The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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

Accounts payable monthly.

U. F. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M.,
SUCCESSOR TO
J. P. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill—Frederick Streets, Acton.
Office Hours:—8 to 10.30 a.m. ; 1 to 3 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL.
L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH.
L. R. C. S. EDINBURGH.
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. I. 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 DATES—First and third Tuesdays, Brookville; Firday, Rockwood.
Nitrous oxide administered 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—Ferryman's Block
ACTON - - ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

INSURANCE AGENT,
W. H. DENNY,
General Agent Confederation Life Associatied.
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.
R. F. MOORE
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued 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. All communications forwarded to my address, Box 342, 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 execute all repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting, horse-shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any size. Jaw filling and filing done.

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, Lemon Taffy,
Pea Nut Brittle Almond Rock,
Sponge Taffy, Etc, etc.
All our own make, pure and wholesome A general assortment of confectionary 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.

RETIRING
FROM BUSINESS

The Whole Stock for sale at so much on the $. Store will be Rented to Purchaser.

I have decided to sell at COST all my new WALL PAPER. This season's importation—$1,000—at COST, and some ends of last year's paper at Cost and below. All other goods sold at clearing prices, starting Saturday

April 25

DAY'S BOOKSTORE
GUELPH
DRY + BULLS + 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.

Lotters 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

A CARLOAD OF BUGGIES.

Why pay fancy prices for factory Buggies when you can have your choice of a carload for $65.00. They are a complete lot, right up to date in every particular, I guarantee them equal to any factory buggy made in Canada.

MOVE QUICK AND GET A BARGAIN.

J. N. O'NEILL, GEORGETOWN

W. BARBER & BROS.
Paper Makers
Georgetown Ontario.

BOOK, NEWS COLORED PAPERS

JOHN R. BARBER

—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
Capital paid up, $1 500,000
Assets Over $13,000,000.
Cuelph 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 for compounded half yearly.
Advances made to responsible farmers on their own business 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.

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.

ANNOUNCEMENT :

HAVING become interested in several Cement and other industries which will take a considerable portion of my time, I will not be able to devote the necessary attention to my extensive Seed and Flour and Feed Business as I have in the past, I therefore will receive tenders for the goodwill and lease of the same, including the stock on hand July 1st next. Inventory to be taken at market price on that date for all goods purchased on the market and Invoice price on all other goods, when possession will be given.

I take this means of thanking my very numerous and kind friends who have patronized me during the past 14 years, thereby helping me to build up a very successful business from a small beginning

Yours Sincerely,

GEO. J. THORP
GUELPH.

THE CANADA PERMANENT AND WESTERN CANADA MORTGAGE CORPORATION
TORONTO STREET, TORONTO

SAVINGS-DEPARTMENT

$1 and upwards received on deposit. Interest paid or compounded half-yearly at 3½%

$100 and upwards received for which debentures are issued with half-yearly coupons attached for interest at 4%

Paid-up Capital and Surplus $7,600,000.00

A Fresh Car Corn.
(DRY AMERICAN)
Just in. Contracted for in January. 1080 bush.
54c. Will sell for 54c. a bushel to clean out, as we are retiring from business on the Market Sqr.
Some of a damaged car left at 50c.
Best Red Clover still only $8.25 Bushel.
French Saw-Log Mangel. 1 50 lb., 4 lbs for 50c, all other kinds equally cheap.
Hennies' Danish Sugar Beet.
Steel Briggs Royal Giant.
Bruce's White Sugar Beet.
Evans' New Ontario Swede Turnip
Also Kangaroo, New Century, Hale Westbury, and 12 other kinds to choose from.
Genuine Dwarf Essex Rape Seed 20 lbs. for $1 or $4.75 per cwt.
We import direct—buying right we sell right. Come and see us before we go out of business on the square.
Geo. J. Thorp,
Guelph and Rockwood.

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

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 ..
Largest Hat Stock in Ontario of the Latest Styles.
WYNDHAM ST. GUELPH ONT

Poetry.

IT WON'T BE LONG.

It won't be long until the lazy days in June,
When early in the gladsome afternoon
Dad comes home and says he's feeling kind o' sick;
Then he'll dig for worms—you know the trick—
He'll go fishing.

It won't be long till Sarah has to see a friend—
Some sick one, some invalid you may depend.
Before the glass she powders up her darling face,
Then down the street she makes a race—
To meet her fellow.

It won't be long till the office boy buries dear old mother—
Followed, perchance, by father, and perhaps a brother.
So the boss lets him off, and down the line he will shoot;
To bury him mother? Not much, he's going to root—
At the ball game.

It won't be long till at noon the lawyer his office will close,
The doctor will shorten his calls as he goes,
The merchant will leave his clerks in the store;
Then the whole caboodle will rise up and roar—
At this same ball game.

It won't be long till the voices of the night;
Then, rising in wrath, we strike up a light;
Towel in hand we make a sortie,—
But the singer usually hies him away—
The mosquito.

It won't be long and first thing we know
We're no quicker thawed out than we're friz up with snow,
And spring's glad day and summer's sweet hours
Will consummate then in dreary fall showers;
And then, oh where have I heard that phrase before—
Those three short words—
"Shut the door!"

—CHAS. F. RAYMOND.

Select Family Reading.

In The Three-Cornered Lot.

BY HARRIET WHITNEY.

GEORGE, I've let him hev the ole homestead farm, bein' he's the oldest of the heap; Marthy Ann, she's got the blackjack holder strip; Columbus an' Jinny, they've got the two twenty acre lots, an' they'ye to take kear of me long es I last, turn about.

Uncle Billy Bascon looked as lean, cheerful and alert as a grasshopper as he sat on the top rail of the old fence.

"An' I reckon Rushy never got es much as a burdock patch."

Zeke Armstead looked hard at Uncle Billy, who squirmed a little.

"Rushy got Jet Hooker. That ought to satisfied her, seein' every kin person she hed was sot ag'in him an' if he left her a widder without so much es the scrapin's of a mush kittle she had hurself to thank. Howsomever, not to make it look too p'inted, I've given her the three-cornered lot yonder at Buttermilk ridge."

Uncle Billy chuckled.

Zeke growled like an irritated mastiff.

"The three-cornered lot—a little ole' scrape of ground in the tiff rock country, not big enough fer a truck patch an' too pore to raise black-eyed peas! That's a big slice fer your youngest!"

The young man started his team along. He was on his way to town with a load of cordwood. About a mile beyond Uncle Billy's he stopped, hitched his team in the shade and followed a narrow, weed grown path that seemed to lead nowhere, but brought up at a tiny cabin. Its scrappy little doorway was full of that cheerful common yellow flower know as butter and eggs." A plump, fair young woman in a pink calico sunbonnet was feeding a brood of chickens out of a tin pan.

"Mornin', Rushy," said Zeke.

"Mornin', Zeke. How's everything?"

"Jest joggin'. I hear your paw's given you some land."

A rill of clear laughter rang from under the pink bonnet.

"Yes, the three-cornered lot. It'll make me rich, I reckon."

"Want to sell it?"

"Go along, Zeke!" "What's the use makin' foolish questions? I'd mad sell it fer two bits, 'an' nobody wouldn't give that."

Rushy's smile hadn't an atom of bitterness in it, yet it went like a lance through Zeke Armstead's heart. He knew a little of the sore poverty endured by the girl he had wooed before his rival won her.

"Rushy, why won't you quit your contrariness an' take me an' let me do the supportin'?"

The pink bonnet was shaken deidly.

"You know why, Zeke. Your maw don't want me at her house. She's never fergive me fer marryin' pore Jed, though he did go an' die. An' you ain't able to support two families."

"I will be. I'm goin' to be—you'll see. An' Rushy, soon es I sell my wheat I'll hev' $50. Ef you'll take that for the lot, it's a trade."

"Why Zeke, you're plum crazy!" Rushy's voice quivered a little.

"You know es good es I do 'tain't worth the half of that. An' what'd you do with it anyway?"

"Dig a well," said Zeke promptly. I've got some land over that a-way I'm 'lowin' to make a stock pasture of, an' I need a well right there to water 'em."

"Ef you're shore about the well, Zeke, I'll take $25 fer the lot, an' you can go ahead and dig your well. That's a big price fer it, an' I won't take a grain more, nut of you talk a week."

Rushy sat down upon her doorstep when Zeke had done and wiped her eyes with the corner of the pink sunbonnet cape.

"Best friend I've got in the world," said she, sniffling a little, an' got to be separated from him by that crabbedly maw of his'n."

Once, in the edge of a pink summer twilight, Zeke Armstead rode up to Rushy Hooker's cabin. Rushy had just come up to the door with a tin bucketful of clear spring water, which she set upon the rough step.

"Mighty glad to see you Zeke," she said, fanning herself with her apron. "What you been doin' with that little old three-cornered lot?" The way thing has been happenin' lately skeers me."

"What's to do?" asked Zeke.

"Well, honest, Zeke, since you've been been over yonder a-diggin' your well I could hev sold that scrap of land forty-leven times over. First come Brother George, then Columbus, then Marthy Ann an' then Jinny, all a-wantin' to trade their land fer it or buy it. I told 'em they knowed good es I did I'd sold it to you, but they 'lowed you hedn' payed yet an' the bargain wasn't bindin' an' offered me more than what I let you hev it fer. An' next half the country, 'peared like, come polin' along, all a-wantin' the three-cornered lot. I 'lowed to all of 'em I'd made a bargain with you an' I'd stick by it of they wagged their tongues off, an' so I will, Zeke.

But wouldn't none of 'em tell me what they wanted it fer—give one reason an' another there, wasn't a grain of sense in, an' I jest naturally knowed 'twasn't the real one. An' George an' Columbus an' the girls is all a-mad at paw es rails fer letin' me hev the lot first place. What's it all about Zeke?

"Come over a-purpose to tell you, Rushy, I didn't strike any water a-diggin' that well, nor oil neither, but I tell you what I did strike, a solid bed of salt. I hustled around spry an' hed it looked into by them them that knowed, an' they said it was 99 per cent. pure salt. The railroad folks are a-goin' to build a branch track to out there. Your folks an' the others heard what was a-goin' on, an' of course every tinker of 'em begun to figure up what they could make out of it. Rushy, your three-cornered lot is worth more than any other property in this county.'

"I'm mighty glad Zeke," said Rushy, "but tain't my three-cornered lot; It's yours. I've sold it to you fer $25."

"Well, I reckon not!" crowed Zeke "You've got to take it back—or else you'll got to take me. Which is it Rushy?"

Rushy was sitting in the doorway now, and Zeke was close beside her. She was looking dreamily away to the western hills, where the amethyst shadows of the twilight were spreading.

"I reckon," she made reply, "you could tend to the salt—mine better than I could, Zeke."

* * * * * * *

One sunny morning Uncle Billy Bascon turned his back upon his four elder children.

"They're so darnpd cranky no feller couldn't live with 'em," he explained to an inquisitive neighbor. "I done pretty well fer Rushy, an' her an' Zeke has asksd me to come around an' live with 'em."

TWO ARE READY TO MARRY.

A gentleman met a young woman who had formerly been a servant in his house, and in a peculiar way said to her:

"Why, haven't you got married yet?"

"No, sor."

"Well, I thought you would have been married before now."

"Oh, no, sor, she said, "but there's two waitin'."

"Two!" he exclaimed, "why you don't mean to marry two, do you?"

"No, sor."

"Then who are they?" he inquired.

"Why," she replied, naively, "the two that's waitin' is the parson and me!"

BOUND TO ENJOY HERSELF.

"Now, dear," said mamma, giving final instructions to Elsie, who is going to take tea with a playmate," "when you are asked if you will have something, you must say, 'yes thank you, and if you don't want it you must say"—

"Oh, you needen't bother about that," Elsie interrupted. "I don't expect to refuse anything."

A RETORT IN KIND.

There is a Vermont bookseller who never tires of repeating the retort that he once made to Rudyard Kipling.

This bookseller lives in Montpelier, and Mr. Kipling during his residence in Vermont, visited his shop one day. He is a thin, sharp man, and the poet, taking an interest in him, questioned him about his business.

"How many books do you sell in a day here?"

"What is the profit of bookselling in Montpelier?"

"Do they read me hereabouts?"

These and other questions Mr Kipling asked. Finally he took up "Cellbates," a work of George Moore.

"Is this good?" he asked.

"I don't know, sir."

"You don't know? Why, haven't you read it?"

"No, sir."

Kipling frowned at the little man. "A bookseller," he said, "and you don't read your own books?"

The other, much enraged, retorted, hotly:

"If I were a druggist, would you expect me to take my own drugs?"

THE GRADED COUNTRY SCHOOL.

The movement to do away with the one-teacher country school is gaining ground. The great Canadian school system, the much-vaunted, over-praised, is to be torn down, and a new structure erected. The old log schoolhouse and the little red schoolhouse are to be forgotten together. The new country schoolhouse is to be larger, to contain three or four rooms, and to serve a half or a whole township. It is to be a graded school, similar to that in a village, town or city. It will have a furnace in the cellar, pictures on the walls, comfortable benches, good teachers, and a telephone. Eventually it will be lighted with electricity furnished from the nearest water-power producing station. In a few short years it will not be possible for the city youngster to shout "bayseed" at the country boys, for the latter will have equal advantages with the former.

With these improvements will come an increase in the teacher's salary, and an improvement in his or her efficiency. In a speech the other day, the Hon. Mr. Tarte stated that the average salary of 4,000 female teachers in the Province of Quebec was $111 a year, while in four counties, out of 161 teachers only two had diplomas. In rural districts the salaries were as low as $68 a year and in Montreal as low as $122. Domestic servants in Montreal are as well paid, while nurses are more highly rewarded. Quebec is probably the worst served of all the Provinces owing to her system of religious schools, but even there they are agitating for improvements. Better-trained, better-paid teachers, is the keynote of the educational reformers in that Province. None of the Provinces pay their teachers too well.

This improvement in the country-school system will mean more male teachers. The principal of the township school will be a man with a man's qualifications and a man's strong will. The female teacher will be allowed to develop in her proper position—at the head of the kindergarten and junior classes.

And to whom is this reform to be credited? To the various political superintendents or ministers of education whom the citizens of each Province have set on such high pedestals? No, indeed. The idea came from the United States and has been disseminated here by the energy of Professor Robertson, of Ottawa, and the charitableness of Sir William McDonald—the same sources from which have come our manual-training schools, now found in almost every city.—April Canadian Magazine.

DOMESTIC SIGNALS.

The father of a large and expensive family had brought a guest home to dine with him, says the Chicago Tribune. The dinner was in progress. He helped the guest liberally to everything that was on the table, but before serving the members of the family he glanced at his wife, who made a slight and almost imperceptible signal to him, in accordance with some preconcerted code, and it worked in practice as herein set forth: "Caroline," he said to the eldest daughter, "shall I help you to some more of the chicken—n. m. k.?"

"Just a little, please, papa."

"Some of the mashed potato—a. y. w.?"

"If you please."

"With gravy—n. m. k.?"

"No, thanks. No gravy."

"Johnny, will you have some more stewed tomatoes—n. m. k.?"

"No, thanks."

"Some of the mashed turnips—a. y. w.?"

"If you please."

Though the host had repeated these letters hurriedly and in a lower tone, they had not escaped the attention of the guest.

"Pardon me, Mr. Throgson," he said, "but you have excited my curiosity. May I ask what "a. y. w." and "n. m. k." mean?"

"Huh!" spoke up Johnny, "I thought everybody knowed that. Them letters mean 'all you want' and 'no more in the kitchen'."

OLD FRIENDS.

In front of a confectioner's shop in Paris there used to sit a woman with two wooden legs. She sold pictures and songs, and played well on the violin. In 1848 she was there, very pretty and dressed with a good deal of taste, and when Louis Napoleon, then merely Prince Louis, used to go through the street nearly every day, he never passed without giving her something. She knew him, and was also aware of his pecuniary embarrassments and his political ambitions. One evening she said to him: "Monsieur, I want to say a word to you."

"Say it, madame."

"They tell me that you are a good deal cramped just now. I have at my rooms a comfortable sum, which is earning nothing. Let me offer it to you. You will return the favor when you are emperor."

Prince Louis did not accept the money, but he did not forget the kindness, and when he became emperor he offered her a small annuity. The woman was as independent as she was generous. "Say to the emperor," she returned, "that it is exceedingly good of him to remember me; but I cannot accept his offer. If he had accepted mine, I won't say what might have happened; but as it is, no!"—The Youth's Companion.

Many a man who is the architect of his own fortune finds that the structure has an imposing entrance but no way of getting upstairs.

Rumors feed on men as the moon on green cheese. The sooner you get rid of them the better—Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine to take.

THE JOY OF WORKING.

Think not, Sir Man-of-Leisure, as you peep lazily through your heavily-curtained window at the scurging seven-o'clock crowd on the way to its daily toil, that you have the best of it because you can snuggle back beneath your luxurious coverlid and sleep until Jeems or Meadows brings your morning coffee and paper and asks if you prefer the Yellow Dragon or the Green Devil for your forenoon spell.

Do not lay the flattering unction to your soul that yours is the happier lot.

Yonder youth with swinging step, with full dog deep into the pockets of his thread-bare coat and a cold luncheon wrapped in a paper tucked beneath his arm, tastes a finer, sweeter joy than all your luxury can bring.

His is the pleasure of incentive—the glory of work.

For their is a zest to it all. The quick spring from bed at the alarm clock's summons, the hastily swallowed breakfast, then out into the wine-like air of early morning. To work—vigorous work of brain and brawn, whether it be pegging away at a desk, or directing the eternal grind of clanking machinery.

It is occupation—accomplishment!

Do not pity these work-a-day folk. Save your sympathy for the hapless and hopeless idle fellows—the unfortunates or unwillings; alike commiserable.

Joy goes with the working masses. There is joy in the noonday lunch, whether in a gilded cafe or a cold snack hastily devoured before the whistle blows.

The evening meal is a feast to the weary man, and his well-earned rest is the greatest joy of all.

Hard work is the best of all cures for insomnia.

Thank God you can work!

Though your office labors strain your nerves and rack your brain, though the shop takes the best of your strength and vitality—be glad to be living, an active part of the working world.

You must earn your amusements before you can enjoy them. Ennui has no part in the strenuous life.

Be glad, for conscience sake, that you are not one of those most miserable of all men, a fellow without a job—a human machine standing idle, rusting and losing its value from disuse.

Thank God you can work!

When sorrow and grief come, when you seek to forget, to crush out cruel thoughts, thank God that you can absorb yourself in your pay envelope and say, "This is mine, the rightful pay for the labor of my brain, the just earnings of my strong right arm.

Be thankful Employer, as well as Employee, for the joy of working.

You know the pleasure of it.

Do not deceive yourself by the promise (nine times in ten a pleasant little fiction) that by-and-by you will retire, ease up, and your life in idle luxury.

The business game is not alone for the pleasure of the spoils, but for the joy of playing it. What the world may call greed and avarice you know to be the fascination of success—the intoxication of accomplishment: and it will keep you untiringly at it—on your mettle in the battle—till the end of life. For life is work. And work is life.—D. Herbert Moore, in Lord & Thomas & Injudicious Advertising.

NOW IS THE TIME
To Replace Unhealthy Blood by a Fresher and More Highly Vitalizing Fluid.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND
Is The Only Medicine That Can Purify The Life Stream and Repair Shattered Strength.

The sleeplessness, nervous prostration, general debility, weakness, functional irregularities and despondency from which thousands of women, young and old, suffer, can be quickly removed by properly feeding the nerves, and replacing the unhealthy blood by a fresher and more highly vitalizing fluid. The happy change, from ill health and misery to true womanhood and happiness, can only be effected by the use of Paine's Celery Compound.

The present spring demand for Paine's Celery Compound, woman's friend and life giver, is enormous in every province of the Dominion. This fact alone amply proves that the great compound possesses virtues and powers unknown to other remedies. Dear wife and mother do not procrastinate; listen to-day to the voice of reason and the pleadings and testimony of the thousands of your sex who have been made well and strong. Mrs. S. J. McKinlay, Clonsford, Ont., says:—

"I wish to let you know what Paine's Celery Compound has done for me. I was afflicted with nervousness, sleeplessness, debility and general weakness for five years, and during that time I was doctoring and spent a great deal of money for medicines without any good results. A friend advised me to use your medicine, and I am happy to say it has completely cured me. I now eat well, sleep well, and am as strong as ever before. I am sure I would have died had not Paine's Celery Compound come to my aid. I wish every woman to know about your wonderful medicine."

If you are in need of free medical advice, write to Consulting Physician's Department, The Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal, Que. All correspondence is sacredly confidential.

THE ORIOLE.

The oriole swings on the cherry-tree bough,
Singing "Cheer him up! Cheerfully cheer him!"
And I never could know what he meant till now—
With his "Cheer him up! Cheerfully cheer him!"

He means, when the cheeks with tears are wet—
When the lip is hanging all ready to fret—
To pick up your courage; there's room for you yet!
With "Cheer him up! Cheerfully cheer him!"

And the oriole isn't a fret on a stage,
With his "Cheer him up! Cheerfully cheer him!"
Or a poor captive bird that you keep in a cage,
Singing "Cheer him up! Cheerfully cheer him!"

But out in the open, and through the glad trees,
In the shine of the sun, and the breath of the breeze—
And free as himself every freeman he sees—
With his "Cheer him up! Cheerfully cheer him!"

And the man who does right, for he knows the way how—
And the man who speaks truth, with his hand on the plough—
And the Maid, with the signet of love on her brow—
All Cheer him up! Cheerfully cheer him!

And the oriole's lesson, for you and for me,
With his "Cheer him up!—Cheerfully cheer him!"
Is each one to sing on his own cherry-tree,
With a "Cheer him up! Cheerfully cheer him!"

And love the best land we ever shall know,
Till the dalsies above us shall tenderly blow—
Canadians ever, we'll shout as we go—
With a "Cheer him up! Cheerfully cheer him!"

—REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

A SELF-CONTAINED CROWD.

Mr. James O'Neill, the actor, tells of meeting a man who was indeed a host in himself. It was in the far West. Mr. O'Neill one day found himself at a small station, where he would have to wait several hours for a train. A New York paper prints the story:

"Sort of a dull place," the conductor said to him as he descended. "Still you'll have company: the ticket agent, the operator, the flagman, the storekeeper, the post master and the agent of the accident insurance company are all inside."

Mr. O'Neill entered the station and looked around. In the dim light he could distinguish only a red-haired man at a telegraph instrument.

"Where are the others?" the actor asked.

"Other what?" asked the man.

"Why the ticket agent, the flagman, and the rest."

The man grinned.

"Where are they?" Mr. O'Neill repeated.

The red-haired man grinned again. "I'm um; come in and join us," he answered.—Youth's Companion.

When a man is in the right he is not afraid of being misrepresented.

Doan's Kidney Pills act on the kidneys, bladder and urinary organs only. They cure backaches, weak back, rheumatism, diabetes, congestion, inflammation, gravel, Bright's Disease and all other diseases arising from wrong action of the kidneys and bladder.

The shirt worn by Charles I. on the scaffold was sold at auction in London for 200 guineas.

The Ladies' Favorite.

Laxa-Liver Pills are the ladies' favorite medicine. They cure constipation, sick headache, biliousness, and dyspepsia without griping, purging or sickening.

The supreme test of truth is willingness to wait God's time.—Anon.

Suddenly Attacked.

Children are often attacked suddenly by painful and dangerous colic, cramps, diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera morbus, cholera infantum, etc. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt and sure cure which should always be kept in the house.

If a man doesn't know when he is well off, he at least realizes when he was.

A Restoration.

A restoration from the roots upwards must take place to cure an obstinate cough. Scott's emulsion begins way down at the bottom of an inflamed throat.

The hand will feel cold to man when the heart is not in touch with God.

The Stitch In Time.

When people begin to lose appetite, or to get tired easily, the least impudence brings on sickness.

The stitch in time that saves nine is Hood's Sarsaparilla taken now.

This great medicine enjoys the same distinction as a preventive that it does as a cure, which is saying a great deal, for never before in the history of medical science has so much thought been given to preventive medicine as is being given now.

The seats in heaven will not be assigned by the size of our heads.

Doan's Kidney Pills act on the kidneys, bladder and urinary organs only. They cure backaches, weak back, rheumatism, diabetes, congestion, inflammation, gravel, Bright's disease and all other diseases arising from wrong action of the kidneys and bladder.

Blessed is the man who does not draw his ideals from his idols.