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Editor and Proprietor.

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SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $185,000. THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY. Established 1840. Head Office GUELPH, ONT. INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 85, or telephone 58, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

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NASSAGAWEYA Saw and Planing Mills. Lumber and Shingles AT LOWEST PRICES. Bill stuff cut to order. Slabs, stove length, $1.25 w. double cor at the mill. P. Sayers, Proprietor

Retiring from Business ..SALE.. $15,000 Stock of Fine Wall Paper, Books, Stationery, Office Supplies, Fancy Goods, etc. *Wall Paper, Bibles, Window Shades, Fine Note Paper and Envelopes to Match, Toys, Lamps, Purses, Satchels, Baby Carriages, Go Carts.* Everything at Cost. This is your chance to get Wall Paper and other Supplies cheap. T. J. DAY.

DAY'S BOOKSTORE. This stock will be also offered at so much on the $, and the store can be rented by purchasers.

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. Letters of Credit, available in all parts of the world, issued at this office. 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.

FRAMES! FRAMES PICTURES FRAMED ..BY.. Waters Bros. ART STORE GUELPH ARTIST'S SUPPLY HOUSE.

ICE CREAM-- ICE CREAM SODA. Yes, we have your favorite flavor in Ice Cream Soda, we feel pretty sure. Come in and try them. Crushed Fruits; the best of extracts. We give special attention to those little details which mean so much in giving you satisfaction. Drop in any time and get a refreshing drink. Fresh Candies. Fresh Candies of all kinds. In this line too, we can please you. Bread, Cakes and Pastry. There are not many things in the line of Baking that cannot be got here. Just as cheaply as they can be made at home. Try a loaf; we leave the argument to the Bread. T. STATHAM & SON Bakers and Grocers. MAIN ST. . . . ACTON

Acton Pump Works Main Street, Acton. If you are in need of a good Pump, either in wood or iron, come to Acton Pump Works. —Cisterns Made— —All Repairs Promptly Attended to— —Wells Cleaned—

THE CHICAGO AERMOTOR Is acknowledged the lightest runnin and best windmill manufactured. I am agent for this district. Call and investigate before you buy. T. EBBAGE, Main Street, Acton

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 12 months, when payments cease—$64.00 paid 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

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The More You Are Interested in This List the More We Centre Our Interest in You. What You Require of These Goods See or Write Us Before Buying. Barb Wire, Fence Wire, Fencing, Cement, Screen Doors, Screen Windows, Garden Tools, Farm Tools, Churns, Tiles, Linoleum, Oil Cloth and all Building Hardware. JOHN M. BOND & CO. GUELPH'S BIG HARDWARE. GUELPH.

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To the Ladies of Acton and Vicinity. We have just received the very latest things in Sash-Pins, Brooch-Pins, Bracelets, Lorgnette Chains, Rings, Etc. Call in and look over our latest novelties. And also remember that we are still headquarters for Watches, Clocks, Jewelery and Silverware. REPAIRING a specialty. SPECTACLES AND EYEGLASSES in profusion. G. D. PRINGLE Jeweler GUELPH, ONT.

EVERTON AND EDEN MILLS FLOUR and OATMEAL MILLS. Best quality of Flour and Oatmeal at right prices. Bran, Middlings, Chop Feed, Etc., for sale. Cash for Wheat and Oats. Chopping every day at both mills. HENRY HORTOP, PROPRIETOR

—ACTON— LIVERY AND BUS LINE. The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can a l ways be Secured. At his stables. A comfortable bus meets a trains between 10 a.m. and 6.19 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met. JOHN WILLIAMS PROPRIETOR

Poetry.

THE SHUT-EYED TRAIN.

Come, my little one with me
There are wondrous sights to see
As the evening shadows fall;
In your pretty cap and gown,
Don't detain
The Shut-Eye Train;
"Ting-a-ling!" the bell it goeth,
"Toot-toot!" the whistle bloweth,
And we hear the warning call;
"All Aboard for Shut-Eye Town!"

Over hill and over plain,
Soon will speed the Shut-Eye train;
Through the blue where bloom the stars
And the Mother Moon looks down
We'll away
To Land of Fay—
Oh, the sights that we shall see there
'Tis a goodly train of cars—
All aboard for Shut-Eye Town!

Swifter than a wild bird's flight
Through the realms of fleecy light
We shall speed and speed away!
Let the night in envy frown—
What care we
How wroth she be!
To the Balow-land above us,
To the Balow-folk who love us,
Let us hasten while we may—
All aboard for Shut-Eyed Town!

Shut-Eye Town is passing fair—
Golden dreams await us there;
We shall dream those dreams, my dear,
Till the Mother Moon goes down—
See unfold
Delights untold!
And those mysterious places
We shall see beloved faces
And beloved voices hear
In the grace of Shut-Eye Town!

Heavy are your eyes, my sweet,
Weary are your little feet—
Nestle closer up to me
In your pretty cap and gown
Don't detain
The Shut-Eye Train!
"Ting-a-ling!" the bell it goeth,
"Toot-toot!" the whistle bloweth,
Oh, the sights that we shall see!
All aboard for Shut-Eye Town!

—Eugene Field.

Select Family Reading.

..A.. Whistling Girl.

By CHARLOTTE A. CANTY.

THEY carried him in from the surgeons' room and laid him on the narrow little bed that the nurse had made ready. Her eyes were wide, and her face was pale to the lips, but her step was steady and her manner calm as they withdrew and left her alone with him. A suppressed sob shook her frame as she lightly touched the bandages over his eyes, those honest gray eyes in which she had read nothing but loyalty and devotion. But Annie Morton was a trained nurse, and she forced down the rising tide of emotion and sat beside her patient, quietly waiting for him to regain consciousness. When he stirred, her hand was on his breast in an instant, holding him steady.

"Only the nurse," she said in a low, even tone. "You are to remain perfectly quiet."

The meaning of her word came to him slowly as the effect of the anesthetic wore off.

"Nurse," he suddenly asked, "why are my eyes bandaged?"

"They have been injured," she exclaimed, "But we think not seriously. The only way to be sure that we shall save your sight is to keep the eyes bandaged for a time."

Her quiet manner subdued him, and he was silent, but only for a moment.

"Tell me first," he said, have you seen my brother, Jim Curtis?"

A shudder ran through the girl. Yes, she had seen him, stretched out in eternal quiet.

"All is well with him," she answered, "but you must be quiet now."

"He didn't see me until the last minute," went on the man "and I had thought that he was a thousand miles away. We were fighting our way across the clearing when I saw a big fellow strike at a man just ahead of me. The man turned to parry the blow, and I saw his face. It was Jim! I remember throwing myself between the fellow and my brother, but after that I don't remember anything."

The nurse was trying to stop him.

"I know," she said. "A shell burst almost in front of his face. It was Captain Jim Curtis who led the men across that clearing. It was reckless work"—

"Yes, but that's Jim's way," said the man. "Why, he'd dare anything. How proud she'll be to hear of his courage in this affair! Say, nurse, couldn't he come in to see me?"

"No, not under any circumstances, was the decided answer. "You've talked too much now"—

"I'll be quiet nurse, but won't you ask him to give me a whistle as he passes by? He has the prettiest whistle in the world. It's like a flute. Wait till you hear it!"

A swift rush of tears blinded the nurse. She was only a woman, and it meant much to her that the playmate of her childhood's days was even then being carried away to lie forever silent in a soldier's grave.

"Ask him to whistle just once. He'll surely come to ask about me."

"I'll see about it," she answered at length, "if you think it will not excite you too much."

Oh, nurse"—the big man's voice had grown tremulous—"I haven't heard that whistle for five years! You'd know what he is to me if you knew what I've given up for him."

The nurse caught her breath. "We'll see about it to-night when I go to make my report," she said. "Rest now, so that the report my be a good one."

The man obeyed. It was some time before he spoke again.

"I don't know why you should remind me of her," he said. "You're such a soft voiced thing, and Annie is a big western girl, with a voice that makes the room ring when she laughs or sings. She does both, bless her! She can whistle, too, as well as any fellow I ever knew. Jim taught her, and I used to tease her about being a whistling girl."

A sad little smile passed over the face of the tall nurse as she bent above him to arrange the pillows.

"I must leave you now to make my report," she said. "Be very quiet, and I will not forget your message."

The man lay still, wondering how long the darkness would last. He felt lost, lying there alone, but suddenly through the stillness there came a clear high whistle, another and then a succession of bird calls. The man lay tingling with delight in the wounds.

"Jim!" he whispered. "God bless you, lad! Thank heaven that I was with you in time!"

When the nurse came in again, she found him tranquilly smiling.

"He did whistle, nurse, the same merry old whistle. Couldn't you ask him for me how Annie is? Only that!

"I can't ask him anything," replied the girl, with forced calmness. "I shall not see him again."

The man sighed.

"Well, I won't trouble you, nurse. I'd like to know how she is, though. There isn't another woman in all the world like our whistling girl."

The nurse did not dare to speak.

"You're a stranger to me, nurse," he went on, "and yet I can't help telling you all about it. She lived near us all her life, but it wasn't until Jim came to me with his hopes that I realized what she was to me. I never told her. I could see that she and Jim were made for each other, but I couldn't stay there and tamely wait for the end. I"—

The man was trembling from head to foot, but the nurse had sunk down beside the bed and buried her face in the covers.

"I went away," he resumed, "and I haven't heard a word from them since. I hope she's happy. I'd like to ask Jim why he's here and not with her. But she has spirit and courage. She's not the one to bid him stay idle at home in these times. Nurse, was that a tear on my hand? There—I didn't make you cry, did I?"

The nurse choked back the tears and replied in her habitual half voice: "It was the lotion that I use for your bandages. No more talking to-night, please."

"No more, nurse, but you know now why I wished to hear Jim's whistle. To hear him is to know that he is safe and that no sorrow will come to Annie."

The whistle floated up to him each moring and evening at the hour that the nurse went to report.

The old airs that were familiar about his western home came to the patient listener in the darkened room. He grew stronger as the days went by, and the nurse watched him with dreamy happiness.

She had been away from him one morning, and when she returned she met the doctor at the door. He was talking with a friend, and as she stepped past him the words rang clearly into the quiet room:

"To replace Captain Jim Curtis, who was killed in that skirmish on the 18th."

"Who—was—what?" The patient had started up in bed, his face white with horor. The nurse sprang to him. He fell back as she reached him. He stiffened in her arms, and the blackness of despair settled down upon the heart and the hopes of the whistling girl.

The doctor's abrupt commands roused her. She was the nurse again, not the stricken woman. Together they worked to bring the patient back out of the shadow, and presently she was alone with him again.

"Nurse," he said, with a sob in his voice, "I suppose I must have been dreaming or maybe was not quite sane, but I'll swear I heard that whistle. It was Jim's signal, I know. But Jim is dead. Oh, Annie!"

The nurse was down on her knees beside him. Her strong, soft hands held his; her voice was steady and sweet.

"Listen, dear," she said. "Annie is here! You couldn't know me while your eyes were bound; but, dear, you were more blind before. It was you then; it is you now. Oh, my love, you have lost much, but will you not be brave for my sake, for the sake of a day that may be?"

A light of understanding settled slowly upon his changing face. His hands closed tightly upon hers.

"Annie," he whispered, "is it a dream?"

The nurse laughed in spite of the tears that would flow.

"O, doubting one," she said, how could this be a dream?" And light as an elf's caress he felt her kiss upon his lips.

HE KNEW THE LADY.

"Yes," said the eminent professor at a social gathering, addressing his remarks to a small man to whom he had been introduced, "I flatter myself that I rarely fail to read a face correctly."

"So?" queried the small man.

"Yes. Now, there is a lady," continued the professor, pointing to a 200-pound specimen of the fair sex, "the lines of whose countenance are as clear as print to me. The chin shows a firmness of disposition amounting to obstinacy; the pointed nose, a vicious temperament; the capacious mouth, volubility; the square chin denotes trouble for those who oppose her wishes; the eyes show a hardness of heart"—

"Wonderful, truly wonderful, professor,' interrupted the small man.

"You evidently know something of the lady, then?" said the professor.

"Sure," replied the small man; "she is my wife."

Humors of all kinds are prolific of worse troubles. They may be entirely expelled by a thorough course of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

AN ENCOURAGING SIGN OF THE TIMES.

So much has been said, and justly so in condemnation of the fearful conditions prevailing in various sections of Great Britain, and particularly in the larger cities, because of the people; that it is gratifying to give wider circulation to this statement from The Guardian:

"Dr. Dawson Burns estimates the drink bill of the United Kingdom for 1901 at £158,151,005, as compared with £160,891,718 in 1900, a decrease of nearly two millions and three-quarters sterling, or about 1.75 per cent. This decrease is all the more welcome because it cannot be explained in the same way as the decrease of 1900, which was rightly attributed to the absence of so many men in South Africa as compared with the year before. Probably some part of the decrease is due to the heavier pressure of taxation."

In connection with the statement in the above paragraph it is gratifying to read a dispatch from London to the effect that the magistrates of Glasgow have decided to refuse licenses to hotels, saloons, restaurants, railway bars, etc., when women are employed as bartenders, except where the women are actually license holders. There are more than two thousand barmaids in Glasgow. A tea planter of Assam temporarilly sojourning in this city says that a law has been passed abolishing barmaids in Calcutta.

It is to be hoped that the good cause will move on triumphantly, and that the flagrant evil which has been restricted in Glasgow and abolished in Calcutta, and which has flourished throughout the United Kingdom, may be done away with.

Fortunately the abominable system has never taken root in this country, although on several occasions overzealous saloon keepers have sought to introduce it.

TO BE MISERABLE.

If you want to be miserable sit down and imagine you are worse off than any one else.

Compare your circumstances in life with those of your wealthy neighbor and wish you were in his place.

Forget all your blessings and remember all your trials.

Don't thank anyone who does you a kind deed, but blame him for not doing more.

If there are any poor and suffering about you don't lift a finger to help them, but let some one else look after them.

Grumble about the weather and think you could make it better.

Never speak a kind word to a child but forget that you were one yourself.

Don't give to any charitable object, but save all your money; you may need it some time.

Never smile if you can help it, but frown on everything you meet.

Don't feel obliged to work, but consider that the world owes you a living.

Choose for your associates those who are as near like yourself as possible and see how much sunshine you can keep out of other people's lives.

If you follow strictly all those rules you will surely be miserable yourself and help to make other people so.

"I GAVE THEM MYSELF."

Said a mother to me one day: "When my children were young I thought the very best thing I could do for them was to give them myself. So I spared no pains to talk with them, to read to them, to teach them, to pray with them, to be a loving companion and friend to my children. I had to neglect my house often. I had no time to indulge myself in many things which I should have liked to do. I was so busy adorning their minds and cultivating their hearts' best affections that I could not adorn their bodies in fine clothes, though I kept them neat and comfortable at all times. I have my reward now. My sons are ministers of the Gospel; my grown-up daughter is a Christian woman. I have plenty of time now to sit down and rest, plenty of time to keep my house in order, plenty of time to indulge myself, besides going about my Master's business wherever he has need of me. I have a thousand beautiful memories of their childhood to comfort me. Now that they have gone out into the world, I have the sweet consciousness of having done all I could to make them ready for whatever work God calls them to do."—Life and Faith.

FRANCE'S HOARD OF GOLD.

Next to the United States Treasury the largest accumulation of Gold in the world is held by the Bank of France As reported last Thursday, it held £102,650,151, or, roughly speaking, in our money $513,207,255. This is practically three times as much as held by the Bank of England, besides which the bank contained £44,288,008 in silver, about $221,401,540. This constituted a very large specie reserve against its note issue. On the first week of April the note issue amounted in round numbers to $835,000,000, so that the gold reserve was 61 per cent, and with the addition of the silver there was a specie reserve of about 87 per cent against all the outstanding notes.

PRIZES FOR GOOD TENANTS.

A curious and interesting plan has been adopted in Glasgow by certain landlords, who, having improved much of their slum poverty, have been naturally desirous to keep it in good condition. It consists in offering prizes to tenants who behave themselves well and pay their rent promptly. All tenants who fulfill the conditions are allowed in summer to live rent free for a fortnight, so that if they take a holiday they need not pay double rent. The plan has worked splendidly, and over 50 per cent. of the tenants have claimed the prize.

THE PRESIDENT'S LITTLE JOKE.

To his other good qualifications as a popular man President Roosevelt adds a fondness for a good-natured joke. A Washington correspondent recalls this amusing incident of the time when the President was Assistant Secretary of the Navy:

The squadron had been out for two days at target practice, and the chief officers had been invited on board the flagship as the guests of Mr. Roosevelt. The conversation on marine topics was long, and for some time there had been a clearing of throats and a significant exchange of glances. Mr. Roosevelt took the hint.

"Will you step into the cabin and have some tea?" he said.

The movement toward the cabin was prompt and unanimous. There, in the centre of a great table, rested a punch-bowl of magnificent proportions, filled nearly to the brim with a liquid a shade darker than amber. In its centre floated an island of ice. Sprays of mint extended their slender leaves over its brim, and pieces of lemon and other fruits floated on the surface of the cool and tempting fluid.

The old commodore, with the color of the sun on his face and the dryness of the desert in his throat, turned eagerly toward this oasis. He stirred the ladle lovingly in the bowl, while the others gathered about him. He held his glass, filled to the brim, between his eye and the sunlight that came in through the cabin window, and the clatter and clink of glasses sounded through the cabin as each officer filled to the occasion.

With an air of contentment and anticipated joy the commodore brought the glass to his lips. Then, as all lifted their glasses to follow his example, a look of astonishment passed over his face. His hand trembled, and the glass almost fell to the table.

"Be blowed if it ain't tea!" he gasped.

And, indeed, that is just exactly what it was.

HOW HE MANAGED IT.

"The prairies of the West are great places for wind," said a wild west telegraph operator. "I used to have a station out in Nebraska, right out in the open prairie, and the way the wind blew was a caution. But it was a lucky wind for me. At a station about thirteen miles west my girl lived and, as I had no Sunday trains or business of any kind, I used to go up there and stay over Sunday. But a livery-horse from Saturday night to Monday morning cost me too much money, so I rigged up a sail on an old tie-car. All I had to do on Saturday night was to hoist my sail, push the tie-car out on the main track, and in less than an hour I was at my journey's end. For more than a year I went to see my girl every Saturday night by means of that sail-car. Pretty sleek, wasn't it?"

"Yes, pretty sleek. But do you mean to say that the wind blew in the same direction every Saturday night during all that time?"

"Of course I don't!"

"Well, how did you manage on those nights when it blew in the other direction?"

"I had another girl at a station fifteen miles east."

KIND KIN.

No people are so ready to give a man a bad name as his own kinsfolk; and, having made him that present, they are ever most unwilling to take it back again. If they give him nothing else in the days of his difficulty, he may be sure of their pity, and that he is held up as an example to his young cousins to avoid. If he loses his money they call him a poor fellow, and point morals out of him. If he falls among thieves, the respectable pharisees of his race turn their heads and leave him penniless and bleeding. They pat him on the back kindly enough when he returns, after shipwreck, with money in his pocket. How naturally Joseph's brothers made salaams to him, and admired him, and did him honor, when they found the poor outcast prime minister, and worth ever so much money! Surely human nature is not much altered since the days of of those primeval Jews. We would not thrust brother Joseph down a well and sell him bodily, but—but if he has scrambled out of his early bondage into renown and credit, at least we applaud him and respect him, and are proud of Joseph as a member of the family.—Newcomes.

A FUNERAL JOKE.

At the funeral of a lawyer of state reputation, who lived and practiced in a town not far from Philidelphia, and who was known among his friends hereabouts as an unbeliever, an eminent gentleman from Philadelphia reached the house after the minister had begun his sermon. Not knowing how far the service had progressed, he accosted a well-known Quaker of the town who was a friend of the deceased and who was noted for his great sense of humor, and, leaning over his shoulder, asked in a whisper:

"What part of the service have they reached?"

To which the Quaker, without a smile, replied: "Just opened for defence."—Philadelphia Times.

LOVER'S SPEECHES.

He (on his knees)—Darling, I love you with all my heart, and all my soul and with all the strength of my being.

She—Are you in earnest, Clarence?

He (reproachfully)—In earnest, say do you think I'm bagging my trousers for fun?

She—Oh, Fred, dear, you are so noble, so generous, so handsome, so chivalrous, so much the superior of every man I meet, I can't help loving you. Now, what can you see in plain little me to admire.

He—Oh, I don't know, dear, but you certainly have good judgement.

BOYS.

"The proper study of mankind is man"—
The most perplexing one, no doubt, is woman,
The subtlest study that the mind can scan,
Of all deep problems, heavenly or human!

But of all studies in the round of learning,
From nature's marvels down to human toys,
To minds well fitted for acute discerning,
The very queerest one is that of boys!

If to ask questions that would puzzle Plato,
And all the schoolmen of the Middle Age;
If to make precepts worthy of old Cato,
Be deemed philosophy—your boy's a sage!

If the possession of a teaming fancy,
(Although, forsooth, the youngker doesn't know it),
Which he can use in rarest necromancy,
Be thought poetical, your boy's a poet!

If a strong will and most courageous bearing,
If to be cruel as the Roman Nero;
If all that's chivalrous, and all that's daring,
Can make a hero, then the boy's a hero!

But changing soon with his increasing stature,
The boy is lost in manhood's riper age,
And with him goes his former triple nature—
No longer Poet, Hero, now nor Sage!

—JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

A MIGHTY GOOD REASON.

It was at a certain church meeting, and the good bishop was calling for reports. He had a rather stern sharp manner, which sometimes jarred a little on the nerves of the more timid. By and by he came to Brother B., a lay delegate.

"Brother B., what is the spiritual condition of your church?" demanded the bishop briskly.

"I consider it good," said the brother.

"What makes you think it is good?" went on the bishop.

"Well, the people are religious. That's what makes me think so."

"What do you call religious? Do they have family prayer?"

"Some of them do, and some do not."

"Do you mean to say that a man may be a Christian and not hold family prayer."

"Yes, sir, I think so."

"Do you hold family prayer?"

"Yes, sir," returned the brother quietly.

"And yet you think a man may be a Christian and not hold family prayer?" thundered the bishop.

"He has no family," meekly answered the brother.—A. J. B., in Harper's Drawer.

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

An amusing story is told of the late Lord Vernon, when giving a dinner to his tenantry. One old farmer had been informed that his lordship, who was very hospitable, would be much offended if he refused anything which his lordship offered him. The guests sat down to the dinner, and the old farmer, whose name was Johnson, partook freely of soup, fish, entrees, and roast beef, and then the plum-pudding was produced.

"Now, Mr. Johnson," said Lord Vernon, "let me give you a little plum-pudding."

Johnson looked at his lordship with anguish written in every line of his face, and said: "No, thank you, my lord; I would rather quit my farm!"

A BRIDEGROOM'S MISTAKE.

A young couple were married at Fenelon Falls, Ontario, a few days ago and a number of their friends and relatives assembled at the railway station to see them off on their honeymoon. Old slippers and rice were showered at the happy pair as they boarded the train. When they got comfortably seated in the car, the groom noticed a boot in the aisle, and, thinking it was one that had been thrown into the car by some of his jovial friends, threw the boot out of the window as the car was moving. It happened that the boot belonged to a well known Toronto commercial traveller, who had removed it to ease his foot. On the arrival of the train at Lindsay, the groom was compelled to purchase a new pair of shoes for the drummer.

THE JEHU'S VIEW.

A famous English judge was driving to his court one morning in his brougham, when an accident happened to it in Grosvenor square. Fearing he would be belated, he called a cab from an adjacent cabrank and bade the Jehu drive him as rapidly as possible to the Courts of Justice.

"And where are they?"

"What! A London cabby, and don't know that the Law Courts are near Old Temple Bar?"

"Oh! The Law Courts is it? You said "Courts of Justice."

A VARIOLOID VERSION.

One of the colored porters on the Hannibal and St. Joe Railway who was quarantined in Kansas City, because of the smallpox, was telling his experience to some of his acquaintances. He said: "Dey done keep me canteened for three weeks, and it wasn't smallpox at all. It was nuttin but celluloid."

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