The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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SUCCESSOR TO
J. P. UREN, M. D. C. M.
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L.R.C.S. & L.R.P. GLASGOW.
MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, ETC.
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EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE,
Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets,
GUELPH.
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GEORGETOWN ONTARIO

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.
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Office over Dickson's Drug Store.
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The latest anaesthetic used if desired.

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Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society.
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WM HEMSTREET,
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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 $100 and upwards.

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Farm Property For Sale!

Farm, Fronting Township, Halton Co.; 100 acres, about 60 clear, balance good bush; well fenced, and watered by spring creek. Good comfort house; two barns and silo; orchard. The property is 11 miles from Limehouse, 2½ to flourishing Village of Acton on G.T.R. For terms apply to JOHN BRAW, on premises, or address Acton P.O., Ont. 1m

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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 56, will be promptly attended to.
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ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRIEDELE Proprietor
THE well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting, horse shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired and painted in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Raw goods and welding.

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 earning power and places more young men and women in good positions than any institution of the kind in Canada IS THE
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AND SCHOOL OF
Shorthand, Typewriting and Telegraphy.
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Always open. No vacation. Twelve teachers. Fine equipment. Special summer session for July and August. Particulars free while
W. H. SHAW, Principal.

WALL PAPER!

We have several ends of Gold Wall Paper, enough for single and double rooms and halls which we will clear out below cost and at cost prices.

It will pay you to paper now. See them. Prices are put low.

Day's Bookstore
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 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

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 hand

Sayers'
SAW MILLS
Nassagaweya.
Lumber of all kinds at Lowest Market Prices.
Dill 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.

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.

"If they're Williams' Shoes they're proper."
WILLIAMS'
FOOTWEAR
WM. WILLIAMS
Mill St. ACTON

Chocolates
Don't you like 'em?
We have just gotten in a complete stock of Stewart's Chocolates—dainty, delicious and delightful. They are nicely packed in individual boxes, all flavors and qualities. Just the thing to take to the golf links or on a drive. Try a box sometime when passing.

Our Ice Cream Lawn
Is always open and we are ready to supply all flavors in
Ice Cream, Soda and Cool Drinks.
Our Ice Cream is manufactured in Hamilton and is thoroughly pure and wholesome.
We handle Fruits, Potted Goods and Confectionery.
Fresh Bread and Cakes every day.
MISS B. MILLAR
Mill St. - Acton.

GUELPH
BUSINESS COLLEGE.
Traders' Bank Building, Guelph, Ont.
THE INTERESTING FACT is now becoming known, that the system of business education pursued at the Guelph Business College is the best obtainable anywhere.
A SCHOLARLY GENTLEMAN of wide experience and critical knowledge of educational methods in many lands, recently pronounced Principal MacCormick's system of business training to be the best which had come under his notice.
EXPERT TESTIMONY of this character, given without bias or solicitation, is of great practical value to all who wish to secure the indisputable benefits of the best business training.
For particulars, apply at the college or address
M. MACCORMICK, B.A.,
Principal.

Poetry.

WHEN PA TAKES CARE OF ME.

When Pa takes care of me,
He says to Ma, "My dear,
It seems that everything
Comes on me when I've got the most to do,
But I suppose I've got to get it through
With; so you needn't fuss one bit about
Him; I'll take charge of him while you are out."
But Ma makes him repeat all she has said
About what he's to do; guess she's afraid
To let him try his way
Of watching me, the day
When Pa takes care of me.

When Pa takes care of me,
He puts me on a rug,
Gives me a kiss and hug,
Then brings in every pillow he can find,
And piles them up in front, at side, behind
Me: "So that you can't hurt yourself," he says,
And then he gets my picture-books and lays
Them down beside me, and my blocks and lays,
And says: "Now, go ahead; make all the noise
You want to; I don't care."
And I sit there and stare,
When Pa takes care of me.

When Pa takes care of me,
No book or toy or game
Seems, somehow, just the same.
And, by and by, I'm through with every one,
And when I cry, Pa says, "Have you begun
Already? What's the matter, anyway?
There's everything you own! Why don't you play?
Stop crying now! You won't? Well, what is wrong?
Come now! I'll sing." And then he starts some song
About 'Bye, baby, bye!'
And I lie flat and cry,
When Pa takes care of me.

When Pa takes care of me,
He grabs me up at last,
And starts to walk, real fast,
And talks to me and pats my back, and tries
To act as if he liked it; but he sighs
And sighs and keeps a-looking at the clock,
And out of the window, up and down the block,
For sight of Ma; and when she does come in,
She grabs me quick and says, "It's a sin!"
And Pa looks mad and—I—
I'm glad the time's gone by
When Pa takes care of me.

—Francis C. Williams, in Lippincott's Magazine.

Select Family Reading.

As Head of The Family.

By EPES W. SARGENT.

THE sun shining down upon the bare stubble gilded the rustling heaps of corn leaves and burnished the ripening pumpkins.

Tommy lay in the shadow of a shock. He was tired of playing Indian by himself. As he gazed at the blue of the distant hills the conviction grew upon him that he was too old for such childish pastimes. It was time for him to take his place as the man of the house. The whole farm was going to rack and ruin under the allied mismanagement of hired help and womenfolk.

Tommy had not much opinion of the latter. There was his sister Martha—why did she not straighten out matters by marrying Abner Jones? Had they not kept steady company for two years before the quarrel of the spring? Had not Abner the next farm, a tidy one with an orchard full of apples? Tommy smacked his lips as he remembered the apples. Had he not the smartest horse and buggy in the township? He had given Tommy many a ride in the days before the quarrel. And should all these good things be wasted for the sake of a girl's contrariness? Tommy gave a disgusted grunt. What ailed girls anyway that made them so full of whims? Catch him ever falling in love with one of the pesky creatures! Abner, however, had a bad case; he had tried to make up—Tommy had seen him. It was Martha who refused. Tommy must certainly interfere as head of the family. But how?

Here he shifted his position against the shock. Something was knuckling into his back. He drew it from behind him. It was an ear of corn, and as the leaves fell away from one end Tommy saw that it was red. He stared at it a moment resentfully, but suddenly his face cleared. With one of his favorite Indian warwhoops he began dancing around the shock. An idea had come to him. Just what he did for the next hour only the sun and some inquisitive crows know, and they have never told.

* * * * *

Abner Jones was mending harness in the shade of the great barn door. A shadow crossed the patch of sunlight just beyond him. He looked up and saw Tommy.

"Good morning, Tommy," he said cordially. "Glad to see you."

Tommy sat down on a nearby bench, but after a few polite inquiries the conversation languished. Abner looked at him curiously. Such silence was not like Tommy. He evidently had something on his mind.

Tommy had, but it took some minutes of screwing around on his seat before he opened up the subject.

"I s'pose you know that we're goin' to have a corn huskin' up at our place to-morrow night?" he asked at length.

Abner nodded. Of course he knew it. He had been thinking about it all morning, thinking of last year when Martha—

Tommy's voice broke in upon his musing. "I s'pose you're goin' to be there?"

A flush burned through all the tan of Abner's cheek. "No, I'm not coming. I haven't been invited," he said bitterly.

Tommy stood up and laid a persuasive hand upon his knee. "That's just what I come over about," he said earnestly. "I come to invite you as head of the house."

Abner stared at him in astonishment. But Tommy was now started, and he launched forth into glowing eulogy of his plan. Abner lent at first an incredulous and then a willing ear. In the end Tommy conquered his doubts.

They say that the bravest deeds go unheralded. Certain it is that it took the truest heroism for a boy like Tommy to say to Martha the next evening, "Oh, I saw Abner Jones yesterday an' invited him to come to-night, an' he's comin'!"

Martha neither cried nor fainted, though her cheeks to Tommy's excited gaze, grew undoubtedly paler. Her voice may have trembled a little as she said quietly, "Very well, Tommy."

* * * * *

In the dingy light of the barn that evening Martha's cheeks were the pinkest. Her eyes shone like stars. Her "Good evening, Mr. Jones," had been as cool as politeness permitted, but her whilom suitor seemed nowise abashed. He teased the girls and joked with the men and helped Tommy to bring in the great heaps of corn.

Tommy had an air of importance as he distributed the armfuls. He kept an anxious glance on Martha and when she finally seated herself in one corner hastened to put an armful down by her side. "That's Abner's place," he said to Tom Perkins when he tried to seize the pile. His tone was so decided that Tom looked elsewhere for a partner.

Martha was silent when Abner took his place beside her. Suddenly the young man gave a cry—"The first red ear!" He turned and kissed Martha. She allowed it, passively, it is true, but she allowed it. Abner's heart was singing for joy.

Another moment and he uncovered another red ear. Again he kissed Martha. Again she suffered it. Abner grew bold. Others were finding the coveted ears and distributing their favors, but it was he who seemed to be the lucky one. Again and again he was entitled to claim the forfeit of a kiss. He always turned to Martha. The girl's cheeks flamed. Tears were shining in her blue eyes. "Don't, Abner," she whispered beseechingly as he bent toward her.

"Why not, Martha?"

The girl dropped her eyes. "You are making everybody talk," she said deprecatingly.

"Who cares" he said recklessly. "I don't, if you don't. And Martha, you know how you can stop their talking." He seized her hand. "We've made up, dear; haven't we?" he asked.

Martha raised her eyes to his, and in their violet depths he read her answer.

* * * * *

They were saying "Good night!" on the porch after all the rest had gone. "But, Abner," she said wonderingly, "all of your ears were red. How did you manage it?"

Abner laughed. He could afford to laugh now, with Martha's hand held fast as surety that they had made up for evermore. "Oh, you must ask Tommy," he said easily. "He managed it in his capacity as head of the family."

"But I won't be head of the family any more," said a small voice. "You're head now, Abe, an' I'm awful glad. It was hard work." And Tommy rolled out of the hammock and slid off to the bed and the rest he had earned so faithfully.

WHAT LIQUOR DOES.

To-night it enters a humble home, to strike the roses from a woman's cheek, and to-morrow it challenges this country in the halls of the government.

To-day it strikes a crust from the lips of a starving child, and to-morrow levies tribute from the government itself.

There is no cottage humble enough to escape it; no place strong enough to shut it out.

It defies the law when it cannot coerce suffrage.

It is flexible to cajole, but merciless in victory.

It is the moral enemy of peace and order, the despoiler of men and terror of women, the cloud that shadows the face of children, the demon that has dug more graves and sent more souls unshrouded to judgment than all pestilences that have wasted life since God sent the plagues to Egypt, and all the wars since Joshua stood before Jericho.

It comes to ruin, and it shall profit mainly by the ruin of your sons and mine.

It comes to mislead human souls and to crush human hearts under its rumbling wheels.

It comes to bring gray-headed mothers down in shame and sorrow to their graves.

It comes to change the wife's love into despair and her pride into shame.

It comes to stifle all the music of the home and fill it with silence and desolation.

It comes to still the laughter on the lips of little children.

It comes to ruin your body and mind, to wreck your home, and it knows it must measure its prosperity by the swiftness and certainty with which it wrecks this world.—Henry W. Grady.

Your step has lost elasticity because your blood has lost vitality, which Hood's Sarsaparilla will restore.

HERE AND THERE IN HALTON.

Interesting News in Town and Country Neighborhoods, Gleaned the Past Week.

GEORGETOWN.

Messrs. A. Blackburn and J. Macpherson, late of the tailoring department of McLean & Co., have formed a partnership and will carry on business in the Moore block.

Last Sunday Rev. A. Potter preached to the united Methodist and Baptist congregations, in the Methodist Church in the morning at 11 a. m. and in the Baptist Church in the evening. Communion was celebrated at the morning service. Rev. Mr. McAlpine was in Guelph.

Rev. L. Perrin, after nine-and-a-half years pastorate of the Presbyterian Church here, said farewell to the congregations of Georgetown and Limehouse last week. A complimentary address was presented and both Rev. and Mrs. Perrin were the recipients of valuable presents.

Creelman Bros. distributed 5 per cent. of the profits of the year among their employees last week, and there was not a man of them who objected.

Mr. A. H. Goodenow, book-keeper for Creelman Bros., leaves town this week to take a situation as senior book-keeper and accountant for the Dodge Manufacturing Co., of Toronto. He is one of the exemplary and useful young men a town can scarcely afford to spare.

Rev. and Mrs. Drysdale left this week to spend their holidays at Mr. Drysdale's boyhood home at Lanark, Ont.

Miss Ryan, customs' officer, collected $14,254.85 in customs' duties at this port during the fiscal year ending June 30.

Miss Laura Potter is spending vacation with her uncle, Mr. C. Potter, Principal of Watford High School.

Mrs. F. J. Dimick and twin sons, of Toronto, spent a few days recently visiting with Dr. and Mrs. Bennett at "Hillcrest."

The whole community was shocked last week at hearing of the death of Walter Devereux, about 12 years of age, son of Mr. W. G. Devereux, while working with a rack-lifter on Tuesday evening of last week. Just how the accident happened is not quite clear, but it is known that the unfortunate boy was in the mow to which the rack was raised. By some means the rope broke and the flange in the rope wheel in turning rapidly struck him with great force on the head. He fell to the floor as if lifeless and although he lived a few minutes, never became conscious. He was a very amiable and industrious boy and even at his age was willing to take a man's place on the farm. Needless to say the shock is a terrible one for the parents, who deserve all the sympathy that kind neighbors are able to bestow.—Georgetown Herald.

MILTON.

Civic holiday, Aug. 12th.

There will be an excursion per G.T.R. to Niagara Falls on civic holiday, Aug. 12th, under the auspices of Milton Lodge, No. 92, I.O.O.F. The excursion will leave Milton at 7.10 a. m. and Niagara Falls to return at 7 p.m. The Milton brass and reed band will accompany the excursion and play a programme at the Falls.

Messrs. W. Panton, of the Champion, and Chilver Bastedo went to Havelock last week for a couple of weeks' fishing at Round Lake.

Rev. E. E. McL. Smith, pastor of Knox Church, and family, are visiting at Lucan. Mr. Smith will be absent three weeks. The pulpit was occupied last Sunday by Rev. Mr. Bennett of Thamesford.

Rev. F. A. P. Chadwick, of Dunnville, visited at the home of his father in-law, Mayor Dice, last Saturday.

John Featherston shipped last week four cars of export cattle and two cars of hogs, for which he paid $7,000.

The firemen were called out last Thursday afternoon to extinguish a blaze that had started in the front part of the livery stable. However, by the time they got there their services were not needed, as the fire had been put out by water from the hose used in connection with the stables. How the fire started is a mystery.—Reformer.

Messrs. T. R. Parsons and C. McNair attended the Butchers' Barbecue at Toronto last week.

Miss Hannah Brown, of Burlington, died last Monday and her remains were brought to Milton on Wednesday for interment. She was a niece of the late John Dixon, sr., of Trafalgar. The Brown family, of whom Miss Hannah was the youngest, lived on lot 5, Trafalgar, until about 25 years ago, when they moved to Burlington.

Edward Bastedo, of Buffalo, N. Y., came to town on Monday to spend a week or two with his brother, J. M. Bastedo. He is a veteran of the American civil war.

The pulpit of the Methodist Church was occupied last Sunday morning by Rev. R. C. Armstrong, who preached a very thoughtful and earnest sermon. Mr. Armstrong is to leave shortly for Japan, where he will be in mission work and will be supported by the leagues of Woodstock, Galt and Milton districts.

THE PULPIT AND THE DRINK EVIL.

Rev. Dr. James Stalker, of Glasgow, in concluding an address to his congregation recently on the drink evil, said: "It will always be the duty of the pulpit to insist on four things, not as matters of opinion, but in the name of God: first, that drunkenness is a deadly sin; secondly, that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God; thirdly; that it is the vocation of Christians to use the most effective means for putting an end to anything that is dishonoring to God; and fourthly, that the only perfect defence against drunkenness is a living, working and rejoicing religion.

A BANK STORY.

Once more fact has proven that the strongest stone walls cannot keep thieves out of a bank. The remarkable robbery in Paris brings to mind a strange page in the story of the Bank of England, the directors of which were once startled to receive an invitation to meet an unknown man in the strong room of the bank at midnight. "You think you is all scaf hand your bank is scaf, but I knows better. I lin blinside the bank thee last 2 nite and you nose nuffin about it. But I and nott a theaf, so hif you will mett mee in the great squar room, with all the moneys, at twelf 2 nite, He explain orl to you, let only thor 2 come down, and say nuffin to nobody." The strong room was guarded the next night, in spite of a disposition to regard the letter as a hoax, by police, and—nothing happened.

The next phase of the mystery was more astonishing than ever. A heavy chest of papers and securities taken from the strong room arrived at the bank, with a letter complaining that the directors had set the police upon the writer, and that he had not appeared as he promised; but to prove that he was neither a thief nor a fool he sent a chest of papers he had taken from the bank. Let a few gentlemen be alone in the room, and he would join them at midnight, said the writer, and to cut short a long and strange chapter of bank history a man with a dark lantern burst into the strong room of the bank at midnight, after calling from behind the stone walls for the directors to put out the lights. He was one of a strange class of men who gained a living by searching the sewers at night, and through an opening from a sewer he had found his way into the richest room in the world.—St. James's Gazette.

A LINE FENCE.

A good lawyer learns many lessons in the school of human nature; and thus it was that Lawyer Hackett did not fear to purchase the tract of land that had been "lawed over" for years.

Some of the people wondered why he wanted to get hold of the property with such an incubus of uncertainty upon it. Others thought that perhaps he wanted some legal knitting work, and would pitch in red-hot to fight the line-fence question on his own hook.

That's what the owner of the adjoining land thought. So he braced himself for trouble when he saw Hackett coming across the fields one day.

Said Hackett, "What's your claim here, anyway, as to this fence?"

"I insist," replied his neighbor, "that your fence is over on my land two feet at one end, and one foot at least on the other end."

"Well," replied Hackett, "you go ahead just as quickly as you can and set your fence over. At the end where you say that I encroach on you two feet, set the fence on my land four feet. At the other end push it on my land two feet."

"But," insisted the neighbor, "that's twice what I claim."

"I don't care about that," said Hackett. "There's been fight enough over this land. I want you to take enough until you are perfectly satisfied, and then we can get along pleasantly. Go ahead and help yourself."

The man paused, abashed. He had been ready to commence the old struggle, tooth and nail, but this move of the new neighbor stunned him. Yet he wasn't to be outdone in generosity. He looked at Hackett.

"Squire," said he, "that fence ain't going to be moved an inch. I don't want the land. There wasn't nothing in the fight but the principle of the thing."—Christian Observer.

TOASTS TO THE KING IN WATER.

An appeal to King Edward from a naval officer asking leave to break through a naval usage and drink His Majesty's health in water has elicited the reply that was to be looked for from the wisest of monarchs. The King, while safeguarding the prerogatives of the Admiralty, through which all orders have to issue, communicated to the officer his personal view that the loyal toast was as much honored by drinking it in water as in wine. Assuming that there are men in the service conscientiously opposed to the social use of wine, any other attitude on the part of the King would have had the effect of tyranny in a domain into which rulers should not intrude. The effect of this utterance, however, in a matter in which, if anywhere, the King might fairly claim a voice of his own, cannot but give total abstinence a social standing which tyrant usage has been inclined insolently to refuse it.—Montreal Witness.

SUNSET GLORIES.

I watched a glorious sunset, marveling at the beauty wherewith the evening skies were all ablaze and adoring Him who gave them their matchless coloring. On the next evening I resorted to the same spot, hoping to be again enraptured with the gorgeous pomp of ending day, but there were no clouds and, therefore, no glories. True, the canopy of sapphire was there, but no magnificent array of clouds to form golden masses with edges of burning crimson, or islands of lovliest hue set in a sea of emerald; there were no great conflagrations of splendor or flaming peaks of mountains of fire. The sun was as bright as before, but for lack of dark clouds on which to pour out his luster, his magnificence was unrevealed. A man who should live and die without trials would be like a setting sun without clouds.—C. H. Spurgeon.

First New Yorker—You look happy. Second New Yorker—I am. I have found a place where I can save a minute on my lunch.

A WIND SONG.

You swept across the world last night—
'Old Wind, that once I knew,
The Townsfolk shivered in their beds,
Good Friend, because of you—
For they had never seen you dance
Among the hyacinths blue,
But I was born in Fairyland
Where all glad things are true!

Straight from the doorways of the East
You swept the mountain's crown,
And like some sudden Fury leapt
Upon the startled Town;
But out before you on the moors
There scudded rabbits brown,
And by the lake you gently passed
The willow tassels down!

You drove the clouds like hunted sheep
Across the dawn-lit sky,
And the river at your bidding flung
A golden shower on high;
But you have to men the fragrance sweet
Of hidden violets shy,
And the primrose hoist her dainty sheath
For joy that you were nigh!

Here in this crowded Babylon,
Dull slaves and blind, we stay,
When the leaves are out, and Robin sings
On many a blossoming spray—
I would that I were on the hills
Where all the breezes play—
Oh, blow me back to Fairyland,
Good Wind, with you to-day!

THE FARM MORTGAGE.

Sometimes there seems to be need of one. We cannot always do as we would like in this world. None of us likes to be in debt; but if we are, and there is a mortgage on the old place, what shall we do with it?

In the first place, do not promise to pay more than the legal rate of interest. Let there be no secret bargain between you and the man you borrow of, and do not give anything by way of bonus.

Keep the interest paid up, whatever else you do. Nothing in the world gives a man a harder race than interest overdue.

Make careful provision for the instalment of principal coming due. When the year is new, it sometimes seems a great way to the next time of payment; but it is not.

When you pay, figure the amount due yourself. Men make mistakes, the best of them. Two heads are better than one in this as in other matters. Take a receipt for all money paid, and see that the amount paid is indorsed in the bond.

Keep on paying just as regularly as the day comes and go without some things you would like in order to do this, if need be.

COAL IN PEACE RIVER DISTRICT.

OTTAWA, July 29.—Hugh Campbell, of Cow Bay, Cape Breton, has arrived in Ottawa, after spending the winter in the Peace River region with a party prospecting for coal. Mr. Campbell represented some Ontario people. He was successful in staking out an area of coal lands upon which he calculates there are 250 million tons of good coal. This is in the district near Hudson Hope, not far from the entrance to the Peace River Pass. In some parts the coal seams are nine feet thick.

A WELL KNOWN ALBANY MAN.

Recommends Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

About eighteen months ago Mr. W. S. Manning, of Albany, N. Y., widely known in trade circles as the representative of the Albany Chemical Co., was suffering from a protracted attack of diarrhoea. "I tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," he says, "and obtained immediate relief. I cheerfully recommend this medicine to those similarly afflicted." Sold by A. T. Brown.

An old Scotchwoman, says 'Spare Moments,' lay on her sick-bed, and fearing the worst, essayed to make preparations for her departure.

"John," she said, "ye maun promise to bury me in the auld kirkyard in Str'avon beside my mither. I couldna rest in peace ameng unco folk in the dirt and smoke o' Glasgow."

"Weel, weel, Jenny, my woman," said John, soothingly, "we'll just try ye in Glasgie first, an' gin ye dinna be quiet we'll try ye in Str'avon."

Signals of Danger.—Have you lost your appetite? Have you a coated tongue? Have you an unpleasant taste in the mouth? Does your head ache and have you dizziness? If so, your stomach is out of order and you need medicine. But you do not like medicine. He that prefers sickness to medicine must suffer, but under the circumstances a wise man would procure a box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills and speedily get himself in health and strive to keep so.

The Most Popular Pill.—The pill is the most popular of all forms of medicine, and of pills the most popular are Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, because they do what is asserted they can do, and are not put forward on any fictitious claims to excellence. They are compact and portable, they are easily taken, they do not nauseate nor gripe, and they give relief in the most stubborn cases.

Teacher—What is a farm? Bright Little Girl—A piece of land entirely covered by a mortgage.—Detroit Free Press.

Cheapest of All Medicines.—Considering the curative qualities of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil it is the cheapest medicine now offered to the public. The dose required in any ailment is small and a bottle contains many doses. If it were valued at the benefit it confers, it could not be purchased for many times the price asked for it, but increased consumption has simplified and cheapened its manufacture.

Wigg—How does he rank as a sculptor? Wagg—He doesn't cut much of a figure. Philadelphia Record.