The Acton Free Press.

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M., SUCCESSOR TO J. P. UREN, M. D. C. M. Office and residence—Corner Mill Frederick Streets, Acton. Office Hours:—8 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 3 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

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

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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.

VALUABLE Farm Property For Sale!

Farm, Esquesing Township, Halton Co.; 100 acres, about 10 clear, balance good bush; well fenced, and watered by spring creek. Good comfortable house; two barns and stable; orchard. The property is 1½ miles from Limehouse, 2½ to Flourishing Village of Acton on G.T.R. For terms apply to JOHN SHAW, 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 forwarded to my address, Box 561, or telephone 58, 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 to enable us to repair to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting, horse shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired and painted in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. New buildings erected.

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

A WORTHY SCHOOL which converts more raw material into earning power and places 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

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Ladies' Wrist Bags
Ladies' Hand Bags
Fine Stock of
HAMMOCKS
All at Cost and Below to Clear.

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Capital $6,000,000
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Interest at most favorable current rates allowed on Savings Bank accounts.

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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 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.

Binder Twine--

We find that the old reliable BLUE RIBBON TWINE CO. of Montreal, has stood the test of years and cannot be beaten.

They also make the old Red Cap Brand, 600 feet to the pound, great value, also Blue Tag Tiger, Golden Crown and Standard 500 ft. twine.

Our prices cannot be beaten and we will sell to you for cash or you may pay on the first of October.

Twine is scarcer. We say buy now what you want as Manitoba is taking all they can get.

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

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation —HEAD OFFICE— Toronto St., - Toronto.

By an Act of the Parliament of Canada passed at the present session, the name of The Canada Permanent and Western Canada Mortgage Corporation has been changed to Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation.

J. HERBERT MASON, Managing Director.

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 weekly 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.

WHAT LIES OVER THE HILL?

"Traveller, what lies over the hill?
Traveller, tell to me;
I am only a child; from the window sill
Oft I can not see."

"Child, there's a valley over there,
Pretty and woody and shy,
And a little brook that says, 'Take care,
Or I'll drown you, by and by!'"

"And what comes next?" "A lonely moor,
Without a beaten way,
And gray clouds sailing slow before
A wind that will not stay."

"And then?" "Dark rocks and yellow sand,
And a moaning sea beside"—
"And then?" "More sea, more sea, more land,
And rivers deep and wide."

"And then?" "O, rock and mountain and vale,
Rivers and field and men,
Over and over—a weary tale—
And round to your home again."

"Is that the end? It is weary, at best."
—"No, child, it is not the end;
On summer eves, away in the west,
You will see a stair to send—

"Built of all colors of lovely stones—
A stair up into the sky,
Where no one is weary, and no one moans,
Or wishes to be laid by."

"I will go!" "But the steps are very steep
If you would climb up there.
You must lie at its foot, as still as sleep,
And be a step of the stair—

"For others to put their feet on you,
To reach the stones high-piled,
Till Jesus comes and takes you, too,
And leads you up, my child."

—George MacDonald.

Select Family Reading.

Conspiring With Cupid

BY EFFIE W. BARGENT.

As all Branscome had decided that Charles Schermerhorn was the fit and proper mate for Mabel Howard, that independent young woman properly decided to transfer her somewhat unsettled affections to Frank Caswell. Branscome folks pointed out that Schermerhorn had been her girlhood's sweetheart, and was now well to do, and their union would crown a very pretty little romance.

On the other hand, Caswell was practically a newcomer in the village, having made his advent two years before, when Branscome arrived at the dignity of supporting a national bank. The directors had brought him up from the city to act as receiving teller and to teach the Branscome boys how to conduct a bank. He had proceeded to make himself generally liked, and the only thing that could be urged against him was that his very evident fondness for Mabel Howard threatened to destroy a Branscome romance.

Oddly enough, Caswell and Schermerhorn were the closest of friends. Despite dire predictions of personal encounters nothing marred the course of their friendship, and Schermerhorn seemed to find very satisfying consolation in the company of Grace Payne, Caswell's half sister, who kept house for him.

So matters stood when Anabel McPherson decided to give a Halloween party. Miss McPherson, known as Anabel to the entire village, was old Captain McPherson's daughter, and, inheriting her father's estate, she had become the richest woman in the village. Much given to novel reading, Miss Anabel had never married, fearful that each suitor was seeking her fortune rather than her hand. At forty-two she was still a single and by no means unattractive woman, with a kindly heart and a head filled with romantic fancies. It was her delight to make the affairs of others her own, and this Halloween party was given for the express purpose of setting matters straight between Schermerhorn and Mabel Howard. Well versed in the superstitious lore of love, she decided that with a little assistance Cupid might yet achieve a victory and bring the pair together.

Among the tests for the evening Miss Howard had decided upon that of naming candles. Different names would be given several wax tapers; the last one left burning would indicate the name of one's future husband. She used tiny wax tapers, homemade, and by giving one twice as thick a wick as the other she argued that one would burn twice as rapidly, and, thus prepared, in a fever of anticipation she awaited the coming of her guests.

There were the usual tests of suspended apples, floating apples, popping chestnuts and mirrors. Finally, with great glee, Miss Anabel brought out the two tapers.

"Here's a test for Mabel Howard," she announced ingenuously, for, as mistress of ceremony, she had seen to it that Mabel had taken no prominent part in the earlier tests. "This," she said, as she placed the candle on the table, "I shall name Charles and this," producing the one with the quicker wick—"well, suppose we name it Frank."

Mabel blushed redly at this very pointed allusion, and half started up as though she would leave the room. Caswell laid a detaining hand gently upon her arm.

"Don't," he whispered. "She means well and to leave now would only serve to make a bad matter very much worse." Mabel sank back in her seat, but presently all were crowded around the table where the two candles were burning brightly. Caswell was not superstitious, but the spirit of the hour was upon him and he noted with some concern that his candle was burning away much faster than the other.

Miss Anabel noted with pride the approaching success of her expedient, and, her gentle heart throbbing, she hovered over the candles.

Caswell's candle was now within half an inch of the candlestick, while fully two inches of Schermerhorn's remained. Suddenly a gust of cold air blew in from a window that had just been raised and a moment later some one opened the door in the hall to admit a gust of icy air, and the flames flickered perilously. With a shriek Miss Anabel rushed to close the window, but, as the heavy sash dropped with a bang, an excited clamor arose at the table and she heard with sudden contraction of the heart some one laughingly announce "Caswell wins!"

She made her way to the table, and there, still burning brightly, but almost consumed, was the candle she had named for Frank, while a smoking wick crowned a full inch of wax on the other.

In an instant a babel of talk arose, and under cover of the excitement poor Miss Anabel stole over to the window seat to get the better of her disappointment.

* * * *

The quartet whose love affairs were shaking gossipy little Branscome to its very foundations walked home slowly in the crisp autumn moonlight. Caswell bent fondly above Mabel's drooping head.

"I have a confession to make," he said. "It may not have been quite fair, but when that draft came I shielded my candle."

Mabel laughed nervously, and her voice was low and uncertain.

"I—I guess I wasn't quite fair either, but I don't want dear Miss Anabel marrying me off according to her yellow backed novels, and—and I blew out Charlie's candle."

A deep chuckle interrupted their mutual confessions. Schermerhorn's rich, wholesome tones announced:

"Let the good work go on. When I saw things were going against you, Frank, I opened the window, hoping to blow out both candles and stop the nonsense entirely."

"And I," chimed in Grace Payne, laughing—"well, I opened the door to help on the draft. It wouldn't do to let the Halloween sprites confirm the decision of Branscome in pairing us off. Poor Miss Anabel! And I believe she did it all on purpose."

"Never mind," said Schermerhorn cheerily. "She shall be bridesmaid or maid of honor or anything you girls like when the wedding comes off, for really, she brought matters to a climax."

And he patted Grace's little hand, snuggling against his great arm, while Frank Caswell and Mabel disappeared within the portals of the Howard home.

A STORY OF THE STREET.

"I chanced to be walking down Liberty street," said a well-known artist, "when the recent hurricane scooped his stock of evening papers from under a wee and wan eight-year-old newsboy's arm, made a free distribution of them in the mud and rain half a block away, and came near serving him in like manner. As he fought his way to his feet I heard him tersely summarize the extent of the ruin in the remark, 'Dat busts me!' and he heard me laugh.

"Turning on me, and assuming a suggestive Terrible Terry pose, he savagely asked, 'Wotyer laffin' at?'

"'Not at you, my boy,' I hastened to explain, 'and here's half a dollar to start you in business again.'

"Money talks with the gamin as well as the gold-bug, and in this case its charming eloquence moved its recipient to remark, with flattering sincerity, 'You ain't such a bad guy, after all,' as he scooted in the direction of Park Row.

"But that was not the last I was destined to see of my pigmy purveyor of the latest news, for, as I was hustling to reach the ferry, I heard the quick patter of pursuing little feet, and he overtook me to make the breathless inquiry, 'Say, mister, does you go by dis way every night?'

"'No. Why do you ask?' said I.

"'Coz,' he explained, 'I wants ter give you a paper every night till I square de debt.'

"Now," continued the artist, "is there a man here who does not feel in his heart a desire to give such a boy as that a lift toward a better life, or who does not believe that, granted half a show, he would develop into an honorable and successful man?"—New York Times.

TOLD ABOUT WEBSTER.

A story about Daniel Webster is worth repeating. Told the other day by Mr. Harvey N. Shepard before the Bostonian Society, it provoked considerable merriment among the members of that solid and serious organization. "When Webster was at school," said Mr. Shepard, "he came under the care of a woman, who, besides teaching the three R's, also undertook to inculcate among her pupils the observance of good manners. Especially did she emphasize the need of the boys coming to school with clean faces and clean hands. One day young Webster committed some little fault for which she felt she must punish him. She therefore called him before the school, and told him to hold out his hand. He promptly extended his right. She looked at it a moment, then said: 'If there is a dirtier hand in this school than that I won't punish you.' Gleefully the lad held out his left, and, amid bursts of laughter from the class, was thereupon sent back to his place excused. Boston Herald.

NO REASON TO FEAR.

"Do you think your father would accept me as a son-in-law?"

"Why not? Papa is often of a very different opinion from me."

NEWS OF THE COUNTY.

Items Gleaned From Halton's Local Papers, Culled For Our Readers' Edification.

GEORGETOWN.

Of forty-three candidates who presented themselves at Georgetown thirty-three were successful. All of those from Georgetown Public School passed.

The new greenhouses, which are being erected on new and improved plans, are well advanced and the company hopes for a successful year's business.

A candidate who wrote at the entrance examination here, Miss Polly Mountain, of Boston Mills, died a few days ago of scarlet fever. She was fifteen years of age and a favorite with her school mates.

The warm weather of last week so drew upon the reservoir that the water has not been up to high water mark for some days. Water-takers are requested to comply strictly with the by-laws and see that there is no waste through defective pipes, or through unnecessary use of water on lawns.

The post office, which has been kept open until 8.30 since the change of mail service, will hereafter close at 8 o'clock as before.

There were two deaths from sunstroke during the hot spell last week, both young men just out from the Old Country. One was working on the farm of Mr. Glendenning, 4th line, Chinguacousy and died Thursday morning. The other was at Mr. Hugh Cunningham's, 10th line, Esquesing, Friday night. Both died in great agony. The former was the sole support of a widowed mother in England, and the latter has several brothers and sisters in Ireland. They had been in this country a very short time. Both cases are very sad and called for many expressions of sympathy.—Herald.

The funeral took place to Greenwood Cemetery on Friday of Mr. Harold Young, of the Imperial Bank, Toronto, son of Mr. W. C. Young, of the Merchant's Bank, Brampton. The young man was taken with appendicitis a few days before. He was in his twentieth year.

J. N. O'Neill, Georgetown, has placed an eight horse power Speight & Brady gasoline engine in his shop.

MILTON.

Eighty-six candidates wrote at Milton on the entrance papers, of whom 56 were successful.

At the recent examinations at the Toronto College of Music Miss Florence Deacon secured a teachers' certificate (vocal), having passed her third examination with first-class honors. Miss Deacon also passed, with honors, her first examination in harmony.

Dr. and Mrs. Robertson, Miss Mabel Robertson, and Mrs. J. S. McCannell and children are spending a month at Fairhaven Island, Lake Muskoka.

The name of Jean McCannell, daughter of J. S. McCannell, appears at the head of the list of successful candidates who wrote at the recent high school examinations in Milton. Miss McCannell took higher marks than any other candidate in the county.

Milton Lodge, No. 92, I.O.O.F., will run an excursion to Niagara Falls on Wednesday, Aug. 12th. The return fare from Milton will be $1.15. Milton Band will accompany the excursion and will play a programme in Victoria Park.

W. Bros. Dr. Anderson, W.M., Wm. Panton, R. Coates and J. A. Frazer, P. M.'s, and Bros. A. B. McDougall, S. W., and J. H. Peacock, J. W., of St. Clair Lodge No. 135 G. R. C., attended the annual meeting of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Canada at Toronto last week.

HERE AND THERE.

At a fancy price, A. S. Chisholm of Oakville has sold his team of carriage horses to a French banker. They will be shipped to France.

Rev. Mr. Rushbrook, of Erin, officiated in St. John's church, Stewarttown, on Sunday last.

July 20th has been set apart by Burlington Council as the village Civic Holiday, when the Masons have arranged to run an excursion to Niagara Falls and Buffalo.

Burlington Epworth League picnicked at Reservoir Park, Toronto, last Friday, by going by boat from the canal.

WITHHOLDING GOOD.

When a man's judgment is so jaundiced that he can't see good in anything he is in a bad way. Some men have so persisted in fault-finding that the disposition becomes chronic. When the light of judgment that is in us is darkness how great is that darkness. Beware of that moral and mental darkness that is worse than the thick shades of Egypt. "Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thy hand to do it." Give people and things credit for the good that is in them. There is a wholesomeness about charity, that, like sunshine, is death to moral as well as physical disease germs. Try a smile instead of a scowl, commendation instead of fault-finding, blessing instead of cursing, and the coming year will yield you a dividend of satisfaction and happiness such as you can scarcely now believe. Are you down on the commercial register as a "kicker?" Wipe out the blot from your escutcheon by giving honor to whom honor is due, custom to whom custom and tribute to whom tribute.—Baker and Confectioner.

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

Little Willie—"What is flattery, pa?"

Pa—"Flattery, my son, is the praise we hear bestowed upon other people."

The dentist doesn't deal in perfumery, but he loves authority on extracts.

If you feel too tired for work or pleasure, take Hood's Sarsaparilla—it cures that tired feeling.

"THEY JUST LAFFED."

The United States senator had just finished his first term of service, and having worked his way up to that high honor by hard knocks, felt a natural and proper pride in his success.

As the train which was bearing him westward rolled through central Pennsylvania, a sudden and irresistable desire to visit the little village where he had been a barefooted boy, with only one shirt to his back, and one pair of torn pantaloons to his legs, came upon him. He persuaded the conductor to give him a "stop over" on his through ticket, and dropped off at a way station. It was thirty years or more since he had taken an out-going train there, after having trudged ten miles to the railroad from the backwoods village where he was born. All his family friends were dead, and he scarcely expected to see a familiar face, but sitting on the front seat of the old stage was Billy Blaus, the driver, a little graver, a little more stoop-shouldered, but the same old Billy, and the senator knew him. His heart gave a sudden bound of surprised pleasure; he paid his fare and climbed up beside Billy, who gave him a piercing, but stealthy, glance of uncertain recognition, took the reins, chuckled to his horses, cracked his whip and started.

After they had travelled a mile or more, the senator said: "Billy, do you remember a little barefooted boy by the name of Sam Markham, that used to play around the streets of Doodleville thirty years or more ago?"

"Yep."

"Maybe you wouldn't believe it to look at me, but I am he. You didn't know me, did you?"

"Yep."

The senator was taken aback by his indifference. But his pride now got the better of him, and he was overpowered by his thirst for recognition.

"Billy," said he "have you heard what I have been doing since I left Doodleville?"

"Yep."

This cold response cut the senator still more deeply, but he tried again.

"Do you know that I have gotten to be a United States senator?"

"Yep."

"Do all the people in Doodleville know it?"

"Yep."

"What do they say?"

"Oh, they jest laff!"

The senator collapsed, and settled back on the old leather seat, mad as a hornet. His pride was laid in the dust, and he wished he hadn't come. "If that is all they care about the success of a barefooted boy, who has climbed into the United States senate, and shed a halo of glory on his birthplace, they may get out!" "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country," he said bitterly.

For ten minutes the senator was all out of sorts, and then his sense of humor triumphed, and he did what Billy said the Doodlevillians did—"jest laffed!"

No! Men can never be heroes to their neighbors. Set that down, and when you go back to your old town, go back in the capacity of a barefooted boy or the neighbors will "jest laff."—Charles Frederick Goss, D.D.

TATTOOED CELEBRITIES.

The craze for being tattooed, fast involving those who occupy the higher walks of life, is in some measures attributable to the fact that quite a number of royalties are among the latest converts to the fashion, says London Answers. Many members of our own royal family bear the indelible marks of the tattooer's needle upon their persons, including King Edward, who has a fanciful design executed upon his right shoulder, while another elaborate design is the dragon with a row of spikes down its back, which was tattooed four or five years ago on the Prince of Wales, thus representing "George and the Dragon."

Sailors are, as is well known, invariably adorned in this manner, and Lord Charles Beresford is no exception to the rule. A gigantic snake with open mouth and forked tongue exposed is coiled round his whole body, a piece of work which took considerble time to execute, for every scale on the reptile is faithfully depicted. Prince George of Greece has a flying dragon on his chest, the creature measuring 18 in. from head to tail.

The Grand Duke Alexis is the most tattooed royalty, there being no fewer than seven distinct designs upon him which he has caused to be added at different times, while King Oscar of Sweden and the Duke of Newcastle are almost as elaborately adorned. But one of the greatest triumphs of the tattooer's art was that executed upon the body of a Scotch baron four years ago. It was an exact representation of Constable's famous etching of Sir Joshua Reynold's picture, "Mrs. Pelham," the original engraving, it will be remembered, having been sold at Christie's about the same time for $2,125.

But this form of adornment is by no means confined to the sterner sex, indeed, some of the most beautiful designs are worn by ladies of rank, because the softness of the skin better adapts itself to the tattooer's needle. The only lady in the English peerage thus marked, however, is Mrs. Cornwallis-West (Lady Randolph Churchill), who, when on a visit to India some years ago, was tattooed by a native artist with the symbol of Eternity, a snake holding its tail in its mouth. Many Princesses are sailors and wear the blue anchor, among them the Queen of Greece, who is an admiral of the fleet, a large anchor figuring on her shoulder. The Princess Waldmer of Denmark, whose husband is so well known in the nautical world, likewise has an anchor on her arm surmounted by a crown.

SLEEPY TIME.

"The moon hung low in a silver sky,
Swinging by ropes of gold;
Ready to bear to the Sleep-land fair
The charge of the Dustman old.
She clasped two wee ones with ruffled curls
Which the rippling breezes fanned,
As the joyous crew through the bright night flew
At a touch from the Dustman's hand.

Higher and higher the golden swing
Rose till it reached the skies,
Where the stars at play, in the Milky Way,
Twinkled with laughing eyes.
Hide-and-go-seek was the game they played
Mid clouds of a foamy white,
Where rainbows grew out of drops of dew
Distilled by the sunbeams bright.

A gay little wind came fluttering past,
Winging its way to the sea;
It had left its nest in the shimmering west
For a romp on the ocean free.
It laughed as it gently touched the swing
Which rested so high in air;
And its pinions light blew the soft curls bright
Of the wee ones' tangled hair.

All night the moon watched over the two
As the hours went floating by,
Till a soft pink flush made the foam-clouds blush
High in the silver sky.
Then back to earth flew the golden swing,
Through the Sleep-land's shining lane;
And the Dustman smiled as he kissed each child
And carried them home again."

GENERAL SHERIDAN AND HIS SON.

Two grave, quiet-looking men stood on the steps of a big house in Washington some years ago. They were watching four bright children get into a cart and drive down the street, throwing back kisses and "good-by" to papa and papa's friend, the General.

The young man, and the father, was General Phil Sheridan, "Fighting Phil," as he was called in those days. Another general, an old friend, said: "Phil, how do you manage your little army of four?"

"Don't manage; they are mischievous soldiers, but what good comrades! All the good there is in me they bring out. Their little mother is a wonderful woman, and worth a regiment of officers, John. I often think what pit-falls are in waiting for my small, brave soldiers all through life. I wish I could always help them over."

"Phil, if you could choose for your little son from all the temptations which will beset him the one most to to be feared, what would it be?"

General Sheridan leaned his head against the doorway and said, soberly: "It would be the curse of strong drink. Boys are not saints. We are all self-willed, strong-willed, may be full of courage and thrift and push and kindness and charity, but woe to the man or boy who becomes a slave of liquor. Oh, I had rather see my little son die to-day than to see him carried in to his mother drunk! One of my brave soldier boys on the field said to me just before a battle, when he gave me his message to his mother, if he should be killed, 'Tell her I have kept my promise to her. Not one "drink" have I ever tasted.' The boy was killed. I carried the message with my own lips to his mother. She said: 'General, that is more glory for my boy than if he had taken a city.'"

Valuable Advice to Rheumatics.

Eat meat sparingly, and take very little sugar. Avoid damp feet, drink water abundantly, and always rely on Polson's Nervoline as an absolute reliever of rheumatic pains. Being five times stronger than other remedies, its power over pain is simply beyond belief. Buy a large 25 cent bottle to-day, test it, and see if this is not so. Polson's Nervoline always cures rheumatism.

Only a loving mother can weep bitter tears over a lost child, and then wield the slipper energetically when it returns.

A FOLLOWER OF GEORGE.

"Mamma," queried a bright little fellow, "how old will I be on my next birthday?"

"Six years old, dear, if you live," she replied.

"And if I don't live," continued the youthful information seeker, "will I keep right on having birthdays just like George Washington?"

BABY'S VITALITY.

The vitality of infants and young children is at its lowest point during the hot weather. More children die in summer than at any other season. This is because the little ones suffer from bowel troubles, are nervous, weak, sleepless and irritable. Prompt action often saves a valuable little life, and troubles of this kind can be promptly met and cured by giving the little ones Baby's Own Tablets, which should be kept in every home ready for emergencies. These Tablets speedily relieve, and promptly cure all stomach, bowel and other hot weather ailments, and give sound refreshing sleep. Mrs. P. Ferguson, 405 Mansfield street, Montreal, says: "My baby was attacked with dysentery and was hot and feverish. I gave him Baby's Own Tablets and they promptly cured him. Before this he had been rather delicate, but since using the Tablets he has been better and stronger in every way."

These Tablets can be given with an absolute certainty that they will do good to all children from a new-born babe upwards. They contain no opiate or poisonous "soothing" stuff. Sold by medicine dealers or mailed at 25 cents a box by writing direct to Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

People of the United Kingdom pay annually 30 millions sterling in life insurance premiums.