The Acton Free Press.

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

Accounts payable monthly.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M., SUCCESSOR TO J. P. UREN, M. D. C. M. Office and residence—Corner Mill Frederick Streets, Acton. Office Hours:—6 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 3 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL. L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH. L. R. P. & S. GLASGOW. MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, ETC. Office—Frederick Street Acton, Ont.

DR. DRYDEN, EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE. Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets, GUELPH. Office Hours—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 3 to 6 p.m. SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

DENTAL.

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

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S. DENTIST, ACTON. Office over McKee's Drug Store. HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY. VISITING DAYS.—First and third Tuesdays, Brookville; Friday, Rockwood. The latest anæsthetic used if desired.

LEGAL.

A. J. MacKINNON, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER. OFFICE—Mill Street in Matthews' Block, Upstairs.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

INSURANCE AGENT, W. H. DENNY, General Agent Confederation Life Association. Agent Union Fire Insurance Companies. Office Young St., Acton.

FRANCIS NUNAN, BOOKBINDER, Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario. (Over Williams' Shoes.) Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Julling neatly and promptly done.

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

WM HEMSTREET, LICENSED AUCTIONEER For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the Free Press office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms Reasonable.

I do money to loan on the most favorable sums, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $125,000.

THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY. Established 1840. Head Office GUELPH, ONT. INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 422, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

W. BARBER & BROS. Paper Makers Georgetown Ontario. BOOK, NEWS AND COLORED PAPERS. JOHN R. BARBER

Stock Men Say They Are All Right.
Prof. A. V. Day's English Tonic Powders
(five separate packages) for Horses, Cattle, Hogs, Sheep and Poultry. They make tonic food. Make health and fat.
Agent W. ERSKINE, Acton.
Send two cent stamp for free sample of Cream for Calves.
Address: Day's Stock Food Co., Toronto, Canada.

A Few Ends

Of Gold 25c. Wall Paper with Border and Ceiling to match, will clear at

10c.

A lot of remainders of 15c. and 10c. Paper, with borders and ceiling to match, will clear at

5c. and 6½c. roll.

A lot of short ends at bargains at

DAY'S BOOKSTORE CLEARING SALE.
GUELPH

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Capital $6,000,000
Rest 2,700,000

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
A. H. DEVITT, Manager.

Good Shoes
Seasonable Prices.

We are here to serve you faithfully and well. The whole system of our business revolves around the central point, that we sell good goods at reasonable prices. The day of large profits is gone. Sudden fortunes are not often made honestly.—We are content with the moderate rewards that come from a large trade well managed. Come and talk Shoes with us; we can't discuss politics, but we are full of ideas on foot gear. We sell all Lines and suit all Customers.

W. WILLIAMS.
The Shoe Man.
Mill Street - - - Acton

GRAIN WANTED!

All kinds of Grain wanted at
Acton and Georgetown Elevators
and at
Norval Mills.
The highest market prices paid.

The Acton Flour and Feed Store
is supplied with high class grades of Flour
All kinds of Feed at Cash Prices constantly on hand.
Rolled Oats, Breakfast Foods, Cattle Spices, Etc

ROBERT NOBLE, Proprietor. W. J. HUMPHRIES, Manager at Acton.

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

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—this co 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

THE TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
Capital paid up, $1,000,000
Assets Over $9,000,000.
Guelph Branch
(NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE)
Savings Bank Department
HIGHEST CURRENT RATE OF INTEREST paid on sums deposited of $1 and upwards. Interest allowed from date of deposit to date of withdrawal, paid or compounded half yearly.
Advances made to responsible farmers on their own notes at the lowest current rates.
No charge made for collecting sales notes if payable in Guelph.
A general banking business transacted.
A. F. M. JONES, Manager.

Do You Realize How Near Christmas Is ?

One month and Christmas will be past. Have you not thought how pleasant it would be to see all the nice things Bond & Co. have for Christmas purposes? Read this partial list of specials. Come and look them over before the busy days commence.

Razors, Carvers, Cutlery of all kinds, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Silver Novelties, Lamps, Carpet Sweepers, Hair Brushes, Razor Straps, etc.

OUR PRICES ARE ALWAYS RIGHT.

JOHN M. BOND & CO.
GUELPH.

ACTON SAW MILLS
LUMBER, LATH SHINGLES AND WOOD.
DRESSED LUMBER, ROUGH LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLE AND STOVE WOOD OF ALL KINDS.
Kept Constantly on Hand.
James Brown.
Terms Cash.

For the best Quality of
FLOUR
GO TO
EVERTON OR EDEN MILLS
Always sure to get the BEST ARTICLE at RIGHT PRICES.
Bran, Middlings, Chop Feed, Etc., for sale.
Chopping done and Oats rolled for horses every day at both mills.
Cash for wheat and Oats.
HENRY HORTOP.
PROPRIETOR

BELL TELEPHONE CO. OF CANADA

A new Table of the Subscriber's Directory for the District of Western Ontario, including the Acton Exchange, will be issued early in September. Orders for new connections, changes of address, changes of names, duplicate entry of names, etc., should be placed at once to ensure their appearance.

A. T. Brown,
Local Manager

Great Clearing Sale
OF
SECOND-HAND BUGGIES, MARKET WAGONS & CARTS
AT
O'NEIL'S CARRIAGE WORKS
GEORGETOWN.
13 Buggies, 3 Carts, 3 Market Waggons, 1 side seat Carry-all Waggon, $40 Spring Dray. All second-hand and in first class repair. I will sell them cheap. Come and get a bargain
J. N. O'NEILL
GEORGETOWN.

—ACTON—
LIVERY
AND
BUS LINE
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 10 a.m. and 6.10 p.m. Careful attention given to everyone. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

NASSAGAWEYA
Saw and Planing Mills.
Lumber and Shingles
AT LOWEST PRICES.
FOUR FOOT BLOCKS $1.25 A CORD
Mill stuff cut to order.
P. Sayers, Proprietor

Poetry.

THE DOG UNDER THE WAGON.

"Come, wife," said good old Farmer Gray,
"Put on your things, 'tis market day
And we'll be off to the nearest town,
There and back ere the sun goes down.
Spot?—No, we'll leave old Spot behind."
But Spot he barked, and Spot he whined,
And soon made up his doggish mind
to follow under the wagon.

Away they went at a good round pace,
And joy came into the farmer's face;
"Poor Spot," said he, did want to come,
But I'm awful glad he's left at home;
He'll guard the barn, and guard the cot,
And keep the cattle out of the lot."
"I'm not so sure of that," thought Spot,
The big dog under the wagon.

The farmer all his produce sold,
And got his pay in yellow gold,
Then started homeward after dark,
Home through the lonely forest.
Hark!
A robber springs from behind a tree—
"Your money or else your life," says he;
The moon was up, but he didn't see
The big dog under the wagon.

Spot ne'er barked and Spot ne'er whined,
But quickly caught the thief behind;
He dragged him down in the mire and dirt,
And tore his coat and tore his shirt,
Then held him fast on the miry ground;
The robber uttered not a sound
While his hand and feet the farmer bound,
And tumbled him into the wagon.

So Spot, he saved the farmer's life,
The farmer's money, the farmer's wife;
And now the hero, grand and gay,
A silver collar he wears to-day;
Among his friends, among his foes,
And everywhere his master goes,
Ah follows on his horny toes,
The big dog under the wagon.

Select Family Reading.

Croesus and Cupid.

MARTHA MCCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

"A FINE country place, heaps of ready money—and perfect liberty! Helen, is there anything left to wish for?" Hildreth asked, laying down the lawyer's letter. Helen shrugged the least bit as she answered: "Why, yes! If only one could have been born a widow"—

"I am ready to immolate myself. Widows are easier made than born," Hildreth said, catching her hand. "Only make me your lord, Helen of Troy, and I will promise to do the disappearing act whenever you are ready."

"You don't understand. Of course I should hate being a made widow. Made widows have to wear caps, and—and people say such horrid, horrid things of them if they venture to be—oh, the least bit human—I mean not funereal. But if only one could be born to that estate, with all the grief over or softened to a becoming pensive memory; why, it would be heavenly. Widows, for all their drawbacks, have the best lives after all," Helen said puckering her forehead the best she could. Scowling was an unknown art to her. She had laughed persistently in the face of hard fortune. Now that the tide had turned her gay courage began to ebb.

"If only I had anybody all my own, I should not mind," she went on. "But there is not a soul. Maybe I ought to be selfishly glad. If there was a soul nearer than ninth cousin, this wonderful fairy fortune would be cut in two. I cannot feel that I in the least deserve it. But only think! I can have what frocks I please and silver money for my poor people instead of pennies.

"Will it spoil you, I wonder?" Hildreth said, meditatively. "You know we've always said money was the real touchstone. Any poor lady can be decent; there is so little temptation to be anything else."

"I wish I knew," Helen said. "I think souls are like flowers, making the earth they grow in too rich—ruins it if it does not kill them outright."

"You are not offensively rich. All told, this great-uncle's legacy foots up a quarter of a million. Spending that will never bother a person of your luxurious capacities," Hildreth said consolingly.

Helen laughed. "And I have existed on less than six hundred a year," she said. "Promise me, Vance, you will never change—the beastly money shall make no difference with us."

"It's bound to make a difference. Think of daring to ask you now to dine with me at L'Ally's!" Hildreth laughed back: "Nothing will go with you but Merry's or the Swelldorf. And I cannot cut your dinners there since I have not the coin to return them in kind."

"You are horrible!" Helen said promptly. "By way of punishment I invite myself to dine with you tonight. Not at L'Ally's either—we'll go to that forty cent place where the coffee is so sinful that it always suggests an appeal to the police. Maybe some of the others will be there."

"All of them. It's near the middle of the week. Pay day is two days ahead for most of the gang." Hildreth answered, with a flickering smile. "How I shall like to see them when they know! You are going to tell them, of course, Helen?"

"You may tell them. I shall not say a word," Helen said, setting her finger tips together. "I'm beginning to be cowardly," she went on. "Suppose it should turn out that my money costs me my friends and my illusion?"

"I hardly understand," Hildreth began.

She raised her hand. "This is my fear," she said. "All these five years I have been out in the scurry of things. I have hugged the belief that my, that people liked me for what I was, not for what I might this day become. Latterly, since Gumpey's has asked for and exploited my stories, there has been so perceptible a warming up in some quarters it has made me a bit cynical. Now I am saying to myself, 'Suppose the money draws the sycophants to you, and the fear of seeing sycophantic drives away the real ones?' That would be terrible, I hope—oh, how I hope—that those I care for most will understand, however, my way of life changes, I myself shall be just the same!"

"I shall tell it," Hildreth said, lifting her hand to his lips. "In proof, you must dine with me this night year, and at the forty cent place. If it survives so long."

"If it does not you shall dine with me," Helen said gratefully, "and not at the Swelldorf either. It shall be deep in the country under my own fig tree and vine."

* * * * * *

"No; the forty cent place did not die in answer to my prayers," Hildreth said upon the anniversary of Helen's inheriting. He sat opposite her with a broad damask snowfield between, all the breadth of it gleaming with silver and crystal. Roses lay loosely over it—heavy headed hothouse roses grown upon the place. Helen, a vision in misty white, with pearls at her throat and richer roses at her breast, was all unlike the girl of last year. She had been trimly tailor-made, yet very, very threadbare then. Somehow Hildreth found it hard to give her place to the fluffy, fluttery creature who now answered her name.

He had been absurdly fond of the tailor-made girl, sinfully fond if one reflected that between them the five had had nothing certain a week. Free lances of the pen, they had also been free companions, sentient, responsive as the wind harp to the winds, yet never by any chance sentimental.

"I suspect it died in answer to my petitions. I did not see how else I was to get you down here," Helen said demurely: "Vance, you have treated me very, very badly—only three letters and two snippets of your valuable time when I came to the city. By way of penance you shall now tell me everything about everybody."

"For instance?" Hildreth said inquiringly.

Helen shook her finger at him. "You know," she said. "But by way of setting you off, who has my place at L'Ally's and the offices? Do you know Gumpey's begged me to work exclusively for my 'discoverers?'"

"Characteristic," Hildreth said. "But as to your place, you don't really think anybody could take it. Marvel has not got done lamenting your loss to literature, and Ransom sighs for your stories of occasion."

"You flatter me," Helen said. "Ransom was always a dear. He read my things by the light of his own kindness. But tell me about the new young women. There must be new young women, who strum a guitar for you to smoke by and know, as I did, not to bother you with a word."

"Oh, there are two or three," Vance said indifferently; then, suddenly rousing: "And one of them's a corker, too—a western girl, two years in civilization. If she ever quits burring her r's, yours truly will surrender at indiscretion."

"Dear, dear, this is crushing!" Helen said, pretending to hide her face. In reality she studied Hildreth from the ambush of her fingers. "If you love her very much, Vance," she said in muffled tones, "fetch her here for six months. I'll try my best to straighten out the tragic argent."

"Don't know if it's worth while," Hildreth said, drumming on the table. "There's a photo—square jawed fellow, with gimlet eyes—which keeps wool over her den. I've a sneaking suspicion the gimlet-eyed is a lion in all our paths"—

"Oh, he need not count. I can take care of him," Helen said, smiling wickedly.

Vance got up and went to her side. "No; you can't," he said, "for the very excellent reason that you have got to take care of me. I've been all sorts of a fool, Helen, over this blessed money."

"I knew it all along," Helen said. "How glad I am you have seen light at last!"

A MUSICAL ALPHABET.

A for Andante, which means rather slow.
B is for Bar, we must count as we go.
C for Crescendo, get loud by degrees.
D for Da Capo, repeat if you please.
E for exercise, played day by day.
F stands for Forte, as loud as you may.
G Grazioso, in soft singing style.
H the two Hands which we use all the while.
I is the Instrument, skillfully made.
J for our Joy when we hear it well played.
K is for Keys, black and white as you know.
L is for Largo, most solemn and slow.
M for a Minim, just two in a bar.
N for the Notes, what a number there are.
O stands for Opera, a musical play.
P for the Pedal, use cautiously pray.
Q stands for Quaver, in a bar there are eight.
R is a Rest, count one while you wait.
S is a Semibreve, to it count four.
T is for Trio, three voices, no more.
U Una Corda, or played all in one.
V for Vivance, a time full of fun.
W for Weber, whose music is fine.
X for Xcell, which just means to outshine.
Y is a Youth who can play some nice things.
Z is a Zither, with many sweet strings.

A WOODLAND HYMN OF PRAISE.

Some years ago, during a visit to friends at Sudely Castle, Gloucestershire, the late Sir John Stainer, the famous organist and composer, joined in a badger hunt which had a most unexpected ending, one that was undoubtly wholesome bath for the badger and hunters.

The manager for this estate amused himself by nightly meets at certain woods where the badgers earthed, and Doctor Stainer—he had not then been knighted—having been told that there was to be a meet at a place called Pinnock Cliff, an extensive woodland in the Cotswold, expressed a desire to take part in it.

At midnight, accordingly, in company with the manager, the Rev. Robert Browne, who was then curate of Sudeley, and a few others, Dr. Stainer started to tramp to the rendezvous, which was about four miles away. The beaters were left at a certain point with instructions to give them their half-hour's start. This being effected, they were quietly waiting the appearance of the badger, who, disturbed on his rambles by the hunters' dogs, would probably ere long charge at the earths. While they waited, the approach of morning was heralded by that mysterious light which at that time of year—it was June—begins to be seen about two o'clock.

It was one of the finest mornings possible to imagine. There was no wind, the sky was clear, and the small patches of detached mist obliquely creeping up toward the ethereal blue overhead irresistibly suggested celestial beings winging their upward way.

The birds soon began their morning songs—first the skylark with his trilling notes, then in the far distance the cuckoo, the wood-pigeon, and the dove cooing to his mate, and then the hosts of other birds—one after the other, until all the woodland resounded with song. For a few moments the little party stood in silence; then Doctor Stainer, raised his hands, exclaimed:

"All that have life and breath sing to the Lord!" the opening words of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise."

The manager caught at it in an instant and hummed the trombone part.

"Do you know it?" asked the doctor.

The manager nodded.

"Let us have the first chorus," said Doctor Stainer.

And so they sang from memory, as they could, the first chorus from "The Hymn of Praise," Doctor Stainer taking the treble, Mr. Browne the alto, the manager the tenor, and another the bass.

Naturally they did not get the badger. Never was badger in this humor wooed, and it is easy to imagine the dazed beast, who never could have heard such sounds in all his previous existence, giving his earth a wide berth.

STAGGERING THE LECTURER.

In a certain village schoolroom in England a lecturer from a neighboring town was holding forth on matters astronomical.

His audience was inclined to be sceptical, and there was quite a flutter when the lecturer spoke of the distance between the earth and the moon.

"That feller's a fafe," whispered the village whacker to his next-door neighbor, "and Aw'll prove it when 'e's done spoutin'."

Accordingly when the lecturer came to an end, the old villager rose to his feet and declared his intention of "axin' a question."

"Very well, fire away," smiled the lecturer.

"Wot Aw wants to know is, how far is it frae here to N——," mentioning the name of another little village at some distance.

"Really," gasped the lecturer, "I couldn't tell you. I've never been to N——."

"Just soa," came the triumphant retort. "Then hoo mony toims has ta been to the moon?"

ROOSEVELT'S FAVORITE CHARACTER IN FICTION.

President Roosevelt is a faithful student of the Scriptures. Bunyan is one of his favorite authors.

One day a celebrated woman novelist came to him and said: "Tell me, Mr. President, what character in fiction comes nearest your ideal of what a man ought to be."

"Great Heart," promptly replied the ready man. "He is, in my estimation, the finest figure of a man that can be found."

"I'm afraid I'm not so well informed in modern fiction as I thought I was," she said, timidly.

The President smiled.

"O," said she hurriedly, one of the old pagan heroes, of course, whom I have forgotten. Where shall I find him?"

"In the 'Delectable Mountains,'" said the President, turning to other guests who were patiently waiting for his attention.

QUEER LOT OF NAMES.

A few days ago a Miss Death was brought to the German Hospital to be operated upon for appendicitis. She was a daughter, she said, of an undertaker.

The surgeon's name who was chosen to perform the operation was Dye—Frank Hackett Dye.

When the operation was over Miss Death was placed in charge of two nurses.

Miss Payne is the day nurse. Miss Grone is the night nurse.

The patient is recovering rapidly, and in a week or so Miss Death will bid good-bye to Dr. Dye, Miss Payne, and Miss Grone.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Chronicled by Exchanges, Contributed by Correspondents and Our Reporters.

GEORGETOWN.

Georgetown's vote in the contest to close the bars gave 108 votes Yes and 91 No; hardly up to the last vote on the question.

The tender of Thomas Arthurs for the supply of wood for the public school at $5.85 per cord was accepted.

Tax collector Search summoned J. Hilts and J. Logan for refusing to pay dog tax. They were fined $1.00 and costs each, by R. D. Warren.

Collector Search has $1000 of taxes to collect yet. Five per cent. will be added to delinquents.

Rev. Mr. Blair, of Nassagaweya, preached able anniversary services in the Presbyterian Church last Sunday.

A special meeting of the Baptist Mission Circle was held last Wednesday evening. An address was delivered by Rev. Dr. Smith, medical missionary, just returned from India.

MILTON.

Milton polled 118 votes to abolish the bars and only 97 for them; a turnover favorable to temperance of thirty votes.

There was quite a procession of Deputy Returning Officers to the Court House on Friday. The thirty ballot boxes used in the referendum vote on Thursday were returned that day.

The railways are giving cheap fares to the Winter Fair, at Guelph, this week.

Rev. Canon Mackenzie, having retired, removed to Milton last week and well make this town his home for the future. He was rector of Grace Church for several years.

The Court of General Sessions was held on Tuesday.

Five per cent. will be added to all unpaid taxes now due.

OAKVILLE.

An application was made on Friday on behalf of the Town of Oakville for the appointment of a receiver for the estate of Andrew & Howarth, private bankers. Mr. Thomas Howarth, in whose hands the business practically was, committed suicide on Monday previous by shooting himself in his office in the bank. Oakville has a claim against the bank. The Sheriff of Halton was appointed receiver.

This good old cold-water town sustained its reputation by polling a majority of votes in favor of closing the bars. The poll stood 124 Yes, 115 No.

LIMEHOUSE.

Mr. Thomas Marshall visited friends in Hamilton last week.

The Toronto Lime Works is still receiving orders for lime and cement.

Mrs. J. G. Harley, of Georgetown, was a guest last week at the home of Mr. John Wheeler.

The organization of a Royal Templars Council for Limehouse is resting in abeyance. Limehouse could sustain a council with advantage to the community.

The farmers are holding their wood for fancy prices. Thomas Arthurs has contracted to supply Georgetown Public School at $5.85 per cord.

UNSELFISH GRIEF.

"Death, sorrow, disaster warp and blind and ruin many lives, because many people abandon themselves to their grief. But the grief that stops outside of self is the only grief which the followers of Christ should permit themselves. Mrs. Durant lost her boy and became a god-mother to Wesley College. Mrs. Stanford lost her only son and founded a university in his name. Sorrow illuminates our vision. We search for lost ones in vain; but as we look, behold! the eyes that seek ours for help or sympathy may be those of the Christ, beckoning us to minister, in his name.—Youth's Companion.

HIS UMBRELLA WAS RETURNED.

A well-known English divine recently had the misfortune to lose his umbrella, and he rather suspected that its appropriation by another had not been altogether accidental. He therefore used the story to point a moral in a sermon in the cathedral, adding that if its present possessor would drop it over the wall of the deanery garden during that night he would say no more about it. Next morning he repaired to the spot and found his own umbrella and 45 others.

THAT SIX TIMES.

There is one word in the English language which can appear six times consecutively in a sentence and make correct English.

To illustrate: A boy wrote on the Blackboard: "The man that lies does wrong."

The teacher objected to the word "that," so the word "who" was substituted. And yet it must be evident to the reader, for all that, that "that" that that the teacher objected to was right after all."

THE REAL THING.

"Is this your writing?" asked the merchant, as he glanced over a written list of goods wanted.

"No," replied Mr. Meeker, "my wife wrote the list."

"Well, she certainly knows how to handle a pen," said the merchant. "Her diction is absolutely perfect."

"Yes, I suppose her diction's all right," replied Meeker, with a deep sigh, "but it's nothing when compared with her contradiction.

Distress after eating, belching, and nausea between meals are symptoms of dyspepsia, which Hood's Sarsaparilla always cures.

THE SUNSHINE ARMY.

I belong to the Sunshine Army,
Campaigning against the Blues!
And the Gloom-hordes we find we're treating
To many a gash and bruise.
With a volley of deadly Hachas,
A broadside of merry Gibes,
We are splitting folks' faces open
From puckered-up brows to chins.

There is never a case of Sorrow
(Unless it was bred by Sin)
Can resist for a trice our onslaught
When once we have started in
To destroy all the Purple-breed works
The minions of Gloom have built;
There is always a full surrender
For anyone's blood is spilt.

There is a General Smile's division,
And Adjutant Grin's brigade;
There is Colonel Tickle's glad legion
Of Giggles and Chuckles made;
There's the cavalry troop (called Horselaughs)
With Guffaw's zouaves and all—
Where's the pessimist, Jag but fumbles
At sound of our bugle call?

Won't you come and enlist? We need you!
Come buckle our armour on:
There is too much of morning twilight
Let's hasten the dazzling dawn:
For our banner is woven sunbeams,
Our colors bright gold and rose.
What! you're coming! That's right
now forward!
And death to our long-faced foes!

Clear the way for the Sunshine Army,
Campaigning against the Blues!
Gloomy hordes that oppose are treated
To many a slash and bruise.
With a volley of hurtling Hachas,
A bayonet charge of Grins,
We are splitting folks' faces open
From puckered-up brows to chins.
—Boston Herald.

A CHANGE OF SOIL.

Old Thomas Playfair, while staying in New York State last Summer, went to visit Doctor Hapley, his friend and schoolmate long ago.

"This is the first time I've been out of my own country in twenty years," he said, as they sat together after dinner. "Great changes in that time, Henry! Electric lights and telephones and automobiles, all new things to me. I live thirty miles from a railway or telegraph wire; I vote the same ticket that my father did, and I go to the same old church. The old ways are plenty good enough for me."

"Where are your boys?" asked the the doctor.

"I never know where they are," grumbled the old man. "John professes to live in Seattle, but he comes East or goes to California every little while. William is in business here in New York, but he rushes over to Europe once a year 'for rest.' They fly to the mountains or the coast every summer, and are as familiar with London or Egypt as I am with my barn-yard. This generation is as busy as Satan was in the days of Job, with 'going to and fro in the earth.' It is the destruction of all virtue and strength, to my thinking."

The said octord nothing but presently took his friend over his little domain to look at his orchard and kitchen-garden and fields. The old man was a shrewd farmer, and frankly praised or criticized as they went.

"My corn is poor this year," said the doctor. "So are the oats. I don't know what ails the crops."

"You don't change them often enough," said the farmer briskly. "You've gone on planting corn in the same ground year after year. It has exhausted the food which that field holds for it. Plant it in fresh soil. You're a better surgeon than farmer, doctor."

"And it may be that you understand corn better than human beings," retorted the doctor. "You criticize our countrymen for going to Europe or changing their abode at home. You forget that the American is the busiest man on earth; he works incessantly and he not only needs food but change of food. Put him in a new field, as you do the corn, and he finds it. It is the unconscious effort to change this brain food which has brought about our annual exodus to Europe and our perpetual jauntings at home."

The old man, half-convinced, shook his head. "But corn that takes root nowhere is good for nothing," he remarked.

GREAT BLUNDERS.

In the Cerrar Library, Chicago, in a book compiled by Dr. Earl Pradt, in which five hundred men, out of work, have recorded "the greatest blunder of their life." Here are some of them:

1. Didn't save what I earned.
2. Did not as a boy realize the value of an education.
3. If I had taken better care of my money, I would be in better health and morals.
4. Did not realize the importance of sticking to one kind of employment.
5. The greatest blunder of my life was when I took my first drink.
6. One of the greatest blunders of my life was not to perfect myself in one of the lines of business I started out to learn.
7. My greatest blunder was when I left school in the fifth grade.
8. The turning point in my life was when at fifteen I ran away from home.
9. Spent my money foolishly when I was earning good wages.
10. When I let myself be misled in thinking that I need not stick to one thing.
11. Self-conceit and not listening to my parents.
12. Walk to fool away my time when at school.

HAD BEEN USED.
A boy baby arrived at a certain house, and a visitor said to a little girl in the family: "Do you like the baby?" The little girl said she did, but would have preferred a lady baby. "Well," the visitor continued, "maybe you can exchange this one." "No, I don't think we could," said the little girl, "because we have been using it seven or eight days."