The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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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—6 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. 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 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 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. Honor Member Veterinary Medical Society. Office—Over Worden's Barber Shop, next door to Post 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, rulling 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 $50 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 341, or telephone 56, 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 enable us to repair 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. Sawfiling a specialty.

Acton Bakery MISS B. MILLAR Opposite Brown's Drug Store, Acton.

BREAD Weston's and Williams' Received daily and promptly delivered. Cakes, Buns, Doughnuts, etc., fresh every day.

CONFECTIONERY. Maple Cream, Pod Nut Brittle, Sponge Taffy, Lemon Taffy, Almond Rock, Etc., etc. All our own make, pure and wholesome. A general assortment of confectionery and a special line of Chocolates. FRUITS—Naval Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, etc. Nuts of all kinds. Fancy Biscuits, Cooked Ham, and Bologna Sausage.

MISS B. MILLAR.

EXTRA LARGE STOCK OF FINE NEW

Wall Paper.

Now Styles, Colorings and Designs.

Our prices are the lowest.

Examine the stock and see for yourselves.

I have arranged with first class men to hang side wall and ceiling at

10c. a Roll

....AT....

DAY'S BOOKSTORE GUELPH

DAY • BELLE • CHOP

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

Spring Is Coming!

Why not prepare for it by bringing in your Buggies and Market Waggons now, to be Repaired and Painted?

I am in a better position than any one in the County to give you a first-class job. I keep everything on hand to repair your vehicle. I have plenty of room to store your job until the roads are good.

J. N. O'NEILL GEORGETOWN.

—ACTON—

LIVERY —AND— BUS LINE

The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs that 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 Proprietor

—THE—

TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

Capital paid up, $1,000,000
Assets Over $9,000,000.

Guelph Branch (NEXT DOOR TO POST OFFICE)

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. F. M. JONES, Manager.

AMERICAN FIELD FENCE IS THE BEST.

See that this is what you get. We are the sole agents for this, and for the National (Durham) Portland Cement. These are two leaders in Farm needs.

OUR PRICES ARE ALWAYS RIGHT.

JOHN M. BOND & CO. GUELPH.

CLOVER SEEDS. EXTRA CHOICE EXPORT CLOVER ONLY $8.25 PER BUSHEL.

Having bought a large quantity of the best clover before the rise in prices, I am in a position to offer my customers a bargain in Clover Seeds.

If you don't wish to take it away a deposit of 50c a bushel will hold it for you. We don't anticipate any rise in Timothy Seed, it will remain steady, but reports are, clover will be higher. We also handle a full line of Lucerne, Alsike, Crimson and Mammoth Clovers.

Black Barley 90c. to $1.00 a bushel. White Hulless Barley 90c. to $1.00 a bushel. Best Seed Peas 85c to $1.00 a bushel. Grass Peas $1.25 a bushel. Mandscheuri Barley 50c to 55c a bushel. Seed Oats from 38c up. Seed Potatoes, all kinds, some Silver Dollar Pota oes left, still only $1.25 per bag.

Geo. J. Thorp, Guelph, and Rockwood.

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

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

NASSAGAWEYA Saw and Planing Mills. Lumber and Shingles AT LOWEST PRICES. Bill stuff cut to order. P. Sayers, Proprietor.

Hats and Tams.

Latest importations in Men's, Boys and Children's Headwear representing the season's greatest achievements in smartness and originality of style, all modestly priced.

L. N. E. LaFONTAINE HATTER ... FURRIER WYNDHAM ST. GUELPH, ONT.

Poetry.

I SHALL NOT PASS THIS WAY AGAIN.

Then let no chance by me be lost
To kindness show at any cost,
I shall not pass this way again;
Then let me now relieve some pain,
Remove some barrier from the road,
Or lighten some one's heavy load;
A helping hand to this one lend,
Then turn some other to befriend.

O God, forgive,
That now I live
As if I might, sometime, return
To bless the weary ones that yearn
For there be such along the way.
O God, forgive, that I have seen
The beauty only, have not been
Awake to sorrow such as this;
That I have drunk the cup of bliss,
Remembering not that those there be
Who drink the dregs of misery!
I love the beauty of the scene,
Would roam again o'er field and green;
But since I may not, let me spend
My strength for others to the end;
For those who tread on rock and stone,
And bear their burdens all alone;
Who loiter not in leafy bowers,
Nor hear the birds, nor pluck the flowers,
A larger kindness give to me,
A deeper love and sympathy.

—MRS. EVA IRWIN YORK

Select Family Reading.

TWO KINDS OF A HERO.

BY EDWARD BRODERICK.

"YOU'D scarce expect one of his inches"—was the colonel's comment. But the gallant old soldier was ashamed of his words. "By George! It was one of the bravest deeds ever seen on the plains," he affirmed, "and we'll greet him properly with a band and a parade and a ball—the ball of the season. You must see to that, Jeanne."

The colonel's daughter lifted sparkling eyes from the newspaper. "It was glorious," she breathed, "glorious!" She bent over the paper, her cheeks glowing. Over and over she had read the account of Lieutenant Weisoll's gallant charge on the Indian stronghold at Cheenha gulch. All the west rang with praises for the lieutenant.

Joanne McDermont had lived her twenty years a hero worshiper. She loved the colonel not so much because he was her father as because he was her hero. And even the colonel could point to no better day's work than this of little Lieutenant Weisoll's.

"Papa!" she called with a rather thold voice.

The colonel after a moment spoke an encouraging "Well, Jeanne?"

"I"—she began, "I"—Lieutenant Weisoll—I never told you. He asked me—to—well, he asked me. It was just before he left, and I was so sorry for it all. I told him 'No.'"

"And now you'd change your mind, you hero hunter, you!" Her hand was pressed over his lips.

The colonel sat and smoked. Like his girl, he was a hero worshiper. Suddenly he remembered something and, after a moment's frowning he spoke:

"Why, Jeanne, there's a little gossip down in town. A broken down violin player, a fellow degraded by drink, came two weeks ago looking for Lieutenant Weisoll. When sober, they say he's a quiet, gentlemanly man, sad and thoughtful; but he's seldom sober. He plays in the saloons and and—everywhere. When drunk, he has given out that Lieutenant Weisoll is his brother and has told a story that may be true.

"They were, this story runs, a poverty stricken family, these Weisolls, when John, the elder brother, and Harvey were growing up. From his boyhood John, skillful with the bow, was their chief support. It was through his friendship with a congressman that Harvey secured his appointment for West Point. The younger brother was given every chance to work his way up. John played at the smaller theatres and at summer resorts and at beer gardens. His weakness for drink was fought and overcome by his hopes and pride in his brother and the need of untiring work. Well, Harvey was graduated and came west. But now his brother is a hopeless and disgraceful drunkard. That's the tale."

"What does it matter what his brother is? He is a hero!" broke in Miss McDermont.

"Yes, I know," said the colonel; "but they say what broke down this musician brother's will and—heart, they say, was something a bit snobbish—pean, considering the circumstances—on Harvey's part. The cadet was ashamed of the player, they say. Of course it is all gossip and a drunken player's tattle. Perhaps I should not have told you."

"Yes," answered the girl softly; "it does no harm. I won't believe a meanness of the man who took Cheenha. That attack couldn't have been made by a a—puppy."

* * * * * *

It was the evening of Lieutenant Weisoll's home-coming day. The young warrior had been driven through the streets behind the regiment's band, through ranks of cheering townspeople. Now, in the cool of the evening he was walking home with Jeanne McDermont from the parade ground.

He smiled up at the tall girl and walked as he always did—eyes—noticeably straight ahead. Lieutenant Weisoll never turned aside. The right of way he took, like many short men of pompous mien, as a matter of course. Harvey was not quite pompous, not even to-night when he felt his pride and happiness complete. He knew that he had won more than glory.

He talked gayly of the romance in this frontier town and of how dreary it had seemed at first. "How I wanted an exchange!" he cried, then softly, "And now I want a life tenure."

She flushed and smiled. Well, the old dust certainly has a wonderful, roseate glow." Behind them walked the colonel, silent and thoughtful, and several ladies and officers.

In the main street before the little frame hotel a crowd of town idlers and soldiers were gathered. The strains of violin music came from the center of the group, and there was a hush over the square. For once Lieutenant Weisoll turned aside and crossed the the street to avoid the men. Miss McDermont's eyes were intent upon them, but suddenly she glanced up at her companion with something of anxiety and doubt.

Some one on the outskirts of the crowd caught sight of the lieutenant and set up a cheer. There was instant confusion, and the crowd began to break. Jeanne looked and saw a bent little figure standing by the hotel steps. He moved forward now and, assisted by a stout soldier, began to cross the street. He was weak and she could see him trembling. The violin was hugged closely to his shabby gray coat. His head was uncovered and bald on top, and a shock of yellow curls fell about his ears and over his forehead. The girl's gaze was held by the large, hungry blue eyes—eyes fixed on Lieutenant Weisoll. She saw the man by her side start in surprise. The musician walked steadily and alone now, and as he came nearer to them he raised the violin and drew from it some haunting sad note from "Robin Adair." Harvey touched her arm and quickened his step, but the man was close to him, and now he stretched out both hands with bow and violin in them and called in low tones;

"Harvey, Harvey, my brother! I knew you would win out, and I never min led waiting, and when they told me a I about it here I wasn't surprised. I only said, 'The day I've been living, a for is near,' and"—

The lieutenant had been detained by the girl's hand upon his arm. He made an impatient gesture, as if to force her on. The musician seeing, cried out;

"Why, Harvey, I'm John, John—your brother John!" His voice rose to a frightened shriek.

"Come," snapped Weisoll to Jeanne, "Come, come!"

She whispered in pained amazement "But your brother, John; your brother—your brother!"

He felt the pain in her voice. His face was crimson. The colonel and the ladies and the officers were close upon them. The man with the violin, weak and dazed, but not drunk now, stood before them, his hands outstretched.

"I never saw this fellow before, Jeanne." The lieutenant spoke loudly. I have no brother. This is merely a drunken joke. A"—

His voice had risen to a shrill pitch. His face had gone from crimson to white, and she knew that he was lying. She saw the eyes of the fallen and denied brother fill with tears. He turned away.

Jeanne turned on the lieutenant. "You coward!" she cried in ringing tones. "You coward!"

He shrank back before her scorn. She turned to the brother and, putting out both her hands, clasped his hand that held the bow.

"I'm glad to know you, John Weisoll," she said brokenly. "I'm proud to know you, John Weisoll."

NUMBER 18.

A row of Union soldiers stood in line within the walls inclosing a prison yard. A Confederate officer approached and, standing some twenty paces from them thus addressed them:

"These Confederates taken in what your Yankee general over there (pointing) calls illegitimate warfare are to be shot this evening at sunset. In retaliation I am ordered to shoot three of your number. You will begin to count from right to left, and every fifth man will step four paces to the front.

A shudder passed along the line. All understood that those men who were to step to the front must die.

"Begin, you man on the right there," said the officer.

A young girl emerged from a door leading from the commandant's quarters and came toward the soldiers. She wore an apron and a cap, denoting that she was a nurse. She had made both herself, for in those days there were no uniformed nurses. Lucia Clarke was a northern girl who had gone south to find her brother, Allen Clarke, who was an invalid prisoner of war. Having gained permission to nurse him, she had devoted herself to the sick in the hospital attached to the prison, including Confederates, for in this case the blue and the grey were mingled, till she had won the admiration of all and the love of the Confederate commandant. She came forward with a quick step. She had just heard of the order and knew what was going on.

"One," "Two," "Three," "Four." No. 5 said nothing, but tottered forward.

"Six," "Seven," "Eight," "Nine." No. 10 stepped forward with as steady a tread as if ordered to meet a human enemy.

"Eleven," "Twelve," "Thirteen," "Fourteen."

While the men had been counting Lucia Clarke had glanced ahead and seen that her brother Allen would be the fifteenth man. He had only been discharged from the hospital the day before and now, infirm and with one in five chances of death before him could scarcely stand.

"Fifteen."

A feminine voice rang out firm and clear. Lucia, who had wedged herself in between No. 14 and her brother, stepped four paces to the front. Allen, seeing what his sister had done, moved forward to contest the place with her, but, overcome by his infirmities, fell on the ground behind her. Lucia stood rigid while two Confederate attendants carried him away.

As Major Clarence Fitz-Hugh, the commandant looked at the girl standing there in the rank of death his eye was wet with sympathy.

"Miss Clarke," he said gently, but firmly, "all must appreciate the sacrifice you would make, but it cannot be permitted."

"Then I will die with my brother if I cannot die for us both."

"Sergeant," said the officer, "march the prisoners back. Separate those who are to be shot from the rest."

"You on the dead line," said the sergeant, "right face!"

The five men and the woman turned to the right.

"Miss Clarke," said the major, "you can't go to men's prison."

"I will," she said firmly. "I take my brother's place. Where he would go I go."

A vexed look crossed Major Fitz-Hugh's face.

"Sergeant," he said, "send Miss Clarke to my office under the care of a corporal and two men." With this he turned and went into the building. A few minutes later Lucia Clarke was escorted into his presence. He directed the men who brought her there to withdraw. Then he said to her:

"If I promise you that when your brother is led out to die you shall be notified and permitted to go out with him, will you go to your room and remain there till you are called?"

"Yes."

"Very well; you have my word."

Lucia left the office and, going to her room, threw herself on her couch and buried her face in a pillow. Gradually her sufferings gave place to a sort of stupor. How long she was there she did not know. She was roused by a knock at the door, and Major Fitz-Hugh's orderly told her to come. She started up with a moan, but gradually mustered strength to go with a firm step to the prison yard with her guide. There, standing in line, were the three men who had been drawn by lot for execution among them her brother. She was about to spring toward him when Major Fitz-Hugh called to her to wait. Then, drawing a paper from his pocket, he began to read:

"Special Order No. —:

"In recognition of the heroism of Miss Lucia Clarke in hospital and her kindness to many sick and wounded Confederates, the lives of those Union prisoners drawn for execution in retaliation are spared."

"Sergeant," added the officer, march the prisoners back."

When the sergeant and the three men entered the prison and the door closed behind them, the major turned to the girl who stood mute beside him.

"Lucia Clarke," he said, "It was the happiest moment of my life when I secured that order from the general commanding."

"How can I show you my gratitude?" asked the girl after several unsuccessful efforts to speak.

"By permitting me reverently to love you."

The girl stood as if swayed by the wind. Then, extending her hand, she said:

"Come to me with the return of peace."

A FEARFUL SUMMARY.

The results of intemperance are so enormous and so far beyond all human comprehension that it is not easy to summarize this stupendous evil. We do not know the name of the author of the following epitome, but it is so meritorious that it would reflect honor upon my pen, as it at the same time reflects dishonor upon all who abet or help forward this terrible traffic:

"Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imparts pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease, and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It crowds your penetentiaries and furnishes victims for your scaffolds. It is the life-blood of the gambler, the ailment of the burglar, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation, reverences frauds, and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and aids the child to grind the parricidal ax. It blasts our loan and consumes woman, detests life, curses God, and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nursed perjury, defiles the jury box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes voters, disqualifies voters, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, and endangers our government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislature, dishonors the statesman, disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror not safety; despair not hope; misery not happiness; and with the malevolence of a fiend it calmly surveys its frightful desolation, and unsatiated with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor and then curses the world and laughs at its ruin. It does all that and more. It murders the soul. It is the sum of all villainies, the father of all crimes, the mother of all abominations, the devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy."—Exchange.

A male adult has half an ounce of sugar in his blood.

DISTRIBUTION OF CHOICE SEEDS FOR TESTING THROUGHOUT ONTARIO.

The members of the Ontario Agricultural and Experimental Union are pleased to state that for 1903 they are prepared to distribute into every township of Ontario material for experiments with fodder crops, roots, grain, grasses, clovers, and fertilizers. Upwards of 1,100 varieties of farm crops have been tested in the Experimental Department of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, for at least five years in succession. These consist of nearly all the Canadian sorts and several hundred new varieties, some of which have done exceedingly well in the carefully conducted experiments at the college, and are now being distributed, free of charge, for co-operative experiments throughout Ontario. The following is the list of co-operative experiments for 1903:

NO.	EXPERIMENT	PLOTS
1	Testing three varieties of oats	3
2	Testing three varieties of six rowed barley	3
3	Testing two varieties of hulless barley	2
4	Testing Emmer (Spelt) and two varieties of spring wheat	3
5	Testing two varieties of buckwheat	2
6	Testing two varieties of field peas for Northern Ontario	2
7	Testing two varieties of bug-proof field peas	2
8	Testing cow peas and two varieties of soy, soja, or Japanese beans	3
9	Testing three varieties of husking corn	3
10	Testing three varieties of mangolds	3
11	Testing two varieties of sugar beets for feeding purposes	2
12	Testing three varieties of Swedish turnips	3
13	Testing kohl rabi and two varieties of turnips	3
14	Testing parsnips and two varieties of carrots	3
15	Testing three varieties of fodder or silage corn	3
16	Testing three varieties of millet	3
17	Testing three varieties of sorghum	3
18	Testing grass peas and two varieties of vetches	3
19	Testing two varieties of rape	2
20	Testing three varieties of clover	3
21	Testing sainfoin, lucerne, and burnet	3
22	Testing five varieties of grasses	5
23	Testing three varieties of field beans	3
24	Testing three varieties of sweet corn	3
25	Testing fertilizers with corn	6
26	Testing fertilizers with Swedish turnips	6
27	Growing potatoes on the level and in hills	2
28	Testing two varieties of potatoes	2
29	Planting cut potatoes which have and which have not been control over with land plaster	2
30	Planting corn in rows and in squares (an excellent variety of early corn will be used)	2

The size of each plot in each of the first twenty-six experiments is to be two rods long by one rod wide; in Nos. 27, 28, and 29 one rod square, and in No. 30, four rods square (one-tenth of an acre).

Each person in Ontario who wishes to join in the work may choose any one of the experiments for 1903, and apply for same. The material will be furnished in the order in which the applications are received until the supply is exhausted. It might be well for each applicant to make a second choice, for fear the first could not be granted. All material will be furnished entirely free of charge to each applicant, and the produce of the plots will, of course, become the property of the person who conducts the experiment.

C. A. ZAVITZ, Director.
Ontario Agricultural College,
Guelph, March 23rd, 1903.

JACK'S BRIDE.

A blue jacket who was recently married gives the following description of his bride and her apparel:

"My wife is just as handsome a craft as ever left millinery drydock is clipper built and with a figurehead not often seen on small craft. Her length of keel is 5 feet 8 inches and displaces twenty-seven cubic feet of air, of light draft, which adds to her speed in the ballroom, full in the waist, spare trim.

"At the time we were spliced she wore newly fitted riggings of lace and flowers, main-sail part silk, with forestaysail of valenciennes. Her feme was of the best steel covered with silk, with whalebone stanchions.

"This rigging is intended for fair weather cruising. She has also a set of storm sails for rough weather and is rigging out a small set of canvas for light squalls, which are liable to occur in this latitude sooner or later.

"I am told in running down the street before the wind she answers the helm beautifully and can turn in her own length if a handsomer craft passes her."

TO REMOVE OIL FROM CARPET.

To remove oil from a carpet saturate the soiled spots with turpentine and rub hard. This will probably have to be repeated several times before the spots are taken out. If this does not remove them, it is possible that they will wear away in time of themselves. Often this is the only way. And some very bad spots have been known to wear away in time of themselves when nothing else would remove them.

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

Dirty Boy—Please sir, I've come for some washing. Country Servant—And you look to want it badly. Come on in and I'll scrub yer.

Rapp—I look upon you, sir, as a rascal! Partee—you are privileged to look upon me in any character you desire to assume, sir.

WEBS AND FLIES.

Whiskey spiders, great and greasy,
Way-lay their webs from sea to sea;
They grow fat and fast and grow sassy,
Jehall our soldiers rulers be?
Ambushed poison, fool's election!
Teach what peril to their lies;
Sweep the webs away! the nation
In her wrath and wisdom rises.

Teach and sweep! Lest now is blunder.
Let the schools bring moonlight near;
Let the Church sound sevenfold thunder,
But the webs must disappear.
Treacherous architects of plunder,
While the soldiers ply their looms,
Light and lightning never sunder;
Both we use as torch and broom;

Lest that fiend statesman strangle,
Politician's baneful dread,—
Harlot's lure and gambler's tangle
Weave the spiders with their thread.
Widows, orphans, paupers, taxes,
Hang unpublished within the net;
Madness riots, battle axes,
Souls whose sun of [illegible] has set.

Up! the webs are full of slaughter;
Plants infest the spider's lair;
Up! wife, husband, son, and daughter,
Make the vexed earth clean and fair.
We are not red-fanged murder burrows,
Let glad harvests wave sublime;
Blink the webs beneath new furrows,
In the fateful fields of Time.

USED IN THE BUSINESS.

The reasons which lead men to choose a certain trade or profession are often perhaps no more sensible than the reason the boy in the following story from a New York paper gave for wanting a place in a bank. The president of the bank told the story at his club.

"I don't think I ever told you of our redheaded office boy, Brickbat," remarked the bank president after the coal had each told a story.

"Never did," was the answer.

"Well," continued the speaker, "he came to me with recommendations from his father, who was a schoolmate of mine up in Steuben county. After I read the note from the father I told the boy to take off his hat, sit down in a chair and tell me why he wanted to be a banker. His answer was:

"'Cause I'm good at multiplying."

"Well," said I, 'can't you subtract and divide too?'

"Oh, yes," he said, "but because a banker wants to make all he can I thought you wanted a boy who could multiply."

"I hired him on the strength of that."

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.

Used in Springtime Will Give That Strength, Vim and Bodily Activity That All Are So Eager To Possess.

PURE BLOOD AND WELL NOURISHED NERVES ARE ESSENTIALS TO TRUE HEALTH.

Pure blood and well nourished nerves are the great requisites at this season for every man, woman and child. Too many of our people enter the spring season with systems charged with deadly impurities. The blood is foul and stagnant; the liver and kidneys work imperfectly and very often are diseased. With many rheumatism, neuralgia and dyspepsia are daily tormentors. Life is not safe when such ailments are permitted to run unchecked.

If you, dear reader, find yourself burdened with any of the forms of disease just referred to, do not fail to give Paine's Celery Compound a trial. It is your only safety—your only true and certain deliverer from perils that end in death. Paine's Celery Compound has cured tens of thousands of people every springtime; it will do the same blessed work for you. One bottle will cost you less than a visit to consult a physician, and will convince you of its power to cure. Mr. John Y. Gourley, Halifax, N. S., gratefully writes as follows:

"Overwork, worry and cares during the winter months almost made me a physical wreck. My blood was impure and stagnant, my digestion was bad and I slept little. I became so weak that I felt I was nearing the grave, especially when my doctor did not give me any relief. I was advised to try your Paine's Celery Compound and I thank heaven it was brought to my notice. After using five bottles I am quite restored to health and strength and attend to my work with increased interest and attention. Paine's Celery Compound is a true life saver. I recommend it with all my heart."

PAT'S PUZZLE.

Five or six men were recently chatting in a village inn, when one of them said:

"I say I bets your dinners all round ye can't tell me the answer to a puzzle I knows of."

"Done," said they; "I bet we can. What is it?"

"Well," said Pat, "Why is a journalist the funniest creature in the world?"

After vainly trying for about two hours, they sadly said they must give it up.

"Why," said the delighted Pat, "because his tale comes out of his head, don't it?"—London Spare Moments.

IT TAKES TWO.

"Doctor," she said archly, some physicians say kissing isn't healthy, you know. What do you think of it?"

"Well, really," replied the handsome young doctor, "I don't think you or I should attempt to decide that offhand. Let's put our heads together and consider."

IMPOSSIBLE.

Caller—What will you do, doctor, when all your patients get well?

Physician—All my patients will never get well, madam. Baltimore American.