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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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MILL STREET, ACTON ONT.

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Accounts payable monthly.

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M.,

SUCCESSOR TO
J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.

Office and residence—Corner Mill and Frederick Streets, Acton.

Office Hours:—8 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—Perry's Block
ACTON ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

INSURANCE AGENT,
J. 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 Store.)
Account Books of all kinds made to order Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done

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

WM HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton Orders left at the Free Press office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms Reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $400 and upwards.

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 347, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GROSDELL Proprietor
ARE well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam fitting, horse shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Repairing a Specialty.

If You Want
Good Bread
TRY OUR
White, Brown and Currant Loaf.
Fresh Scones, Buns and Dough Nuts every day. All kinds of Cakes on hand. Tarts made to order. Wedding Cakes a specialty.
Confectionery.
Best assortment of Confectionery from best markers. Popular prices.
Oysters and Fruits
of best grades in their season.
Oyster Parlor now open. Oysters served in most popular methods.

T. STATHAM & SON
Bakers and Grocers.
MAIN ST. ACTON

Toys,
Toy Books,
Fancy Goods,
LEFT OVER FROM OUR CHRISTMAS SALE, WILL BE SOLD .....
At Cost and Below
....AT....
DAY'S BOOKSTORE
GUELPH
DAY + BULLS + CHOKE

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. ome and talk hoes with us; we can't discuss politics, but we are full of ideas on foot gear. We sell all Lines and suit all ustomers.

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

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 HORTON
PROPRIETOR

Are You Going To
Get a New Cutter ?
I have a very nice assortment, very Stylish Roomy and Comfortable, all My Own Makes, best value in the country.
I have a splendid assortment of heavy Bob Sleighs, made of the very best materials and guaranteed to keep the track.
I also have a nice line of pleasure Bob Sleighs 1 and 2 seats, just the proper thing for any farmer to have. Don't fail to call and see my stock. Remember this is the best Shop in the county for all kinds of Repairing.
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 8.30 p.m.
Careful attention given to everyone and the wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
Proprietor

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 some deposits 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 names at the lowest current rates.
No charge made for collecting sales notes if payable in Guelph.
A general banking business transacted.
A. P. H. JONES, Manager.

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, Cutler 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.

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

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.

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 Food 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.

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

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—$60 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

Poetry.

JUST A GIRL.

Many a throne has had to fall
For a girl,
Many a king has had to crawl
For a girl
When the hero goes to war
He may battle for the right,
But 'tis likelier by far
That he sallies forth to fight
When the doctor turns to say:
"It's a girl,"
Papa murmurs with dismay:
"What! A girl,"
Ah, but why the sadness there?
Why the bitterness displayed?
Some day some strong man will swear
That the great round world was made
For that girl,
Why did Adam take the bite?
For a girl,
Why was Troy swept out of sight?
For a girl,
O, would heaven still be bright,
And would any good man care
To achieve it if he might
Never claim forever there
Glorious girl?
—Chicago Record Herald.

Select Family Reading.

Tom Dawson, Private Secretary.

BY W. H. DUNHAM

THOMAS Dawson was private secretary to the head of a downtown wholesale house. Old Jackson used to say that the house could not get along without Dawson, yet that personage had been in the employ of the firm only a short year, was but twenty-four years old and knew nothing of the business when he entered. But he had been a reporter and a good one, that means, as everybody knows, that he knew a little of everything in the world and a great deal more. So when he applied for the position with one of the most unique letters old Jackson had ever received, the old man, after struggling through a wilderness of bad writing, broke into a hearty laugh and sent for him.

"You think you can fill the position that is open, do you?" growled old Jackson at Dawson when that young gentleman appeared. "Do you know that this is the most confidential place and that, while knowledge of the business and lines we handle is not absolutely necessary, yet to a man of not more than average intellect who is inexperienced the position is impossible?"

"Why, of course I can hold it. Do you suppose I would come snooping around here if I didn't think you needed me?"

Jackson had been so used to having men quail before him, especially when seeking a position, that this breezy answer floored him. But he liked it.

"Well, young man, I will just give you ten minutes' trial."

It was nearly noon when Dawson had presented himself, and he now said:

Very well, I will spend the ten minutes getting lunch and then return."

He was gone before the old man could stop him. He left the door open as he went out, a trick for which a man had been fired only the day before. Old Jackson seemed to shrink into himself until he was almost sitting on his back, staring out the open door at the stalwart back of his new secretary as it went down the long aisle and out the front door.

"Bang," went the old man's fist on the bell. A huge negro, dressed like a comic valentine, sprang into the room.

"Dolefulness," roared the old man, "did you see that young fellow go out?"

"Yes, sah; I saw him," said the black.

"Well, when that fellow comes back kill him."

Dolefulness disappeared as suddenly as he had come, and the old gentleman went out to lunch. When he returned, Dawson was seated at a desk looking over the mail which had just arrived.

"What the —— Where is Dolefulness?"

"Who—the nigger?" said Dawson, continuing to sort the mail. "He's in the closet."

With a bang the door of the controom in the old man's private office hit the wall. Dolefulness, bound and gagged, tumbled on the floor.

"Well!" gasped Jackson, sinking into a chair and mopping his forehead. It was 10 degrees below zero outside, and he had been kicking at the fireman all day. What does this mean?"

"Oh, nothing," said Dawson. "The nigger got kinder gay when I came from lunch, and I just put him on ice. Shall I release him?"

"Dolefulness," Jackson thundered when the negro got on his feet, "what does this mean? Didn't I tell you to kill this man if he came back again?"

"Yes, sah, yo' did, but he seed me fust just as I was going to hit him wid my billy."

"What did he do?"

"Jest grabbed me by de collah; he held me wid one hand and tied me wid the odder."

"Stand up," to Dawson. He saw that the negro was a foot and a half higher than his private secretary. "That'll do, Dolefulness. You may go."

"Now, sir," said Dawson, "if you will be so kind as to give me a word or two of advice I will proceed with business. I have stacked the letters marked personal on your desk and sent the others to the heads of the different departments. Is that right?"

"Say, you—you, who's boss here, you or me? How did you know who the heads of the different departments were?"

"That's easy. I noticed the names of them, together with their departments emblazoned in box car letters on the doors of their offices in the hall."

"Do you mean to tell me that you have only passed down this able three lines and know all the heads of departments by name?"

"Certainly. What else are my eyes for?"

Jackson didn't answer. He looked at his new employee a moment, took his seat at his desk and began opening his mail. Dawson picked up a paper and began to read. Directly he said:

"By the way, Thomas."

"Yes, sir," said the new secretary.

"I wish you would go and tell Miss Agnew, the stenographer I always have, to come here. You may spend the time looking over the store. Come back in an hour."

Dawson looked the store over from top to bottom in that hour."

When he reached the office, Mr. Jackson was gone, but on Dawson's desk repposed a note.

"Well," he said, "I guess it is up to me. I supposed from the way the old man acted that he was going to keep me, but he concluded that he could write better than he talked after all, and here is where—wow!"

Dawson had opened the envelope and the last exclamation was caused by the following:

MR. DAWSON—You have introduced yourself into this office and shoved my nigger into the closet. You have also made yourself familiar without any warrant or direction with my whole store. You are retained at a salary, to begin with, of $5,000 a year.
EBEN JACKSON.

All this had happened a year ago. Now the old man was furious. He arrived at the store fifteen minutes earlier and cursed every man in the place black and blue.

Dawson's first duty in the morning consisted in sorting and opening the mail, and he had so arranged matters with the postman as to meet him at the door, taking the mail to the desk himself. That caused him to be ready for business as soon as there was anything doing. He followed his plan this morning.

"Good morning, Mr. Jackson!" he said cheerily as he took his seat. "This is certainly a fine day."

There came a gurgle from the old man's throat, not unlike a column of water through a pipe too small. "For funerals," he at last managed to say.

Dawson was used to this and continued to sort the mail. Finally he took the personal ones across the room and laid them on Jackson's desk.

"Thomas," the boss said, "take a seat. I want to hold a heart to heart conversation with you."

"Here's where I get it," sighed the boy.

"My daughter"—Dawson started—"has told me that you have proposed marriage to her and that she has accepted you. Is it true?"

"I never dispute the word of a woman, sir."

Mr. Jackson had been holding in pretty well, but this was too much.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have dared"—Thus far he got and choked. Spat, sput, sputter came from his throat until Dawson said:

"Pardon me, sir, but some day that fit will kill you."

The proprietor of millions sank into his chair before this beardless boy.

"I want you to go, sir" was the reply. "But before I go"—here he reached behind the desk and produced the same rope with which he had tied Dolefulness—"Just a minute."

He grasped Mr. Jackson by the collar, swiftly bound his hands, thrust a handkerchief into his mouth and anchored it with one abstracted from Mr. Jackson's pocket, thrust him into the closet which had proved so useful before, locked the door, and Mr. Jackson heard him whistle.

It was only an hour that the boss had to stay in his cooped up jail, but it seemed a year. He suddenly heard the whistle again and was ordered to get down on his knees to his unruly employee when the door suddenly opened. He happened to be straining upon it at the time and as a consequence fell headlong into the room.

"That's all right, my boy," faltered the employer. "I won't fire you again—not until I get a corps of policemen."

"That's all right, sir. If you desire that I go now, I will do so; only"—and he poked his head out of the office door and brought in the girl who was at the bottom of the trouble—"allow me to introduce my wife."

The old man was too full for utterance. Finally he reached out and grasped them by the hand. Falling one on each knee, he began to pat them on the back, while a smile of contentment stole over his face.

A TRAGIC STORY.

In "that one miracle of history," Chicago, the great "Windy City," by the unsalted seas, there lives a man who could a tale unfold of the woes of strong drink.

A few years ago this man, whose name, for tenderness' sake, shall be left for you to guess, was a prince in the industrial world.

He was worth his hundreds of thousands! The lord he was of a beautiful happy home. A lovely wife confided in him and was proud of him, bright-eyed children met when he came home at night, innumerable friends rejoiced in his prosperity!

The old adage that "America is the land of opportunity" was mightily corroborated by this man's case.

Beginning with the slenderest of means, relying mainly upon his own pluck and gumption, the man we speak of soon forged to the front in splendid style!

While still a young man he found himself at the head of a splendid business. Twelve hundred men were on his pay roll, and they were paid generously, regularly for the boss believed in fair play.

On the great West Side his plant was the wonder even of the most enterprising denizens of that hustling unterrified centre of American strenuosity!

His profits were thirty thousand dollars a year! And as the fates smiled upon him his bank account grew and grew, he more and more let himself out in his generosity toward his family, his friends, the poor and needy round about him.

There was not a mean hair in his head. His heart was a big as a mountain, and his future looked as rosy as an Indian sky!

His good fortune was but the natural and legitimate consequence of his rare endowments. Nature had given him a wonderful brain.

There are to-day in the city of Chicago no less than twenty big men the advance guard of the financially powerful ones of the city, who a few years back, were employed by the man around whom this story centres.

But the man of whom I speak—where is he to-day? God only knows!

A few days ago he was brought up before a Chicago justice of the peace, charged with a petty theft.

Already, I opine, the reader is beginning to catch on to the mystery in the case.

One word tells it all—whiskey! This man lived to be thirty-five years old before alcohol ever passed his lips—and then he took a drink!

That one drink was his death warrant. That one drink was the beginning of his ruin! That one drink loosed the furies which pounced upon him and destroyed him!

That drink created a strange fiendish desire for another, the second led to still another, and before he realized it his paradise was gone and desolation saddened all the great

He got drunk. And he got drunk again, and again, and presently he was a common sot.

His magnificent business melted away like a snowbank in the spring-time; his beautiful home was blasted as though it had been stricken by the red lightning's withering shaft. The light in his children's eyes went out, the joy in his wife's soul was turned to grief, and to-day the once brilliant, prosperous man, the pride of a happy home and the marvel and wonder of the whole community, is a tramp, a common sneak thief, shivering, cringing, hating himself and longing to die.

In the great city by the unsalted seas he roams about penniless, homeless, friendless, living on the charity of a few friends, his health gone, his brain addled, his whole existence a perpetual nightmare!

It is the old, old story! And yet men will not profit by it.

Oh, humanity, thou art the biggest fool, the most stupid, idiotic thing, in all the world!

Wilt thou never learn wisdom? Wilt thou never discover and respect the fact that strong drink is hell?

What, then? Assert yourselves! Exercise your will power! Be men!

Whiskey never goes out into the street after a man. The man goes after the whiskey. The man who says: "I will not touch the accursed stuff and means what he says, can go unhurt by miles and miles of saloons.

It is the man who goes in that gets hurt.

"I have no one to blame but myself," exclaimed the man I write of. That is what he said the other day as he stood ragged and shivering and miserable before the Chicago Justice.

"I have no one to blame but myself. I have been robbed of my brains by liquor: and it is all my own fault."

This story needs no comment. It speaks for itself. It is its own terrible interpreter.

It is only necessary to remind the reader that there is only one thing for him to do if he would escape the fate that has grappled and crushed the poor fellow out in Chicago—he must let whiskey grandly alone.

He must eschew it as he would eschew the hell-broth mixed by Macbeth's witches on the blasted heath.—Rev. Thos. B. Gregory, in New York American.

JUDGE WAS WRONG.

A correspondent writes that in a certain family history it is related that "when Morgan county Ill., was first organized, a certain farmer was selected for justice of the peace. When the county was added to a circuit and a supreme court justice came down to hold a court, this justice of the peace, with the county attorney and others, called on him. the justice said, Judge, I want to ask you a question of law."

"Ask your county attorney and these other lawyers of your county," said the judge.

"Oh, I know as much law as those fellows. I want to ask you."

"Well what is it?" said the judge.

"Can't a justice of the peace grant a divorce?"

"Certainly not; he has no jurisdiction," said his honor.

"Well, judge, you're wrong," said the justice of the peace. "He can, for I granted one myself yesterday, and the gal's gone back to Missouri and the man's working down there in that field."

WHY HE REJOICED.

"Mother writes that she is coming to spend a few weeks with us," remarked the bride of three short months as she glanced over a letter at the breakfast table.

"The saints be praised!" exclaimed the man who had once declared that he could not live without her. "You're at least a splendid cook!"

TEST OF MERIT.

This story was told by the prototype of Capt. Joe, the hero of F. Hopkinson Smith's novel, "Caleb West:"

An Irishman once applied to him for a job on board his ship.

"Well," said the captain, "where are your recommendations?"

"Shure, an' I haven't any, sur."

"Can't take you then—got a German here with fine recommendations—have to give the job to him."

Pat begged so hard, however, that the captain finally agreed to take him and the German both on a trial trip, the best man to have the permanent job.

They were well out to sea when a storm arose one day while Pat and the German were scrubbing the decks. A big wave came along and swept the German overboard with his bucket. Pat immediately picked up his bucket and started after the captain, whom he found below.

"Well, Pat, what's the matter now?" the captain inquired.

"Faith, sur, ye know that German what had such fine recommendations?"

"Yes, what of him?"

"Begorra, sur, an' he's gone off with one o' your buckets."

THE TEACHER AND THE SHIRT.

There is a teacher in a school in a town in New Jersey who has Brooklyn relatives, since it is her birthplace and was her residence until she wandered into the wilds of Jersey to teach the youthful savage in the way he should educationally go. Among her scholars was one boy, a Tommy Russell, who was well nigh incorrigible. One day, patience exhausted, the teacher caught the lad and gave him a shaking that made his teeth rattle in the sockets. More, so vigorous was her clutch that she tore his shirt. The next morning the lad appeared with a neat bundle, laying it before the teacher.

"What is this, Tommy?" asked the teacher.

"I dunno, teacher," was the reply. "Me muddar sed giv' t'yousse."

The teacher opened the bundle to find Tommy's torn shirt with this memorandum:

"You tore the shirt; now you can mend it."

UNRULY MEMBER.

What an experience it was, learning to write! And how many of us unfaithfully—and unconsciously—made faces over it! For after we had learned where to place each finger, and how to move the pen, and how to hold the wrist, there was an unruly member that insisted upon helping us shape each letter.

Little girl—Please ma'am, Johnny is makin' mistakes in his writing lesson.

Teacher—How do you know?

Little Girl—There's three capital S's in the copy to-day and he's making L's.

Teacher—You can't see his pen.

Little Girl—No'm, but I can see his tongue.—Good News.

A CLASSICAL DIPLOMATIST.

"I thought your wife's name was Elizabeth?"

"So it is."

Then why do you call her Peggy?"

"Short for Pegasus."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Why, Pegasus is feminine for Pegasus."

"Well?"

"Well, Pegasus is an immortal steed?"

"What of that?"

"Sh! Not so loud. She's in the next room. You see an immortal steed is an everlasting nag, and there you are."

INTO THE TRAP.

Most of the people at the table were men, says Drake's Magazine, and they were making merry over the subject of feminine vanity.

At last one one of the few women present felt moved to say a word.

"Of course women are vain," she remarked, "and equally, of course, men are not vain. Why," she added, with a glance around the table, "at this very moment the necktie of the handsomest man in the room is up the back of his collar."

Then she smiled, for every man present had put his hand behind his neck.

NO DOUBT OF IT.

If you have a philosophical question to ask, go to a philosopher, not to a cynic.

"Do you believe in the transmigration of souls?" said a man to his friend.

"What is that?"

"Why, for instance, that this cow has had a prior existence in another form—perhaps been a being like myself."

"Oh, no doubt the cow has been a calf."—Judy.

ACCOMMODATING.

Mr. Burleigh and his little boy were taking a walk in the woods one day in October, says Harper's Young People, and began looking for chestnuts.

The boy had poor luck, but presently observed with bulging eyes that his father had gathered a big double handful. A thought struck him.

"I say papa," he said, wouldn't you like to carry your chestnuts in my pocket?"

When you have done a kindness, and your neighbour is the better for it, why need you be so foolish as to look any further, and gape for reputation and requital?

Fortify the system against disease by purifying and enriching the blood—in other words take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

AT SCHOOL AND AT HOME.

My teacher doesn't think I read
So very special well.
She's always saying, "What was that
Last word?" and makes me spell
And then pronounce it after her,
As how as how can be.
"You'd better take a little care"—
That's what she says to me—
"Or else I'm really 'fraid you'll find,
Some of these bright days,
You're way behind the primer class."
That's what my teacher says.

But when I'm at my grandpa's house,
He hands me out a book,
And lets me choose a place to read;
And then he'll sit and look
At me, and listen just as pleased!
I know it from his face,
And when I read a great long word,
He'll say: "Why, little Grace,
You'll have to teach our district school
Some one o' these bright days!
Mother, you come and hear this child.
That's what my grandpa says."
—St. Nicholas.

VARITIES.

There is but one way I know of conversing safely with all men; that is, not by concealing what we say or do, but by saying or doing nothing that deserves to be concealed.

I am convinced that it is by his personal conduct that any man of ordinary power will do the greatest amount of good that is in him to do.

Character, in matters great and small, consists in a man steadfastly pursuing the things of which he feels himself capable.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.

Tears are the softening showers which cause the seed of heaven to spring up in the human heart.

If a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes he may have the remedy by cutting them short.

Thou wilt find rest from vain fancies if thou deest every act in life as though it were thy last.

Humanity is never more beautiful than when praying for forgiveness, or else forgiving another.

True happiness consists, not in the multitude of friends, but in the worth and choice.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.

THE WISE OLD FOX.

Once upon a time there was an old fox who had accumulated a great deal of property and was taking life with real comfort. One day his three sons called to him.

"Father," said the oldest son, "wouldn't it be well for you to deed your property to us and relieve yourself of the care of it?"

"By doing that," added the second, "we can avoid all trouble when the sad day comes in which we must part with you."

"And then," went on the other, "you can make your home with us, each in turn, and thus give pleasure to us all."

"Sons," answered the old fox, "it is very kind of you to consider my welfare, but I prefer things as they are My will is made, and when I am gone you may divide my property equally between you."

Moral—There are times when we have to take the will for the deed.

THE DROP CURTAIN.

A youngster had been to the theater, and upon his return his uncle asked him how he liked the play.

"Oh," he replied, "the play was all right, but I didn't see nearly all of it."

"Why how did that happen?" asked his uncle.

"Because answered the youngster, "the roller must have broke, for the window blind fell down two or three times!"

NEWSPAPER ON BOARD SHIP.

Publishing a newspaper on board a ship by means of wireless telegraphy is an experiment which will be tried in two or three days. It is expected that the ship on which the experiment will be tried will be either the Lucania or the Campania, but a definite announcement as to this cannot be secured from the Marconi people.

GETTING OVER THE DIFFICULTY.

Kaffir Toff—These boots that you've made me air too tight—I can't get 'em on?

Shopman—You kan't get 'em on?

Kaffir Toff—No!

Shopman—Well—jist you wear 'em for a day or two and then you'll be able to get 'em on.

PROSPERITY'S VICTIMS.

"You! Complain of being half-starved on account of high prices! Why, man, you are making a fortune off your truck farm."

"That's jest it. I can't afford to eat any of my vegetables when they're worth so much in the market, b'gosh!"

MALT BREAKFAST FOOD.
Gives Force, Vigor, Vitality and Strength.
Malt Breakfast Food, rich in malt, gluten and phosphates stands to-day far above all other breakfast grain foods as a nourisher for body and brain. Many eminent physicians have made the positive declaration that it is the only food that truly follows the plan of nature. It is equally good for young children, adults, athletes and invalids. Its delicious flavor has made it a favorite with tens of thousands who formerly used other brands of cereal foods.
Malt Breakfast Food is now within reach of the humblest families. One package will give twice as many meals as other foods can afford, making it the most economical food that families can use. Your Grocer can recommend it.

People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy after.