The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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Advertisements will be changed once each month if desired. For changes oftener than once a month the composition must be paid for at regular rates.

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

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 and Frederick Streets, Acton. Office Hours:—8 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, Brockville; Friday, Rockwood. The latest anaesthetic used if desired.

LEGAL.

A. J. MACKINNON, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, ETC. 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 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, 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 $200 and upwards.

VALUABLE Farm Property For Sale!

Farm, Esquesing Township, Halton Co.: 100 acres, about 60 clear, balance good bush; well fenced, and watered by spring creek. Good solid brick house; two barns and silo; orchard. This property is 2½ miles from Limehouse, 3½ to Georgetown and 6 miles from Acton, on the Grand Trunk. For terms apply to JOHN HIGAW, on premises, or address Acton P.O., Ont. 1m

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $125,000.

THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY. Established 1840. Head Office GUELPH, ONT. INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications addressed to my address, Box 251, or telephone 28, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

ACTON Machine and Repair Shops. HENRY GRISDALE Proprietor. ARE well equipped with all the machinery necessary for repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting, horse-shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired, performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement, of any make. New and old iron always on hand.

OIL--SMELTER--MINES. Davidson & Carter Market Square Guelph. REPRESENTING Douglas Lacey & Co. NEW YORK. Stocks paying 8% to 12%. Original investment secured and guaranteed. Call or write for particulars.

A WORTHY SCHOOL. Which converts more raw material into success, power and place more young men and women in good positions than any institution of the kind in Canada IS THE Central Business College, AND SCHOOL OF Shorthand, Typewriting and Telegraphy. TORONTO, ONT. Always open. No vacation. Twelve teachers. Fine equipment. Special summer session for July and August. Particulars free. Write W. H. SHAW, Principal.

AT DAY'S Selling Out Sale

Ladies' Wrist Bags

Ladies' Hand Bags

Fine Stock of HAMMOCKS

All at Cost and Below to Clear.

Day's Book Store, GUELPH.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Capital $6,000,000
Rest 2,900,000

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 on 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.

FRAMES! FRAMES

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

A CARLOAD OF BUGGIES.

Why pay fancy prices for factory Buggies when you can have your choice of a car load 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

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

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.

Sayers' SAW MILLS Nassagaweya. Lumber of all kinds at Lowest Market Prices. Mill Stuff cut to order. Wood at $1.25 per cord. P. Sayers, Proprietor. Nassagaweya P. O.

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.

National Brand Portland Cement Is The Best.

JOHN M. BOND & CO. GUELPH.

Say, Mr. Farmer! A Word About SALT

Having unloaded 3 cars of salt this week, 1 of Windsor fine, 2 of Goderich coarse, and being crowded for room, I have decided to rush them off at $1.25 per bbl. either kind and 90c. per sack of 200 lbs., choice, and 80c. per sack of 200 lbs., 2nd quality, fit for stock or hay.

We have also a full line of Butter and Cheese Salt as well as Table Salt, also a few tons of Land Salt at $4.50 per ton.

Land Plaster at same price, of 65c. per sack of 150 lbs. Paris Green 23c. lb., or 3 lb. for 55c. Potato Bug Finish 2c. lb., 15 lbs. for 25c., or $1.25 per cwt. Also Bug Death, Slug Shot, Hellebore, Black Death, etc., at specially low prices.

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

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

Good Shoes Reasonable 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

GUELPH Business College. TRADERS' BANK BUILDING, GUELPH, ONT. OUR GRADUATES are in constant and increasing demand to fill choice positions in various lines of remunerative work. THE ASSOCIATE EDITOR of a great western journal went direct from our classes to assume the duties of his responsible position. OUR HONOR COURSE is proving to be, for many, the golden key that unlocks the portals of success. Enter now. For particulars call at the College or address M. MACCORMICK, B.A., Principal.

Poetry.

A MILE WITH ME.

O who will walk a mile with me
Along life's merry way?
A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free,
And let no frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child, through the flowery way,
That fill the field and fringe the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me
Along life's weary way?
A friend whose heart has eyes to see
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,
And the quiet rest at the end o' the day,—
A friend who knows, and dares to say
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk till journeys end,
Through summer sunshine, winter rain,
And then?—Farewell, we shall meet again!

—By Henry Van Dyke.

Select Family Reading.

The Story of a Reunion.

OUTSIDE the wind blew shrilly, sending the flakes of yesterday's snow with biting fierceness into the faces of pedestrians. Inside the cold winter air was not felt by the tired girls behind the counters of one of the large shops. Rather did the crowd of changing, thronging shoppers cause a heated atmosphere that gave a throbbing headache to more than one of the tired shop girls.

At last came the lull of early afternoon. The girls, in scattered groups, were making the best of an opportunity for a chat when the street door was flung open to admit a gentleman, who at once attracted their attention.

He was a man of middle age, in full health and vigor; tall, well-formed, with a slight sprinkling of white in his brown hair and mustache; clear-cut features and kindly, dark-blue eyes. He bore the marks of a man of wealth and refinement.

He halted at the glove counter, unfastened his great coat, took his hat in hand, and then glanced up pleasantly into the face of the assistant—a young, slender girl, with a tired look in her eyes and a feverish flush on her cheek. He had opened his lips to speak, but suddenly he checked himself, and his dark eyes dilated. Then, recovering his self-possession, he asked for ladies' gloves for evening wear.

"I do not know the number, but—but I judge about the size you wear. If you will be so good as to show me them, perhaps I can judge," he said, gazing first at the pretty, flushed face, and then at the slim, white hand, unadorned save for one strange little ring.

That face—that hand—that ring! Was he dreaming, and would it vanish presently, as something of the same vision had so often done during these long years since one so very like this girl had stood beside him in the happy days of youth?

The gloves were brought, a spotless pair of white; but, instead of taking them up, the man continued to gaze into the face of the girl, who flushed deeply. He was about to speak, when another young girl came up and addressed the first.

The gloves fell. Margaret! It was the same sweet name! He felt that he could not leave without some further information as to this girl's identity. This girl must be the child of the other Margaret. But would her child be here? Were they so reduced?

Would that proud, stately woman of his youth have voluntarily returned to her native town, and allowed her child to be thus employed? Perhaps she was a widow, poor and struggling, while he—the fires of the old love were kindling anew, and, half dreaming and with an excited flush on his face, he retained his seat.

"Will you take the gloves, sir?" a gentle voice asked. And again he started, with a sudden shame at his odd manner.

"Yes, yes!" he answered quickly. "And a pair of the same number for street wear, please. Any color the ladies like best. They are for a little niece who caught me dozing and consequently I must pay the penalty," he added, smiling. The girl gave a responsive smile, wondering who the lucky girl was.

The gloves were wrapped up and handed to him. He could decently remain no longer.

What could he do? When calmly entering the shop a short time ago he little thought to find himself in such a state of unrest.

"Thank you," he murmured absently, and buttoning up the great coat and replacing his hat he reluctantly left.

At the door a daring thought struck him.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said to the shop walker. "I should like to know the young lady at the glove counter where I just made a purchase."

"I presume you have good reason for your enquiry?" was the reply. "Such questions are rather unusual. Her name is Margaret Russell—her address I cannot give you."

The listener's face became pallid. He took a card from his pocket and handed it to the man.

"This, sir, is my name," he said. "I think the young lady's mother was a dear friend of mine. There is a striking resemblance. Will you kindly hand her the card and tell her that if (his voice trembled slightly) if her mother is living, I should like to meet her again? Ask her to take the card home and explain the incident. I shall come in to-morrow," and with a bow he departed.

Mr. Jones, the floor-walker, gazed upon the piece of cardboard and read engraved thereon, "Mr. Philip J. Hunter." The address guaranteed wealth, and the name was one of which he had frequently heard in connection with philanthropic deeds and much that was good, so, to the vast amusement and universal interest of all the girls near by, he fulfilled the odd request.

* * *

It was a pleasant little dining-room, bright and cozy, with a small table laid with a pretty white cloth and places for two.

By a little side table, on which was a small lamp, sat a woman, no longer young, but still pleasing to look upon, save that the cheeks were a trifle hollow and the face pale. She was busily at work upon some fine embroidery. Other finished pieces lying about spoke of the work she did to assist the income brought in by her child.

A step sounded outside the door, and a moment later the young girl of the glove counter episode entered. The woman looked up with a sweet smile and rose, laying aside the work and greeting the child with a caress.

When her hat and coat had been removed, Margaret, with a mischievous look on her face, drew the card from her purse, and, stopping her mother as she placed the teapot upon the table, held it before her eyes. "Did you know this person, mamma? Have you ever seen that name before?" she asked her, half playfully, half seriously.

"Philip!" the mother exclaimed, with a catch in the breath almost painful. "Why — why, Margaret; child, where did you get that card?" and, nervously putting out her hand for it, the mother suddenly sat down.

Then, in a few words, the girl told all she knew of the incident, and described in glowing terms the handsome gentleman's appearance.

"And so, dear mamma, you do know him. Please tell me something about him—and if to-morrow when he comes I may permit him to call to see you, as he wishes?"

"Yes! No! I hardly know what to say, darling. I do not know if it were better or not that we meet again. It is a very commonplace story, dear, but I will tell you."

"We were once devoted to one another. Both were jealous and very proud. He said some unkind words which I resented and refused to forgive. Later I left for the North. There I met your father, whom I respected very much, and who soon persuaded me to marry him. Then, of course, I dared not think of my earlier love, and soon rumors reached me of his marriage.

"After carrying out your father's dying request and burying him in his native city, I could not spare the little means I had to go back to the North. In Margaret Russell only a few dear friends recognized and sought the Margaret Young of earlier days.

"I knew Philip had grown to wealth and position in his own town, but did not expect to meet him in our humble sphere. I knew, too, that he never married. What do you say, darling, Should we be ashamed of our, humble home, a simple flat, with a room which serves as dining-room, sitting-room and drawing-room?" she concluded, glancing about her and contentedly smiling.

Margaret was silent. She had been so much to her mother and she to her, and if he came—only too well Margaret foresaw the inevitable.

She recalled the emotion of the man, and now saw a new light in her mother's soft, brown eyes.

Could she be so selfish as to say one word to prevent the meeting? And if—well—her dear mother would be relieved of all further cares and trials and be restored to her former position. It was characteristic of her sweet, unselfish little heart that she saw no future benefit just then for herself.

"Let him come, mamma, dear est. I am sure it will be best," she said, striving to keep down a sigh that would come. Little supper was eaten that night, and the talk was all of Mr. Hunter.

So, when the tall, handsome man sought the glove counter on the morrow, Margaret gracefully offered him her hand and told him how well her mother remembered her old friend, and that she would be pleased to see him again at their home.

He responded with a look of intense satisfaction and a warm clasp, saying simply, "I will be there to-night."

Margaret was dreadfully upset all day, and undecided as to her part in this pretty romance. Should she go home from the shop, or go to a friend's first to leave them uninterrupted?

After much pondering and some little heartache and stealthy tears, too, she decided to let her mother think it was she entering, when it would actually be her old friend and lover! It would, perhaps, make it easier for both, and later Margaret's friend could see her home, when matters had been adjusted.

As she planned, so indeed, it was, and upon entering the cosy room, now bearing no resemblance to a dining-room, she found two happy faces, looking years younger and handsomer in the blessings of being reunited.

A Timely Word.

The weaker the system, the more enervating the heat and the greater the danger of prostration.

This is a truism—a proposition needing no argument.

A word in favor of the systemic effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla is timely—it is a fact that this peculiar medicine strengthens and tones all the organs and functions and builds up the whole system.

We believe you will do well to take Hood's during the heated period.

Lost characters never leave any trail.

PROMOTION EXAMINATIONS.

The Pupils Who Will Go to Higher Classes After the Holidays.

The following is the result of the promotion examinations held in Acton Public School the last of June:

From Sen. II. to Jun. III.

Amy Speight,	Lena Holmes,
Winnie Grindell,	Hessie Coon,
Ada Eastwood,	Ida Graham,
Eva Cook,	Nina Frick,
Gertie Johnston,	James Dunn,
Warren Brown,	Arlof Dills,
Ernest Worden,	Fred. McLaughlin,
Fred. Hildonbrand.	

Jun. II. to Sen. II.

Tom Shields,	Michael O'Brien,
John Moore,	Elsie Bauer,
Pauline Hildonbrand,	
Jimmie Moore,	Harry Bell,
Arthur Kenney,	Harry Holmes,
Mabel Hildonbrand,	
Merle Kennedy.	Laura Wijas,

Part II. to Second Book.

Willie Evans,	Andy O'Brien,
Bert Saunders,	Ethel Burgess,
Mary Holland,	Margaret Brown,
Rae Cook,	Myrtle Millard,
Willie Hewitt,	Ernest Barr,
George Ritchie,	Daisie Folster,
John Nelson,	Harold Ruddick,
Hazel Hurd,	Halton Lelachman
Ethel Nelson,	Mary O'Brien,
Mildred Matthews,	Josie Kennedy,
Chisholm Ramshaw,	
Herbie Gamble,	Arthur Firstbrook
Ralph Swackhamer,	
Gordon Johnston,	Maggie Kennedy,
Frank McPherson,	Charlie Bell,
Freddie Williams.	

Jun. Pt. II. to Sen. Pt. II.

Sammy Fryer,	Lawrence Dunn,
Herbert McKeague,	Bertha Brown,
Rosy Walker,	Alva Harvey,
Prudence Thompson,	
Fred Smith,	Stanley Pearson,

Part I. to Part II.

Elva McLaren,	Roy Bauer,
Harold Wiles,	Gordon Locker,
Dora Clarke,	Nora Kenney,
Janie O'Brien,	Adam Hildonbrand
Minnie Taylor,	Hattie Cook,
Percy Shields,	Ruby Millard,
Dorothy Nelson	Fred McCartney,
Dora Harvey,	Jack Chapman,
Boyd Clark,	Gladys Worden,
Linton Kenney,	David McKeague.

T. T. MOORE, PRINCIPAL.

A STORY OF SONGS.

"One Night in June" I was in "The Baggage Coach Ahead" when "At the Sound of the Signal Bell," the conductor "Put Me Off at Buffalo." "When the Harvest Days Were Over," I broke into "The Banks of the Wabash" and stole "A Bird in a Gilded Cage." "In the Good Old Summer Time," I was back "In Good Old New York Town." "On Broadway" I met "Mandy Lee" and said to her "I'd Leave My Happy Home for You," but she answered "Arrah Go On, You're Only Fooling."

I called on "Mamie" and as "I Love Her Just the Same," I kissed her "For Old Times' Sake." We went into "The Church Across the Way" to get married, but her father shouted: "Those Wedding Bells Shall Not Ring Out." I said "Don't Send Her Away, John," but he replied, you "Take Your Clothes and Go!"

I left New York and went south "Where the Cotton Blossoms Grow." I ran across "My Lady Lu," but as "All Coons Look Alike to Me" I could not tell her from "My Ann Eliza." I saw "My Little Georgia Rose" and she invited me to the "The Wedding of the Chinee and the Coon," which took place "At a Georgia Camp Meeting." I got into a scrap with "Whistling Rufus" and somebody shouted "Enjoy Yourselves." I answered "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night."

I started out to find "The Girl I Loved in Tennessee." The train left "Just as the Sun Went Down." On the train I met "Dolly Gray" wearing "A Rose of Red." She was with "Two Little Girls in Blue." I told her that she was "Better Than Gold," but she wouldn't "Believe" me. She introduced me to "Annie Rooney" and "Mabel Reilly."

Well, I found "The Home of the Girl I Love" down "Where the Tall Palmettoes Grow." I like "Sweet Marie" but I don't like "Marguerite" "Just Because She Made Them Goo Goo Eyes." Going home "In the Evening by the Moonlight" I met "My Honolulu Lu." We went over and sat "On the Benches in the Park." I said to her: "I've Waited, Honey, Waited Long for You," but she answered "Go Way Back and Sit Down."

A SYMPOSIUM.

"What is the secret of success?" asked the sphinx.

"Push," said the button.

"Take pains," said the window.

"Never be led," said the pencil.

"Be up-to-date," said the calendar.

"Always keep cool," said the ice.

"Do business on tick," said the clock.

"Never lose your head," said the barrel.

"Do a driving business," said the hammer.

"Aspire to greater things," said the nutmeg.

"Make light of everything," said the fire.

"Make much of small things," said the microscope.

"Never do anything offhand," said the glove.

"Spend much time in reflection," said the mirror.

"Do the work you are suited for," said the flue.

"Get a good pull with the ring," said the door bell.

"Be sharp in all your dealings," said the knife.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the glue.

"Trust to your stars for success," said the night.

"Strive to make a good impression," said the seal.—Life.

Learning makes a good man better and an ill man worse.

STATIONED AT DRYDEN.

Rev. R. J. Edmiston is Now in the Above Well-Known New Ontario Town.

The following brief epistle from our old friend and former citizen, Rev. R. J. Edmiston, will be read with interest by many FREE PRESS subscribers:

"Another year has rolled away and the orders have gone forth for me to move on, and in accordance with the order I am here at Dryden—just arrived last evening. Wednesday morning at 4.30 I took the steamer "Keenora" at Emo and sailed for Rat Portage, a distance of one hundred and forty miles, and got into port after a most enjoyable trip. Speaking of the beauty of natural scenery, we certainly had an abundance of it. The Lake of the Woods, after we cross two traverses, the Big and the Little, is just dotted with islands, thousands being passed by, making it literally "a lake of a thousand isles." The water was somewhat rough on the Big Traverse and I noticed some who sat down to dinner suddenly remembered they were not hungry and left the table in a hurry, and I confess it made me feel just a little squamish in my lower regions.

From Rat Portage I came by train and got here last evening, and though here but one day I admit I am enamored with the village and its surroundings. It is situated on the Wabagoon River and has at the back of it a nice lake, upon which steamboats ply in the interests of the mining companies. The C. P. R. runs through the village, hence, we have, you may say, everyday mail service both ways. For size it is larger than Emo and has a very nice Methodist Church, besides the Presbyterian and Episcopal churches. It is expected that in the near future pulp mills will be erected here, and then business will boom, for there is excellent water power close by. The doctor of the village took me out last evening for a drive and I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Paul Kennedy and her daughter. The family live about a mile and a half from town and have a most beautiful location.

Altogether I am looking forward to a pleasant time and a good year. I had a good year at Emo, but I desire this to be a still better one. Hoping you are all well and wishing to be remembered to the many friends of old Acton, I am yours as of old,

Bon."

Dryden, July 2nd, 1903.

HOW A PARROT IMITATED BASS VOICE.

Daniel J. Sully, whose speculations in cotton have made him prominent of late, has a great fondness for parrots. He collects data in proof of the intelligence of these birds.

"A cotton-grower down South," Mr. Sully said the other day, "has sent me an amusing story about a green parrot that he owns. This parrot, it seems, began as soon as it was bought to learn to mimic the voices of the household of my friend. It mimicked the contralto voice of the mistress, the treble voice of the young son, the soprano voice of the daughter, and the Irish voice of the cook; but the heavy and deep voice of the master it was quite unable to cope with. It would practice for hours at a time, but it could not produce from its throat the deep, hoarse sounds that it desired.

"Therefore, the family was astonished one day to hear the parrot mimicking the master's voice exactly. They sat in the dining room. The bird was in the hall in its cage. Distinct and loud the sounds came from the hall to them, a thunderous and rolling bass voice saying:

"Bring me the evening paper."

"Some one went out and looked at the parrot. Its head was hidden in its seed cup, and it was making its voice resonant by speaking from within the seed cup's hollow. And always, now, when it wants to speak in a bass voice, it puts its head in its seed cup. Isn't that proof of the almost human intelligence of the bird?"—New York Tribune.

THE AVERAGE SALOON.

Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular, New York, recently said:

"The average saloon is out of line with public sentiment.

"The average saloon ought not to be defended by our trade, but it ought to be condemned. In small towns the average saloon is a nuisance. It is a resort for all tough characters, and in the South, for all idle negroes.

"It is generally on a prominent street, and it is generally run by a sport who cares only for the almighty dollar. From this resort the drunken man starts reeling to his home; at this resort the local fights are indulged in. It is a stench in the nostrils of society and a disgrace to the wine and spirit trade.

"Now, then, shall we defend the average saloon? We answer, don't defend it, but condemn it. We must stand abreast with the most advanced public sentiment; we must oppose prohibition, but favor only a decent trade; we must offer society a substitute for the average saloon; we must ask society to join with us in securing model license laws; we must demand character qualifications and get men in the retail liquor business who will conduct their places as drug stores, for instance, are conducted. We must help to clean the Augean stables; we must lift the business out of the rut into which it has run for so long a time; we must prove that we are friends of law, order, decency, and temperance."

That tired feeling is a burden you need not carry. Hood's Sarsaparilla will rid you of it and renew your courage.

No fountain is so small but heaven may be imaged in its bosom.—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

POLLY'S PREPARATIONS.

Polly, put the kettle on—
(It has been sterilized, I hope?)
Polly, put the kettle on—
(And washed with antiseptic soap?)
Polly, put the kettle on—
(The water's filtered, scrubbed, sun-dried, dusted, polished, shaken, brushed, sifted, pasteurized, and ironed, I see!)
Polly, put the kettle on; we'll all take tea.

—Jack Appleton, in Cincinnati "Tribune".

GOT HIS GOOSE.

A story is told of a certain blacksmith of Roxburghshire, who was famed for his success in stalking wild geese. One day Lord Weymss went to see the performance.

The smith produced an old, rusty, bell-muzzled gun, six feet long in the barrel, into which he poured a handful of powder, ramming it down with a thick wad of brown paper, hitting it as hard as if it were a red-hot nail. This done, he dived into a promiscuous heap of ashes, fragments of old iron and heads of nails, and having dropped this in upon the powder and rammed it in with a wad of brown paper, the smith felt a match for any flock of geese.

"Come on, my lord" he then cried: "there's a flock of geese on the wilds, and I'll show you how I deals with 'em!"

Lord Weymss took the higher ground to watch the sequel, while the smith, crawling within easy distance of the geese, composed himself for a shot when about thirty yards off.

After aiming for about ten minutes a tremendous report resounded through the air, when a volume of dense smoke arose simultaneously with the confused geese, whose cackling were of the most terrified kind, while one or two of the flock were left fluttering on the ground.

Fearing fatal consequences and that the gun had burst, Lord Weymss hastened to the spot. The smith was insensible; but soon consciousness returned, and, crawling up to his gun and eyeing it with intense satisfaction, he said:

"Wal, my lord, no doubt she's pretty full of destruction to the geese, but she's used me well this time. It mostly takes twenty minutes gude afore I comes to myself after letting her off—but I always get my guse."

TELEPHONE JUDGMENT.

The injunction case of the town of Fort William against the Bell Telephone Company was held recently before Mr. Justice Teetzel at Port Arthur. This case was entered last February by the town. The court ordered that the case be dismissed; the plaintiffs shall not until judgment has been pronounced by the final appellate court, to which the action of the corporation of the city of Toronto against the Bell Telephone Company of Canada, Limited, now pending, may be carried; or such action shall otherwise be disposed of, bring action or take any proceedings to interfere with the erection of poles or the stringing of wires by the defendants in the said town, or the erection or use of any other appliances permitted by their charter and necessary or convenient for carrying on the business of defendants in the said town. The court ordered that the plaintiffs pay the defendants one dollar damages for loss sustained by reason of the injunction orders granted; and also pay to the defendants their costs of this action, including the costs of Feb. 17th, 1903, and Feb. 19th, 1903, and of the motion and order permitting the defendants to deliver their statement of defence, June 10th, 1903, as between solicitor and client forthwith after taxation.

Never Say Die.

You may be weak, miserable, nervous, sleepless, your digestion poor and you despair. Never say die, until you have used Ferrozone, the most wonderful blood maker, nerve strengthener and brain invigorator. It tones up the whole system. You can eat any thing and digest it if you use Ferrozone. You sleep well. You make blood quickly, strength increases daily, in a short time you're well. Try Ferrozone, which you can obtain at all drug stores.

True friends visit us in prosperity only when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation.—Theophrastus.

Chest Felt Raw.

"I caught a severe cold which made my chest feel raw and tight. I used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and it loosened the phlegm, healed the lungs, and made me perfectly well."

NEIL McKAY, Ripley, Ont.

In England it is possible to buy two cents' worth of government bonds.

Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup is sure death to the worms every time, but harmless to the most delicate child. It contains its own cathartic, so there is no need of giving castor oil or other purgatives afterwards. Price 25c.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—Milton.

Painful Periods.

Women who suffer terrible pain every month can find ready relief by using Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders. They contain no morphine or opium, and leave no bad after effects. Price 10c. and 25c. Don't accept common headache powders, they surely disappoint.

There lives not a man on earth who has not in him the power to do good.—E. B. Lytton.

Only those who have had experience can tell the torture corns cause. Pain with your boots on, pain with them off—pain day and night; but relief is sure to those who use Holloway's Corn Cure.