

They put it to vote, and as a result a warlike document was sent to the girls informing them that they were drafted as soldiers in the great War of Revolution.

The girls were delighted; Beatrice most of all.

The next noon they lined up to be chosen. Fred Hallack had the first choice. "Beatrice Chase," he called. Beatrice stepped forward, then stopped, flushing and almost tearful. She liked Fred Hallack better than any other boy in the school, but she loved her country. "I can't be on the American side," she said.

"Oh, come on, it's only in play," said Fred impatiently.

"Play isn't fun unless it's real," said Beatrice earnestly.

"But you have to be on my side," said Fred, stubbornly. "It's the rules to go where you're chosen, whether you like it or not."

Beatrice was thinking very rapidly.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, and it will be such fun, for we can have an underground railway, and some of us can black up. Let's play Civil war instead of Revolution, and Fred be North and Roy South. My uncle fought for the North, so I guess I can. Then if you want to change to Revolution again, I'll let Roy's men capture me—though I should hate to be captured," she said.

It was settled that way, and Beatrice was the leading spirit of the Northern troops. She seemed to know history by intuition, and was always thinking up new and exciting situations. The boys said:

"Beatrice can fight as well as a boy, and die better."

It neared February and Fred and Roy were often in consultation. "Of course, on the day before Washington's birthday we must play the war of Revolution, and you be Cornwallis and I'll be Washington."

"You'll have to give up Beatrice then," said Fred, "and she'll never let us surrender."

"But it's the history we want to stick to," said Fred. "It isn't that I'm crazy about winning, but so near Washington's birthday we want to act the real thing, just like a play."

"I say you will have to give up Beatrice."

"I won't give her up. You can have my three best men, but not her."

"She won't play."

"She'll have to."

It was finally decided that nothing should be said to Beatrice about the change. She was to think that she was still fighting for the freedom of the slaves.

"It's only 'play anyway," said Fred. "It's all foolishness, her being so stubborn. It will be a good lesson to her."

Everyone was in the secret except the little Britisher, who was eagerly planning for the great battle, after which Lee should surrender to Grant.

She played as she had never played before, and when the battle was over she stood close to Fred, waiting for the scene of the surrender, her face glowing with enthusiasm.

Roy's army, with downcast eyes and without arms or colors, came slowly between the two long rows of victors, their drums played "The World's Upside Down." Beatrice knew the tune, and that it was the one the British played at the surrender of Cornwallis. The fun died out of her eyes, and her face grew white. Then when she heard Fred addressed as Washington she stood out before all the company.

"Wait a minute," she said, in a clear, ringing voice. "Cornwallis has surrendered, but I have not. I have read of one man being a traitor to one army, but I never heard of one army, no, two armies, being a traitor to one man; but that is what you have been to me. I have not asked you to be loyal to my country, or to love it; but I have wanted the right to love it myself, and you have made me fight against it." She stamped her foot. "Your own George Washington would call you traitors. He never would have done it. You think you are everything because you are American. Does being an American give you a right to be mean? You have been mean to me, and you know it. You say it is only play, but play is no fun unless it is real." The school bell rang and Beatrice turned and fled.

When the others came in she was in the far corner of the entry, leaning on her gun, and vigorously slapping the tears from her face with her handkerchief. No one dared to go near her. They looked at her doubtfully as they struggled into the schoolroom one by one.

Beatrice did not recite with her usual enthusiasm that afternoon, and as it neared four o'clock she sat at her desk, a dejected little figure, with her face hidden in her arms. She now she could never never love the children in that school in all her life, and that she should always be homesick for her dear home land.

When school was over she was the first one to leave, and she started down the road on the run. She wanted to get to mother quickly. She heard steps behind her, but she did not turn. Then she heard Fred Hallock's voice. Fred was a proud-spirited boy, but as Beatrice turned he did not look a bit proud.

"Beatrice, it was all my fault; will you forgive me? I'm as mad at myself as can be. I thought it was being patriotic, and that it was only a play and that it would be a good joke on you because you were so uppish about your own country, but it was a mean trick, and I'm sorry we did it."

"I didn't think you would do it Fred," Beatrice said. "I suppose I have been uppish and nasty, but I will forgive you, and—and—we'll let both be honest and square after this."

"It's a go," said Fred, and they walked home together and talked of other things.

WHO WILL YE SERVE.

There are in China a considerable number who have found congenial occupation since the out-break, berating Missionaries, and depreciating their work. I have before me a little book in which these charges are collected and answered, by a gentleman who lives in Shanghai. According their critics, these Missionaries are selfish, living in luxury, without tact, and are vindictive. They over estimate the number of their converts, who, they say, profess conversion simply for the loaves and fishes. They lean on the gun-boat for protection, and in an objectionable manner, thrust an objectionable religion down the throats of the Chinese. Not these charges and many more can be answered, and answered fully, without ascribing infallibility to Missionaries any more than to other men.

But whilst their enemies are so occupied, what are the Missionaries doing? Well 185 of them have laid down their lives, and, now wearing the martyr's crown, are doing whatever the redeemed are doing before the Throne. Of the remainder who escaped, some came to the home land, but the majority at the coast, standing at the door ready to re-enter and resume work as soon as permission is given. And in the meantime what? The women have held a conference in Shanghai, presided over by Lady Blake, the wife of the Governor of Hong Kong, in which they prayed for the women of China, discussed their needs, and how and best to relieve them. The male Missionaries also held conferences for prayer and Bible study—that they (The Missionaries) might be themselves spiritually quickened, and thereby China blessed. As opportunity offers, they send letters and messages of sympathy and encouragement to the scattered and persecuted converts who remain. Is that selfish or vindicitve?

Others are employed gathering up, lovingly, the story of the massacres, the heroic courage and loyalty to Jesus Christ, of Missionaries and converts alike, and the many interventions of God's hand, delivering from death those whose time had not come. It is sad, heart-rending, but glorious. For example, eighteen colporteurs about to go on a journey, were warned of the risk, but said, "We go on a colporteur tour, God's will be done." Only four of the eighteen returned. Their homes were looted and burned, and their families exterminated. They who escaped, did so after passing through terrible privations. The whole story will never be told, but enough to make us rejoice in the power of redeeming grace.

Was ever any country more afflicted and more in need of sympathy than poor China to-day? The terrible scourge of war is now succeeded by one of the worst famines on record. In the two northern provinces of Shansi and Shansi, crops have failed for the third time, and the situation is so desperate that it is said cannabalism prevails amongst them. In the past, Missionaries have been their friends in time of distress, but now the Missionaries have been driven away by their own act.

Let us not for this, turn away from them in anger, but rather say in compassion, as the master did, "Forgive them for they know not what they do." This is the hour of darkness, but the light will dawn. China will be conquered for Christ, and Satan will be shorn of his kingdom and power. Where are our sympathies? Whom shall we serve.

R. P. MacKay.

BOUND TO SECURE A CUSTOMER

The book canvasser had square jaws, but so had the woman at the door. And there was a sinister look about her lips.

"But, Madam—," he tried to say.

"I don't want none of your old books!" she snapped.

"But this is on 'Social manners,' and—"

"Git out!" said the woman, taking a tighter hold on the broom.

"Well," said the book agent, "it's just as the lady next door said."

"What did she say?" asked the woman at the door, her face showing signs of interest for the first time.

"Oh, she said that a woman like you would have no earthly use for a book on manners."

"She did, did she?" yelled the woman at the door. "The hussy! Just give me two copies and I'll send one to her with my compliments. How much?"

BLESSING A DISTILLERY.

At Fecamp, in Normandy, France, some new distillery buildings were blessed by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Rouen. The distillery buildings are a part of the Benedictine liquor factory and very extensive; the cost of their erection was 5,000,000 francs ($1,000,000). The plant will produce 2,500,000 liters of liquor annually. The ceremonies of inauguration included processions and a reception in the new distillery building, together with a banquet at which only ecclesiastics were present. What a fine missionary field is there here for Archbishop Ireland!—*National Advocate.*

ELECTRICITY AND A PROMISE.

Electricity is constantly performing new feats. Ode of its latest was to help out of a serious difficulty a man who had made a rash promise. It was at Clinton, Indiana. The old toll bridge over the Wabash had been purchased by the county authorities, who intended to replace it by a steel structure erected on the old piers and abutments. The owner agreed to remove the bridge in thirty days. The work was much greater than he anticipated, but the Western Electrician tells how he accomplished it.

The short time was the difficulty. From one bridge and house-wrecker to another the owner went, trying to find one who would pull the bridge down in thirty days without injury to the piers. All declared the thing impossible.

He could blow up the structure with dynamite, but the explosion would destroy piers also. If he set the bridge on fire, the heat would crack and injure the masonry. The thirty days expired, and an extension of one week was granted.

The owner was at his wits' end, but at this juncture an electrician of Clinton proposed to use electricity, not blow up the bridge, but to burn it apart. His proposal was gladly accepted.

Each span of the bridge was composed of nine chords of three timbers each. It was proposed to cut the twenty-seven sills simultaneously, so that the span would drop between the piers into the river. The cutting was to be accomplished by burning through the wood by loops of iron resistance, made red-hot by the passage of electric current.

The attempt was made. Fifty-four resistance loops were heated to wreck each span, and the spans were wrecked one at a time. Sufficient current was used to heat the irons cherry-red. The result was exactly the same with every span. Between the turning on of the current and the span to fall, an hour and forty minutes elapsed. Then the mass of timbers fell into the water well inside the piers, so that they were uninjured.

The cut made by the hot wire was sharp and clean, and the wood was not charred more than an inch from the place of fracture.

The work took but a few hours. The current was first turned on about five o'clock in the morning, and at two in the afternoon the last span crashed down to the river-bed, and a great shout went up from the two thousand spectators.

TOO HASTY.

Hasty judgement is dangerous, even when one relies upon the evidence of one's own senses. The *Cornhill Magazine* says that a school inspector was reading a piece of dictation to a class under examination, when he noticed a boy behaving in a manner that suggested underhand work. His head was bent low, and his slate, instead of resting on the desk, was underneath it.

Feeling sure that the passage was being copied from a book hidden on the seat, the inspector pounced upon the boy with all the severity that he deemed such a piece of cheating to merit. The next moment he wished he had been less hasty.

To his astonishment and sorrow, he found that the little fellow, upon whom he had come so sharply, had lost both hands, and was working with might and main to get the passage down with the foes of his right foot.

Perhaps the master of a certain English school did not feel much happier than that inspector, when on one occasion he sought to preserve discipline. He had been annoyed by the boys eating in school, and to stop the practice had threatened severe punishment. For a time he was troubled no further, but one day he saw a boy right in front of him moving his jaws.

"You are eating," said the master. "Bring me what you have in your pocket."

The boy hesitated, and then took from his pocket an old dry piece of cocoanut. He neither denied or admitted the offence, but he took the punishment bravely.

After school the boy came up to the master and said apologetically: I wasn't eating sir.

"I saw you," said the master.

"No, sir," replied the boy, "I was getting my false teeth right. I have false teeth, and I was getting them straight."

He had borne unmerited punishment rather than let the boys know the truth. Their ridicule was more to be feared than the teacher's anger.

SOMETHING EVERY BOY SHOULD KNOW—HOW TO MEASURE LUMBER.

A foot of lumber is a solid containing 144 cubic inches. A piece of board a foot square and an inch thick is said to be a board foot. If cut into four equal pieces and these are placed on top of each other so as to make a block six inches square and four inches thick it is still a board foot. To find the solid contents of such a block we multiply the length and breadth and thickness together—that is, 6x6x4, which gives us 144. The student will note that a foot of lumber is 144 cubic inches of lumber, no matter what shape the wood may be.

STRONG MEN.

The Roman soldiers, who built such wonderful roads and carried a weight of armour and luggage that would crush the average farm-hand, lived on coarse brown bread and sour wine. They were temperate in diet and regular and constant in exercise. The Spanish peasant works every day and dances half the night, yet eats only his black bread, onion and watermelon. The Smyrna porter eats only a little fruit and sour olives, yet he walks off with his load of one hundred pounds. The Coolie, fed on rice, is more active and can endure more than the negro, fed on fat meat.

INSINCERITY.

"Our civilization demands a greater or lesser degree of mendacity," remarks the abstruse person. "We are constantly encountering some empty phrase, some conventional remark which is absolutely devoid of sincerity."

"That's right," answered the book agent. "That's perfectly true. I am reminded of it every time I walk up to a front step where there is a door mat with the word "welcome" on it."

After the grip, or other serious illness, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine to take to restore the appetite and strength.

GOD'S ANSWER.

The cry of man's anguish went up unto God:
"Lord, take away pain!
The shadow that darkness the world thou hast made,
The close coiling chain
That strangles the heart, the burden that weighs
On the wings that would soar—
Lord, take away pain from the world thou hast made,
That it love thee the more!"

Then answered the Lord to the cry of this world:
"Shall I take away pain,
And with it the power of the soul to endure,
Made strong by the strain?
Shall I take away pity that knits heart to heart
And sacrifice high?
Will ye lose all your heroes that lift from the fire
White brows to the sky?
Shall I take away love that redeems with a price
And smiles at its loss?
Can ye spare from your lives that would climb unto mine
The Christ on his cross?"

—*Julia Larned.*

A GOOD SERMON IN THIRTY SECONDS.

Yesterday afternoon on Bay Street a driver was trying to get a small barrel of oil into a waggon. Oil isn't much to look at, but its awful heavy to lift, and the fellow struggled and puffed, and puffed and struggled again.

Then he let out a cuss or two just to prevent bursting. Half a dozen fellows watched him. Some people will watch anything for a block, from the frill of a skirt to an imitation dog fight. The driver looked at the men as much as to say, "Give me a lift, boys." But the boys were great on watchin' and not on liftin'. A parson came along, and he took in the whole biz in a jiff, and that barrel went into that waggon mighty quick.

The parson's tile fell off, but he picked it up, shook hands with the driver, and hustled on.

The driver was a member of his congregation, and I'll bet anything (up to $100) that he preached a better sermon to him than he ever did or ever will again, and I'll wager again, that whenever that driver sees the parson he'll think of that strong right arm as it grabbed the barrel, and the strong shoulder that helped shoit it in. That little act will stick in his crop till death.

The half dozen loungers discovered that they had thirty cents, and went away to do a little lifting themselves.

But that was different lifting, you know. Froth don't weigh much. Beer ain't as heavy as oil.

A BED FOR A PENNY.

The latest triumph of British originality is a new mechanical contrivance, which lets you go to bed and sleep for one penny. Americans will certainly consider this invention as singularly typical of British character and habits. The machine is six feet two inches high and a little wider than the familiar weighing machine. You put a penny in the slot, and a couch, upholstered in leather, can be pulled down, like a folding bed. It is provided with a comfortable rug for use in cold weather. When the occupant gets up, the folding bed rises automatically and will only come down again for another penny.

These machines are to be placed at railway stations, theatres, in the parks, and where ever there is room for them. When an Englishman is tired and finds the time too long he simply goes to sleep. It is believed that these machines will be very useful in the stations, where travellers are often forced to wait for hours for their trains. Doctors believe they will be of great advantage to public health.

WHERE WAS THE SWINOLE.

"Ethel," said Lionel Bertram Jones, as he dropped his slice of bread in the plate with a noise that set the canary in the gilt cage over head, chirping merrily, "Ethel, I have something to say to you."

They had been married only four weeks and the time had not arrived when she did all the saying. "Do you remember the day I proposed to you?"

"Yes, she replied, "I will never forget it."

"Do you remember," he went on as he abstractedly drilled a hole in the loaf with point of the carving knife, "how, how when I rang the bell you came to the door with fingers sticky with dough and said you thought it was your little brother who wanted to get in?"

"Yes."

"O, Ethel! How could you! How could you?"

"How could I what?" she responded, as a guilty look crept into her face.

"How could you make me the victim of such a swindle."

PAT'S BICYCLE BRAKE.

The other day Pat went into a cycle shop with the intention of buying a bike. He inspected a few, but what puzzled him most was the brake.

"What's that for?" inquired Pat.

"Oh," replied the agent, "you use that when coming to a steep hill."

Pat learned to ride fairly well, and while out one day he came to a steep hill which he must climb.

"Now for the brake," thought Pat, and he started, full pressure on brake, up the hill.

Half way up, some friends saw him, exclaiming:

"Pull off the brake, man. You're going up hill!"

"Ah!" said Pat, "can't your see, man, that's to keep it from going down the hill?"

ONE OF KRUGER'S BEANS.

Jack Culver, formerly clerk at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, who went to the war with the first Canadian contingent and was wounded at the same time as Col. Otter, wrote from Bloemfontein: Well, I did get one of the beans that Kruger talked about you know when the Queen sent the chocolate to the troops. Kruger made the remark that the Queen could send them chocolate and he (Kruger) would give us beans. Well, I got one in the left leg. Went in the front of the calf and came out in the rear and did not touch the bone. It was just one week ago to-day I was shot and I cannot say that I have had more than one-half hour's pain altogether. It is a nice clean Mauser wound. Of course I cannot get out of bed yet and my leg is rather stiff, but otherwise it is all O. K.

To cry too much is to be heard not at all.