The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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Accounts payable monthly.

H. F. 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 2 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL. L. R. C. P. Edinburgh. L. R. C. S. & 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 United 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. F. MOORE ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening. Free Press Office, ACTON

W. M. 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 $184,000.

THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY. Established 1840. Head Office - - GUELPH, ONT.

INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 225, or telephone 58, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent. Guelph.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL Proprietor

A RM well equipped with all the machinery necessary to enable all repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting, horse-shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Jobbing of all kinds 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.

Confectionary.

Best assortment of Confectionary 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
DRY + 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
Seasonabe 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 6.10 p. m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
P. O. ACTON

—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
Capital paid up, $1,000,000
Assets Over $9,000,000.
Cue ph 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 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.

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.

VIM OATS.
A New Kind of Chopped Feed, only $12 per ton, Bags Included.
Come and see it. The cheapest feed going, used with corn, wheat or oats it can't be beat.
Whole Corn, 56c. in large lots, $41 ton ground. Unloading a car at both Guelph and Rockwood, this week.
Chopped wheat $23 per ton.
Oilcake, $30 per ton. Guelph, $1.50 per 100.
Oatmeal, $2.25 per sack; $1.15 half sack.
Quaker Oats, 10c a package; 3 Illinois, 10c package; also Rolled Wheat, Cracked Wheat, Graham flour, Buckwheat flour, Split Peas, Pot Barley, &c. 5, 8, and 10 lbs. bedus, for 25c. Have three qualities.
Sulphur and Salts, 12½ lbs for 25c; Saltpetre, 10 lbs for 25c; Epsom Salts, 3 lbs for 25c; Glauber Salts, 3 lbs for 25c.
Horse Balls, 15c each, 2 for 25c.
White Oil Liniment, 25c bottle; Cough Powders, Worm Powders, Heave Cure, Spavin Cure.
Sole Agent for
Worthington's Great Stock Food,
10 lb box for 50c, the best made. Also the International Stock Food and the Colonial Stock Food. A full line of each.
Hess Stock Food, all size. In poultry foods we have Pratt's, Hess, Panacea, International, Colonial and Hustle.
Oyster Shells, Mica Grit, Ground Bone, Roup Cures, Cholera Mixtures, &c.
Timothy and Clover Seed, just in. First of the season. Seed Peas, Barley, Oats, &c., coming in. In fact as a traveller said the other day, we have the largest, best equipped and most up-to-date farmers and stock raisers supply store in the whole Dominion, and he says he travels from Halifax to Vancouver.
Terms—Cash only.
We buy Oats, Peas, Barley, Wheat, Rye, Buckwheat, Beans, Potatoes, Turnips, Wool, Hides, Sheepskins, Furs, etc. Highest prices paid.
Geo. J. Thorp,
GUELPH and ROCKWOOD.

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

THE NEW POTATO FROM NOVA SCOTIA
THE SILVER DOLLAR.
This new strain is the most popular general crop potato in the Maritime Provinces. It is an immense yielder and said to be entirely free from rot. It is a round white potato with somewhat deep pink eyes. Its eating qualities cannot be surpassed.
We imported one large car, 405 bags, in November just before the cold weather and they have never seen the frost. We propose to sell them out as long as they last at $1.25 per bag of 90 lbs; not more than 10 bags to any one person, as we wish to distribute the seed and give everybody an opportunity of getting this great potato.
Purchasers not wishing to remove them at once, may, by depositing 25c. per bag on them, leave them with us for a few weeks. This is a good opportunity to get a new blood potato at a very reasonable price.
Geo. J. Thorp,
Guelph

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

CHINESE LAUNDRY
In Pearson's Building, Willow Street Acton.
Laundry collected and returned. Family Washing at reasonable rates. All work done by hand. No machines or chemicals used.
FONG LEE HING, Proprietor

Poetry.

ST. VALENTINE AND CUPID.

Saint Valentine, long years ago,
Upon his natal day,
Across the meadows white with snow
Delighted took his way.
The snow, unbroken since its fall
By bird or beast or man,
Lay, over the hills and valleys all,
And decked the rugged spruces tall,
As only nature can.

The sun, careering up on high,
Threw down his glittering beams
From such a clear, unclouded sky
In such abundant streams,
Of light that never mortal eye
Beheld a fairer sight;
For scattered wide both far and near
He made innumbered beds appear
Of diamonds sparkling bright.

Saint Valentine in joyful mood
Had crossed the meadows wide;
He took the pathway thro' the wood;
When, by an oak-tree's side,
Thou close beside the foot-path stood,
A naked babe he espied.
His shoulders bore a pair of wings,
A short bow, with a score of strings,
They by him in the snow;
Asleep he lay, and sleeping smiled,
While round and o'er the lovely child
Hung beauty's charming glow.

The good saint stood transfixed—amazed,
As on the slumbering babe he gazed.
"What's here? Can I believe my eyes?
Belongs this babe to paradise,
Or in this world below?
He surely must be frozen quite.
Hullo here! What's your name?
Whose he left you in this plight
Is surely much to blame.
How came you here?" The urchin yawned
And rubbed his starry eyes;
Then raised himself and looked around
In sleepy, mild surprise.

"My name's Dan Cupid, sir," said he,
And smiled a winning smile;
"I dropt him down beneath this tree
To rest a little while."

"But would you not freeze to death?"
Exclaimed Saint Valentine.
"Oh, no! Cold winter's icy breath
Affects not me nor mine.
True love no frost can ever chill,
No storms can drive away;
Naught but indifference can kill,
Or check him in his way.
And these, my brightly polished darts,
Bear o'er the magic power
To swell each joy of human hearts
And comfort sorrow's hour."

"But then do they not wound at well?"
Inquired Saint Valentine.
Said Cupid: "Yes: but let me tell
About these darts of mine.
They wound 'tis true; but notice take
That in themselves they bear
A healing for all wounds they make—
'Tis so, I do declare.

A look of rapture, stange and new,
O'er spread his kindly face.
Said he: "This boon I ask of you—
That I may take your place
On this day in each coming year,
And bear your magic bow,
That I may cause this rapture dear,
Through other hearts to flow."

Said Dan: "My word I pledge to you,
And Love's own word is ever true."
And so each year, on this same day,
Saint Valentine holds royal sway
O'er all hearts hard below,
And whiles the happiest hours away
By using Cupid's bow.

—BY H. M. PICKERY.

Select Family Reading.

Saint Valentine's Emissary.

BY CALLIE BONNER MARIUS.

LEE's young widowed mother called him her little protector, and the sense of responsibility which this involved gave him an old fashioned manner which contrasted strangely with the almost baby face and bright curly hair.

The good doctor, as Lee called him, was rushing after a busy day when a childish step sounded in the hallway and a child's sweet treble said:

"Will I nervous you, doctor, if I come in and call on you?"

"Why, no, my little man. I am glad to see you. Draw up that chair here close beside me."

The doctor wisely refrained from taking him on his knee, which would have seemed to the child's mind to reflect somewhat on his manly dignity.

"And what have you been doing to-day, my boy—buying valentines for your sweethearts?"

"I have only one, doctor—my mother," the child replied, with a touch of old time chivalry, "and I cannot quite decide what kind of a valentine will make her the happiest. That is one reason why I wanted to talk to you to-night. I thought you, being a man, might help me to decide what she would like best, although she says she does not want me to buy her one, that I am her valentine, and an ex-ceed-ingly precious one."

His mother's constant companion, her grownup expressions sounded strange coming from the five-year-old lips.

"Did you ever have a valentine, doctor—a lady valentine, I mean?"

"Did I?" and a sober expression crept into the good doctor's eyes. "Yes, my little man, but it was a long time ago, before there was any small boy named Lee."

"And where did your valentine go, doctor? Did she get lost?"

"Yes, Lee. I lost her."

"And can't you find her again, doctor?"

"I would like to."

"Perhaps I could find her for you. I can walk a good many blocks. Does she live here in Denver, Doctor?"

"Yes, dear."

"And you could not find her? That is strange. Wasn't her name in the directory? And couldn't the policeman tell you where she lives? He sometimes finds boys who are lost, and he might find your valentine. You don't believe he could? That is too bad." And the boy rested his chin on the arm of the chair and looked pityingly at the doctor. "If I only had her picture." "I think I might find her for you, for I would go all over Denver till I found a lady who look like it, and then I would tell her she was the valentine you lost and that you wanted her back again, and I know she would come with me, specially if I told her that you were a good doctor and wanted her awfully bad."

"And you are sure, my little man, that you could find her if you had her picture?"

"Oh, I know I could, doctor. Why, she might be in this very hotel. Now people are coming every day, you know."

The doctor unlocked a private drawer in his desk and took out a small velvet case containing a picture, and with it in his hand, he put his arm around the boy, drawing him close beside him.

"Now, laddie," he said, with tender earnestness, "I know I can trust you to do exactly as I tell you to. Take this little case in to your mother and tell her it is the picture of my valentine and that I want her back again."

The boy was gone ten minutes, and the doctor was becoming very uneasy when there came the swift rush of boyish feet through the hall, and Lee sprang into his outstretched arms, shouting:

"Mamma said I was to bring you, doctor, and your valentine is found!

But it must be a very long time since you looked at the picture or you would have known it was my mamma you were looking for."

THE VALENTINES OF THE LONG, LONG AGO.

The practice of choosing a valentine can be traced back to a very remote period in England. Chaucer refers to the day, and John Lydgate, the English poet, who knew Chaucer and often called himself "Chaucer's disciple," produced at least one valentine. This was in praise of Queen Catharine, consort of Henry V., and it was written between 1420 and 1423. Lydgate was court poet to Henry V. and Henry VI. As will be seen by the following extract from his lines to Queen Catherine, it was easy to be a poet in those days provided one could spell well:

Kynt Valentine, of custom yere by yeere,
Mat ha'e an usance in this regioun
To loke and serche Cupid's Kalendere
And chose they choys by grete affection.

One of the earliest known writers of poetical amorous addresses for St. Valentine's day was Charles, duke of Orleans, who was taken at the battle of Agincourt and remained a prisoner in England for twenty-five years. The following song is one of the many he wrote, all distinguished by delicacy of sentiment and simplicity of style:

Will thou be mine dear love? Haph!
Sweetly consent or else deny:
Whisper softly: none shall know:
Will thou be mine, love? Aye, or no?

Spite of fortune, we may be
Happy by one word from thee;
Life flies swiftly; are it go,
Wilt thou be mine, love? aye or no?

St. Valentine's day is alluded to by Shakespear in "Hamlet," where poor Ophelia sings:

To-morrow is St. Valentine's day
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your valentine.

Of old St. Valentine's day was supposed to be the day on which the birds chose their mates. This is referred to in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" when Theseus, on discovering the sleeping lovers in the woods, exclaims:

Good morrow, friends. Valentine is past;
Begin these wood birds but to couple now.

St. Valentine was a Christain martyr of the reign of the Roman emperor Claudius II.—On Feb. 14, A. D. 270, the saint was beaten with clubs and then beheaded. Despite the fact that the custom of sending valentines bears his name, the saint had nothing whatever to do with originating it. The custom had its origin in a heathen practice connected with the worship of Pan and June on or about Feb. 14. The names of young women were written on scrolls and then dropped in a box, from which they were later drawn by the beaux of the time, each beau devoting himself for a year to the young woman whose name he drew.

On Feb. 14, 178, Pope Julius I. honored St. Valentine's memory by building a church called St Praxedes, in which the saint's remains and relics are still venerated.

During the reign of Charles II. any one chosen as a valentine was in honor bound to give a present to the person choosing him or her. Married people were equally olligible with single ones for the lottery of St. Valentine.

Presents of great value were at times given. According to Papys, Miss Stewart, afterward Duchess of Richmond, having chosen the Duke of York as her valentine, was rewarded with a jewel valued at $1,000. The next year she chose Lord Mandeville and received a ring worth $1,500.

In the "Fair Maid of Perth" Sir Walter Scott has the mighty armorer give Catharine Glover a ruby heart and a steel purse bearing these words:

Love darts
Cleave hearts
Through wall shirts.

One of the funniest valentine incidents in fiction is the scene that follows the discovery of the elder Weller that Sam Weller in writing a "valentine." "Lovely creatur," writes Sam, "I feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in addressin' of you, for you are a nice gal and nothin' but it. Afore I see you I thought all women was alike ("So they are!" observes the elder Weller), but now—now I find what a reg'lar soft headed, link-red-lous turnip I must ha' been; for there ain't nobody like you, though I like you better than nothin' at all. So I take the privilege of the day, Mary, my dear—as the gen'l'm'n in difficulties did, von he valked out of a Sunday—to tell you that the first and only time I see you, your likeness was took on my hart in much quicker time and brighter colors than, over a likeness was took by a profed machesn (wich p'raps you may have heard on, Mary, my dear), altho it does finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete, with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and in two minutes and a quarter. Except of me, Mary my dear, as your valentine and think over what I've said. My dear Mary, I will now conclude."

This "valentine" made a great hit with the elder Weller because there wasn't "no callin' names in it—no Wennuses, nor nothin' o' that kind. Wot's the good o' callin' a young 'woman Wenus or an angel, Sammy?"

And this was what the postman brought:
"Two souls with but a single thought"—
"Twas Cholly's valentine.
"Two souls with but a sing'e thought!"
Cried dainty May.
With laughter gay,
"If so, it must be mine!"

GEORGE ROSS JONES.

WHAT TO TEACH YOUR DAUGHTER.

Teach her that 100 cents makes a dollar.

Teach her how to wear a simple muslin dress, and to wear it like a queen.

Teach her how to sew on buttons, darn stockings and mend gloves.

Teach her to dress for health and comfort, as well as for appearance.

Teach her to arrange the parlor and the library.

Teach her to love and cultivate flowers.

Teach her to say "No," and mean it; and to say "Yes," and stick to it.

Teach her to have nothing to do with intemperate and dissolute young men.

Teach her to pay regard to the character of those she would associate with, and not to how much money they have.

Teach her to have a place for everything, and to put everything in its place.

Teach her that music is an elevating and delightful accomplishment, and should not be neglected if there be enough money to give her instructions in it.

Teach her that the more she lives within her income the more she will save, and the farther away she will keep from privation when reverses come.

BILLINGS WAS THE ONE AT FAULT.

"Your honor," said the attorney for the defence, "I wish to prove by this question that the witness is of a quarrelsome disposition, hard to get along with, and on bad terms with his neighbors. Now, sir," he continued, whose farm is next to yours?"

"Well," answered the witness, "there's the Billings farm, and the——"

"Stop right there. One at a time. Are you on friendly terms with Mr. Billings?"

"I can't say that I am."

"Are you even on speaking terms with him?"

"No, sir."

"Whose fault is it?"

"It's his fault, I reckon."

"Oh yes; it's his fault you reckon! How long has it been since you have spoken to him?"

"About 14 years as near as I can remember.

"Now, sir, I want you to tell this jury, "the reason why you haven't spoken to Mr. Billings for 14 years."

"Gentleman," said the witness, turning to the jury, "the reason why I haven't spoken to Mr. Billings for fourteen years is because that's the length of time he's been dead."

TWINS.

The Cobb brothers—one, painter, the other, sculptor—as Boston people know, are twins and so nearly alike that it would puzzle a "Philadelphia Lawyer" to tell which is which.

Going to our office a few mornings since, we met Cobb, the painter, who at the request of some of our friends has been making an oil painting of himself, and agreed to call at his studio. An hour later we met him as we supposed again, but this time it was his brother.

We are reminded of a little story we recently read. The nurse had given a bath, as she supposed, to each of two little twin girls, Edith and Florence, and put them to bed. Some time after she heard them laughing, and going into the room asked the cause.

"We were laughing said Florence, "because you gave Edith two baths and didn't give me any."—Our Dumb Animals.

USELESS.

The Lewiston Journal says that a certain doctor in Northern Maine is noted for his love of gunning. An epidemic broke out among the men employed by a well-known lumberman—since dead—and as one of them seemed to be in a dangerous condition the lumberman set off in haste for the doctor.

The medical man was distressingly moderate in his preparations, and the nervous lumberman, sitting in his wagon outside, grew more and more impatient. Suddenly it occurred to the physician that as he was going so far into the woods he might see some game. He stepped to the door, therefore, and called out:

"Say, don't you think I'd better take my gun along?"

"Gun?" was the answer in a tone of intense disgust. "No, indeed. At this rate the man will be dead long before you get there."

Do Not Be Deceived by Imitations.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO'S IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR
Is The Only Honest and Legal Color.

There are several imitations of Wells, Richardson & Co's Improved Butter Color now on the market. The buttermakers who use Improved Butter Color never pay for mud or impurities. The last drop is as clean and clear as the first. All imitation butter colors contain impurities and foreign matters that are sure to spoil well made butter. Ask for Wells, Richardson & Co's Improved Butter Color and take no other.

SURPRISING THE CANVASSER.

"Ah, you will excuse me, madam, but I have called to solicit your vote and interest on behalf of Mr. Worker, the Labor candidate for the vacant seat on the Town Council," said the clever canvasser to the lady on the doorstep.

The lady did not seem disposed to interrupt him, and the eloquent canvasser continued:

"I have heard much of the zeal displayed by you in the interests of the poor in this ward, and consequently feel assured of your support."

The canvasser paused to consult his book.

"I see from my book, Mrs. B——, that you have the misfortune to be alone in this world. Your well-known love for the ragged and homeless orphans of the district, which has long excited the admiration of our candidate, is thus accounted for."

Still the lady spoke not, and the other went on:

"It will give me the greatest pleasure in the world to report to my committee that my estimate of your character was well founded, and that you have no sympathy with the pretensions of that harmless but misguided windbag who dares to oppose us. As a widow, Mrs. B——, you are on the side of the oppressed—"

Then the lady spoke sweetly, and smilingly.

"I am afraid there is some mistake," he said. "In the first place, I am not a widow. In the second, my name is not B——; a lady of that name left this house a fortnight ago." And in the third place, I am the wife of the "misguided windbag" who dares to oppose you. By-the-bye, the "Windbag" is at home. Would you like to see him."

The canvasser didn't wait.—London Tit Bits.

IRISH HIMSELF.

"No," said the lion tamer to Patsy Flanigan, "you can't have a job to look after the animals, but our pet lion died last night, and we've kept the skin, so I'll give you two pounds a week to dress up as the lion."

"Two pounds," echoed Flanigan. "Good gracious, is there so much gold in the world? Right sorr!"

So Patsey dressed himself in the lion's skin and lay down in the cage, the menagerie doors were opened and performance commenced.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the keeper, "to show the wonderful docility of these animals we will now place the lion in the cage with the tiger."

"Man, are ye mad?" said Patsey. "Think of your wife and children,"

"Get in," replied the keeper, "or I'll run this pitchfork through you."

Patsey thought he might as well die one way as another, so he crawled into the tiger's cage, and when he saw the animal's big, ferocious eyes fixed on him he uttered a doleful wail and commenced praying in Irish. The tiger walked over to him.

"What's the matter wid ye?" said he; "shure, man, ye needn't be afraid—I'm Oirish me self."

Is There a Weak Spot That is Likely to Develop Disease?
PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND
Quickly Reaches the Affected Parts, Fortifies Them and Imparts New Life to The Blood.

Are you conscious of a weak spot in connection with any of the great organs of the body? Do your kidneys bother you? It may be that you experience pain in urination or pain in the small of the back. You perhaps find the skin dry and harsh, the urine high colored or a deposit in it. Any of these symptoms point to kidney trouble.

Is your liver doing its great work properly? If you have vomiting, nausea, furred tongue, constipation or disordered vision, there is a weak spot in the liver. This demands instant attention.

Is the network of muscular fibres of the stomach in a healthy condition, or are the nerves weak, irritated or inflamed? Is digestion poor? Have you dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn waterbrash or flatulence? Any of these troubles are forerunners of suffering and ill health.

Does you blood as it courses to all parts of the body, carry nourishment and life, or is it filled with impurities and poisons? Unless you have a full and vigorous supply of pure blood, your life is daily in danger.

Eminent medical men and the tens of thousands made well and strong by Paine's Celery Compound will tell you that this marvellous medicine is your sure deliverer from all the troubles we have mentioned. Paine's Celery Compound quickly and promptly reaches the weak and suffering parts, fortifies them, gives new life to the blood, nourishes the nerves, builds muscle and tissue, and makes you rejoice in a condition of healthy that will be permanent and lasting.

BOUND TO SUCCEED.

"I think my thirteen-year-old boy will be a smart business man when he grows up," remarked McSwilligen.

"Go on with the story," replied Squillig.

"I had a ton of coal delivered the other day, and to encourage Tommy to earn something, I offered him a shilling to shovel it into the cellar. He took the contract with great alacrity, but I found out afterwards that he did not handle the coal himself."

"How did he manage it?"

"He hired a man to put it in for sixpence, and cheated sixpence with doing any work himself."

Loss of appetite is an ailment that indicates others, which are worse. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures them all.

THE FATHER'S LESSON.

A little lad sat in his own high chair,
Blue were his eyes and golden his hair;
But the sunny smile had flown from his face,
And an ugly frown had taken its place.

The table was laden with dainty food,
But nothing could tempt his naughty mood;
His tumbler sparkled with water clear,
While that of his father was filled with beer.

There lay the grievance; and soon he said
(With a saucy toss of his curly head)—
"I mean to grow up as fast as I can,
And I'll always drink beer when I'm a man!"

But the mother's cheek grew blanched with fear,
And she glanced from her boy to the glass of beer;
Till now it had only a beverage been,
But her eyes were opened and lurking within

She saw the germs of folly and crime,
Rapidly rising 'neath the touch of time;
Bliting all trace of a once good name,
Revelling in a drunkard's shame.

She glanced at her husband; his face was sad,
The wilful words of this little lad
Had reached his heart, and he stopped to think—
"O dear! Am I tempting my boy to drink?"

"To me it awakens no craving for more,
And stronger spirits I loathe and abhor;
But my son may be tempted, though I be strong,
And through my example he may go wrong.

"Please God he shall never be able to say—
I began to love it when, day by day,
I saw my father his tumbler fill,
And knew that in him it worked no ill."

Then meeting the anxious gaze of his wife—
"Will you join me," he said, "in a pledge for life?
For the sake of our child, and because it is right
To shield his life from drink's curse and blight."

So the pledge was signed, and that lurking fear
Vast had for aye with the glass of beer;
And the boy grew up to make them blest,
And toss for his motto, "Water is best."

—THE LEISURE JOURNAL.

BETTER GET ANOTHER JOB.

A man with Canadian Wool trousers and a peaked fur cap as the most prominent articles of his attire came into Bideford post-office the other day and stepped up to the window. Said he, with a bland smile, "P'rap you don' have nott'in's here for Joseph Mofran, hey?"

"I dunno," said the clerk. "What do you say your name is?"

"Joseph Mofran."

"Moe-fran, Moe-frow—how do you spell it?"

The Canadian at the window looked through the bars at the clerk, and then, with a disgust that I cannot put in words, he cried:—

"Ef yo' dunno how spell Joseph Mofran, yo' batter sal dis plac' and go fin' some nodder business."—Lewiston Journal.

YOUNG OLD WOMEN.

You sometimes see a woman whose old age is as exquisite as was the perfect bloom of her youth, says Modes and Fabrics. You wonder how it is her life has been a long and happy one. Here are some of the reasons:

She knew how to forget disagreeable things.

She mastered the art of saying pleasant things.

She made whatever work came to her congenial.

She retained her illusions, and did not believe all the world wicked and unkind.

A QUESTIONABLE PEDIGREE.

Three little school children were seriously discussing the social conditions and positions of their respective parents and their ancestry, each one evidently determined to go one better than the other.

"Mother says I am descended from Mary Queen of Scotts," triumphantly asserted little Eva.

"So am I, then," retorted Cousin Willie.

"Don't be silly, Willie," interpolated the third. "Why, you're a boy!"—New York Times.

SHAMEFUL.

The Boot and Shoe Recorder chronicles a curiosity of advertising—a placard displayed in a shop window. Thus:

SLIPPERS
for ladies should never be used
FOR SPANKING PURPOSES.

Mothers will be presented with a fine well-made rattan carpet-beater with every pair of shoes. Bring the boy with you and we will show you how to use it.

CHEERFUL BILL OF FARE.

The bill of fare of a Christmas dinner at a French restaurant during the siege of Paris in 1870 was as follows:

Soup from horse meat.
Mince of cat.
Shoulder of dog, with tomato sauce.
Jugged cat, with mushrooms.
Roast donkey and potatoes.
Rats, peas, and celery.
Mice on toast.
Plum pudding.

FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS.
DIAMOND DYES
Have Been The Popular Home Dyes.
A Child Can Use Them With Success.

To-day, Diamond Dyes are the standard and popular dyes in every civilized land of the world. Every new discovery in dying has been utilized to improve and make them absolutely perfect. They are now the simplest, strongest, most brilliant and most reliable of all home dyes. Diamond Dyes never disappoint; they give perfect results; they save time and money.

A new Dye Book, 45 samples of dyed cloth and full range of new designs of the Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns will be sent free if you send your address to The Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, P. Q.