The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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English office, 30 Fleet Street, London, E. C., where Messrs. E. and J. Hardy & Co. will receive for us bona fide subscriptions and advertisements, and where our readers can, free of charge, see our paper when in England.

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M.,
SUCCESSOR TO
J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill Frederick Streets, Acton.
Office Hours:—6 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 3 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL.
L. R. C. P. Edinburgh.
L. 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.

DENTAL.

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

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.
DENTIST.
ACTON.
Office at Residence, Main St.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
VISITING DAYS.—First and third Tuesdays, Brookville; Friday, Rockwood.
The latest anæsthetic used if desired.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
OFFICE—Mill Street in Matthews' Block, Upstairs.

R. J. McNABB,
Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc.
OFFICE—Ferryman's Block
ACTON ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. and J. HARDY & CO.,
ADVERTISING CONTRACTORS AND NEWS CORRESPONDENTS.
30 Fleet Street, London, E. C., England.
A File of this Paper can be seen free of charge by visitors to London, to whom advice gratis will be given if required.

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

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER,
Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario.
(Over Williams Store.)
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Jobbing neatly and promptly done.

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

WM. HEMSTREET,
AUCTIONEER 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 $100 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $185,000.
THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office - - GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any insurance required will be promptly attended to.
W. H. DENNY, Agent,
Young St., Acton.
Also agent for The Union Insurance Co., of England.

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

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.

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 NUEY, Prop.

Day Sells Cheap
TYPEWRITING SUPPLIES
BOND PAPERS
CAP, LETTER AND NOTE
CARBON PAPER
RIBBONS,
All Sizes and for All Machines.
OILS,
Big Stock.
Satisfaction guaranteed in every Case.
Day's Book Store
GUELPH.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

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

ACTON BRANCH
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
Interest at most favorable current rates allowed on Savings Bank accounts.
Letters of Credit, available in all parts of the world, issued 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

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.

Eden Mills Flour
Fine Quality of this flour The well-known. It is now for sale in Acton by—
W. MOSIER
—AT—
ACTON MILLS
The businesses will be continued at Everton and Eden Mills, and Bran, Middlings, Chop Feed, Etc., will be for sale at either of these places.
Chopping done and Oats rolled for horses every day at both Mills.
Cash for wheat and Oats.
HENRY HORTOP,
PROPRIETOR

. . Plymouth . .
Binder Twine
PEST AND CHEAPEST IN THE MARKET
ALWAYS ON HAND.
The usual lines of
Flour and Feed.
Oatmeal, Rolled Wheat.
Crushed Wheat, Graham Flour
Germ Meal, Buckwheat Flour
Peas, Pot Barley, Split Peas.
Potatoes.
Garden Seeds of all kinds.
ACTON FLOUR AND FEED STORE
All kinds of Grain wanted
AT
ACTON GRANARY
GEORGETOWN ELEVATOR
AND
NORVAL MILLS

—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
at his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 10 a.m. and 6.10 p.m. Careful attention given to everyorder. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

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

Ayer's
You can depend on Ayer's Hair Vigor to restore color to your gray hair, every time. Follow directions and it never fails to do this work. It stops
Hair Vigor
falling of the hair, also. There's great satisfaction in knowing you are not going to be disappointed. Isn't that so?
"My hair faded until it was about white. It took just two bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor to restore it to its former dark, rich color. Your Hair Vigor certainly does what you claim for it."—A. M. DOUGAS, Buckingham, N. C.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Fading Hair

National Portland Cement
THE FARFAMED 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

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.

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

DUNLOP
SIDE-WIRE TIRE

The latest and most successful Carriage Tire on the market. Constructed with cross bars every three-quarters of an inch. Vulcanized in rubber and an actual part of it. Retained in channels by wires at the outer edge, resting upon the shoulder formed by these cross bars. Absolutely solid. Positively no movement. Write for particulars and price list.
The Dunlop Tire Co., Limited, Toronto.

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 Fairbank Steam Valves always on hand.

Poetry.

Select Family Reading.

A CAUTIOUS CREED.

"My boy," said Uncle Hiram, "you should learn while yet you're young,
A chap can dodge much trouble by a good grip on his tongue.
I've noticed that the fellers who with joy keep most in touch,
Are those who ever gossip never comment very much.
Of course, one don't grow chummy with a man of quiet type,
Unbosom secrets to him o'er a bottle or a pipe,
Yet, my boy, you're bound t' notice as your years of youth slip by
That the man who keeps his mouth shut never gets a blackened eye.

"There must be some connection 'tween a man who's quick t' speak,
His thoughts on all occasions and a bruised spot on his cheek,
For it's chops who're allus talkin' when horse-sense would quite forbid
Whose skin goes into mournin' on their optics' under lid.
It may at first be hard, my boy, the stream of talk to shun,
Perhaps by bein' quiet you will miss a lot o' fun,
But there's this sweet compensation which wise men won't deny:
He who's learned t' keep his mouth shut never gets a blackened eye.

"An' so your Uncle Hiram, with an eye t' your success,
Would fain the little lesson on your youthful mind impress.
Think twice ere you opinions reach on things men talk about,
An' then—for pity sakes, my boy, don't over speak them out!
It may look idiotic in a man t' smile an' blink,
An' never say a word out loud of what he's come t' think;
But the god of facial beauty's apt t' nudge him on the sly,
Since the man who keeps his mouth shut never gets a blackened eye!"

—Roy Farrell Green, in the New York World.

Their Game of Hearts.

By Elsie Carmichael.

"I AM awfully sorry," he said meekly, but his eyes belied his words. "I really wouldn't have come if I had known I had to inflict myself on you in this way." He offered his arm, looking at her downcast, piquant, little face with a world of pity in his eyes. "Don't take it so hard, dear," he whispered.

She raised her head and flashed him a defiant look. "You forget," she said icily. "Don't take advantage of our having to sit next one another through a long dinner to treat me so. I don't see what Mrs. Clarke was thinking of."

Don's eyes twinkled. "Well, really," he said, "I don't see that Mrs. Clarke can be blamed. How could she know that you had refused me last evening? If you don't want to talk to me you can talk to your other neighbor."

Nan looked at the fat, stupid, old gentleman on her other side and made a little move. "He is certainly the lesser of two evils," she said and turned her round, white shoulder to Don.

The latter, with seeming eagerness, talked to a gay young widow on his other side, and Nan listened with wandering attention to the dissertation of the elderly gourmand on the delights of pate de foie gras.

The conversation between the widow and Don waxed most frivolous. Nan felt the angry tears coming to her eyes. It was not fair to treat her so. Never since she had known him had he deliberately turned his back on her. Every one would notice it. She hated that widow.

"Ah, that will be glorious!" cried the latter. "Will you come for me at three, and may I really drive those grays of yours all the way to the club? I long to feel the reins in my hands again. I haven't driven good horses for so long. Most people are afraid to let me try, but you know I can drive, don't you, Don? Do you remember long ago, in those good old days, how we used to go spinning out to the Country Club and"—Then her voice dropped, and Nan heard no more.

Oh, if only Archie or Dick or Malcolm were next her, wouldn't she show Don how little she cared? But this stupid, old Mr. Jones could hardly be induced to take his attention from his plate for a moment. She talked excitedly, the color mounted her cheeks, and Don, who watched her surreptitiously, thought he had never seen her so charming. It was a bitter-sweet thing just to sit next her this way, even if she would not speak to him.

He listened only half mechanically to what Mrs. Wright was saying. His mind would wander back to that last evening when he had finished that delicious waltz with her and they had strolled into the conservatory. He could still hear the last strains of music die away, sobbing sweet. She was so radiant in her filmy, rose colored gown that he told her she looked like a bit of sunset cloud. She had seemed happy and content until he had made the mistake of telling her he loved her, and then the whole radiant world was suddenly turned to cold gray tones, as when the evening colors in the sky fade into twilight.

The hostess rose, and he stood back to let Nan pass. She had never a look for him, but chatted gaily with Madge Trelawney as they left the room. Then he threw himself back in his chair, and smoked in silence, not listening to the talk about him.

When he strolled into the drawing room half an hour later Mrs. Clarke, who was near the door, held out a detaining hand. "I want you to take Nan into the library to play ping-pong," she said.

"But perhaps she won't want to," objected Don. Mrs. Clarke looked at him shrewdly.

"Don't you think I know that you and Nan have quarreled?" she asked. "Am I blind? Be a good boy, and make it up."

"I am willing enough to, Mrs. Clarke," he said so earnestly that his hostess felt as though he had taken her into his confidence, and led him up to the low couch near the fire, where Nan was still talking to Madge Trelawney. The color had gone from her face now, and she looked tired and listless.

"Take Mr. Prentice into the library and make him play ping-pong, Nan," begged Mrs. Clarke. "Things are going very dully to-night, and I want some one to start them up a bit."

Nan was surprised to find herself a moment later alone in the dimly lit library with Prentice. She had not intended to come. Now that she was there, however, she longed to sit down on the low seat before the flickering fire and have him tell her again how he loved her. If she could hear those words now she thought her answer would be different. He had taken her by surprise last night. He had taken her love too much for granted and hurt her pride. But all that was over. She dared not yield to the spell of the fire light. She picked up a racket and tried the delicate little celluloid ball on the table.

"Come on," she said. "We might as well play a set to please Mrs. Clarke."

They played a game absent-mindedly. "Love one," he said when they had finished.

"But it isn't," pouted Nan. "It's no fun to play with you. You never keep the score right. You won the game."

"Oh, did I?" he inquired. "I am surprised. You always win."

"What?" asked Nan scornfully. "What game do I ever win, Don? I am stupid at most games, and you know it."

"Oh, hearts," he said.

"But this isn't hearts!" she cried, wilfully misunderstanding him. "It's ping-pong, and it isn't 'love one.'"

"But it always is for me," he said. She went on playing and ignored the subject.

"I think this will probably be the last game we will have together for a long time," he said mournfully, after they had played in silence for a few minutes.

Nan missed the ball. "Why?" she asked. The color left her face and then surged back again.

"I am going to start for South Africa next week," he said. "Some business interests call me there, and if all goes well I may decide to stay—forever."

Nan picked up the ball. "Oh!" she said after a moment. "South Africa must be — a — er — very interesting place, but rather—er—hot, is it not?"

"Yes," he said pensively. "It's a very unhealthy climate where I am going. Marsh fever, cholera — all those things kill people off rather fast."

He sent the ball back so wildly that it landed on top of the book-case. "The game is mine," he said, throwing down his racket.

"But it isn't," she said. "I won it fairly and squarely."

Her lips were trembling and there were bright tears in her eyes as she went over to the fireplace and looked down into the leaping flames. There was something so pathetic and lonely about the little figure in the fire light that he went to her quickly.

"Please say the game is mine," he begged and held out his hands.

She swayed a moment as though she would fall, and then turned and put both her little hands in his.

"Well, yes," she said, smiling through her tears. "You have won, Don. Only please don't go to South Africa."

IRISH BLUNDERS AND WIT.

The following are from "Moore's Memoirs:"

The following emphatic declaration of the celebrated Irish orator, Sir Ralph Roche, has a true national flavor: "If the question is put to me, Mr. Speaker, I'll answer boldly in the affirmative—No."

Another Irish member said, on one occasion, with similar felicity: "Sir, if I have any partiality for the honorable gentleman, it is a partiality against him."

An Irishman, who had jumped into the water to save a man from drowning, on receiving sixpence from the person as a reward for his services, looked first at the sixpence, and then at him and at last exclaimed, "I'm overpaid for the job."

WHEN HE DID BETTER.

A celebrated bishop once sat through a long and atrocious sermon on a hot summer morning. With an immovable countenance he listened to metaphors that were mixed, pathos that was pathos and humor that was sad. The preacher was a youth just out of college—a very conceited youth. He bellowed through the sermon at the top of his lungs. His gestures were violent enough to break his arms. At every climax he fixed the bishop with his eye to see if a suitable impression had been made.

And at the end of the service this young snipe swaggered up to the bishop and said:

"I fancy I did rather well to-day, sir. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," returned the bishop; "but you did better last year."

"Last year!" said the young man. "Why, I didn't preach at all last year."

"That's the reason!" said the bishop, with a pleasant smile.

TWENTY YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Interesting News from the Free Press of November 15th, 1883.

Winter opened with a veritable blizzard on Monday.

The annual municipal oyster supper will soon be on the tapis.

Mr. James Moore, of Brampton, is visiting his daughters here.

Miss Lizzie McMacken left for her home in Highgate last Friday.

Fall wheat sold on the market here yesterday at $1.06, and spring at $1.08.

Miss Fanny Boomer, of Clifford, has been spending the week with Acton friends.

The constable will soon commence his rounds respecting the clearance of snow from the sidewalks.

There has been no bad wheeling this fall and a few more inches of snow would give good sleighing.

A charge has been laid against Geo. Gibbs, Georgetown, of supplying liquor in violation of the Scott Act.

Winter opened last year on the 17th November, and sleighing continued uninterrupted until 1st April.

Miss Barbara Warren, who is attending the High School at Brampton, was home for Thanksgiving.

Miss Jennie Grant has been engaged teacher of the third department at the Public School for next year at $250 salary.

The Oddfellows have engaged the famous Tennessee University Jubilee Singers for a concert on Saturday evening.

The County of Halton had 26,387 acres in fall wheat this year and raised 327,100 bushels; last year 20,712 acres yielded 331,810 bushels.

Rev. W. Bryers and Rev. G. W. Dewey, junior pastor of the M. E. Church, Georgetown, exchanged pulpits last Sunday evening.

Eight or ten members of Acton Hunt Club paraded the streets on Thanksgiving Day for an hour or two with their steeds in holiday attire.

The FREE PRESS is informed that when Mrs. Soper's home was destroyed by fire at Crowsons Corners last week $250 in bank bills was also burned.

The homestead of the late John McColl, Esquesing, was sold on Monday for $5000, and the brick residence in Georgetown to Allan Holmes for $1,450.

At the Council meeting on Monday evening upon motion of C. S. Smith the last $500 on the contract for erection of town hall was voted W. A. McCulla.

Very successful special services are in progress in the Methodist Church in Eden Mills. Between 60 and 70 persons have decided to lead Christian lives henceforth.

It is very satisfactory to be able to state that not a dollar has been needed to be expended by the Council this year for local charity. Would this have been the case if the Scott Act were not in force?

Moved by William Ismond, seconded by John Kenney, that Thomas Easton, caretaker town hall, be instructed to ring the town bell on and after Monday next by standard time—17 minutes earlier than the old sun time.

Mr. James Moore, Jr., returned on Thursday from his deer-hunting expedition to Muskoka. Jim had a hand in the capture of several of the coveted game, but his Winchester seemed to fail to send forth fatal bullets when most desired.

The Township Council has spent $140 this year in improving the road between Stewarttown and Georgetown. It is a good job. Our citizens and farmers would be satisfied if half that amount were now spent on the road between Acton and Speyside.

HALTON PLOUGHMEN.

Hold Their 18th Annual Contests at Milton.—The Prize Winners.

The thirteenth annual contests of the Halton Ploughman's Association took place Friday on the farm of W. J. Clements at Milton. There was a large turnout, and the prizes were won by the following:—

Champion class—1, J. N. Bussell, Hornby; 2, Thomas MacLean, Toronto.

First class—1, W. Hawstrawser, Woodhill; 2, Charles Jarvis, Hoyne; 3, Ira Featherstone, Nelson.

Second class—1, John Smith, Nelson; 2, J. J. Thompson, Esquesing; 3, W. J. Chisholm, Hornby.

Third class—1, Thomas Featherstone, Nelson; 2, Hector Brown, Trafalgar; 3, Edmund Walker, Trafalgar.

Boy's Class—1, Duncan McCallum, Trafalgar; 2, George Bagg, Trafalgar.

Fifth class—1, William Allen, Milton.

Sixth class—1, Robert Bush, Milton; 2, Ben McGregor, Milton.

Special—Best crown in sixth class—1, Ben McGregor, Milton. Best finish in sixth class—R. Bush, Milton. Special for county of Halton only, $5 by Bank of Hamilton—1, J. H. Bussell, $3; 2, Charles Jarvis, $2. Special best ridge in field, champions barred, silver cup—1, W. Hawstrawser, Woodhill; best finish of field, Collie pup by the Secretary—1, J. H. Bussell.

The judges were Thomas Moore, Brampton; James Mains, Milton, and W. Snow, Georgetown.

The officers are:—James Jarvis, Milton, President; W. J. Clement, Milton, Secretary-Treasurer.

Owing to the dry weather, which made the ground very hard, the competition was a little below that of other years, although plenty of good work was done. Supper was furnished the ploughmen at Kelly's Hotel, Milton.

Marriages may be made in heaven, but a lot of them end in the other place.

Dyspepsia is difficult digestion, due to the absence of natural digestion fluids. Hood's Sarsaparilla restores the digestive powers.

GADDING GIRLS.

A lady in town sends the FREE PRESS the following for insertion:

The mothers of this town have had a lesson, but it doesn't seem to have done them any good. There are just as many girls gadding around town after school now getting their mail from private boxes in the post office as they were ten days ago. Two years ago the Gazette went after the mothers of Emporia for neglecting their daughters, and the result was that half a dozen private mail boxes were discontinued and a lot of little girls that were in the habit of gadding too much were kept in for a short time.

These girls are now developing into fine young women, but another crop of gadding girls has come on and the the Gazette hopes no one's modesty will be shocked by saying that these little hussies ought to be spanked good and red. They are between 14 and 17 years old, and are just so everlastingly boy-struck that they can't sit still. If their mothers know the type of boys and men—young human pups—these girls are running with, their mothers would throw fits.

But their mothers know nothing of the situation. They think their little girls are so sweet and pure that nothing can harm them. The truth is that these children are made of the same kind of mud that we are all made of, and they are just as liable to temptation as older people and a thousand times less experienced. And their mothers let them gad Commercial street after school and flirt with all kinds of men, and then their mothers wonder how the devil got them and think they must "take after" their father.

There are just two things that will keep girls straight at "that age." One is plain clothes and the other is home duties. The girls who make fools of themselves in Emporia are invariably overdressed. They wear duds that women of thirty should hesitate about wearing.

A little girl with too many and too costly clothes on her back gets self-conscious and vain and loves admiration—and you grown-up women know the next step. A simple, pure-hearted girl who has a place in a home, home work and home duties, has her heart there, and no boy can steal it. Only when maturity comes and a real man comes and a real affair of her heart comes will such a girl leave home, and then only after heartaches and heart rending. But a girl whose place in the home is only at the table and in bed won't love that home.

Work makes things sacred. The child whose home memories are not hallowed by work, who is not needed and does not feel the need, will not love home, and if she doesn't love the home of her girlhood she will love no other. She will go anywhere for anything. Home will mean nothing to such a woman, and if she is respectable she will only lack the opportunity to be a bad woman, and is good only through circumstances or by the necessity of an ugly face. She will curse any man she marries.

The mothers of this town who are responsible for the girls' who gad Commercial street should stop and think what they are doing. These girls are no longer children. They are at the impressionable age. Where will you have their impression come from—from the riff-raff of the street, or from home? It is for the mothers of this town to settle the question.—Emporia, Kansas Gazette.

MARK TWAIN'S CLEVER APOLOGY

When Harriet Beecher Stowe was alive, Mark Twain, who lived near her, had a way of running in to converse with her and her daughters, often in a somewhat neglige costume, greatly to the distress of Mrs. Clemens.

One morning as he returned from the Stowes sans necktie, Mrs. Clemens met him at the door with the exclamation: "There, Sam, you have been over to the Stowes' again without a necktie. It's really disgraceful the way you neglect your dress!" Her husband said nothing but went up to his room. A few minutes later Mrs. Stowe was summoned to the door by a messenger who presented her with her with a small box neatly done up. She opened it and found a black silk necktie, accompanied by the following note: "Here is a necktie. Take it out and look at it. I think I stayed half an hour this morning. At the end of that time will you kindly return it, as it is the only one I have. Mark Twain."—The Booklover.

WHEN BABY CRIES.

When a baby cries almost continually it is a certain sign that there is something the matter with its stomach or bowels, and the mother should at once give it a dose of Baby's Own Tablets, which sweeten the sour little stomach, promote digestion and gently relax the bowels. Mrs. Fred McIntosh, Wahgoon, Ont., who has had experience, writes: "When my little boy was two months old he began to cry and kept it up almost continually day and night for several weeks. I gave him medicine, but it did not seem to ease him a bit. I had not at this time used Baby's Own Tablets, but the poor little fellow was suffering so much that I sent for a box. He obtained ease almost from the first dose, and in a few days was quite well Since then he has grown splendidly and is a bright, laughing, good-natured baby. I hold the Tablets in the highest regard and cheerfully recommend them to all mothers.

This is the verdict of all mothers who have used the Tablets. They are good for children of all ages and always cure all their minor ailments. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A QUEER LITTLE CRADLE.

There's a queer little cradle in each little flower
Where the wee seed babies are sleeping,
Though so small, they are growing hour by hour,
And the nurse-flower watch is keeping.
All around and about are the stamen trees
Where the gold pollen cakes are growing,
And the birds and the butterflies shake these trees
And the seed babies think that it's snowing.
But the snow in flowerland is yellow snow,
And the wee seed-baby loves it,
And it eats and eats, and this makes it grow,
While the nurse flower smiles above it.

—Silver Cross.

REASON FOR HIS NICKNAME.

"I hope they don't give my little boy any naughty nicknames in school?" "Yes, ma, they call me 'Corns.'" "How dreadful! And why do they call you that?" "'Cause I'm always at the foot of the class."—Sydney Town and Country Journal.

PAT WAS A SIDEBOARD

An Irishman went to a foundry in Lancashire after work. When he arrived, he found another man there on the same errand. The foreman came, and Pat, being unaccustomed to asking for work, stood back, with the intention of hearing how the other fellow went about it.

After the man had asked, the foreman said, "What trade are you?"

"I'm a dresser," replied the man.

"Come to-morrow," said the foreman. "I'll start you to-morrow."

Turning to the Irishman, the foreman asked him what he was.

"He jabers, sor," replied Pat. "Oi'm a sideboard!"—London Standard.

THE DRUNKARD'S WILL.

Not long ago, in a New York hotel, a young man addicted to strong drink took his life, and left the following paper, headed, "My last will and testament."

"I leave to society a ruined character.

I leave to my father and mother as much misery as, in their feeble state, they can bear.

I leave to my brothers and sisters the memory of my misspent life.

I leave to my wife a broken heart, and to my children the memory that their father fills a drunkard's grave, and has gone to a drunkard's hell."

And yet, in the face of all this, men will tamper and trifle with the accursed stuff.

"Touch not, taste not, handle not"—this is the only safe rule.

"GROWING PAINS."

A striking illustration of the evil which ill-considered words may do is furnished by the title in this article. Many a child who suffers repeatedly from pains in the muscles and joints sometimes so severe as to cause a limp of actual lameness, is allowed to suffer until permanent harm is done, simply because the mother believes that the trouble is "growing pains," to which no attention should be paid lest the child be made a weakling.

There are no "growing pains." Growth is a normal process, and like other normal processes is carried on in health without pain or discomfort. Pain, no matter when or where it occurs, is always a danger signal, a cry that something is wrong, and its warning must not be silenced by calling it names.

This is not to say that every little ache or pain, in child or adult, should be noted with apprehension and studied as to its origin or significance. That would be to create a race of "mollycoddles." The human machine is very nearly perfect, and if properly cared for should run without jolt or jar. But it is put to very hard usage and cannot be kept under a glass case; so sometimes the bearings may need a little oil, or a speck of dust may get between the cogs, and then there is a jar or a scraping, in other words, a pain. But this is nothing; soon the temporary obstruction in the self-oilers gives way, the mote is shaken out of the wheels, and everything runs smoothly again. It is the persistent and recurring pain that calls for attention; and such are the so-called "growing pains."

There are two sorts of pain which are more commonly than others called "growing pains," often to the lasting injury of the child. The first of these is felt chiefly in the knee. The child is usually thin and pale, and is likely to be tall for his age. Perhaps he limps at times without being conscious of pain. The suffering is frequently worse at night. This trouble may be a beginning of hip-disease.

The other common variety of "growing pains" is seen in healthy-looking, well-nourished, red-cheeked, active children. In such cases the pains are usually in the muscles of the arms or legs, although sometimes in a joint. These are very often, if not always, rheumatic.

A child should certainly not be encouraged to run to its mother with every little ache, but when it is evidently suffering from severe, persistent or frequently recurring pains, it should be examined by the doctor.—Youth's Companion.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

"My dear fellow, delighted to meet you. Just the man I wanted to see. I wish you would kindly lend me twenty dollars. I, unfortunately, left my money at home, and I haven't a cent on me."

"I'm awful sorry, old chap, but I haven't that amount about me just now. I can fix it, though, so that you can get it almost immediately."

"Ten thousand thanks, dear boy."

"Here's ten cents. Take the street car and go home and get your money."