The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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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 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. L. F. & 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 5 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 anaesthetic 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 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 in the evening. Free Press Office, ACTON

WM HEMSTREET, LICENSED AUCTIONEER For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms Reasonable. Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $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 68, or telephone 54, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

ACTON Machine and Repair Shops HENRY GRINDELL 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 repairs performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Sawfiling and filing done.

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 makers. 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

STOCK TAKING SALE

ALL WALL PAPER At Cost For Two Weeks

....AT....

DAY'S BOOKSTORE GUELPH

DAY · SELLS · CHEAP

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

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

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 2 and 3 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 6.19 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. 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 sums deposited of $1 and upwards. Interest allowed from date of deposit to date of withdrawal and paid or compounded half yearly.

Advances made to responsible farmers on their own names at the lowest current rates. No charge made for collecting sales notes if payable in Guelph.

A general banking business transacted.

A. F. H. JONES, Manager.

SPECIAL FOR MACHINISTS.

GRAND DISPLAY of STARRETT'S CELEBRATED TOOLS.

Last Saturday, came to hand the best assortment of machinists' tools ever brought to Guelph. An education for you in seeing them if not to buy

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.

ROBERY 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.

THE GUGGLETY GIRL.

Did you ever meet the gugglety girl,
With her tongue all agog and her brain all awhirl,
The gugglety-gig and gigglety-gug,
The gigglety-gugglety gigglety gug,
The gugglety-gugglety girl?

She giggles and snickers when others are sober;
She's looking in depth, yet no insight can probe her;
She's serious glad, and she's glad when she's serious
And always confoundedly gigaly mysterious.
She laughs at the butcher, she laughs at the baker,
And nobody ever knows just how to take her.
She grins at a funeral or at a wedding;
She laughs at the terrors that others are dreading;
She always appears with a grin on her features,
The happiest, merriest, gayest of creatures;
She bends not the knee to an earthly born master
And chirps in the face of impending disaster;
She giggles from morning till falling of night;
She laughs to the left, and she grins to the right,
And somehow we seem to pass over our care
With the laugh of the gugglety girl in the air.

Oh, say, have you met the gugglety girl,
With her tongue all agog and her brain in a whirl,
The gugglety-gigglety and gigglety-gug,
The gigglety-gugglety gigglety-gug,
The gugglety-gugglety girl?

Select Family Reading.

As High as My Heart.

BY MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

"OH, grandmamma, I can't—indeed I can't!" Corinne said. "It is not that I am contrary, only that I am so—so insultingly tall."

Grandmamma Lawson laughed heartily—it was her way to laugh obstacles out of countenance. "Don't look so tragic, Rinne," she said soothingly. "Remember, Mason Fairlie has not yet proposed."

"But he will. I saw it in his eyes," Corinne broke in. Again Grandmamma laughed. "Men were deceivers ever," my dear, she quoted softly. "Especially with their eyes. I admit, though, you are in the way of knowing the look of serious intentions—you must have had at least twenty proposals since you came out."

"Twenty-seven," Corinne said, herself beginning to laugh. "Do you know," she went on, "Mason's inches break my heart? You see I am rather level headed, as becomes a Lawson. I have felt what a beautiful thing it was that we two could marry and so prevent any break up in the firm of Lawson & Fairlie."

"I said as much to your grandpapa when he wanted to forbid Ford Lenox the house," grandmamma answered, her eyes twinkling faintly. Corinne flushed the least bit.

"Grandmamma, how could Mason permit himself to grow up so short? A scant five foot four? Think of promising in sight of all the world to obey the man you look down on by three inches!"

"There are worse lacks than height," Grandmamma Lawson began. Corinne shook her head impatiently. "Not in my case," she said. "I've been so strenuous about it always, said so many times over and over that the man I married had to be taller than myself."

"Don't decide offhand. Wait until you have known Mason six months instead of six hours. You can't deny that he has a fine face and is through-out a gentleman."

"Oh, he's splendid as far as he goes!" Corinne said. But, dear, dear! Fancy going through life trying to keep step with those short legs! Why couldn't Mason be tall—as tall as Ford Lenox?"

"Leave the question to settle itself to-morrow—it's time you were in bed now," grandmamma said, kissing Corinne upon both cheeks. A wise woman was grandmamma—too wise to give up at once a cherished plan or strengthen Corinne's whimsical opposition by reasoning against it. Corinne had really a heart full of romance, for all her pretense of practicability. She would end by loving Mason all the better through feeling that to love him she had sacrificed something.

Upon a day three months later Grandmamma Lawson sadly owned herself mistaken. Corinne had said "No" to Mason Fairlie's suit and so decisively that young gentleman was going back to his distant home the very next day. Worse still, grandmamma was pretty sure Corinne meant to accept Ford Lenox as soon as poor Mason was well out of the way. Lenox had been at the house almost constantly of late, running in at all hours, as one assured of welcome. He was staying with his uncle; the rector.

The rectory stood in narrowish grounds between the Lawson place, which was wide and handsome, and the Fairlie homestead, wider and still handsomer. The rectory's ragged shrubbery and unkept grass made it something of an eyesore to its neighbors, but respect for the rector forbade any protest. The utmost that could be done was metaphorically to turn their backs to it by keeping windows looking out upon it shut and sitting upon porches which faced the other way.

Thus it happened that upon the night after Mason's dismissal the rectory got afire from top to bottom before anybody knew. Across the street there were vacant woods. The shout of a chance passerby gave the alarm and sent everybody within hearing scurrying to the rescue, Ford Lenox and Corinne among the rest. They had been together since twilight fell, sitting in the garden seat in plain sight of grandmamma and grandpapa, though almost out of hearing. The old people had sat hand in hand, now and then sighing a little at sound of chance exclamations at Corinne's laughter, sweet and shrill—too shrill to come from a perfectly quiet heart.

They found the rectory a pillar of fire. It was an old house, almost the oldest in town, and though its brick walls were thick and staunch the woodwork was dry enough to flash up like tinder. Every open window belched smoke—on the easterly side the smoke was shot through with flame. A light wind drove the flames backward from the west wing, though smoke wreaths eddied well underneath the gable, round about a leaded fan light.

"The master! The master! He's up there!" the housemaid cried, darting at Lenox as he rushed through the gate. Lenox groaned. His uncle, he knew, had made a place in the attic for his best beloved books. If indeed, the fire had found him there, he was doomed beyond hope. The hall was full of flame, the stairway burning. It would be madness to risk passing it except in the face of certain death. Two window was narrow and thirty feet above the ground, with not a ladder about that would reach within ten feet of the sill.

"You—you will not let your uncle burn! You must not!" Corinne cried. "Be quick! See the smoke! He will be dead before the engine comes."

"I will save him—him if possible," Lenox said, dashing inside the hall. A flash of fiery smoke sent him staggering back, gasping with singed brows and scorched fingers. "You see? It is impossible!" he said.

Corinne was very white, but her eyes blazed. "The tree! Try the tree!" she said, pointing to an elm whose branches came within a long leap of the gable window sill. Lenox stared at her. "The tree!" he echoed. "What could I do there?"

"Mason Fairlie will show you," Corinne interrupted. Mason had set a short ladder at the elm trunk, shot up it and was creeping and leaping toward the window. Slender boughs bend almost to snapping, stouter ones swayed perilously as he swung from one to another, but nothing stayed him. He crawled almost to the tip of the bough nearest the window, lay along, grasped the twigs firmly with his hands stretched above his head, sprang clear of it, gave himself a swing and caught his feet firmly over the sill of the open window.—Quick as lightning he caught with one hand, let go the elm and vanished within. A shout went up from those below. It died in suspended breath when a minute passed and he did not reappear.

"Smoke! They're both overcome," Grandpapa Lawson said in a dry whisper. The coachman made to follow Mason, but grandpapa waved him back. Lenox stood like a man dazed, staring hard at the window. All eyes, indeed, were on it save Jackson's. Jackson was the Fairlie butler and had come to half worship Mason. Horse blankets had been fetched so Mason might leap into them. Jackson snatched one, wet it, flung it over his head and dashed up the stairs. Somehow he was sure Mason was coming down them, burdened with an insensible figure. When they met upon the landing, Jackson flung his blanket over all three heads and seized the rector around the waist, gasping, "Now—all—together—Mr. Mason."

Mason hardly heard. Niagaras of flame seemed to roar in his ears: his heart was laboring; he had almost no breath. But down, down he crept, never slacking his hold, clinging to Jackson as a tower of strength, but no thought of giving up. Through an age-long minute they fought their passage, the boards blistering their feet as the flame filled air licked at their garments, and when at last they burst into saving outer space the stairs crumbled behind them.

"I found him helpless half way to the upper landing. I had to fetch him down—there was no time to go back," Mason explained when he had breath enough to speak. Lenox knelt beside his uncle. Corinne was sobbing upon Grandpapa Lawson's shoulder. Suddenly she wheeled and flung both arms about Mason, saying impulsively, "If only you will let me love you, I'm ready to kiss the ground you tread."

"Even though I am so short?" Mason said, looking up at her through singed eyelids. Corinne laughed happily. "You are magnificent—the greatest man in the world," she said, "and just as high as my heart."

AN ESSAY ON HABIT.

A story is told of an English schoolmaster who offered a prize to the boy who should write the best composition in five minutes on "How to Overcome Habit."

At the expiration of five minutes compositions were read. The prize went to a lad of nine years. Following is the essay:

"Well, sir, habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change, 'abit. If you take off another, you still have a "bit" left. If you take off still another, the whole of "it" remains. If you take off another it is not wholly used up, all of which goes to show that if you want to get rid of a habit you must throw it off altogether."

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Any person who sees the whole world going wrong is doubtless looking out from a perforated medium or gazing at some counterfeit. Think pleasant thoughts; speak cheerful words; look on the bright side of things. "The darkest cloud has a silver lining. "Night brings out the stars." God and the universe want to make you happy.

WHAT THE OLD BOYS SAY.

They Love Their Boyhood's Haunts and Remember Early Days.

The following is from a professional man in Buffalo, who spent his early years in Acton: "I received your very pretty calendar for the year of 1903, and I prize it more than any I have yet received. I shall carefully preserve the beautiful half-tone view of "Acton from Walters' Hill" as a valued souvenir of the dear old town nestling in the distance below. As often as I look at it, I imagine I am near home and again standing on that old familiar hill with a pailful of red raspberries in my hand. I hope you will issue more of such calendars, as they will certainly be appreciated—especially by all former residents such as I, to whom every acre of hill and dale surrounding the old town is as dear as it is familiar."

A Hamilton man had no respect for our blushes when he penned the following:

"When I received the beautiful calendar the FREE PRESS issued for 1903 I heartily thanked you for such a beautiful specimen of the printers' art, and also that you stirred up my memory concerning things of long ago. I really think your printing each year excels that of the former years. I used to think you had reached your best—but I was mistaken. The work from your presses is always neat, up-to-date, and has all the newest things on it. And how could we get along without the FREE PRESS. It is now almost a quarter of a century since I left your good and progressive town, but I have always had your paper, and feel that I can never adequately thank you for the bright things that come to me every week in its columns. I have never seen a neater, cleaner, more spicy and newsy paper.

But I started out to speak of your calendar. What memories it aroused. There is the old pond where we skated in winter, and went swimming in summer; the bush where we did some trapping and shooting; the hills where we played hare and hounds, had many a sleigh ride and jolly time; the streets, the old school house, the church, the homes. It makes me think of those lines by J. Whitcombe Riley which he calls Boyhood's Haunts. I'll quote the poetry and put up my pen.

BOYHOOD'S HAUNTS.

Ho! I'm going back to where
We were youngsters. Meet me there,
Dear old barefoot chum, and we
Will be as we used to be—
Lawless rangers up and down
The old creek beyond the town,
Little sunburnt gods at play,
Just as in that faraway
Water nymphs, all unafraid,
Shall smile at us from the brink
Of the old mill race, and wade
Tow'rd us as we, kneeling, drink
At the spring our boyhood knew,
Pure and clear as morning dew.
And, as we are rising there,
Doubly dow'red to hear and see,
We shall thus be made aware
Of an eerie piping, heard
High above the happy bird
In the hazel and then we,
Just across the creek, shall see
(Hah, the goaty rascal!) Pan,
Hoof it over the sloping green,
Mad with his own melody;
Aye, and (bless the beasty man!)
Stamping from the grassy soil
Bruised scents of fleur-de-lis,
Boneset, mint, and pennyroyal.

FAIRS AND EXHIBITIONS.

Civilized mankind is divided into two classes: those who help to manage or who exhibit at fairs, and those who are visitors. The annual report on Ontario Fairs and Exhibitions. Among other matter consists an account of the annual meeting of the Canadian Association of Fairs and Exhibitions, papers and discussions on present day fair topics being given in full. Mr. C. C. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, in reply to many questions, throws much light on the provisions of the Agriculture and Arts Act, so far as it touches agricultural societies and exhibitions. He also contributes an appendix to the report of a most interesting historical character, describing the first Agricultural Societies formed in the Province, the first Provincial Exhibition, and the mode of conducting the early markets and fairs. The report also gives a large amount of space to an account of the Model Fair held at Whitby last fall. This fair attracted much attention, and the plan is explained in full in the report, the official programme also being given. A perusal of the whole report by the directors and other officers of our agricultural societies will mean a marked improvement in the aim of our fall exhibitions and in the mode of conducting them. The importance of the educational side of the work rather than the spectacular is well and fairly emphasized throughout the report.

The Wise Economize And Make Home Bright Cosy And Cheerful With DIAMOND DYES.

While there are many ways open to wise women to economize in the home, none are more simple or profitable than the use of Diamond Dyes. These matchless dyes while they recreate and restore old garments to beauty and usefulness, also renew faded table covers, curtains, portieres, afghans and chair coverings, giving them bright and artistic colors. One trial will convince you that Diamond Dyes are home friends. Send your address to the Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, P. Q., and you will receive, post paid, new Dye Book 45 samples of dyed cloth, and full range of Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns.

When women talk about the proposals of marriage they have had they are as unreliable as men who talk of fishing and hunting.

WOMEN AND FARMERS' INSTITUTES.

The importance of women's work in connection with the system of farmers' institutes is being more and more recognized, and that it deserves to be encouraged is the conclusion one must arrive at after reading the excellent report of Women's Institutes of the Province of Ontario for 1901 recently issued by the Ontario Department of Agriculture. According to this report the membership of Women's Institutes in 1900 was 1,802, with a total attendance of 3,500 women, while in 1901 the the membership increased to 3,081, and the attendance of women to 10,110. Judging by brief extracts given from reports of local institutes, the meetings have aroused much interest and have done much good in many ways. The main part of the report, however is given to printed papers, chiefly by women who speak from a practical acquaintance with the subjects in hand. Most of those papers are on some phase of household science, and they range from hints on good manners to directions regarding ventilation and cooking and other items of domestic economy. Considerable space is also given to women's flower and vegetable gardens, every article on these themes being contributed by women. Health and comfort are not neglected, papers being given on such topics as "Home Nursing," "Heredity," "Ill effect of Mouth Breathing," How and When to Rest," etc. In fact, the report is one that every woman, whether residing in town or country, will read with pleasure and profit. It is sent free to every member of a Women's Institute. It is desirable that such institutes should be established in every section of the Province. Those interested in forming an institute should communicate with the superintendent of Farmers' Institutes, Toronto.

UNSUSPECTED TALENT.

The following anecdote of Robert Burns was told to a correspondent of The Companion by some Scotch people who knew the poet in his youth. Burns was living in the town of Ayr, and though still young had attained more than local reputation as a poet.

One day he was passing through the main street of the town, and saw two strangers sitting at one of the inn windows. With idle curiosity he stopped to look at them.

Seeing him, and thinking the rustic might afford them some amusement while they were waiting, the strangers called him in and asked him to dine with them. Burns readily accepted the invitation and proved a merry, entertaining guest.

When dinner was nearly finished, the strangers suggested that each should try his hand at verse-making, and that the one who failed to write a rhyme should pay for the dinner. They felt secure in the challenge, believing that their rustic guest would pay for the meal. The rhymes were written and Burns read the following:

I, Johnny Peep, saw two sheep;
Two sheep saw me.
Half a crown apiece will pay for their fleece,
And I, Johnny Peep, go free.

The strangers' astonishment was great, and they both exclaimed, "Who are you? You must be Robbie Burns!"

And Robbie Burns did not pay for the dinner.

FIGURE IT OUT FOR YOURSELF.

Here is the question: The governor of Kgovjni, a very mean man, desiring to give a very small dinner party, invited his father's brother-in-law, his brother's father-in law, his brother-in-law's father-in-law, his father-in-law's brother-in-law. How many guests were there?

Here is the answer: None. The governor dined alone.

Here is the explanation: The governor was a widower, with a marriageable daughter and a marriageable sister. The governor's father was also a widower. The governor and his father married sisters. Thus the governor became his father's brother-in-law. The governor's brother married the governor's step-daughter; thus the governor became his brother's father-in-law. The governor's father-in-law married the governor's sister; thus the governor became his father-in-law's brother-in-law. The governor's brother-in-law married the governor's daughter; thus the governor became his brother-in-law's father-in-law. The governor therefore dined alone.

A FEW MARKETING RULES

There are a few rules to remember in buying beef, mutton or poultry which the inexperienced housekeeper does well to bear in mind. To test beef press it down with the thumb. If it rises quickly the meat is good.

Beef should be fine grained, of a bright red color, with streaks of clean white looking fat. The meat will be tough unless there is plenty of fat.

Mutton should be dark colored, with the fat a clear white.

Veal should be fat.

Soup meat should have as little fat as possible and come from the round, and also meat intended for beef tea.

In buying fish the gills should be red.

Poultry should have smooth legs and short spurs, with feet bending easily and the eyes bright. If the fowl has begun to turn blue, it is not good.

Grouse and quail both have white flesh. The pinnated grouse, however, has dark flesh. Birds with white meat take about ten minutes longer to cook than those with dark meat.

Catarrh, an excessive secretion from an inflamed mucous membrane, is radically and permanently cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

When cats are mousing they don't mew.

THE OLD BOBSLED.

When the snow is on the highways and the flakes are coming down;
When I hear the merry jingle of the sleighbells round the town;
Then it is I am reminded of the times I used to ride
In a bobsled with the "young folks"—and my partner by my side.
Ah, the waggon box was used, for we had it filled with straw,
And we liked the snowy weather even though the wind was raw,
When the driver chirruped shrilly to the horses how they sped
Out across the waste of whiteness with the smoothly running sled.
Yes, each night was filled with pleasures and we made the welkin ring
With our strangely blended voices when we bravely tried to sing.
It was great. We all got giddy, and each fellow "sparked" a maid,
And he hugged her just as often as the sled "was in the shade."
When the ghostly hour of midnight drew so near we had to quit
Just because the girls informed us it was time for him to flit;
How we wished we might go riding in the sleigh another time
With the girls and hear the music of the sleigh-bells' mellow chime,
Then each fellow took his "partner" safely home and did not miss—
At the gate—the chance presented—every fellow stole a kiss.

THE BIGGEST BORDER.

The drawing teacher was giving a lesson on borders to the kindergarten class. They had made colored borders on little tissue paper handkerchiefs, and had discovered that numerous things in the room had borders. The teacher said: "I want you to put on your thinking caps and in a few moments be ready to tell me about the very biggest and nicest border that you know of."

Soon little hands fluttered in the air like white birds. Little Leona shook her hand so eagerly that the teacher smiled at her earnestness, and said: "Well Leona, what is the very nicest border you know?"

Leona's face beamed as she answered "Misser Dean."

"I don't understand, dear. Where is this border?"

"It's Misser Dean—he's the nicest one I know," explained Leona gravely; "and he's a boarder to my auntie."—Ada Taylor Dawes.

LIKE A LADY.

A little girl from an East End slum was invited, with others, to a charity dinner given at a great house in the West end of London. In the course of the meal the little maiden startled her hostess by propounding the query:

"Does your husband drink?"

"Why, no," replied the astonished lady of the house.

After a moment's pause the miniature querist proceeded with the equally bewildering questions:

"How much coal do you burn? What is your husband's salary? Has he any bad habits?

By this time the presiding genius of the table felt called upon to ask her humble guest what made her ask such strange questions.

"Well," was the innocent reply "mother told me to behave like a lady and when ladies call at our house, they always ask mother those questions."

THE STILL HOUR.

Only when one fulfills the will of God in life is real success achieved.

The humblest life, dedicated to God and his creatures, becomes beautiful and memorable.

We know little what will become of our knowledge; we do know what will become of our power. One thing only never faileth; the charity which seeks the good of all to whom it can do good; the charity which detects good wherever it is to be found or to be advanced.

When God speaks he likes no other voice to break the stillness but his own, and hence the place that has always been given to solitude in all true religious life. It can be overdone but it can be grossly undergone. And there is no lesson more worth insisting on in days like ours than this: when God wants to speak with a man he wants that man to be alone.

With Confidence We Direct You To The Never-Failing Health-Builder.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

Quickly Elevates the Constitutional Condition of all Rundown and Sick People.

In the winter season when many people, especially women and children, are confined in close and stuffy apartments which lack proper ventilating facilities, the blood becomes watery, pale, sluggish and impure; the nervous system is impaired, the brain is tired, insomnia begins its terrible work, and a general collapse of the whole system ensues.

Our object at this time is to suggest the true means of succor and help for pale, languid, nervous, irritable and weakened women and children. Thousands of such nerveless and frail victims will soon be cut down if help is delayed and time lost.

Paine's Celery Compound is the "life-line"—the sure and tried rescuer that saves and blesses when all other means fail. Paine's Celery Compound is doing the same Heaven-blessed work to-day for sufferers that it has so well done in the past. It quickly furnishes the new, pure and fresh blood which is the foundation of true health; it promotes cell-growing, builds up flesh, bone and tissue, and elevates the constitutional condition of every sick person, and defends them from germ and bacterial dangers. Try Paine's Celery Compound, dear reader, and your efforts will be fully rewarded.

Both Deceived. Wife (bitterly)—You deceived me when you married me. Husband—I did more than that—I deceived myself.