The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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Accounts payable monthly.

H. F. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

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

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L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH.
L. R. 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.

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

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.
DENTIST,
ACTON.
Office over McKay's Drug Store.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
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The latest anaesthetic used if desired.

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OFFICE—Ferryman's Block
ACTON ONT.

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

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(Over Williams Store.)
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Rulings neatly and promptly done.

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

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AUCTIONEER AND VALUATOR
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 $400 and upwards.

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Farm, Esquesing Township, Halton Co.; 100 acres, about 80 clear, balance good bush; well fenced, and watered by spring creek. Good concrete house; two barns and silo; orchard. The property is 1½ miles from Limehouse, 3½ to Georgetown, Village of Acton on G.T.R. For terms apply to JOHN HILAW, on premises, or Milfred Acton P.O., Ont. 1m

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL, $135,000.
THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office - - GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 342, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
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REPRESENTING
Douglas Lacey & Co.
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Stocks paying 8% to 12%. Original investment secured and guaranteed. Call or write for particulars.

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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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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

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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 $30
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.
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PICTURES FRAMED
—AT—
Waters Bros
ART STORE
GUELPH
ARTIST'S SUPPLY HOUSE.

CHINESE LAUNDRY
In Pearson's Building, Willow Street, Acton.
Laundry collected and returned. Family Washing at reasonable rates. All work done by hand. No machines or chemicals used.
CHARLIE SUEY, Prop.

R. W. PHILLIPS.
Plumber, Steam and Gas Fitter
Quebec Street West,
GUELPH
PLUMBING
...AND....
STEAM-FITTING
IN ALL THEIR BRANCHES
A full supply of the celebrated Fairbnk "Steam Valves always on hand.

W. BARBER & BROS.
Paper Makers
Georgetown Ontario.
BOOK.
NEWS.
COLORED
PAPERS
JOHN R. BARBER

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 Meats and Confectionery.
Fresh Bread and Cakes every day.
MISS B. MILLAR
Mill St. - Acton

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 Portland Cement
THE FAR FAMED DURHAM, which in its first season, 1903, will have a margin in sale over any other brand on the Canadian market of from seventy five to one hundred thousand barrels—a most convincing argument in its favor.
Sole Guelph Agents—
JOHN M. BOND & CO.
GUELPH.

We cordially invite you to examine our exhibit of
DUNLOP
Carriage, Bicycle Tires, and Rubber Goods of all descriptions, which will be one of the features in the new carriage building at the
DOMINION FAIR, TORONTO
also at the
London, Ottawa, Sherbrooke and St. John Fairs
The DUNLOP TIRE CO., Limited. Toronto

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 inestimable benefits of the best business training.
For particulars, apply at the college or address
M. MacCORMICK, B.A.,
Principal

The Staff of Life
Statham's Bread
Is always in favor
Fresh Scones, Buns and Dough Nuts every day. All kinds of Cakes on hand. Tarts made to order. Wedding Cakes a specialty.
Confectionery.
Best assortment of Confectionery from best makers. Popular prices.
FRUITS always on hand in season.
VEGETABLES in variety.
GROCERIES at close prices.
ICE CREAM and SUMMER DRINKS.
T. STATHAM & SON
Bakers and Grocers.
MAIN ST. - - - ACTON

"If they're Williams' shoes they're proper."
WILLIAMS'
Good Shoes are the foundation of correct dress. Williams' Shoes are the best good shoes for Men, Women or Children. They contribute ease and grace to the feet, and are the limit of comfort and durability. In short, the acme of shoe perfection.
LATEST STYLES ARE ALWAYS READY FOR YOUR INSPECTION
FOOTWEAR
WM. WILLIAMS
Mill St. ACTON

Poetry.

WIDDER GREEN'S LAST WORDS.

"I'm goin' to die," says the Widder Green,
"I'm goin' to quit this earthly scene;
It ain't no place for me to stay
In such a world as 'tis to-day.
Such works and ways is too much for me,
Nobody can't let nobody be;
The girls is flounced from top to toe
And that's the hull of what they know.
The men is mad on boodlin' stocks
Swearin' and shootin' and pickin' locks.
I'm real afraid I'll be hanged myself
Ef I ain't laid on my final shelf.
There ain't a creature but knows my day
I never was a lunatic anyway.
But since crazy folks all go free
I'm dreadful fraid they'll hang up me.
There's another matter that's peaky hard—
I can't go into a neighbor's yard
To say 'How be you?' or borrow a pin
But what the paper'll have it in:
'We're pleased to say the Widow Green
Took dinner a Tuesday with Mrs. Keene.'
Or, 'Our worthy friend, Mrs. Green, has gone
Down to Markhamstead to see her son.'
Great Jerusalem! can't I stir
Without a raisin' some feller's fur?
There ain't no privacy—so to say—
No more than if this was the Judgment Day.
And as for meetin'—I want to swear
Whenever I put my head in there—
Why, even Old Hundred's spiled an' done,
Like everything else under the sun;
It used to be so solemn and slow,
Praise to the Lord from men below—
Now it goes like a gallopin' steer,
High diddle-diddle, there and here—
No respect to the Lord above
No more n' if he was hand and glove
With all the creatures He ever made.
And all the jigs that was ever played
Preachin' too—but here I'm dumb.
But I tell you what! I'd like some
Ef good old Parson Nathan Strong
Out of his grave could come along,
An' give us a stirrin' taste of fire—
Judgment and justice is my desire.
'Pain't all love and sickish sweet
That makes this world so 'tother complete
But law! I'm old! I'd better be dead
When the world's a turnin' over my head:
Sperits talkin' like tarnal fools,
Bibles kicked out of district schools,
Crazy creeturs murderin' round—
Honest folk better be under ground,
So fare ye well! this earthly scene
Won't no more be pestered by Widder Green."

Select Family Reading.

From A Car Window

BY MARY WOOD.

THE elevated train always slowed up before it came to the curve. On this particular afternoon it came to a dead stop.

Philip Bryce gazed listlessly from the window. He was tired after a hard day at the office, and the prospect of a lonely restaurant dinner and a lonelier evening in his apartments was not inviting. He gave an impatient sigh as his glance travelled up the height of the brownstone building. "Just like my house," he commented. "Probably just as full of people, each one knowing little and caring less about the rest. Love, but a big city's a selfish sort of place!"

Just then his glance reached a window on the level of his own and rested there. His face brightened, for the sombre curtains framed a girl, an undoubtedly pretty girl. And yet there was something sympathetic in the picture that Bryce's heart gave a throb. The girl leaned forward, her delicate face supported by her clasped palms. Under a waving mass of pale gold hair her dark eyes looked sadly far beyond the train into a scene painted by her imagination.

Suddenly, as if wakened from her day dream by the fixity of his gaze, she turned. As her eyes met his a wave of crimson surged up to the roots of her hair. With a proud little movement she drew back into the shelter of the curtains. And at the same moment the train, obeying some unseen signal, moved off around the curve.

As it jolted upon its way Philip Bryce leaned back, with a sigh. But this time the sigh was not for himself, but for the girl. "Poor little soul!" he said softly. "She looked even more lonely than I. Wish I could do something for her. Well, I'll look out for her to-morrow, anyway." Strange to say, the recurrence of this philanthropic thought infused brightness into his entire evening.

There was an unusual element of haste in the way in which he sprinted up the stairs of the elevated station the next afternoon. It seemed a matter of the greatest importance that he should catch the 4 o'clock train. He told himself that it was only because it was his usual train, and he prided himself on his regularity. But there was that in his manner which belied his words.

As the train slowed up for the curve his eye eagerly sought a certain window. The girl was at her post. She might have been reading, for a book was in her lap, but Philip felt sure that she saw him, felt sure that sudden color flooded her cheek. Such marvelous power has the human eye on occasion. The young man was unreasonably happy over his discovery.

And so for many days. When twilight fell earlier, the girl's slender figure was silhouetted against lamp-light. The curtains were never drawn, and she was never absent. She watched for him.

The assurance gave Bryce the courage to call on the janitor of the brownstone house and inquire as to the prices of vacant apartments and incidentally as to the girl.

The janitor was loquacious, after the manner of janitors. As he watched the smoke wreath up from one of Philip's best cigars he felt that for once he had a listener worthy of his powers. The third story front flat? Ah, yes. Miss Metcalf lived there—a nasty, cantankerous old lady. Her companion, poor little Miss Lambert, had a hard time of it with her. How she ever stood it all he didn't see. She was some sort of a poor relation and likely didn't have anywhere else to stay. But it was a shame the way the old lady devilled her.

The janitor grew quite excited over it. So did Philip. In fact he had some difficulty in restraining his feelings. But he forbore to interrupt the janitor. Such information was precious.

"The poor young lady never gets a breath of fresh air except when she goes driving with the old dame, and never a minute to herself except when her tyrant is sleeping."

Sudden enlightenment came to Philip. Evidently Miss Metcalf took an afternoon siesta. He had to thank the god of sleep for those stolen meetings, if meetings they might be called.

The janitor's story had strangely excited him, however. It was in an exalted mood that he sallied forth like a knight of old to the nearest florist. The purchase of a large bunch of violets somewhat soothed his feelings. But he reddened shamefacedly as he inscribed a card, "From the man in the car window," addressed the box to "Miss Lambert." That he, Philip Bryce, matter of fact business man, should be caught at such a schoolboy's trick? And yet he gloried in the incongruity.

The next afternoon he could hardly wait until the train reached the curve. Would she wear his flowers? Would she smile her thanks?

But—the girl was not at her post; the curtains were tightly drawn. The pain of the disappointment stung him into energy. He had allowed this girl to grow into his life and thoughts. Should he let her slip out again? Never!

With sudden determination he left the train at the next station and walked straight to the brownstone house. The janitor recognized him. He volunteered to show him the way.

The girl herself opened the door. Her cheeks were paler than usual and her eyes heavy from weeping. She, too, by her startled glance, recognized him. Philip started forward impetuously, but she drew back and leaned, trembling, against the door as she said in a frightened whisper: "You? You?"

The janitor had discreetly withdrawn.

Philip felt a pang of reproach as he looked at the shrinking girl. "He had startled her too much. His voice was very gentle as he said: "Yes, Miss Lambert, it is I, the man from the car window. You see I know your name. The janitor told me. And I've come to ask you whether you liked the violets. And, oh, when I missed you from the window I could not stand it. I just had to come and find out what was the matter."

The girl's eyes were downcast, her cheeks crimson, as she said in the same frightened whisper: "Yes, I got your violets. They were beautiful, and you were very kind to send them. But you ought not to have sent them, and you ought not to have come here." Miss Metcalf found me with them, and I had to tell her all about them—and you. She was dreadfully shocked. I—I did not know that I had been doing anything wrong. But she said that I had been very bold and forward and that you—you were not a good man. And she made me promise never to watch for you again, and she threw the violets away—my poor violets." Her voice trembled, but she raised her eyes trustingly as she said more firmly: "I don't believe everything she said, though. I know you meant to be kind, even though it was wrong."

Philip Bryce gently took her hands in his. "No, it was not wrong. Do I look like a man who could not be trusted?"

Something in her face seemed to give him confidence, for he went on impetuously: "May not a man send flowers to the girl whom he loves? Little girl, I am all alone in the world and very lonely. You are lonely too. I read it in your face day after day. And you need some one to take care of you. If you can trust me, if you think that some day you can love me a little, won't you let me take care of you? I can wait patiently. I have been lonely long for these many weeks, but I can wait till you are ready, dear."

As she looked up into his earnest, manly face and read the love shining in his eyes she laid her head down on his breast and whispered, "I am ready—now."

So Miss Metcalf lost her companion, but Philip Bryce gained a wife.

MOTHER.

Young people, look in those eyes, listen to the dear voice and notice the feeling of even a touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand. Make much of it while you have the most precious of all gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love in those eyes, the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends—fond, dear, kind friends—but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world for the deep, sweet security I felt when on an evening, resting on her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender, untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep, nor her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since I laid her by my father in the old church-yard, yet still her voice whispers from her grave, and her eyes watch over me as I visit spots long since hallowed by her memory.

Lord Macaulay.

DER PENEFITS UV DRINKIN'.

As will be evident from the names that occur, the following, handed in by a friend, was published about twenty years ago, but as neither the principles that govern the liquor business nor the conditions of its existence have changed materially since then, observations concerning it that were true then are almost equally true and applicable now. The article expresses perhaps as strong reasons for the continued existence of the business as any that can be advanced:

A "liquor mirchant" of Topeka was heard to discourse as follows the other day to a sympathetic crowd:

As I am der boss mit a bier saloon it was yust right dot I shtand opp for dot peeziness. Uv a man vas got a saloon mit himself, I guess he vas know something about trinks, ain't it?

I am avare dot lots uv vollops dot vants to save monish vas a dryin to run down der peeziness. Der vas John B. Goff, und Susa Anthony, und Barnum's circus, und blenty uv udder vellors; put ven I dold you sometings, guess you vould say: "Coot for Sauermilch! big hot vas level."

Der ort to be a rum schop on every corner in every town, und den peeziness vill go good. Der vhiskey peeziness helps eny town. No matter how dull peeziness vas, beoples vill spend der monish fur trinks. Dis vas broved efry tay. All ofer Nye York you can find vorking mans dot vill go on some strikes peeause dey don't got more vages, und yet dose same mens vill spend feefty cents efry tay fur vhisky und bier. Dot proves der liquor peeziness vas helpin' trade, ain't it?

Und dot vas not der only vay; der vas meany udders. Uv it vas not fur trinkin' meany bublic buildings vould not peen built—dese belsons und shalls, und poor-houses, und inebriate asylums, und such dings; und oef dese houses vas not built, vy, uv gourse, der meganics vould haf noddings to do; ain't it?

Uv you don't got some rum shops in ter town you vouldn't need no shail, und uv gourse you won't vant no sheriff, und vat vould der bolltician done?

Uv der vas no rum der vould be no murder, no fites, no stabs, no lickin' vife, no noddings fur der newspapers, und vat vould der editors done?

Ah! mein friends, before you run down der rum you yust dink uv all dese dings. How many beoples vould been out of vork mitout liquor? Vy, ve vould need no bolices, no charity shommissions, no supe-houses, no communists, no noddings.

Uv you hat no vhisky shops vere vill yer pays spend der efenings? Vy, dey vould had to stay at home, und it vould kill menny of dem to be cast inter der same society as der mudders und seesters. Der mudders doll dem der same scholly shtories vot dey hear mit der saloon? Dot vas impossible. Peaides, the saloon vas uv yuse to der vamily. Uv you haf a son, und you don't vant him sittin' around der house all der efening, you can yust send him to der saloon, und he vould not vorry you more dot night. In all dese vays a saloon helps a town very much; ain't it.

Und it helps you socially. It benefits your vamily. It helps your sons to get acquainted mit beeple dot dey vould not oddervise know mithout der saloon.

Der vas noddling likebi er for sociableness—except vhisky. Vhisky is a leetle abet.

Der vas a dime ven two frents vould meet und oekshange der gombliments of der day und part. But der saloon has done away mit dot cold vay iiv acting. Now ven two or dree frents meet und schake hants mit demselves, von uv dem vill say: "Let's haf someding." Und dey vill valk inter der saloon, und von veller says: "Vot will you dake?" Und der udder veller says: "I vill dake der same." Und dey yust douch dose glasses togedder und say: "Here abe goes," und abe does go. Den der odder veller says: "Now, you must dake someding mit me." Und dey go dru der same berformance mit demselves vonce more. Dot vas sociapility. Uv you don't got some nabons, how you vas gone to do dot, eh?

When you ask a man to dook someding, you don't vant to dreat him to a coat, or a pair of shus, or a loaf of bread, or no such foolishness, do you?

Vhisky enables a man to pury his thoughts. He vill forget all about his hart work—sometimes for more nigh a week.

It gifs a man courage in running his house. Vot vould a man do without he, trinks? I vas so meek as Moses vhen I vas sober, but ven I vas full mit bier, ven you yust put your poots der schiltren und der olt woman, vot got to shtamp around lively. Mein vife don't dalk pack to me then. Uv she vould, I lick her like blazes. I let her know I vas as good a man as vot she was, or some udder vons also.

Vhisky teaches a man not to be proud mit himself. Ven a man vas sober he vants clean close, und a goot bed, und blenty of udder dings. But ven he vas drunk he vas not stock epp. He don't care vot kind of close he vares, und ven it comes to schleeping, he vould yust as soon schleep in de gutter as some udder places, und he tinks der kerbstone vas a pillar; don't it?

Liquor vas healthy, doo. I know me dot. Yust you vatch enny man dot keeps a saloon, und vas not doo stingy to trink his own trink—yust you vatch him, und see vat a pig body he has got. You don't vant some better liood as dot; ain't it. Ven I started a saloon I vas very skinny, und now der peys call me "Old Bloat." I vas getting ferry fat.

Efry town likes to haf rich man, und der vas no peeziness vich a man could get rich so soon as in der saloon peeziness. Der vas ferry big profits in all kinds of trinks. Yust look at some fery young feller vot vas tending bar. He starts mid noddings, und in a few years he vas got schirts mit frills, und a diamond pin, und a a gold vatch, mit a chain dot weighs den pounds, und monish enuff to start a saloon uv his own.

Look at me. I started a lager bier saloon after I failed to got rich in dey puggy peeziness; und now I got no trouble and no vork, only to tap a new keg ven de udder von vas dry, und rake in der stamps.

Sometimes I vas mad. It vas vhen vimmens und schiltren come here to peg monish to pay bread; und ven I say "No," den dey say der husbands und vaters spend all der monish here. Vot vas dot der peeziness? All vimmens tink uv vas spending monish on dress, und der olt mans must vork, vork, und haf no enjoyment.

I stick mit mein saloon. I haf a license, und Der Government vas packing me; und Murphy, nor der vimmen's crusade, nor St. John can make me stop. Dot's de kind uv veller vat I vas. Don't it?

HERE AND THERE IN HALTON.

Paragraphs of News Gleaned from County Exchanges and Elsewhere.

NASSAGAWEYA.

The reopening and anniversary services of St. David's Church, Campbellville, will be held next Sabbath and Monday, Sept. 6th and 7th. Services on Sabbath at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., conducted by Rev. John Currie, of Belmont. A peach festival will be held in the basement on Monday evening, after which there will be addresses by neighboring ministers and an enjoyable musical programme.

GEORGETOWN.

The Postoffice is undergoing much-needed improvements.

It is reported that, counting their travellers, the Arnold Glove Factory has fifty-three names now on the pay list.

Reeve Warren holidayed last week with friends in Detroit. Both the town and the Herald hustled along as usual in his absence. He enjoyed his outing very much.

The officers of the township fair are stirring themselves in the effort to provide a very attractive programme.

An additional side track is being laid at the G. T. R. station and the freight shed is also being improved.

The new greenhouses are beginning to look like business. The premises will present a very attractive appearance.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Barber and Misses Daisy and Hazel Barber spent last week at Atlantic City.

The Esquesing Agricultural Society offers prizes of $5, $3 and $2 for the largest wagon load of school children brought to the fair. They also offer $5, $3 and $2 for the best decorated wagon, containing not fewer than sixteen children, handsomest team and harness included. For a Maypole Dance competition (sixteen children required) $5, $3 and $2 are offered.

Rev. L. Perrin, B. A., and Mrs. Perrin left last week for their new home at Wroxetter. The best wishes of our citizens follow them.

MILTON.

The old verandahs which have disfigured this town for so long must come down. Three were removed last week, to the benefit of the properties concerned.

J. H. Peacock shipped last week to Collingwood two carloads of hogs, the lot costing $2,500.

John Henderson, of Boyne, has bought David Craig's dwelling house on King Street.

J. S. Deacon, P. S. I., left last week for Winnipeg on a business trip. His business may keep him there a month.

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church have secured the well known Sherlock Concert Co., of Toronto, to give one of their popular and high-class concerts in the town hall on the evening of the 25th Sept., last day of the county fair.

The contract for laying the granolithic walk on Main st. was awarded by the town council to The Forest City Paving Co., of London, at 11.65c per square foot for walks and crossings. Operations will be commenced this week, and it is expected the work will be completed about the middle of September.

Last week W. A. Lawrence sold a handsome pair of steppers for $1,100. The horses are to be shipped to England.

Performer, the valuable carriage stallion, owned by Mr. W. N. Scott of Milton, died last week at his stables in Georgetown. The animal was valued at $1,000.

DON'T FIND FAULT.

Nothing else so hideous character, so demoralizes manhood and womanhood, and so utterly precludes the possibility of upward growth, as the deadening habit of fault-finding, of criticising. As a rule, we find what we seek. If we look for light and beauty,—if we try to find something to admire and praise in others,—we shall find it. On the other hand, if, like the hog, we root in the mire, seeking something filthy, keep constantly on the watch for the faults, the unlovely qualities of others, we shall find what we seek. But we must remember whatever we are looking for, whatever we are striving to find, will colour and influence our characters; in other words we shall become like what we strive and yearn for. So, if we wish to become beautiful and strong in mind and body, we must seek symmetry, beauty, nobility—all that is vigorous and elevating—continually, in nature and humanity.

It is easy to detect the bride who is acting the role of the long-ago-married woman.

POVERTY.

The people call him rich; his lands
Stretch very far and very wide;
They call him rich, yet there he stands
Ill-clad and beat and hollow-eyed.
The people call him rich; his gold
Is piled in many a yellow heap,
But he is all alone and old,
And when he dies no one will weep.
They call him rich, but where he dwells
The floors are bare, the walls are bleak.
They call him rich; he does not know
The happiness of standing where
Sweet winds across the meadows blow
And toss the verdant billows there.
—S. E. Kiser, in Harper's.

TOO MUCH SPENDING MONEY.

"Too much spending money in boyhood starts more young men on the wrong road than any other cause—perhaps than all other causes combined," says an exchange. "This conclusion is the result of years devoted to the professional 'piping' of hundreds of cases of commercial dishonesty. Such an experience compels the conviction that parents are generally more responsible for the dishonesty of their boys than are the boys themselves. They cannot be legitimately construed into an excuse for the boy who goes wrong, but it should show the way to prevent moral failures from the same cause. It is not the young man who has the hard boyhood who goes wrong. More embezzlers and defaulters come from the kindergarten of luxury and extravagance than from poverty—ten times over. Would you give your boy the best possible safe-guard against the temptation to become dishonest? Then keep his fund of spending money down to what he would have for the little personal luxuries of life if he has to earn his own living and supply his indulgences from surplus earnings. That will start him on the right basis. Making expensive presents and carousing with gay companions is another pitfall, although many go down in the race before this stage is reached. There is a lesson for Canadian boys in every 'boy wanted' advertising column of the city papers. They almost invariably specify 'one not afraid of work.' Boys who are afraid of work have but a small place in this busy age and are not wanted."

HUMOROUS.

In college there is a constant combat of wits between the tutor and his pupils. The students who attended the lectures on biology planned a little joke on their professor. They removed a stuffed baboon from the natural history museum, dressed it in a student's gown and set it in the professor's chair upon the lecture platform. When he entered the room they greeted his evident surprise with a suppressed giggle of merriment. "Well, gentlemen," said the professor, blandly, "I'm glad to see that you have at last found a professor who is suited to your capacities."

One of the companies whose steamboats ply on the great lakes has a standing rule that clergymen and Indians can travel for half fare. A short time ago an agent of the line was approached by an Indian preacher who asked for free transportation on the ground that he was entitled to one-half rebate because he was an Indian, and the other half because he was a clergyman.

FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

Some one has suggested a few things that every girl can learn before she is 12. Not every one can learn to sing or play or paint well enough to give any pleasure to their friends, but the following "accomplishments" are in reach of every little girl:

Shut the door and shut it softly.

Keep your own room in tasteful order.

Have an hour for rising and rise.

Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours.

Always know where your things are.

Never go about with your shoes unfastened.

Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody more comfortable.

OVERSHOT HIS MARK.

The principal trustee of school district number sixteen was entertaining a young man fresh from college who had driven out to his house to apply for the position of teacher of the school in that district.

As they sat on the porch after dinner the trustee casually called attention to a familiar little orange-colored bug with black spots on its back which was crawling on the floor. "I s'pose you know what that is?" he said.

"Yes," said the applicant, eager to show his technical knowledge, "that is a Coccinella septempunctata."

"Young man," was the rejoinder, "a feller that don't know a ladybug when he sees it, can't get my vote for teacher in this district."—Selected.

OWES HIM A LIVING.

The young man who thinks that the world owes him a living would perhaps find some difficulty in determining just how this debt was created. Yet there is a sense in which his belief is correct. The world owes him a living provided he is willing to pay for it with a life, but—not otherwise. The individual man, as he expects to derive much good from society, must be willing to make his personal contribution to the general welfare. The law of reciprocity holds good among all intelligent creatures. "Freely ye have received, freely give." Whoever desires to get along on any other basis is at heart a robber and a thief.

Scrofula, dyspepsia, rheumatism kidney trouble, catarrh and general debility are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.