The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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Accounts payable monthly.

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M., SUCCESSOR TO J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M. Office and residence—Corner Mill Frederick Streets, Acton. Office Hours:—6 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL. L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH. L. 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. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST, GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S. DENTIST, ACTON. Office over McKee's Drug Store. HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY. VISITING DAYS.—First and third Tuesdays, Brookville; Friday, Rockwood. The latest anæsthetic used if desired.

LEGAL.

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

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

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

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

WM HEMSTREET, LICENSED AUCTIONEER For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms Reasonable. Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $600 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $125,000.

THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY. Established 1840. Head Office GUELPH, ONT. INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 341, or telephone 54, 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 in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw no dust building.

The Staff of Life

Statham's Bread

is always in favor

Fresh Scones, Buns and Dough Nut every day. All kinds of Cakes on hand. Tarts made to order. Wedding Cakes a specialty.

Confectionery.

Best assortment of Confectionery from best makers. Popular prices.

FRUITS always on hand in season.

VEGETABLES in variety.

GROCERIES at close prices.

ICE CREAM and SUMMER DRINKS.

T. STATHAM & SON
Bakers and Grocers.
MAIN ST. - - - ACTON

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 + SELLS + CHEAP

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Capital $6,000,000
Rest 2,700,000

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

Interest at most favorable current rates allowed on Savings Bank accounts.

Letters of Credit, available in all parts of the world, issued at this office.

Special attention given to Farmers' Business.

MONEY ORDERS.
FOR ANY SUM UP TO $50

Payable at any banking point in Canada outside of the Yukon Territory, may now be procured at the Bank Counter without any delay.

ACTON BRANCH
A. H. DEVITT, Manager.

For the best Quality of

FLOUR

GO TO

EVERTON OR EDENMILLS

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.

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.

CHINESE LAUNDRY

In Pearson's Building, Willow Street Acton.

Laundry collected and returned. Family Washing at reasonable rates. All work done by hand. No machines or chemicals used.

FONG LEE HING, Proprietor

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

—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.

R. W. PHILIPS.

Plumber, Steam and Gas Fitter
Queen Street West.
GUELPH

PLUMBING
...AND...
STEAM-FITTING
IN ALL THEIR BRANCHES

A full supply of the celebrated Fairbank Steam Valves always on hand.

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.

Sold by A. T. BROWN.

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

Turnip Seed.

Fresh and true to name, for Shipping or Feeding.

Import direct from the growers, no second hand seed—no middleman—when you buy from us you are safer and your crop is assured.

Our varieties comprise the following:—

Kangaroo, Elephant, Browse Top, Hall's Westbury, East Lothian, New Ontario, Kangaroo, Perfection, Good Luck, Steele's Selected, Rennie's Prize, Sutton's Champion, etc.

Also Greystone, White Globe, Cowhorn, Tankard and Aberdeen.

Rape—21 lbs for $1.00

Our importation of rape amounted to 7½ English tons of 2240 lbs. each. You can rely on our stock. We invite your trade and assure you of the very best satisfaction.

Yours very truly

GEO. J. THORP,
SEEDSMAN AND GRAIN DEALER,
GUELPH and ROCKWOOD

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

Poetry.

MAKE HOME BEAUTIFUL.

More than building showy mansions,
More than dress and fine array;
More than domes and lofty steeples,
More than station, power and sway;
Make your home both neat and tasteful,
Bright and pleasant, always fair;
Where each heart shall rest contented
Grateful for each beauty there.

Make home beautiful, make home pleasant,
Emblem of that happy home above,
Where in sweet contentment resting
ever,
Care and sorrow are forgot in love.

Seek to make your home most lovely,
Let it be a smiling spot,
Where, in sweet contentment resting,
Care and sorrow are forgot;
Where the flowers and trees are waving
Birds will sing their sweetest songs;
Where the purest thoughts will linger
Confidence and love belong.

There each heart will rest contented,
Seldom wishing far to roam;
Or, if roaming, still will ever
Cherish happy thoughts of home.
Such a home makes man the better,
Pure and lasting its control;
Home, with pure and bright surroundings,
Leaves its impress on the soul.

Select Family Reading.

One of Cupid's Ways.

BY SARAH LINDSAY COLEMAN.

THE car that went to Overlook Park was crowded; it usually was when there was a promise of a fine sunset.

Brooks gazed steadily from the window on the unpicturesque side of the car. Even when the passengers crowded to the other side to look into the valley far below them and at the mountains—mountains piled on top of mountains—he sat motionless.

As the Country Club was passed he showed some interest.

It was Miss Hilderbrand's afternoon to pour tea there. Six months before, when Miss Hilderbrand had poured tea, Brooks sat on the clubhouse steps. The laughter of gay voices had drifted through the open windows to him. The club members seemed very gay. Brooks was a club member, but he was not gay.

An illness had sent him to the resort town to recuperate. Most of the hotel people belonged to the club, and he had joined. It seemed to him a good way to get rid of the time that hung so heavily on his hands.

But he didn't care for golf, he couldn't dance, he knew so little of the new books and the old pictures,—the—thousand and one things they talked about. He was an alien. Looking up, he saw Miss Hilderbrand on the step above him.

Miss Hilderbrand was the leader of the fashionables that ran the Country Club. Her clothes were imitated, her speeches repeated.

Brooks had wondered that so reserved a woman could be so popular. He had noticed that the charm of distinction was in her high bred face, and then thought no more about her. Women were not much in his line either.

Miss Hilderbrand had smiled down on him and said that she wanted him to come in and drink tea with her. And when she smiled the question of her popularity was settled.

After that day Brooks became a real member of the club. The women left younger men to talk to him; the men slapped him on the back, invited him to drinks and voted him a fine old chap.

He began to enjoy the life and the new spirit of friendliness that pervaded the atmosphere. There was no more talk of leaving this circle of bright, pretty women and jolly fellows.

Brooks realized that he owed the change to Miss Hilderbrand. Once he asked her why she had taken him up, and she replied that she was sorry for lonely things.

Six months had made a new man of Brooks, and still he lingered.

People had come and gone, as they do at resort hotels, but Miss Hilderbrand had not gone.

The afternoon had again come for her to pour tea for the club members, but she had sent her excuses.

Johnston, a friend and fellow citizen of hers, said that she had gone on the mountain to be alone and get a grip on herself; that a telegram had brought her bad news.

The car climbed slowly.

Brooks hadn't the slightest idea what the trouble was nor what assistance he could render. There was but one desire in his honest heart, and that was to help her. How he would do it hadn't been revealed, but, with his usual directness, he had followed her to find out.

On the mountain top the band played, and gay groups of people moved in every direction.

Brooks came upon Miss Hilderbrand, solitary in the midst of the crowd. The glow of the sunset was on her, and as he came up she smiled unsteadily.

"I'm sorry you've heard it. I leave to-morrow. I hoped it would not be found out, but of course everybody will know."

"I'm not everybody," said Brooks stoutly. "I came because I want to comfort lonely things. What can I do?"

Miss Hilderbrand's glance went over Brooks' stout figure and came back to his clear eyes. The two faces were in sharp contrast—in his the rugged strength of a more simple civilization; in the girl's the suggestion of extreme culture.

"I'm glad you came," she said quite simply. "I'll like to remember it when I've become a dressmaker. That's what I've been up here deciding—what to do with myself now that the money's swept away. Dressmaking is my only real talent, and," with another attempt at a smile, "I'm thought to be such an accomplished young woman."

"But there's McAdoo." Brooks spoke that name with difficulty. Among the men there was one he detested, and it was Miss Hilderbrand's dance.

"Haven't you taken him into your arrangements?"

"He hasn't taken me into his arrangements," she said.

Brooks stared at her as though he had lost his senses.

"I've been jilted." She looked across the valleys filling with mist and not at Brooks.

"Habits are hard to break." She spoke to herself as much as to him. "It has gone on so long it was a habit. If we had cared for each other, we would have been married long ago."

She turned to Brooks. "But it hurts one's pride to be thrown overboard on the day one loses her money," she said. "I'm depressed at the dressmaking, too," she apologized.

"How'd a companion do?" asked Brooks cautiously.

"Not at all," said the girl. "I've a mean temper."

"The old person has the disposition of a cherub."

"I can't read and I sing abominably."

"I wouldn't be required."

"What would I?"

"Whatever pleased you."

"But," half petulantly, "I don't like old ladies."

"This is an old gentleman."

"I wouldn't do; highly improper."

"Oh, yes it would! It's eminently respectable." Brooks got to his feet and began speaking rapidly.

"Look here," he said, "I know you don't care for me, but you are the finest girl I ever saw. I'm too old to learn all love's little tricks, but you won't expect much foolishness. I never had time for it when I was a youngster, and I can't promise much as a lover, but I can make your life easier and leave you a respectable pile of money at my death."

"And what would you gain?" Miss Hilderbrand asked the question when the silence had become audible. She had paled perceptibly.

"The right to make you happy," said Brooks.

The girl was silent. Her critical eyes saw Brooks, who was neither young nor handsome, at his best.

"Don't you think I wouldn't gain anything?" said the man. The silence was making him anxious.

"But you couldn't love me," plaintively. "You think love nonsense, and women need it."

Brooks got possession of a hand not far away. "I could learn," he protested ardently.

"And everybody would say I married you for your money."

"Let 'em!" stoutly. "A lot of old gossips!"

Miss Hilderbrand drew her hand away.

"I couldn't consider it," she said. A certain mischief that was new to her was in her averted face. "I've just been jilted, and I would be so lonely while you were learning."

Brooks slipped his arm about her. They were away from the people, and, anyway, it didn't matter. He turned her face to meet his eager one.

"I don't have to learn. It's come to me. You shan't say 'No!' Why, I love you like—like fury!" His voice thrilled with his earnestness.

The girl laughed contentedly.

"You are a nice old gentleman," she said, "even if you are forty. I haven't been asked about it; and I guess I shouldn't say so, but I'm awfully fond of you."

VARIETIES.

"Now, ma, you know I'm anxious to make a impression on those New York people. Bring me the coal oil can. I want to perfume my clothes." "With coal oil! Mercy, child, what do you mean?" "Why, I want 'em to think we own an automobile."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Miss Flyppe," said the hostess, "permit me to present Mr. Hogg, author of 'An Arctic Courtship.'" "I am glad to meet you, Mr. Hogg," said the young woman. "Pardon the question, but is that your real name?" "Certainly," he replied, bristling up. "Did you think it was my pen name?"—Chicago Tribune.

This is the suggestive way in which a Kansas paper reports a bit of news: "The Episcopalians and their husbands attended a pleasant reception given at the parish house last night." This recalls the old story of the Jew who insisted that if his friend had any religion it was in his wife's name.

A girl went to the priest and asked what it cost to get married. The priest told her he would marry her for $5. A few months later the girl returned and said: "I've got the money; now I want to get married." "But," said the priest, "where is the man?" "O!" the girl exclaimed, "and don't you find the man?"—Exchange.

"Every package that comes for my papa is marked 'D.D.,'" boasted the minister's little girl. "O, my papa's are marked with an 'M.D.,'" retorted the daughter of a physician of the neighborhood. Then, with a sniff of contempt, "Huh!" exclaimed the third little girl, "everything that comes to our house is marked 'C.O.D.'"—There now."

Here is a letter sent by a Topeka man with a present to a bride in Chicago: "My Dear Girl: You will find in the box a thingamajig which has something to do with eating grub off a table. I don't know what it is. It looks like a cross between a harpoon and a hayfork. It may be for paring pickles, or it may be for stacking chopped cabbage. I am so old-fashioned that I don't know; you will be so happy you won't care."—Zion's Herald.

A NOVEL, AS A REAL-ESTATE BOOMER.

Louisville papers are authority for the statement that "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" not only brought to Cabbage Patch residents the gladdest, richest Christmas their plucked lives had ever known, but has started a tide of immigration toward this suburb of Louisville. Before Miss Alice Caldwell Hegan, now Mrs. Cale Young Rice, introduced Mrs. Wiggs to her thousands of friends, the Cabbage Patch was held as undesirable a living spot as Kentucky could show. Now, all Louisville takes its guests to see the Cabbage Patch and to discover, if possible, Mrs. Wiggs, Miss Hazy, Lovey Mary, and all the rest; while every traveller through Kentucky stops off at Louisville on the same errand, and kodak enthusiasts haunt the region at all hours. Nor is this all. The Cabbage Patch has become—fashionable is hardly the word—popular among the lower circles of Louisville's people; and one land-owner has let contracts for twenty-two new cottages to meet the demands of would-be Cabbage Patchites. These new cottages were ready to accommodate the spring rush, which the appearance of "Lovey Mary" in book-form induced.

JUDGE NOT.

Nature writes a man's character in his face, but few can read her handwriting. Usually we can estimate men with tolerable accuracy, but sometimes nature mocks us. We find, occasionally, the face of a convict and the life of a saint, and, again, the face of a saint and the life of a demon. And even a man's record will deceive us. The honest man falls us in spite of his record, and the rogue proves true when we fully expect him to be false. Our eyes are not keen enough, and we are not wise enough, to act as judges of men, and where we do not know we would better be silent. A censorious tongue does not form part of the outfit of a saint, and those who are readiest to condemn are often least fitted for the work. "Judge not, that ye be not judged."—Zion's Herald.

DON'T WORRY—TRY IT THIS WEEK.

Let no day pass without personal secret communication with God.

Begin each day by taking counsel from the Word of God, if but one verse while you are dressing.

Put away all bitter feelings and brooding over slights or wrongs, no matter from whom received.

Have on your heart some person or cause for which you are pleading God's blessings each day.

Let no opportunity pass to say a kind word, do some kind deed, or at least smile upon those you meet. Do this not affectedly, but sincerely as unto the Lord.

Guard well the door of your lips, that no unchaste word, jest, or story, no slander or cutting remarks, no irreverent or untruthful statement, shall pass out.

Remember each day that Christ will surely come, suddenly come, quickly come; and, it may be, this day will determine how his coming will find us, as it must to thousands.—Way of Faith.

NOT WANTED AT ANY PRICE.

A wise man hath said—"Young men on the streets with their hats on the back or side of their heads and their hair hanging down their foreheads, cigarette or fifteen cent pipe in their mouths, and cheap as old worn out horses. Nobody wants them at any price. Men will not employ them; girls will not marry them. They are not worth their keeping to anybody and it is doubtful if they can keep themselves. If any young man who happens to read this answers the description, let him take a good look at himself and do what his conscience says is best."

TIME WILL COME.

When a man knows when he is talking too much.

When a woman longs for the love of a true man.

When a man wishes his life would be less self-attractive.

When a woman can't help wishing for a home of her own.

When a woman shows how great is her love of admiration.

When a man can't help taking time to say nice things of himself.

When a woman's vanity becomes apparent in the most ordinary act.

When a man feels that life is a dreary waste so far as he is concerned.

When a man of middle age likes to take a retrospective view of life.

When a woman's influence guides a man's course despite his efforts at resistance.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A HANDY QUESTION.

Joseph Chamberlain was delivering a political speech in Birmingham, England. The hall was so packed that not another human being could have crowded in. The enthusiasm was tremendous; but suddenly a scowling man arose in the middle of the crowd.

"What did Mr. Gladstone say in 1872?" he howled.

"Shame!" "Put him out!" yelled the crowd.

Three sturdy men hurled the interrupter a few yards, and others helped him to the street.

As he was picking himself up and brushing off the dust, he grinned pleasantly at a man who had followed him from the hall, and who asked, what did Mr. Gladstone say in 1872?"

"I don't know," he replied, "and I don't care. I had a terrible toothache, and I couldn't butt my way through that crowd, and the only thing to do was to get thrown out."

Scrofula is a bad thing to inherit or acquire, but there is this about it—Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cures even the worst cases.

THE CURSE OF THE AGE.

The effects of alcohol are a crowning curse. Its horrors have never been fully portrayed. No pencil is black enough to paint the picture and do it full justice. No tongue is eloquent enough to tell the sad story in all its dreadful details. The use of alcohol is a wide and withering scourge. It is a physical curse, blearing the eyes, blistering the tongue, deranging the stomach, paralizing the nerves, hardening the liver, poisoning the blood, coagulating the brain, inducing and aggravating many diseases, and digging myriads of premature graves. It is a financial curse, draining the pockets, inviting poverty, diminishing comforts, multiplying miseries, filling almshouses, and creating hard times. It is a mental curse, clouding the judgment, dethroning the reason, prompting ignorance, producing imbecility, and transforming its victims into maniacs or fools. It is a moral curse, weakening the will, inflaming the passions, hushing the voice of conscience, and preparing the way for every vice or crime.

The attendant miseries of drunkenness swarm like a locust plague. In the slimy trail of this alcoholic serpent may be seen everything that is dark and dreadful—everything that is regrettful and ruinous. You find men without manhood, women without womanhood, age without solace, and infancy without hope. You find want and woe, rags and wretchedness, squalor and filth, disease and death. You find broken vows, broken bones, broken fortunes, broken hopes, and broken hearts. You find bad manners and bad morals, bad words and bad actions, bad reputations and bad characters, bad performances, bad parents and bad children, a bad beginning and a bad end. Surely intemperance is the crowning curse of our age.

The liquor traffic is a gigantic crime. I bring against it the following indictments:

It is a destroying intruder. We need the store, the school, the church, the mill. These are all uplifting forces, and we bid them a hearty welcome. But where under the shining sun is there need for a brewery, a distillery, or a dram-shop? What want does that supply? What sorrow does that alleviate? What home does that make happy? Does it add thrift to your farms, skill to your mechanism, brilliancy to your brains, or nobility to your character? There is absolutely no need for a single saloon in our broad domain.

It is a fatal temptation and a snare. It is a man-trap and death-trap. It multiplies its blandishments and lures its unwary victims to death and damnation. No wonder that Lord Chesterfield, in words as eloquent as they were burning, should say of rumsellers: "Let us crush out these artists in human slaughter, who have reconciled their countrymen to sickness and ruin, and spread over the pitfalls of debauchery such baits as men cannot resist."

It is a commercial fraud. It is full of shams, hollow pretences, and false claims. It takes a blessing, and gives back a curse. It takes your money, but fails to return a fair equivalent. Barroom bargains are essentially wanting in the principle of quid pro quo, or commercial honesty. Otherwise saloonists would display their goods in their front windows, and put the drunkards they manufacture upon exhibition at the county fairs, instead of skulking behind painted panes and screened doors.

It is a monster of cruelty. It is conscienceless, unprincipled, and as cruel as the grave. It is a traffic in tears and groans and blood, in vice and crime and misery.—A. A. Phelps.

ALCOHOLIC LIQUOR.

Stupefies and besots.—Bismarck.

That beverage, the sin of sins.—Southey.

The devil in solution.—Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

Liquid fire and distilled damnation.—Robert Hall.

I consider all intoxicating spirits bad spirits.—Sir Astley Cooper.

Every crime has its origin more or less in drinking.—Judge Gurney.

Grape juice has killed more than grapeshot.—C. H. Spurgeon.

While you have the drink you have the drunkard.—George W. Bain.

Drink is the mother of want and the nurse of crime.—Lord Brougham.

Drink is the greatest obstacle to the diffusion of education.—John Bright.

Drink is the terrible enemy whom England had to fear.—Prince Leopold.

METHODIST MAGAZINE.

This Wesley Souvenir number of the Methodist Magazine and Review for June, enlarged by sixteen pages, is offered at reduced price as a memorial of the great man the bicentenary of whose birth the world this year celebrates. It contains over a score of articles, with over sixty illustrations, of John Wesley and his work. Among the contributors are Drs. Carman, Burwash, Reynar and Allison; H. H. Fudger, J. W. L. Forster, Miss S. E. Springer and the Editor. Dr. Bryce and John Charlton, M.P., representing the Presbyterian Church; Dr. Thomas, of the Baptist Church; John Cameron, of London, a representative Congregationalist, and Augustine Birrell, of the Anglican Church, discuss various aspects of Wesley's character. Every Methodist should have a copy. Toronto: William Briggs; Montreal: C. W. Coates; Halifax: S. F. Huestis. $2.00 a year; $1.00 for six months.

"Now I realize that riches take unto themselves wings," mused the married man as he noted the plumage on his wife's new hat.

If its a bilious attack, take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and a quick recovery is certain. For sale by A. T. Brown.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.

"Most sincerely yours," you write;
Are you mine, I wonder,
In your most the same as quite?—
Does sincerely mean polite?
Ah, if I con'd read aright
What is written under!

Of the hundreds I can name,—
Friends to nod to merely,
Most subscribe themselves the same;
Almost everyone would claim,
If to signatures it came,
He was mine sincerely.

But with you, how different!
Hearts and eyes have spoken.
Tell me, then, how much was meant
When those three small words you sent:
Were they empty compliment,
or a lover's token?

NO ROOM FOR CREAM.

"My dear," said the young husband, "did you speak to the milkman about there being no cream on the milk?"

"Yes, I told him about it this morning, and he has explained it satisfactorily; and I think it is quite a credit to him, too."

"What did he say?"

"He said that he always fills the cans so full that there is no room for the cream."

WASPS KILL A SNAKE.

'We witnessed a fierce combat between a snake and a wasp a few days ago,' writes the Belvidere correspondent of the Kiowa 'County Signal.' 'The wasp would watch its chance to sting the snake and then fly to a cactus. The snake would crawl to the plant, but would not strike while the wasp remained there. The wasp made several false attempts to fly and finally induced the snake to strike. The reptile in striking became attached to the cactus, and could not get away. The wasp then flew away and in a few moments returned, bringing with him several of his friends, who settled upon the snake and stung him to death.'—'Kansas City Journal.'

WELL FOUNDED ASTONISHMENT.

A good story is told in connection with the Irish land conference. On one occasion Lord Dunraven was absent, and another Irish peer took his place as chairman.

While writing a note, or report, the noble lord looked up and inquired, "How do you spell 'grievance?'"

"Do you mean to say," chimed in a neighbor, "that you, an Irishman, do not know how to spell grievance?"—London Daily Express.

HERE AND THERE.

Never tell a Boston man that he doesn't know beans.

It doesn't make a fireman mad to tell him to go to blazes.

When aerial navigation comes we'll be all up in the air about it.

The longer you keep a secret the less important it seems to tell it.

Chemists tell us that a single grain of the substance called iodine will impart a color to seven thousand times its weight in water. It is so in higher things—one companion, one book, one habit may effect the whole life and character.

A lawyer, not over-young or handsome, while examining a young lady witness in court, endeavored to perplex her. Said he, "Upon my word you are very pretty." The young lady promptly replied "If I were not on oath I would return the compliment."

A baby in Ohio that was fed on elephant's milk gained 20 lbs. in one week. It was the baby elephant.

The Best Liniment.

"I have derived great benefit from the use of Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism and lumbago," says Mrs. Anna Hagelgans, of Tuckahoe, N. J. "My husband used it for a sprained back and was also quickly relieved. In fact, it is the best family liniment I have ever used. I would not think of being without it. I have recommended it to many and they always speak very highly of it and declare its merits are wonderful." For sale by A. T. Brown.

Men of small minds are slow to see in any man more than they are capable of seeing in themselves.

Nothing Like Experience.

"One great truth learned by actual experience does more good than ten experiences one hears about." Tell a man that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy will cure cholera morbus, and he will most likely forget about it before the end of the day. Let him have a severe attack of that disease, feel that he is about to die, use this remedy, and learn from his own experience how quickly it gives relief, and he will remember it all his life. For sale by A. T. Brown.

You can bet your boots, my boy, your boss knows what you are about. You don't fool him; you fool yourself.

An Aggravating Cough Cured.

A customer of ours who had been suffering from a severe cough for six months, bought two bottles of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy from us and was entirely cured by one and a half bottles of it. It gives perfect satisfaction with our trade.—Haynes Parker & Co., Lineville, Ala. For sale by A. T. Brown.

Some men impress us as being too good to be true.

Not a Small Mission.

You will agree with us that to change existence into life, or to make life more abounding, is not a small mission. It is accomplished by the bestowal of the greatest of blessings, health and strength. It is the mission of Hood's Sarsaparilla and is so well fulfilled by this great medicine that in thousands and thousands of homes the name, Hood's Sarsaparilla, is always spoken with gratitude.

We are glad to say so much that is so fully deserved.