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H. P. 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:—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. C. S. & L. R. C. P. & S. GLASGOW. MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, ETC. Office—Frederick Street Acton, Ont.

DR. DRYDEN, EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE. Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets, GUELPH. OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 2 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 DAYS.—First and third Tuesdays, Brookville; Friday, Rockwood. The latest anæsthetic used if desired.

LEGAL.

A. J. MacKINNON, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER. OFFICE—Mill Street in Matthews' Block, Upstairs.

R. J. McNABB, Clerk Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc. OFFICE—Perryman's Block ACTON - - - ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

INSURANCE AGENT, W. H. DENNY, General Agent Confederation Life Association. Agent Union Fire Insurance Companies. Office Young St., Acton.

FRANCIS NUNAN BOOKBINDER, Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario. (Over Williams Store.) Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound, ruling neatly and promptly done.

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

WM HEMSTREET, 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 $100 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $185,000. THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY. Established 1840. Head Office GUELPH, ONT. INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, or left at residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. TERMS REASONABLE. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

ACTON Machine and Repair Shops HENRY GUNDELL Proprietor. A RM 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 and painted in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Raw filing 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, Pea 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—Navel Oranges, Lemons, Bannanas, etc. Nuts of all kinds. Fancy Biscuits, Cooked Ham, and Bologna Sausage. MISS B. MILLAR.

REMIRING FROM BUSINESS

The Whole Stock for sale at 96 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 + BELLE + CHOKP

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 W. 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

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. 15c lb., 4 lbs for 50c, all other kinds equally cheap. Rennies' Danish Sugar Beet. Steel Briggs Royal Giant. Bruce's White Sugar Beet. Evans' New Ontario Swede Turnip. Also Kangaroo, New Century, Hals 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.

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.

Guelph Branch (NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE)

Savings Bank Department. HIGHEST CURRENT RATE OF INTEREST paid on sums deposited of $1 and upwards. Interest allowed from date of deposit to date of withdrawal, paid or compounded half yearly. Advances made to responsible farmers on their own names at the lowest current rates. No charge made for collecting sales notes if payable in Guelph. A general banking business transacted. A. F. H. JONES, Manager.

AMERICAN FIELD FENCE IS THE BEST.

See that this is what you get. We are the sole agents for this, and for the National (Dunham) Portland Cement. These are two leaders in Farm nets. OUR PRICES ARE ALWAYS RIGHT. JOHN M. BOND & CO. GUELPH.

Chamberlain's Remedies.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough. Price 25 cents; large size 50c.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For Bowel Complaints. Price 25 cents.

Chamberlain's Pain Balm. An antiseptic liniment especially valuable for Cuts, Bruises, Sprains and Rheumatism. Price 25 cents; large size 50 cents.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For Disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Price 25 cents.

Every one of these preparations is guaranteed and if not fully satisfactory to the purchaser the money will be refunded.

$ Your Dollar Deposited with us is secured by our $7,600,000.00 of Paid-up Capital and Reserve Fund. Our Invested Funds exceed $23,600,000.00. YOUR SAVINGS SAFE. We allow interest on deposits at 3½ per cent. per annum, compounded half-yearly. —THE— CANADA PERMANENT and WESTERN CANADA MORTGAGE CORPORATION Toronto Street, Toronto $

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

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

R. W. PHILIPS. Plumber, Steam and Gas Fitter, Quebec Street West. GUELPH. PLUMBING ...AND.... STEAM-FITTING IN ALL THEIR BRANCHES. A full supply of the celebrated Fairbank Steam Valves always on hand.

Poetry.

A GENTLEMAN.

None but college-bred are gentlemen.—Mrs. Astor.

What is a gentleman?
A man who reads, and perhaps can speak
Some French, some German, a little Greek?
A proud product of a costly school—
Sometimes a sage or sometimes a fool?
A man who by nature is rude or gruff,
But who boasts a degree—is that enough?
Is that a gentleman?

What of the men who paved
Their way through life on a noble plane
And built an virtue without a stain?
And what of the men who loved mankind
With all the strength of a courtly mind,
And lived alone for the good in life,
Angels of peace in a world of strife,
Their virtues all self-taught?

What of the man who dried
The tears that welled from a broken heart
And gave the failure another start,
Or lent his hand in their deep distress,
To those who'd swoon in the mighty press?
Is there no place for this gentle man
Within this very exclusive clan?
Must he remain outside?

Show me the simple man
Whose gentle speech is a soothing balm
To aching hearts, and whose quiet, calm,
And gentle manners dispel the cloud
That hangs o'er life like a gloomy shroud,
What boots where he got it? Why hunt for the source?
He may have omitted the college course
And yet be a gentleman.
—Baltimore News.

Select Family Reading.

THE AMATEUR PROMOTER.

THE Collingwood car was making the run back to the city in the early evening. Dunham Greer took off his hat and leaned a little forward to meet the pulsing waves of air. He was stalled for a day or two in the city, waiting for further directions from headquarters, and had taken the trolley ride aimlessly, so far as direction went, only seeking the cool rewards after the heat of the fierce July day.

As he leaned forward to catch the breeze he caught at the same time a little of the conversation of the young man and the young woman who were sitting in front of him. The young man was quite young, two and twenty, perhaps, and the girl seemed a year or more older. She was a bright-faced girl, with snappy, black eyes and decidedly aggressive chin; a pretty summer gown, her luxurious hair crowned by a tasteful black hat. The youth was somewhat pale and not at all robust of figure.

"I tell you, Sis," he said in a querulous tone, "you can't do a thing unless you have capital."

Greer leaned back but continued to listen. In a certain way he was the representative of capital. The remark had a personal bearing. He meant to hear more.

"But Joe," the girl remonstrated, "you give in too easy. You haven't enough pluck."

"Pluck counts for nothing," said the young fellow doggedly. When you haven't either cash or influence you might as well throw up your hands. Haven't I tried, and don't I know by bitter experience?"

"I wish I was a man!" said the blackeyed girl with sudden fierceness.

The young fellow laughed.

"How do you suppose Jim Edgecomb would like that, Sis?" he asked.

A faint flush stole across the girl's fair cheek.

"It doesn't seem to be a question of what Jim likes," she said. "Jim would like to see a fair return from his half interest in the cut-off, but that won't bring it."

"Let Jim get out himself and try his luck at peddling the thing, said the fellow a little warmly.

"Jim is just practical—he can't talk," said the girl.

"And now we're back to first principles," grumbled the young fellow; "It's money that talks."

The girl shook her head at him.

"You once got an idea into your head, sledge hammers can't drive it out. But I suppose you are like all inventors—daft in the same direction. And yet you are so clever, Joe."

"It's cleverness that doesn't pay," said the young fellow a little bitterly.

"My idea was a good one, and Jim carried it to completion. The device is simple, so compact, so strong. It should appeal to every practical engineer. It's both a time and a labor saver. I had no trouble in getting a patent, and yet when I try to interest factory managers they decline to even look at it. They see nothing in the scheme for themselves personally. Perhaps they are subsidized by the makers of the old devices. I tell you it's discouraging, Sis."

"Yes, Joe, it is," said the girl soothingly. "And here is our street."

Dunham Greer drew a card from his pocket and hastily pencilled beneath his name the word "promoter." Then he added the name of the hotel at which he was stopping, and tapped the young man on the shoulder as he signaled the conductor to stop.

"Call on me at one o'clock to-morrow afternoon," he said, as the young fellow turned to discover who had jostled him. He saw a young man of little more than his own age, who nodded to him in a very friendly way, and thrust a card between his fingers. The girl turned, too, and caught this little by-play, and her bright eyes flashed on Dunham in a searching way. He smiled a little at her gaze and slightly bowed.

"Good-night," he said.

The young fellow smiled and stared at the card. Then he nodded to Dunham and helped the young woman from the car.

At exactly one o'clock the next afternoon the inventor walked into the hotel lobby, carrying a neat package. His eyes brightened as Dunham Greer advanced to meet him and took his hand.

"On time," said Dunham. "I wasn't quite sure that inventors had a reputation for being punctual. Shall we go to my room?"

"Sister's outside," said the young man. He laughed in a slightly constrained way. "If you heard us talking in the car last night you must know that sister hasn't a very high opinion of my business abilities. She has come with me to-day to see that I am not buncoed."

It was Dunham's turn to laugh.

"That's true sisterly affection," he said. "Let us join her."

"Wait a moment," said the young inventor. "Let me explain about Sis. She's engaged to Jim Edgecomb, who helped me to complete this outfit. Jim turned over his interests in it to Sis and she promised him that if it could be sold for enough to start a home for them she would marry him right away. She is a little peculiar, but she's smart."

"That adds a flavor of romance to the affair," said Dunham with a smile, "and I'm very fond of romance."

Miss Lucy Brandon gave him another keen look from her bright eyes, but her gaze softened as she met Dunham's bright and sunny smile. The three turned and walked up the avenue together while the inventor briefly told the story of the invention, and his futile efforts to place it.

"Now," he said, "a word or two about myself. I am not really and truly a promoter, you know. Wait a moment. I hope to be a promoter on this occasion. Not exactly a simon pure promoter, either. I think the real article usually works for himself. I disdain any such base purpose. But, here, come into this bank with me, and let me put your faith to a severe test."

He led them up the steps of the handsome building and into the waiting room and seated them at the writing table.

"This is Mr. Calthrope's Bank, isn't it?" inquired the young woman.

"Mr. Calthrope is the bank's president," said Dunham. "Are you acquainted with him?"

"He attends the same church as we do," said the young woman, and is superintendent of the Sunday School."

"That's good," said Dunham. "Excuse us, Joe. I want a recommendation from President Calthrope. Step this way, please Miss Lucy." And he led her back to one of the ornately decorated offices.

When they returned a few moments later the girl looked greatly puzzled and the gaze that rested on Dunham from time to time had lost all its suggestions of suspicion.

"And now," said Dunham, "I must talk fast. At two o'clock I am to meet a half dozen men who are interested in a local manufactory of small hardwares and who are desirous of securing additional capital. The business is well established and paying handsomely, but can be profitably extended. Among the gentlemen will be the manager of the factory, a man of first-class mechanical ability. I intend to submit the cut-off to him. If he thinks it can be manufactured by the company at a profit I will sell it to him at the best price obtainable and for spot cash. Now I want you to transfer the whole thing to me. Patent's in your name, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Joe, "But—" he hesitated and turned his troubled face to his sister."

"Joe, dear, you must do just as he says," she said.

"If there is any bunco about it you can blame your clever sister. Joe," as he pushed forward ink and pens.

With trembling fingers the young inventor filled out the necessary papers, and presently Dunham gathered them together and taking up the model started for the street.

"What next?" stammered the dazed inventor.

"Meet me here in front of the bank in just an hour from now," said Dunham. "One moment. What is the sum you hope to get for this?"

"I'd let it go for six hundred dollars," said the inventor.

"One thousand," said the girl with her eyes on Dunham's face.

Dunham made no comment on the figure.

"Don't forget—three o'clock," he said, and he was gone.

"Do you think he will show up again, Sis?" anxiously inquired the young inventor, as he watched Dunham's retreating form.

"Of course I do," said the girl, stoutly.

But it was a weary hour of waiting for sister and brother. They did not venture far from the place of meeting, and several minutes before the appointed time they were posted on the bank steps on the lookout for their new found friend.

"He's coming," whispered Joe.

"Of course, she's coming, you goose," she laughed. But Joe knew by her tone that she was relieved.

"Empty handed, as you see, laughed Dunham. "But here let us turn this corner on to this quite street. What I have to tell you will take but a few moments and I am rather pressed for time. I sold the cut-off to the company and the manager is so much interested in Joe here that he wants him to call on him at the works. Thinks he could find use for him all the year round. Here's his card. Good pay, too. I believe that'll do."

"Did you say you sold the cut-off?" It was the girl who asked the question, and her voice was faint.

Joe's eyes were fixed on Dunham beseechingly.

The amateur promoter laughed.

"Here is where I get my pay," he cried.

He drew a slip of paper from his pocket; it was the certified check.

"With the compliments of the bunco-man," he said, and handed it to the girl.

"Twenty-five hundred!" she gasped, and then Joe snatched the precious slip away.

The girl put out her hand. Her eyes were swimming.

"You don't know what this means to Joe and me," she softly said.

"I know it means a lot of choice satisfaction to me," said Dunham, merrily, and he pressed the girl's hand.

"How much do we owe you?" asked Joe, a little hoarsely.

Dunham still looked at the girl.

"Just an invitation to the wedding," he laughingly replied. Good-bye."

And he was gone.

BARGAINS FORGOTTEN.

The bargains were especially seductive; the mob of women about the counter would have made a group at Kirkbride's look like wooden Indians by contrast.

Then a woman gave another a dig in the ribs and said excitedly: "Look there. Something's happened."

The other regarded her with cold suspicion, and took a firmer grip on the shirt waist in her hand worth $1.50, now going for 43 cents. Then she looked in the direction indicated.

On the outskirts of the crowd a man had shouldered a woman, and was making his way down the aisle with her.

"Must have fainted," said the first.

"Let's go and see."

"What! And leave the waists when we've at last got right up to the counter."

But something unusual must have happened, for the crowd on the edges was in full chase after the man with the feminine figure hanging limply over his shoulder.

It was too much. The women dropped the waists and ran.

"Just look how he carries her," panted one. "He ought to have more sense."

"Why don't he put her on a chair somewhere, and get a doctor instead of lumping along through this crowded aisle while her, poor thing."

"Look! He's actually laying her on a counter."

The man stopped and tenderly placed the figure near a pile of dress goods.

The women rushed forward, indignation in every feature. "It was a wooden lady in a Paris gown.

A disgusted mob turned and fled for the shirt waist bargains, telling each other wildly as they went, "The best will be gone."

A SELF-POSSESSED WITNESS.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle told at the literary dinner recently given to him in London of his experience as a juror in his youth:

"I once served on a jury out of curiosity," he said, "and what most impressed me in that business was the high-handed manner of the cross-examinations. There was one witness, though, a dentist, whom no browbeating cross-examiner could disturb.

"This dentist was being questioned about a certain woman.

"Did you ever, have any difference with the lady?" the opposing lawyer asked.

"No, sir," replied the dentist.

"Now, attend. Didn't you make her a set of teeth once?"

"Yes, sir."

"Didn't she return them?"

"No sir."

The lawyer glared. Then he resumed: "But you admit, don't you, that later on she had another set made by another dentist?"

"Oh, yes, I admit that,' said the witness.

"Ah! You admit that. And the lady is wearing the other set now, is she not?"

"Yes, she is wearing it."

"And she has discarded your set?"

"No."

"What? Do you mean to tell me she is wearing both sets at the same time?"

"Yes, I do."

"Pooh! Nonsense! How can that possibly be?"

"Why one is the lower and the other is an upper set," said the dentist."

NO DIFFICULTY THEN.

Recently an English visitor was sightseeing in Cork, and in company with a friend who resides in that city went on a tour of inspection. The friend pointed out many places of interest, and related a little history of each. But at length he came to a public building with which he was wholly unacquainted. Turning to the jarvey, he inquired:—

"What place is this, Paddy?"

"Shure an' I don't know, sir," was the Jehu's reply.

"Don't know!" exclaimed the gentleman, in astonishment. "Why, I thought there wasn't a square foot in the whole city that a jarvey did not know the history of!"

"Well, sir, it's this way," replied the jarvey, who knew his interrogator belonged to Cork; "I could have told you all about that building if you'd been a stranger!"

The beer license of The Shades at Great Bentley, Essex, England, has been held by the same family for 500 years.

You should not feel tired all the time—healthy people don't—you won't if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla for a while.

"How long will my chop be, waiter?" "About five inches, sir."

RUSTIC CRITICISM.

The Yankee farmer had a soul for art who declared after long contemplation of Millet's "Shepherdess" and her flock of sheep, "It is all there but the bleat.

Not all critics are equally appreciative. Millet, peasant and painter of peasants, induced by the obtuseness of the most famous critics of his day toward natural and unromanticized art, once held the theory that trained criticism was valueless—that it was spoiled by the very fact of training.

The general public, he thought, knew better than the critics; and his own art in particular could be best judged by those whose life and labors it portrayed.

He was expounding this idea one day to a friend while his latest picture, entitled "Ruth and Boaz," representing a modern parallel to the Biblical story, stood conspicuously on the easel in his cottage studio at Barbizon.

Just then a peasant called upon some errand, and upon entering the room, burst out laughing. Millet wished to know why he laughed.

"Good gracious, Monsieur Millet," was the reply, "I'm laughing at your picture!"

"My picture!" exclaimed Millet. "What is the matter with it?"

"It is so funny!" explained the man, gazing delightedly at the pictured peasant bearing her barley sheaves. "You have hit it off so well!"

"Hit off what?" inquired the bewildered artist.

"Why you have painted so capitally that constable arresting the girl for stealing a bunch of garlic!"

Millet's theories of art remained unaffected, but his ideas concerning critics underwent a sudden change.

HER FATHER'S STRENGTH.

Recently in a Sunday school the teacher was telling her class of small pupils the interesting story of Sampson, of whom she spoke as being the strongest man that ever lived.

Little Ethel, a golden haired new recruit, listened to the story with great interest. After the teacher had finished Ethel held up her chubby hand.

"Well, Ethel," asked the teacher, "What is it?"

"Samson wasn't as strong as my papa is."

"Is your father so strong?" queried the teacher, smiling.

"Oh, my papa's awful strong," replied Ethel with emphasis. "Why, I heard mamma say that he had an elephant on his hands."

THE FEMALE ENGINEER.

"That woman ought to be eligible to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers," said the sarcastic man, pointing to a perfectly-groomed woman, who was gliding along, carefully holding her skirts out of the dust.

"Yes," said the obtuse girl. "Just why?"

"Cause she guides a long train," said the man.

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.

Nearly everybody smokes in Japan. The girls begin when they are ten years of age and the boys a year earlier.

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 Government of the United States gives deeds away to farmers each year to the value of $100,000.

OLD SONGS.

Adown the years they come to me
From out the crypts of time;
With half-forgotten melody
And faintly falling rhyme;
With here and there a broken chord,
A missing word or phrase,
But sweet as angel whispers are
The songs of bygone days.

A snatch of college outing song,
A verse of cradle-hymn,
A bar of tender serenade
Sung when the stars were dim;
The truant strains they come and go
Like sparks of smoky haze—
A tangle of sweet memories,
The songs of bygone days.

And as the measures float along,
Like shadows o'er the sea,
Across the drifting bloom of years
Lost faces smile on me;
Eyes dimmed in death's eternal night
Meet mine in friendly gaze
I kiss the marble lips that sang
These songs of bygone days.

Old tunes touch hidden chords in hearts
Long mute with age or pain,
And give us for a fleeting space
Lost faith and hope again.
Within you Cloudland's Faraway
Where swell the hymns of praise,
God grant the angels sometimes sing
The songs of bygone days!

GREATLY ALARMED.

By a Persistent Cough, Permanently Cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Mr. H. P. Burbage, a student at law, in Greenville, S. C., had been troubled for four or five years with a continuous cough which he says, "Greatly alarmed me, causing me to fear that I was in the first stage of consumption." Mr. Burbage, having seen Chamberlain's Cough Remedy advertised, concluded to try it. Now read what he says of it, "I soon felt a remarkable change and after using two bottles of the twenty-five cent size, was permanently cured." Sold by A. T. Brown.

Well, cook, and what do you think of it? Lor', mum, she sang beautiful—just as if she was a-gargling.

A. T. Brown Warrants every Bottle.

If troubled with rheumatism, give Chamberlain's Pain Balm a trial. It will not cost you a cent if it does no good. One application will relieve the pain. It also cures sprains and bruises in one-third the time required by any other treatment. Cuts, burns frostbites, quinsy, pains in the side and chest, glandular and other swellings are quickly cured by applying it. Every bottle warranted. Price, 25 and 50c. For sale by A. T. Brown.

She—your dog was trying to bite me, sir! He (touching his hat)—Yes, madam; he has a sweet tooth.

Just What You Need.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are just what you need when constipated; when you have no appetite, feel dull after eating and wake up with a bad taste in your mouth. They will improve your appetite, cleanse and invigorate your stomach and give you a relish for your food. For sale by A. T. Brown.

Census returns for Buckinghamshire, England, show that the number of unmarried women—57,028—is precisely the same as the number of bachelors.

A Farmer Cured of Rheumatism.

"A man living on a farm near here came in a short time ago completely doubled up with rheumatism. I handed him a bottle of Chamberlain's Balm and told him to use it freely and if not satisfied after using it he need not pay a cent for it," says C. P. Rayder, of Pattens Mills, N. Y. "A few days later he walked into the store as straight as a string and handed me a dollar saying, "give me another bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I want it in the house all the time for it cured me." For sale by A. T. Brown.

At Kouka, in Central Africa, the average annual temperature is 83.5 degrees Fahrenheit. This is the world's record for heat.

Liver troubles, biliousness, sallow complexion, yellow eyes, jaundicete, yield to the curative powers of Laxa-Liver Pills. They are sure to cure.

A woman who has died at Sheffield, England, aged sixty-six, had spent forty-six years in bed.

Results That Astonish Relatives and Friends.

Miss Barbara M. Stanfold, a Victim of Anemia, Impefect Circulation and Debility is Cured by

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.

In the month of May, it is an absolute necessity that the body should be furnished with a richer and purer supply of blood for the establishment of a health that can successfully cope with the enervating effects of hot summer weather. Poor blood in May produces listless, ambitionless, sleepless and sallow-faced men and women, who quickly become victims of some organic disease that ends life.

Intelligent people recognize the necessity of cleansing and fortifying the system in May by using Paine's Celery Compound, which speedily removes all poisons from the system, gives to the thin, watery blood a larger proportion of red corpuscles, and arouses all the organs of the body to healthy action. Paine's Celery Compound does the work for victims of impure, watery and stagnant blood that commands the attention of the most eminent medical men in the world. Miss Barbara M. Stanford, Hamilton, Ont. says:—

"For over a year my health was in bad condition, and I became very weak and much depressed in spirits. my trouble arose from poor and watery blood and imperfect circulation. My appetite was almost gone, and I was afflicted with insomnia. After several doctors had done all they could for me I was weaker than when they began to treat me, and my family became anxious about my condition. A neighbor advised my mother to have me use Paine's Celery Compound. Before I finished the second bottle, my appetite was better, I felt stronger and could sleep soundly five or six hours each night. I had so much faith in the wonderful compound that I continued with it until I was perfectly cured. To-day, after using six bottles, I am as well and strong as ever before. I thank you with all my heart for such a medicine; it saved my life when other medicines failed. All my friends are astonished at my happy cure."

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.