The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXVIII.---NO. 51. Every Subscription Paid in Advance. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 18, 1903. Subscription Price, $1.00 Per Annum. SINGLE COPIES---THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year strictly in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

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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:—8 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 3 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL.
L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH.
L. L. F. & S. GLASGOW.
MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, ETC.
Office—Frederick Street Acton, Ont.

DR. DRYDEN,
EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.
Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets,
GUELPH.
OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 3 to 5 p.m.
SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

DENTAL.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST,
GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

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

LEGAL.

A. J. McKINNON,
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. F. 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. Ruling 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 $500 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $125,000.

THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, box 224, or telephone 24, 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 repairs performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. New machines and fittings.

The Staff of Life

Statham' Bread

is always in favor

Fresh Scones, Buns and Dough Nuts every day. All kinds of Cakes and 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—$3,000—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
DAY + SELLS + CHEAP

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

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

ACTON BRANCH

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.

Open every Friday evening from six to eight o'clock.

A. H. DEVITT, Manager.

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.

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 and 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

Quebec 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 35 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 $6,000,000.00
Reserve Fund $1,600,000.00
Invested Funds $23,600,000.00

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"

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

Insect Killers.

Pure Paris Green 20c. lb.
Potato Bug Finish 2c. lb.; 15 lbs. 25c.
Slug Shot 10c. lb., 3 lbs for 25c., also:
Persian Insect Powder
Hellebore Bug Death
Fir Tree Oil Copperas
Whale Oil Soap Blue Stone
Sulphur Land Plaster
Land Salt Etc.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

GEO. J. THORP,
Seedsman
Mkt. Sqr., Guelph Branch Rockwood.

Poetry.

MY MOTHER.

I had a dream of childhood:
O'er hill and verdant lea,
Through flow'ry glen and wildwood
I roamed in childish glee;
Picked flowers for my mother dear,
For she was with me there;
And as the twilight hour drew near
Knelt down with me in prayer.

And then I seemed to view her
Bent o'er my little bed;
With thy hands I drew her
Still nearer, while she said
"O now I lay me down to sleep,"
And taught me to recite
"I pray the Lord my soul to keep";
Then kissed me a "good night."

I cherish that sweet vision;
But waking hours, as well,
Being back those days elysian,
That memory may tell—
How oft she sought that sacred place,
Her closet, bowed her there;
Embraced me with a fond embrace;
For me sent up a prayer.

And well do I remember—
The last time that we met;
And though in her December,
And her pale cheek was wet
With tears that grief had taught to flow,
Her heart oppressed with care—
How heav'nly on her brow the glow
As she knelt down in prayer.

When storm-clouds hover o'er me,
And darken life's brief day;
When hope's lone star before me
Sheds but a feeble ray,
I turn my thoughts to childhood years
And find a radiance there;
A rainbow through a mother's tears;
A sunshine in her prayer.

Select Family Reading.

When the Tide Turned.

BY MARIE AVARY.

The fresh sea breeze gave Acton Davis a saucy "good morning" as he sauntered out on the porch. It blew Betty Fagan's yellow curls auriole wise round her face. She looked up joyously.

"Lazybones, are you here at last?" she cried merrily. "I have been waiting for you for ever so long."

Davis sat down beside her on the step and looked at her with good humored tolerance as he said lightly, "What do you want this morning, child?"

The girl detected the superiority in his tone. A flush rose to her cheeks, and her voice had a plaintive ring as she said, "Children are so unreasonable and want so many things, don't they?" Then, with swift return to her former bantering: "These are my commands; so read, mark, learn and inwardly digest, as the prayer book puts it. I want you to promise to take me to Hazard rocks this afternoon."

A shade fell on the man's face. She went on hastily: "I've wanted to go all summer, and now summer is almost over. You promised you would take me if I was very, very good, and, oh, it will be so lovely to scramble along the shore and find long strands of strange seaweed and come upon unexpected pools full of jelly and star fish! Please take me. I will be good."

Her eyes were shining and her cheeks pink with excitement as she bent toward him pleadingly.

The man hesitated as if fearful of paining her by a refusal. He seemed solely intent in watching the whitecaps in their mad race for the shore. Then he said brusquely: "No, I won't take you. I ought never to have promised, and so I take it back. You are quite too foolhardy to venture in so dangerous a place. You would be sure to fall on those treacherous, slimy rocks, and then there would be trouble to pay. If the tide should catch us, there would be no hope."

Betty's chin quivered like a child's, and the tears were shining through her long lashes.

Davis felt swift compunction for his hasty words. "I honestly don't think it's safe to take you, Betty, or I would. Promise to forget about it, and we will go for a sail on the Petrel or anywhere else at your pleasure. Come, show me that you can be a reasonable little girl."

Betty might not have resented his fatherly tone if a gay voice had not rung out behind her:

"What are you two fighting about, as usual? Give me an explanation." And she laughed rather maliciously. It was Mrs. Neville, the source of Betty's heartaches for the last weeks.

The girl rose impetuously. "I have nothing to explain," she said icily. "Mr. Davis can tell you what he pleases. It is nothing to me."

Davis looked after her with a frown of annoyance. It was really unpardonable for Betty to behave so rudely. She was too old for such childishness. It was quite true that they had quarrelled almost constantly for the last two weeks; he forgot that it was only since Mrs. Neville had appeared at the hotel.

The young widow sank back in a rocking chair with a little laugh. She looked unusually pretty this morning, and as the man looked at her admiringly his frown faded. The full blown rose was certainly more satisfying than the thorny bud.

Mrs. Neville met his glance by a well executed droop of her lashes. "Tell me all about it," she commanded playfully.

"Betty wanted me to take her to Hazard rocks," Davis explained, "And I would not take her because it is so dangerous a trip."

Mrs. Neville was all interest. The Hazard rocks! She had heard about them. Did people ever go there? And was it all very romantic and exciting? A look of daring flashed across her face. She bent forward and gazed straight into his eyes. "Will you take me there?" she asked, softly.

Perhaps it was the glamour of her dark eyes, the intoxication of her warm breath on his cheek. The man grew white. His voice was low and tense as he answered, "Yes, I will take you."

Betty did not appear at lunch. Again Davis felt the strange pang of compunction as he missed her laughing chatter. He did not know that Mrs. Neville had met her in the hall and explained that, though the Hazard rocks were much too dangerous a place for children, it was quite permissible for grownups, and Acton had promised to take her.

The girl had drawn herself up to all the slim height of her eighteen years and turned away without a word.

Nor did he guess that when the two strolled away an hour later a pair of blue eyes watched them from behind the half shut blinds, while slow tears rolled down the pale cheeks.

The rest of the guests shortly departed for an afternoon's sail. So presently Betty crept down, a forlorn little figure. As the afternoon waned, bringing no signs of the two, a vague fear began to take possession of her. The tide had begun to turn. Could it be that they had failed to notice it? She recalled Acton's words with a thrill of fear, "If the tide should catch us, there would be no hope."

* * * * *

Mr. Acton Davis was not enjoying his afternoon. The two had scrambled along the foot of the cliffs until they reached the half submerged pile of rocks bearing the name of Hazard. The man was gazing at the sea. He could not forget the glint of tears in Betty's eyes.

He turned suddenly to his companion with a reckless resolve to make the best of the matter. Something in the languorous depths of the dark eyes seemed to fire his blood. With a swift movement he caught her to him.

But as his lips met hers a wave of repulsion, sudden as unexplainable, made him start back. As he did so he heard the splash of water. A tiny wave was breaking at his very feet. The tide had risen.

With a cry of horror he sprang to a higher point of rock and looked desperately toward the path over which they had come. The waves were licking hungrily at the base of the cliff. Above the rock towered dark and trackless. They were caught in a deathtrap.

But he would not give up hope. Some fisher boat might be near. Again and again he sent his voice ringing out over the tossing waters.

As the last echoes died away he seemed to hear a faint answering halloo. Again his cry for help rang out, again came the nearing answer. A boat shot from behind the point. A single figure struggled with the oars. It was a girl—Betty.

It seemed an eternity before she ground the keel on the sand and he had lifted in the almost unconscious figure of his companion.

Then the two set to work at the oars. Many a time they had rowed for a prize, but this was a struggle with death. The tide was rising higher and storm clouds were gathering. If they could win past the point to the quiet waters of the bay, all would be well. If not—Mrs. Neville huddled in a heap in the stern watched their desperate efforts with fear dilated eyes.

One great pull, another, and they shot into the bay. They were saved!

As Betty ceased to feel the fierce current tugging at her oars she fell forward nervelessly.

She awoke to the dash of waters on her temples. The boat was drifting near the landing and Acton was pillowing her head on his arm. "I dared not stop rowing before, dear," he was saying humbly.

As he read the heaven of love in her violet eyes he drew her close and whispered, "You saved my life, my brave little girl, and I did not deserve it, for I have behaved like a brute." She put up one little hand, blistered and bleeding from her cruel exertions, and tried to stop his words, "It is all right now," she said weakly. There was a smile of perfect content on her face.

They had both forgotten Mrs. Neville, but she still huddled in the stern and looked longingly at the shore, too white and shaken to think of love or lovers.

ALL DOORS NOW OPEN.

It is no longer a crime to circulate the Bible anywhere.

The Bible, translated into the language of Tibet, is being carried even into that forbidden land, in advance of foreign commerce and travel.

The Russian government, while hitherto intolerant of missionaries, gives the Bible itself free course among the people. It is admitted free of duty, and has often been transported free of charge. Its influence upon Tolstoi, and its leavening work among the masses, are well known.

Dr. Osvaldo Magnasco, Minister of Justice and Public Instruction in the Argentine Republic, is officially advocating, to use his own words, "the advent of an epoch in which—imitating England and Germany—the unprejudiced reading of the Bible shall constitute one of the most delightful and edifying occupations of our public schools."

In 1880 a ton of Bibles was condemned to be publicly burned in the capital of Ecuador. Now, the American Bible Society is finding a welcome in all parts of South America.

It is significant that the Society of St. Jerome, composed of Roman Catholics, is, with the Pope's approval, and with Bible Society methods, putting the Scriptures into the hands of the common people of Italy. One hundred thousand copies of the Gospels and Acts in one volume, at four cents in paper covers and eight cents in cloth, have rapidly been sold. This is a new, scholarly, and simple translation from the original Greek.

Salt rheum, or eczema, with its itching and burning, is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. So are all other blood diseases.

VARIETIES.

"Yes; she admits that she had implicit faith in him when she married him." "Well?" "Well, she insists now that marriage is a faith cure."—Chicago Evening Post.

My subjeck this month is ants. There is 2 kinds of ants, namely, insects and lady unkels. They live in little hills of sand and with their married sisters. 2 stay with us. They krawl in the suggar-bowl. This is all I know about ants. Johnny Green.—St. Nicholas.

Don't shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets and your hearts, lest a merry laugh should shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without when they come home at night.

A youth of Hibernian extraction, in chopping wood with a hatchet one day, was so unfortunate as to graze the thumb of his left hand with which he was steadying the piece of kindling he was splitting. Ruefully gazing at the injured member, he remarked, "Begorra, it was a good thing that I didn't have hold of the handle with both hands, or I'd have cut it off for sure."

"Are you in pain, my little man?" asked the kind old gentleman. "No," answered the boy, "the pain's in me."

"There is a train of thought passing through my head at this moment," said the self-appointed lecturer. "That's right," said a voice from the gallery; "you have wheels in your head."—Chicago Daily News.

Son of the House: "Won't you sing something, Miss Muriel?" Miss Muriel: "O, I daren't after such good music as we have been listening to." Son of the House: "But I'd rather listen to your singing than to any amount of good music!"—Punch.

"Well, well," he exclaimed, as he he tackled her first pot-pie, "where did you get this?" "I made that out of Mrs. Shouter's cook book," replied the young wife. "It's a ——" "Ah!" he broke in, "this leathery part is the binding, I suppose."—Philadelphia Press.

Parvenu—I was raised as genteel as you was, an' I'll bet you a hundred on it. Come on now; money talks.

Exotique—If your money talked the way you do, you'd be bankrupted pretty soon.

What do you mean?

It would give itself away.

When a couple are making love by moonlight their feeling is one of infine-night bliss.

Kind Old Gentleman—"Why do you carry that umbrella, little boy? It's not raining."

"No, sir."

"And the sun's not shining?"

"No, sir."

"Then why do you carry it?"

"Well, when it's raining pa wants it, and when the sun's shining ma wants it, and it's only this kinder weather I can get to use it at all."

At a big fire the other night one of the firemen threatened to turn the hose on a young woman who kept getting in the way. She replied: "You needn't trouble yourself, Mister, I'll turn them myself when I get home. I was so excited I didn't notice how I was getting them on."

"Your mamma," said Papa Moth to his oldest son, "is the giddiest insect I know."

"Why, papa?"

"She is continually attending camphor balls."

AS GOOD AS BROKEN.

"We might as well consider our engagement as broken, Reginald."

"I don't see why. Your father said postponed."

"Postponed until you arrive at years of discretion, and, in your case, Reggy, dear, you know what that means."

SUCCESSFUL STRATEGY.

Mrs. James K. Polk was a devout Presbyterian, and of course a regular church-goer. Her husband went with her, but as an active politician—Congressman, Governor and then President—he had many companions who seemed to forgot the distinction between Sundays and week-days.

It was sometimes awkward for him to excuse himself from such people on the ground that he must go to church, and his wife fell into the way of managing the matter for herself—and for him. Shawled and bonneted, she would enter the room and ask her husband and his friends to go with her to church, as she did not want to go alone.

This habit of hers soon became generally known, and naturally enough, if a politician did not wish to attend church he took care to be out of Mr. Polk's company as service time drew near.

CHILDREN'S TROUBLES.

One of the teachers in the primary department of a school in a neighboring city directed the pupils in her class to draw an elephant. When she collected the drawings she found that in most of them the pupil had drawn an object with four legs and beside it what appeared to be a box. When she questioned the children about the box part of the picture, they explained in turn that it was the elephant's trunk and asked if elephants did not carry trunks when travelling.

One little boy was asked by the teacher to draw the picture of a horse. After he had worked with the pencil for an hour the teacher tried to look at the paper he was drawing on. The small boy tore it up and began to weep.

"Why, Willie," said the teacher, "what on earth is the matter with you?"

I could only get two legs on him," sobbed Willie. "His other legs was behind them two.

CAPITALISTS DECIDE TO BATTLE WITH CONSUMPTION.

An event recently occurred in Toronto which is of deep interest to thousands of people in Canada: a long established and very progressive concern, the T. A. Slocum Co., has been reorganized by well-known capitalists, the stock of the company having been increased to $100,000. In future it will be known as the Dr. Slocum Company, Limited, but will be continued under the same able management as heretofore.

The history of this concern has been one of continual and substantial progress, and to-day its products are found in almost every drug store in Canada, being known as the Dr. Slocum System of Remedies for the cure of consumption and allied diseases, consisting of four valuable preparations; Psychine (pronounced Sikeen), a general remedy for consumption, throat and lung troubles; Slocum's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, a wonderful flesh and strength producer; Oxojell the greatest of catarrh antiseptics, and Coltsfoote Expectorant, a positive cure for coughs, colds, sore throat, etc.—a most worthy and specific series of remedies.

The generous dealings with the public of the T. A. Slocum Co. have gone far in placing the Dr. Slocum remedies in the prominent position they now occupy. This policy is to be continued, and if any of our readers are suffering with coughs, sore throat, pains in the lungs or chest, loss of flesh, etc., symptoms of consumption, and will send their names, post and express office addresses to 170 King St. West, Toronto, they will receive Dr. Slocum's Free Trial Treatment, consisting of four large packages, one dollar and twenty-five cents ($1.25) worth of medicine, absolutely free. This goes to show the great faith the company have in the Dr. Slocum System of Treatment.

The directors of the Dr. Slocum Company, Limited, are to be congratulated upon this important step forward in furnishing the means whereby a more vigorous and successful crusade may be waged against one of the greatest plagues the world has ever known—consumption.

ONE DAY AT A TIME.

A certain lady had met with a serious accident, which necessitated a very painful surgical operation and months of confinement to her bed. When the physician had finished his work and was about taking his leave the patient asked: "Doctor, how long will I have to lie here helpless?"

"O, only one day at a time," was the cheery answer, and the poor sufferer was not only comforted for the moment but many times during the succeeding weeks did the thought, "only one day at a time," come back with its quieting influence.

I think it was Sidney Smith who recommended taking "short views" as a good safeguard against needless worry; and one far wiser than he said: "Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." —Selected.

FOR THE DENVER C. E. CONVENTION.

Very low excursion rates have been arranged from all points in Canada to Colorado, leaving July 6th, 7th and 8th, good for return up to August 31st. Everybody can go, the rate is wide open and this is a splendid opportunity to spend a vacation among the Rockies at slight expense. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway and connections will run special Standard First-class and Tourist Sleeping Cars through to Denver, besides the regular daily service from Chicago.

For full information, time tables, pamphlets, rates and sleeping car reservation write to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 8 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.

THREE LITTLE INDIANS.

Rob and Ruth and Bess were out in the orchard. They were Indians and lived in a tent. The tent was an old sheet; it hung over a low branch of a tree.

Bess wore a red shawl for a blanket. Ruth had a string of bright beads around her neck. There was a peacock feather in her hair. Rob had a bow and arrow.

"Me big chief," he grunted. "Me keep off wolves—bears."

"Just then something soft and white was pushed under one side of the tent. Then came two great round eyes. Then slowly the whole side of the tent began to rise.

"It's a bear," screamed Rob. Ruth screamed, too.

They both tried to run. They fell over Bess in her shawl. Then they all three rolled out in the grass.

When they picked themselves up a soft voice back of them said, "Moo!" And there stood—not a bear, but Pansy, the old white cow.—Mary Louise King.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

"She says that he is a man after her own heart."

"Then I suppose he will get it."—Judge.

A frying pan becomes a chafing dish after it gets into society.—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

Canvasser—I've a book here I'd like to show you.

Busy Man—I've a bulldog in the next room I'd like to show you.—Boston Transcript.

"You were always a faultfinder," said the angry better half.

"I plead guilty," calmly rejoined the husband. "I certainly found you."—Chicago News.

He who would get a glimpse of the widest landscape must climb the hill from which alone it can be seen. That is the first law in the statute book of Providence.

WHO IS TO BLAME.

'I'm in the saddest sorrow,' said the pocketknife of John,
'Because, you see, I feel to blame for things that I have done.
At school on Monday morning last I made my owner late,
While with my point he slowly scratched his name upon his slate.
On Tuesday afternoon he stopped to play awhile with me
By cutting deep his name again upon a cherry-tree.
On Wednesday—oh, what can I say to tell how shocked I am?
He used my blade to open wide a jar of currant jam.
On Thursday I was used to do the saddest deed of all:
I cut a lock of curly hair from Nellie's pretty doll.
On Friday I was digging through the side of Willie's drum,
When suddenly my blade snapped and cut my master's thumb.
On Saturday (that is to-day) my blades are safely shut,
And John has got a bandage round the place that I have cut.
And so, you see, I'm sorry for the mischief I have done;
But tell me, please, am I to blame as much as Master John?'
—Cassell's 'Little Folks.'

LAUGHABLE DEFINITIONS.

Many children are so crammed with everything that they really know nothing. In proof of this, read these three veritable specimens of definitions, written by public school children:

"Stability is the taking care of a stable."

"A mosquito is the child of black and white parents."

"Monastery is the place for monsters."

"Tocsin is something to do with getting drunk."

"Expostulation is to have the smallpox."

"Cannibal is two brothers who killed each other in the Bible."

"Anatomy is the human body, which consists of three parts, the head, the chist, and the stummick. The head contains the eyes and brains, if any; the chist contains the lungs and a piece of liver. The stummick is devoted to the bowels, of which there are five, a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y."—James Henry Fess, in "The Gentleman from Everywhere."

HERE AND THERE.

This, too, is the law, namely, that you must sit amid the shadows of night if you would see the heavens at their best.

May I govern my passions with absolute sway, and grow wiser and better as life wears away.—Watts.

What do we live for, if not to make life less difficult for each other?—George Eliot.

Beneficence should never be exercised at random, nor upon irrational impulse, but should be the outcome and expression of a disposition trained and nourished in the atmosphere of human friendship.

You cannot get music from a cello with loose strings. They must be stretched; and if they could they would cry out with pain, but the stretching until concert-pitch is reached is what gives the musician an instrument worthy of his skill.

Doing good is, perhaps, the only enterprise in which there is positively no element of risk.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world.—Joseph Addison.

It is a part of my religion to look well after the cheerfulness of life and let the dismals shift for themselves.—Louisa M. Alcott.

Gas on the Stomach,

result of imperfect digestion pressing up against the heart, excites alarming symptoms. Instant relief is afforded by taking half an hour after the meal, ten drops of Polson's Nerviline in a little sweetened water. Nerviline aids digestion, expels the gas and imparts a sense of comfort. Nerviline is good for lots of other things, and wise people keep a 25c. bottle in the house for rheumatism, cramps, neuralgia, toothache, &c. Try it.

We prepare ourselves for eternity by doing our day's work while it is day.

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.

Great names debase, instead of raising those who know not how to use them.

A Warning.

To feel tired after exertion is one thing; to feel tired before is another. Don't say the latter is laziness—it isn't; but it's a sign that the system lacks vitality, is running down, and needs the tonic effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It's a warning, too—and sufferers should begin taking Hood's at once. Buy a bottle at once.

Men are seldom more innocently employed than when they are honestly making money.

Death Comes to All.—But it need not come prematurely if proper precautions are taken. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and to have prevention at hand and allow a disease to work it's will is wickedness. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil not only allays pain when applied externally, but will prevent lung trouble resulting from colds and coughs. Try it and be convinced.