The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

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MILL STREET, ACTON ONT.

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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. P. UREN, M. D. C. M. Office and residence—Corner Mill Frederick Streets, Acton. Office Hours:—6 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 3 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL. L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH. L. L. 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 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 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 Worden's Harbor Shop, next door to Ford 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' Stage.) Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Inform me by post and I will promptly attend.

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

W. M. HEMSTREET, LICENSED AUCTIONEER For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms Reasonable. Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $200 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 for work to be addressed, P.O. box, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRIMDRILL 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. Wholesale repairs performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Jobbing of all kinds 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—Navel Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, etc.
Nuts of all kinds.
Fancy Biscuits, Cooked Ham, and other 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 odds of last year's paper at Cost and below. All other goods sold at clearing prices, starting Saturday
April 25
DAY'S BOOKSTORE
GUELPH
DAY'S BELLS + CHOIR

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

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—$6.25 bushel.
French Saw-Log Mangel, 15c lb., 4 lbs for 50c, all other kinds equally cheap.
Ronnie' Danish Sugar Beet.
Stout 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.

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 notes at the lowest current rates.
No charge made for collecting sales notes if payable in Guelph.
A general banking business transacted.
A. E. 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 fence.
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 Diarrhœa 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.
Sold by A. T. BROWN.

The CANADA PERMANENT and WESTERN CANADA MORTGAGE CORPORATION
TORONTO STREET, TORONTO
Paid-up Capital $2,000,000
Reserve Fund $1,600,000
Invested Funds $7,500,000
ABSOLUTE SECURITY
YOUR SAVINGS SAFE
President George Gooderham
1st Vice-President and Managing Director J. Herbert Mason
2nd Vice-President W. H. Beatty
"CANADA'S PREMIER COMPANY"

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,
Guelph Street West.
GUELPH
PLUMBING
...AND...
STEAM-FITTING
IN ALL THEIR BRANCHES
A full supply of the celebrated Fairbank Steam Valves always on hand.

Poetry.

DOES IT PAY TO BE A MILLION AIRE?

How many times I have wondered
How life would seem, dear heart,
If from our modest dwelling
Stern Poverty should depart;
If the cottage became a castle
Furnished with treasures rare,
And we had everything that we'd
have
If I were a millionaire.

Suppose, dear, a stately butler
Awaited your every sign;
And the water upon the table
Should change to sparkling wine;
Suppose that a dainty pheasant
Replaced our now humble fare,
And the table groaned with the things
we'd have
If I were a millionaire.

Suppose that our stables sheltered
Full many a well-groomed steed;
That you rode in your Vic in comfort,
Or hunted o'er field and mead;
Suppose that each day brought nothing
Of worry and trial and care,
As we've often thought the days
would be
If I were a millionaire.

Would the logs in the hearth burn
brighter
Than those chips in our clay grate?
Would the feeling of home be stronger
If dinner were served in state?
Would a spin in your Vic be better
Than our walks in the twilight fare?
Would the love in our hearts be
greater
If I were a millionaire?

Would we be more to each other
If trouble were swept away?
Would the sun in the west glow softer
Than now, at the close of day?
Life is but a mighty heart-throb,
And the love that makes life fair
Would be no greater and truer, dear,
If I were a millionaire.

—COLORADO SPRINGS GAZETTE.

Select Family Reading.

The Professor's Invention

PROF. McVint regrets that, owing to his absence from town, his lecture on "The Aspirate in Greek" is unavoidably postponed.

This was the notice that greeted the crowd of students as they surged in one mass to class room No. 20 on the morning of June 5, some two or three years ago.

"Hello! what's the meaning of this?" said Pennington. "The old fellow was here as late as 10 o'clock last night, for I was with him at the science pic-nic yesterday, and it was after 10 by the time we got back. He's gone off mighty quick!"

"Perhaps he hadn't time to get his lecture ready," suggested one.

"More likely his mother is dead," said another.

"Ten to one he's in love, and gone off to pap the question," a third the third. At this there was a general laughter, in which you would of joined had you known the professor. Tall, lean and angular, with a decided stoop, and eyes that were screwed up almost to vanishing point, he was hardly the personage with whom to associate any idea of the tender passion. His age, too, was against him, though no one knew exactly what that age was. If you saw him walking home from the college along the esplanade you put him down at 50, but when you saw his face aglow with enthusiasm as he lectured on the beauties of the Greek particles you changed your mind and said he might be 30.

Anyhow, he was not popular. His dry Scotch humor was not appreciated—it very often bit too deeply into the feelings of his victim to be pleasant, and all who came beneath the lash of his tongue bore him no small grudge for what he made them suffer. Then he lived absolutely from college life, not even mixing with the other members of the staff. Consequently he knew little of what was passing around him and was given credit for knowing still less.

He had never been known to miss a lecture; even when one morning he found on his arrival at college that his class room had been burned out in the night, he calmly remarked to the crowd of students near the door, "I think ladies and gentleman, with your permission, we will deliver our lecture in the corridor." No wonder, therefore, that there was no small stir when this historic notice stared the world unblushingly in the face.

"I wonder what it can be," said Eva Miller to her friend Jemima Bates, as they turned slowly from the class room door and walked away down the corridor. "Poor man, I am afraid there is something wrong; and he has no one to look after him or do things for him. It seems a very lonely life."

"Oh, he is perfectly happy in his work," replied Jemima; he doesn't want anyone to look after him." Jemima judged all men and (women) by her own feelings, which is a dangerous thing to do.

"I don't know," said her companion doubtfully. "However, it's no concern of mine, so I'm off to the tennis field instead."

Had she only known that it was a very great concern of hers she would have given the matter a little more thought.

The previous day as young Pennington had said, had been the science pic-nic. Much to the surprise of everyone, the professor finally accepted his invitation—though he wrote first of all declining. A perusal of the list of invited "art" was the cause of his change of mind. The fact was Prof. McVint was in love—it had taken some time to convince him of the fact, and he had argued it out pro and con with himself in every imaginable way. But from the conclusion he could not escape; whatever his premises, the deduction invariably came out; "Therefore, I love her."

He began to notice it first in this way: Into his mind as he was busy in the preparation of his lectures, there would creep the surreptitious thought, "what will she think of this? How will she take that?" Then he found himself thanking Providence that by its kindly ordering the lady students sat in the front row during lectures, and, therefore, more within range of his somewhat limited vision. The next thing that he was conscious of was that he was hunting high and low in his room for a pair of glasses far stronger than those he generally used, and not at all necessary for mere reading purposes. Two or three times he lost his place in his notes and stood confused and put to shame before his class, a thing that had never happened before in all his experience. Finally he came to the conclusion that the tie which he had been wearing when the senior student was a freshman, and which he had worn ever since, was a little the worse for wear and must be replaced, and then what he had long expected broke fully on his mind. Such a wholesale revolution could mean but one thing.

Thus it came to pass that on noticing the name of Eva Miller among those invited to the pic-nic the professor suddenly changed his mind. He was a man of few words and prompt deeds. He would try his luck that very day.

To describe his feelings during the drive to the scene of action would be impossible. Strangely out of place in the middle of the chattering crowd, distrusting his own powers and yet so bold as to amaze himself, the professor sat alone and neglected in a corner of the brake. The kindness of heaven, however, aided a little by the cunning of man had placed the object of his adoration almost opposite him. So, while he gazed blankly into space, and was supposed by any one who gave him a passing thought to be elaborating a new treatise on "The Particles," he could all the time feast his eye unobserved, on the vision of beauty not two yards away.

Lunch eaten, the whole party broke up and scattered in all directions, as parties will do till the end of time. Now was his opportunity; he would follow the group containing his idol at a little distance, and surely he would get a chance of speaking with her alone before long. Keeping the group in sight and himself out of it, he dawdled and hung about, as is the way of people who are doing their best not to overtake a friend a little way ahead. He walked forward, then back a bit, then on again, then back, then stood stock still for a few moments, pretending to use his watch as a compass, and then, finding that some one had been watching his manoeuvers with infeigned interest, bolted straight ahead as if he were shot from a gun. In less than two minutes he was upon the group, but alas! his eyes had played him false again, and she was not there. What did he want with Jemima Bates?

Having tried to explain his sudden swoop down on those unprotected females, and having dismally failed therein, he turned aside, sick at heart, and entered a small plantation of young trees. A narrow foot path led through this, and as he neared the stile that opened on the fields beyond he saw two figures leaning against it. Another moment showed him Eva Miller and young Pennington deep in conversation and oblivious of all around. Quietly and unobserved he turned back, and on reaching his rooms that night he told his landlady he had to go away by the early train for two or three days. Hence that notice on the class room door.

The professor's dream was over; there was but one thing left—revenge, and the professor settled down to plan and scheme how best to obtain it. Pennington was reading with him for a classical scholarship at Oxford, so the professor saw the way very clear. Instead of one hour extra each evening he gave his pupil two, and sometimes even more, out of his valuable time. He looked up all his old notes and helps, and lent them to his enemy; he corrected all his work with especial care and went to the trouble of writing out model answers for his pupil to copy. In short, painstaking and thorough as Prof. McVint had always been, he had never taken such pains or used such thorough methods with a pupil before. Nothing was too much trouble for him. "At any rate," he used to murmur to himself, as deep in his heart he nursed his revenge, "if she can't marry me she shall marry one of the best students Oxford and this place ever turned out."

And when eighteen months later the news came that Guy Pennington had pulled off the top "school," at Balliol the professor's revenge was complete, and his satisfaction knew no bounds.

"Congratulate you most heartily, McVint," said Dr. Smithers, the physics demonstrator, "one of your best successes, won't Miss Miller be glad!"

"Oh, nonsense," returned the professor, "no credit due to me at all. A fellow with brains like that could get anything. No matter who prepared him. But"—with a sigh—"I'm very glad for her sake."

"Yes," answered the doctor, breezily, "she always was proud of her brother. Good morning McVint!" and he was gone like a shot. The professor stood rooted to the ground. Her brother! Her brother! What could it all mean?

And then was seen a sight such as never before was witnessed by gods or men. Students on their way to college stopped, amazed. Amiable old gentlemen out for their constitutional forgot their amiability, and swore horribly as they were rudely jostled and pushed aside; elderly females screamed, "!!!! Stop thief!" butchers' boys whistled and cackled; servant girls craned their necks out of windows; little dogs barked and yelped for pure delight; and all the universe stood still, as Prof. McVint, gathering up the skirts of his ample gown, flew down the length of the esplanade in pursuit of the unsuspecting Smithers.

"Brother, did you say," he burst out, as he caught that worthy by the arm; "did you say he was her brother?"

Smithers stared blankly at him for a moment. "Oh, I had forgotten," he said, looking around with an annoyed air. "What a fuss about nothing! Of course I said brother though he is really only her step-brother. Pennington's father died soon after he was born, and his mother subsequently married a Miller. I thought everybody knew that. But what difference does it make?"

That was a question the professor declined to answer. What difference? Why, this difference—that before 10 o'clock that evening the professor had told Miss Miller of the episode of the stile (among other things), and she had laughingly said: "You poor dear, and so you really thought Guy and I were lovers. You see, even professors don't know everything. And to think we have wasted eighteen months!"

What the professor said in reply, history does not record.

HINTS ON ADVERTISING.

Not so very long ago I asked a merchant if he ever realized any returns from the advertising he was doing in the daily papers.

"Oh, we have no doubt it pays us," said he. "We have been advertising for a good many years, and while we never had any direct evidence that our advertising brought any results, still we have faith in its value, and feel that it does us some good."

There was a man who had too much faith. He felt satisfied that the advertising he was doing was beneficial to his business, and when he didn't get any direct results from his ads. it did not trouble him much—he didn't worry about it as some do.

Advertising that doesn't bring results is not good advertising. If you cannot see that you are getting direct returns from the advertising that you are doing, you had better look for the reason and change your methods. I have never yet seen a retail business that would not quickly respond to intelligent advertising. There is no retail business anywhere that is not susceptable to the influence of advertising.

The merchant who is not getting direct returns is not getting what he is entitled to. His faith only serves to blind him to the faults in his methods. It is all very well to have confidence in the efficacy of advertising in bringing increased business, but it is advisable to look for results—see to it that your advertising pays you a profit. If you don't get the results you should seek a reason, remedy it, and keep constantly changing your tactics until you are satisfied that you receive the full benefit of your advertising expenditure.

Many men start in advertising as if they did not expect it to pay. Like the general who starts into battle expecting to be whipped, they are usually not disappointed. The merchant who rents a store, buys a stock of merchandise and opens for business, doubtful of success, is reasonably certain to fail. The man who advertises without expecting any results usually does not realize any.

Have faith, expect to win, determine to succeed. But "be sure you're right then go ahead." Be sure the methods you adopt are successful when applied to your case. See that you get all that you pay for in advertising. Then go ahead with the confidence born of success, and the extent of your business will only be limited by the effort you put into it.

Don't have too much faith; don't have too little.—The Canadian Grocer.

JUST FOR FUN.

A cold spell—Z-e-r-o.

"That's another story," said the bricklayer, as he finished his day's work.

Photographers are very charitable; they are always anxious to take the best views of mankind.

Maude—And what do you do with yourself now that you have retired, doctor?

Doctor—Oh, I only kill time now.

Mabel—Who gave the bride away?

Clara—Her little brother. He announced to the assembled guests that she had false teeth and dyed her hair.

The best cold snap story stands to the credit of a man down in South Brewer, Me., who reports that his fountain pen froze in his waistcoat pocket. This closes the contest.

"Mercy sakes! Why have you bought all this crape and black silk?"

"Well, I had a chance to get them at a bargain, and my husband is working on a flying machine, you know."

A farmer came to town, and went to see the doctor, saying that he did not feed well.

The doctor advised him to take a stimulant once in a while, but the farmer said he would not set such an example to his son who was growing up. The doctor asked him if he shaved. "Yes," answered the farmer. "Then," answered the physician, "put a bottle of whiskey in your shaving cabinet, and every time you shave take a little."

The farmer said he would, and departed. The did not see the farmer again, until about a month later, running up to him on the street. "I was just coming to your office to get a certificate to put my father in an insane asylum," said the son.

"What are the symptoms?" asked the man of medicine.

"He wants to shave six or seven times a day!" answered the son.

A Phillipsburg (Kan.) girl wrote home from college that she had fallen in love with ping pong, and got this reply from her father: "Give him up. They don't no Chinaman marry into this family."

DESCRIBING THE ACCIDENT.

The following incident shows how a Western States reporter contrives to extract humor out of such an unpromising subject as a railway accident:

"Speaking of the sociability of railway travellers," said the man with the crutch, and a watch-pocket over his eye, "I never got so well acquainted with the passengers on a train as I did the other day on a Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway. We were going at the rate of about thirty miles an hour when another train from the other direction telescoped us. We were all thrown into each other's society and brought into immediate social contact, so to speak.

"I went over and sat in the lap of a corpulant lady from Manitoba, and a girl from Chicago jumped over several seats and sat on the plug hat of a preacher from La Crosse with so much timid, girlish enthusiasm that it shoved his hat clear down on to his shoulders.

"Everybody seemed with one accord to lay aside the usual reserve of strangers, and, without exception, we made ourselves entirely at home.

"A shy young man, with an enchanted oilcloth valise, left his own seat and went and sat down in a lunch basket, where a bridal couple seemed to be wrestling with their first pic-nic. Do you suppose that young man would have done such a thing on any ordinary occasion? Do you think if he had been at a celebration at home that he would have risen impetuously and gone where those people were eating by themselves and sat down in the cranberry jelly of a total stranger?

I should rather think not.

Why, one old man, who probably at home led the class meeting, and who was as dignified as Roscoe Conkling's father, was eating a piece of custard pie when we met the other train, and he left his own seat and went over to the front end of the car, and shot that piece of custard pie into the ear of a beautiful widow from Iowa.

People travelling somehow forget the austerities of home life, and form friendships which last to the end of their days."

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

After the ship which had come from New Zealand was tied up at the wharf Larry O'Brien was told off by his shipmates to call upon Mrs. McCarthy and break the news of the death of her husband, which had occurred on shipboard the preceding summer. The Brooklyn Eagle tells how he did it:

"Good morning, Mrs. McCarthy!" said he. "Is Denny in?"

"Denny?" said the surprised woman. "My Denny? No, he's not in. Is the ship here?"

"Sure it is. And Denny's not got home yet? That's quare—unless something has happened him."

"What would happen him?" Mrs. McCarthy asked anxiously.

"There's plenty of things can happen a man," said Larry delicately. "He might have got hurted or he might have took sick with the fever. But there's one comfort, as Father McGinnis said once, and that is that time heals iv'ry grief."

"What do you mane, Mr. O'Brien?"

"I mane that if anything happened to Denny you wouldn't feel as bad about it a few months after it happened as you would right at the time, would you?"

"I suppose not," said Mrs. McCarthy. "I mind whin I lost me first husband I thought I'd never get over it. But, as you say, in a few months it was aisier to bear."

"Then, Mrs. McCarthy, you'll be glad to know that it's now four months—nearly five—since Denny died. Sure, it can't grieve you now as much as it would if you'd known it at the time."

APPRECIATIVE.

A housekeeper who has been employing a colored washerwoman for several months was surprised to see her appear last week in a hat trimmed heavily with crape.

Why, Julia, she asked, is any of your family dead?

No, no, was the reply, but one of my best customers gave me this hat, and I didn't want her to think I don't 'preciate nothin'.

TALKED TOO MUCH.

A parrot and a dog were left in a room together. The parrot, out of mischief said to the dog, "Sic him."

The dog, seeing nothing else, went for the parrot, and tore out about half his tail feathers before he escaped to his perch. The parrot, after looking himself over and reflecting a little, said: "Poll, you talk too much."

There are many people, old and young who would do well to remember this story.

HER LITTLE JOKE.

"Henry," she exclaimed as he came home to dinner, "I heard something this morning that opened my eyes."

"What was it?" he demanded excitedly.

"The alarm clock."

AS JACK SAW IT.

Jack, who is five years old, came home one day last week crying that another boy had hit him.

"Why didn't you hit him back?" he was asked.

"I did," he answered. "I hit him back first."

HE GETS AROUND.

Ethel—Gracious, Mabel, why do you have so awfully whenever Cholly Lovesick comes around?

Mabel—Oh, the poor fellow's arm is so short.

If you are scrofulous, dyspeptic, rheumatic, troubled with kidney complaint, general debility, lacking strength, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

GIRL WANTED.

I've had my ad. in the paper
For over a week or more,
And I thought of applications
I'd surely have a score.
I've kept an eye on the window,
I've eagerly watched the door,
But sadly I still my throbbing heart,
For girls come—nevermore.

I hired a foreign damsel,
She said she was a Pole;
To me she certainly proved no prop;
My peace of mind we stole.
I taught her how to do my work;
I taught her English too;
And as soon as she learnt a little bit
She softly said—adieu.

An Irish girl came to me,
She seemed both smart and bright;
She wanted out three afternoons
And likewise every night.
She couldn't wash or iron,
To cook she wouldn't try,
And as she wanted fifteen dollars
I sadly said—Good-bye.

I only want an everyday girl
Who'll laugh instead of pout,
To help me with the work a bit
And take the baby out;
But I can't get one tho' I've hunted
And tramped till I'm weary and sore
I'll have to get one made to order
For such girls come—nevermore.

I've asked around 'mong the neighbors
The butcher's and baker's men.
They say at the registry office
They'll help you if they can.
I've kept an eye on the baby
And wearily scrubbed the floor.
But I think we'll all go boarding,
For girls come—nevermore.

—J. G. M.

GEORGE'S KIND PERMISSION.

"Mary," her father called downstairs, "just ask your young man if he doesn't think it's pretty near bedtime."

"Yes, papa," replied the sweet girl, after a pause. "George says if you're sleepy, go to bed by all means."

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.

She—This fur rug is very beautiful! To what beast does it belong?

He (candidly)—To me.

It is far easier to escape a shower than it is to escape a sprinkling cart.

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 frost bites, 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.

Just as the average man is about to get a strangle hold on fame, his pipe goes out.

The Life Giving Virtues of
PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND
Rescued a Lady Who Was Drawing Near the Grave.
The Life Building Medicine That Wives and Mothers Need in May.
Paine's Celery Compound does a wonderous work for sick and half dead women in May. The conditions of winter have been detrimental to the health of women and girls everywhere; they have declined in nervous vigor, the blood is reeking with impurities, excretory organs do not perform their work, and the digestive machinery is sadly out of gear. The human machine must be cleansed, repaired and strengthened in May. Paine's Celery Compound does the work surprisingly fast, and gives a guarantee of permanent health and long life. It is the one spring medicine that truly nourishes, regulates and invigorates the entire nervous system from the brain to the minute nerve filament. It gives a full, rich supply of enriching blood, it clears the muddy, unhealthy skin, it gives an increase in weight, and more refreshing sleep. Whatever be your condition unhappy sufferer, we give you a blessed assurance of a new and lasting health through the use of Paine's Celery Compound. Mrs. Flora S. Brantley, Lewis, P. Q., writes thus:—
"Eighteen months ago I was terribly afflicted with daily headaches and was despondent, nervous and weak. Medical assistance and patent medicines failed to bring me relief. My sufferings increased, and I was told I would not get better again. I was suffering so much that I was willing to die if it was God's will. A neighbor kindly suggested the use of Paine's Celery Compound, and to please her, I consented to try it. The first few doses seemed to send a feeling of new life into my veins, and I kept on using the compound. I have taken five bottles and can honestly say I am fully cured. I am sleeping well, appetite in good condition, getting back lost flesh, and feel as active as a girl of fifteen. I think my cure is a permanent one. I thank God for Paine's Celery Compound has saved my life to my husband and children."
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.