The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXIX.---NO. 22. Every Subscription Paid in Advance. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 26, 1903. Subscription Price, $1.00 Per Annum. SINGLE COPIES---THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year strictly in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

CONTRACT RATES—The following table shows our rates for the insertion of advertisements for specified periods:—

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO
30 inches	$60.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
10 inches	25.00	20.00	12.00	4.50
5 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

Advertisements, without specific directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.

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

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

Accounts payable monthly.

English office, 39 Fleet Street, London, E. C., where Messrs. E. and J. Hardy & Co. will receive for us news, 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:—8 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL. L.R.C.P. EDINBURGH. L.R.C.S. & L. GLASGOW. MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, ETC. Office—Frederick Street Acton, Ont.

E. D. AULT, M. D., C. M. Successor to Dr. McKeague. Office and residence formerly occupied by the Doctor, Frederick St. Office Hours—8 to 10 a.m.; 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 p.m. 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 2 to 5 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.

LEGAL.

A. J. MACKINNON, 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—Perryman'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 Woolsey's Barber shop, next door to Reed 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. Julius Bestvater promptly done.

MARRIAGE LICENSES. H. P. MOORE Issues of Marriage Licenses. Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening. Free Press Office, ACTON

WM. HEMSTREET, LICENSED AUCTIONEER. For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the Free Press office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms Reasonable. Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $200 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $125,000.

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 for the repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting, horse-shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Raw hides taken in exchange.

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.

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.

—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 everyone. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS Proprietor

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

Homemade Taffies ARE A SPECIALTY WITH MISS B. MILLAR Mill St. - Acton

Her list comprises MAPLE CREAM, PEA NUT, BRITTLE, SPONGE TAFFY, ALMOND ROCK, ETC.

Weston's Bread, and Williams' Bread At the old Prices

Cakes, Buns, Scones, Tart Shells Pies, Sliced Ham and Bologna Always on hand.

Acton Bakery. MISS B. MILLAR.

"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

Ayer's

We know what all good doctors think of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your own doctor and find out. He will tell

Cherry Pectoral

you how it quiets the tickling throat, heals the inflamed lungs, and controls the hardest of coughs.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is well known in our family. We think it is the best medicine in the world for coughs and colds." MATTIE PETERSON, Petaluma, Cal.

25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for Hard Coughs

One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime will hasten recovery. Gently laxative.

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 35 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.

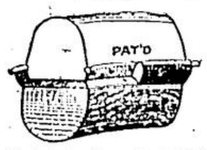
Sold by A. T. BROWN.

20 Second Hand Buggies 2 Phaetons 1 Mk't Waggon

All in first class order, will be sold at Slaughter Prices. Must be turned into cash at once. Come and look them over. Bring in your Sleighs and Cutters for repairs now and get ahead of the winter rush. A few new Waggons and Buggies still on hand. Call and see them.

J. N. O'NEILL GEORGETOWN.

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.

W. BARBER & BROS. Paper Makers Georgetown Ontario.

BOOK. NEWS. COLORED PAPERS

JOHN R. BARBER

Poetry.

THE SETTLER.

Here, where my fresh-turned furrows run and the deep soil glistens red,
I will repair the wrong that was done to the living and the dead;
Here, where the speechless bullet fell, and the barren shrapnel burst,
I will plant a tree, I will dig a well against the heat and the thirst.

Here in a large and kindly land, where no wrong bites on the mine,
I will lay my hand in my neighbor's hand, and together we will atone
For the set folly and the red breach and the black waste of it all;
Giving and taking counsel each over the cattle-kraal.

Earth where we rode to slay or be slain our love shall redeem unto life;
We will gather and lead to her lips again the waters of ancient strife
From the far and the fiercely-guarded streams and the pools where we lay in wait,
Till the corn cover our evil dreams, and the young corn our hate.

Bless then, our God, the new-yoked plow, and the good beasts that draw,
And the bread we eat in the sweat of our brow according to Thy law:
After us cometh a multitude—prosper the work of our hands,
That we may feed with our land's food the folk of all our lands!

—Rudyard Kipling, in Collier's Weekly.

Select Family Reading.

THE GIRL OPPOSITE

By Leslie Gray.

SUDDEN starting of the elevated train fairly jerked Alston Davis into a seat. His armful of papers slid to the floor.

As he stooped to recover them, his glance fell upon the face of the girl opposite.

It was delicate and sensitive, framed in a soft mass of hair. There was something attractive in the clear pallor of her cheeks and the appealing droop of the mouth. Yet Alston smiled grimly.

"One of the clinging type that I despise," he said to himself. "The kind that scream at a mouse, and all women are more or less of that variety. It only shows how stubborn Ursula is when she argues that they have courage. Courage!"

But the girl must have become conscious of his contemptuous scrutiny, for a flush rose to her cheek, and she turned toward the window. Thus admonished, Alston betook himself to his paper.

He had just buried himself in the stock quotations when the sheet was almost torn from his hand. Some one lurched heavily against him.

He looked up in surprise not unmixed with anger, but the aggressor was already part way up the aisle. It was a woman who staggered blindly up the car. Now she turned uncertainly so that he could see her face.

She was no pleasant sight. She was black haired, black browed, middle aged and drunk. Dirt and grime had taken all vestiges of respectability from her shabby clothes.

A rusty black bonnet was perched rakishly on the back of her head. From beneath this gray-black locks straggled. On one cheek was the mark of a bruise. As she again lurched past, evidently groping for the door, her eyes were fixed in a glassy stare. Her lips muttered unintelligibly.

Alston's ear caught a sigh that was half a sob. The girl opposite was gazing at the women with fascinated, fear dilated eyes. Others in the car were watching—and smiling. Now, as a lurch of the train flung her into an empty seat, there was an audible titter. Not a hand was raised to help her.

In a minute she was on her feet again, but the shock had turned her round, and she began a second labored passage up the car.

The girl had sunk into a miserable little heap. Alston watched her half pitingly, half anxiously. "She was just the kind of girl to faint away," he told himself.

As the woman passed he caught among her mutterings the word "Twenty-third." Evidently that was the station where she wished to get off. Some one would have to help her. Who? The motorman stood stolidly on the platform between the cars. Alston comforted himself with the reflection that it was no business of his if a woman got so jolly drunk she could not take care of herself. City life superinduces a certain hardness.

To quiet his guilty conscience he turned again to the girl.

She, too, had caught the word, "Twenty-third." It was the next station. She looked around appealingly. She was the only woman in the car. The men were engrossed in their papers or smiling broadly at the fun.

Her face whitened into determination. She got up hastily and touched the woman on the arm. The wretched creature turned aggressively, but something of the pain and pity in the young face seemed to pierce her befuddled brain.

"Twenty-third street," she said thickly, while a fatuous smile spread over her face.

"You want to get off at Twenty-third," the girl repeated gently. "Yes; I know. I will help you off."

Alston sprang to her side. "Let me help," he implored.

The girl turned to him defiantly. "No; thank you," she said in cool, even tones.

She drew her slender figure to its full height and took the woman's arm in hers. As she piloted the trembling figure down the long length of the car the smiles died away. There was such unveiled contempt in her flashing eyes that every man cowered.

Alston watched her in shamefaced wonder. This creature of fire and passion, this avenging goddess, was very different from the shy girl who had shrunk before his gaze.

Almost before he realized the train had stopped, had started and Twenty-third was left far behind. The girl opposite did not come back to her seat. She had left the car with her charge. As he thought of the gray eyes that had not flinched during that journey down the aisle the satisfied look of the self-appointed judge had given place to a new humility.

* * * * * *

"Alston, I want you to meet Miss Harcourt," his sister Ursula said as he strolled into the drawing room a night or two later. He saw a slender figure in pale gray and a delicate face framed in soft hair. His heart gave a great throb.

"You have often heard me speak of Elizabeth"—But she broke off in astonishment. A slow flush had crept up to the roots of her brother's hair, and, turning, she saw that it was vividly reflected in the cheeks of the girl at her side.

"Oh, then you have met before? And I had been congratulating myself that I would be the first to make you friends!"

"Yes, we have met before," Alston answered unsteadily, in pity for the blushing girl, and he bent down in his courtliest manner and kissed a hand that trembled.

Ursula, observant sister, saw that explanations were due, so she stole away. Alston promptly sat down beside Miss Harcourt on the big divan.

"Can you forgive my impertinence in staring at you the other day?" he asked, too impetuous to waste time on preliminary conventionalities. "Oh, if you could only know how often I have thought of you since that afternoon and how I have loathed myself! Every man of us in that car was a cad, too fearful of public opinion to show that poor creature the commonest humanity. You put us all to shame by your courage. I dared not tell my sister that we were friends, but I want to be. Will you let me show you that I am not utterly a coward?" He held out his hand appealingly.

The girl gave him her hand. "I have thought about you, too," she confessed shyly, "but not as a cad. I was afraid that you would think me too forward. And I was rude too. You see, I recognized you from one of your photographs, and I knew you were not a coward. I knew I should meet you when I came here today"—She paused, and a rich tide of color swept over her cheeks.

Alston had meant to take her hand, but sudden intuition made him draw her to him instead.

"We shall be friends—and lovers," he whispered. And she did not say him nay.

SAILING AROUND THE COW.

Many a sea captain has sailed around the world since the adventurous voyage of Captain Cook, but few navigators have tried what the captain of an East Indiaman used to relate as an experience of his own. He was out on a foggy night, and sounded his foghorn, as every wise captain should. From the starboard side came the sound of a foghorn, apparently from a vessel very close and showing no lights.

"Port your helm!" shouted the captain, and the order was obeyed. Then he blew his horn again. Back from the same relative position, although the ship had altered her course three points, came the sound of that answering foghorn.

"Hard aport!" roared the captain. That, too, was done, and the signal was tried again. Back from exactly the same position, although the vessel had now changed her course seven points, came the sound of that foghorn.

The captain, alarmed, was just going to give the order to reverse engines, when one of the officers discovered that the supposed foghorn was only the cow that was carried on the forward deck to supply fresh milk for the passengers.

OUR LIFE MELODY.

"There is no music in a rest, but there is the making of music in it." In our whole life-melody the music is broken off here and there by "rests," and we foolishly think we have come to the end of the time. God sends a time of forced leisure, sickness, disappointed plans, frustrated efforts, and makes a sudden pause in the choral hymn of our lives, and we lament that our voices must be silent, and our part missing in the music which ever goes up to the ear of the Creator. How does the musician read the rest? See him beat the time with unvarying count and catch up the next note true and steady, as if no breaking place had come in between.

Not without design does God write the music of our lives. He it ours to learn the time, and not be dismayed at the "rests." They are not to be slurred over, not to be omitted, not to destroy the melody, not to change the key-note. If we look up, God himself will beat the time for us. With the eye on him, we shall strike the next note full and clear. If we say sadly to ourselves, "There is no music in a rest" let us not forget "there is the making of music in it." The making of music is a slow and painful progress in this life. How patiently God works to teach us! How long he waits for us to learn the lesson."—John Ruskin.

Rich, warm, healthy blood is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla and thus coughs and colds and pneumonia are prevented. Take it now.

TWENTY YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Interesting Items Culled from the Free Press of November 22nd, 1883.

Mr. H. J. Hall, of Berlin, was in town yesterday.

Mr. Henry F. Hill returned from Buffalo yesterday.

In Acton, on Nov. 15th, to Mr. and Mrs. James Nicklin, a daughter.

Farmers are asking as high as $4.00 per cord for hardwood cut into stove lengths.

Mr. Robert Frederick has leased the skating rink from Acton Skating Club for the season.

At the recent Provincial Exhibition held at Guelph there were 902 entries of horses and 493 of cattle.

Sleighs were running a couple of days last week, but the warm weather since has spoiled the sleighing.

W. H. Storey & Son have their planing mill machinery, in the building of the old Plow Co., now in operation.

Mr. Wm. Kerr, of Nassagaweya, who had his hand injured in a threshing machine a few weeks ago, died of lockjaw on Monday.

The V. P. Association, of Victoria University, Cobourg, sent a letter of condolence to the relatives of the late Chas. W. Lasby, B.A., this week.

Mr. Edward Smellie, of Norval, won first prize at the Provincial plowing match last week with a plow manufactured by Grieve & Son, Georgetown.

Last Friday, Johnnie, the eight-year-old son of Mr. B. W. Nicklin, fell in his father's mill and fractured his left arm in two places. Dr. Lowry reduced the fracture.

Messrs. Robert Hume, Geo. W. Husband, Henry Husband and W. S. Laing returned from Moosomin, N. W. T., last evening. They will return in the spring.

Mr. Robert Kannawin has leased the 200-acre farm of Mr. Robert Watson on the 5th line. Mr. John Hays, of Nassagaweya, goes to the farm vacated by Mr. Kannawin.

Mr. Peter Little, postmaster at Corwhin, who was wounded in the American War, has received a cheque for $1,700 from Washington, and will in future receive a pension of $8 a month for life.

In the Council meeting on Monday evening, upon motion of D. Henderson and Wm. Ismond, W. H. Storey & Son, glove manufacturers, were granted partial exemption from taxation for a period of ten years.

VARIETIES.

One of the reminiscences of a very stout and healthy-looking member of the graduating class at Yale was that his tutor told him that "he was better fed than taught." "You teach me, I feed myself," was the retort.

"How does you like de new preacher?" asked Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "Very much," answered Miss Miama Brown. "He's got a good staht. He knows a heap a' words, an' jes' as soon as he gets 'em arranged in de proper order he'll hab a mighty fine sermon." —Washington Star.

A little group were discussing Biela's comet in a country store. "I'll tell ye," said Farmer Hardshell, "that was a great fall of stars the time that comet came along. I saw more than a thousand drop with my own eyes." "I didn't see 'em," responded Joshua Bright, "but I looked aout the next night and I noticed the stars were thinned aout considerably."

"If I could only got a bite to eat," he whined. "Why don't you work," she asked. "Nothin' doin' in my line," he answered. "I'm a dime museum glass eater, an' they've gettin' too common." "Poor man!" she said, sympathetically. "Come right in, and you can have the two goblets and the glass dish the girl broke this moring."—Chicago Evening Post.

MANY WAYS OF SAYING IT.

"It is interesting to note the numerous ways in which a person may express the same thought," said Francis H. Whitney, private secretary to Postmaster General Payne, yesterday, "and in this connection it may be recalled that the post-office authorities found a great deal of trouble a few years ago in prescribing the proper sentence to be used on the face of a postal card to inform the user that he must inscribe nothing but the address on that side. Seven attempts were made before the present phrase was adopted.

"One of the earliest cards was made to bear the sign, 'Nothing but the address can be written on this side,' which was untrue, as many persons could write more if they so desired. Shortly afterward it was changed to say, 'Nothing but the address is to be placed on this side,' which was more sensible, but was clumsy and soon discarded. The next issue of the cards was inscribed, 'The address only to be written on this side,' which it was soon seen could be easily construed to bar the use of a typewriter. The same objection could be raised to, 'Write only the address on this side.'

"Finally the authorities got hysterical and the next issue of the cards informed the user that he could 'Write the address only on this side, the message on the other,' which was not only clumsy, but ambiguous and conveying a wrong meaning, as the officials really, down in their hearts, had no objection to a person writing the address on both sides of the card. Later the word 'only' was dropped, but without much improvement. It was finally decided that there was no use in trying to be original, and so they fashioned the phrase that is now in use after the one used on the postal cards issued by the British government. Our English cousins say, 'The space below is for the address only,' and Uncle Sam says, 'This side for the address only.'"

SLIPS OF THE TONGUE.

Maud was a very timid little girl and she was particularly shy about meeting the minister. The minister's house was near Maud's home. The "new preacher" had moved in just a few weeks before his time, and Maud's mother wished to send his wife some fresh eggs.

"Must I go, mother?" she half pleaded.

"Yes, dear," her mother answered; "the cook is very busy and your brother Frank has gone to the grocer's, so take this little basket and go quickly for me."

It did seem that her mother could have waited until Frank's return, but perhaps she thought it a good way in which to overcome Maud's shyness.

Maud was so excited that she came near dropping the basket of eggs when Rev. Mr. Stone himself answered her ring at the doorbell. "Good morning, Mr. Egg," she stammered; "mother sent you some stones.—Our Boys and Girls.

GETTING OUT OF BED.

Don't jump up the first thing your eyes are open. Remember that while you sleep the vital organs are at rest. The vitality is lowered and the circulation not so strong. A sudden spring out of bed is a shock to those organs, especially to the heart, as it starts to pumping the blood suddenly.

Take your time in getting up. Yawn and stretch. Wake up slowly. Give the vital organs a chance to resume their work gradually.

Notice how a baby wakes up. It stretches its arms and legs, rubs its eyes and wakes up slowly. Watch a kitten wake up. First it stretches out one leg then another, rubs its face, rolls over and stretches the whole body. The birds do not wake up and fly as soon as their eyes are open; they shake out their wings and stretch their legs, waking up slowly. Don't jump up suddenly, don't be in such a hurry, but stretch and yawn, yawn and stretch. Stretch the arms and the legs then the whole body. A good yawn and stretch is better even than a cold bath. It will get you thoroughly awake, and then you will enjoy the bath all the more.

LOST THE BAND.

A drummer of a band in a small town in Lancashire is a little man only five feet high. Wishing to make himself look as big as possible, he holds the drum so high that he cannot see anyone or anything in front of him. The band was in the habit of playing through the town once a week, and whenever it did so it always went in one direction.

The other day the leader thought he would change the course, and he made the alteration without saying a word to anyone. He turned down a side street for the purpose of taking the band a different way from which it had been before. The drummer, not knowing what had taken place, and being the last man, went on in the direction he had been accustomed to, and kept on drumming as loudly as he could. After coming to the end of the tune, and not hearing any players, he stopped and moved his drum to one side to see what was the matter. He was much surprised not to see any of the band. At last he turned to the people, who were laughing heartily round him, and said;

"Have any of you seen anything of a band about here?"

HOW TO SAVE THE BOYS.

A banker in Allegan County, Mich., three or four years ago voted to license the saloons, and they were brought back into the county. A few weeks ago ex-Senator Humphrey was at a hotel in Allegan, and looking out he saw the banker walking back and forth in front of the hotel barroom and looking in when anyone opened the door. The Senator went out and spoke to the banker.

The banker said: "Senator, I am uneasy about my boy. Do you think he may be in the saloon? Did you see anything of him?"

"Yes, I saw him in the back room of the saloon playing cards and drinking," replied Senator Humphrey.

The father seemed speechless for a moment, and then from a heart full of distress cried out: "O God! how shall I save my boy from ruin?"

"You have a grave problem to solve."

"I would give half I am worth to destroy every saloon in the country," said the banker.

"Ah! It seems cruel to remind you of it now, but you should have come to that conclusion when we wanted you to join us in the fight to keep them out of the county. Now they have your boy, and I do not know what you can do. May God help you."

Why should not the father expect his boy to fall in with what he indorsed? Parents, think of that, and vote to outlaw the saloon.

In many another place might the above sad story be duplicated. The State Issue relates it of a father in a Michigan town, but that there are doubtless a hundred thousand homes in which there is such a "skeleton in the closet," is not an outspoken complaint.

At a public meeting, where appeal was being made for funds to forward some effort on behalf of the young, the speaker declared that if but a single boy were saved the hundred thousand dollars asked for would be well expended. When a friend inquired if he had not spoken rather hastily, he replied: "No, not if it was my boy."

Let each citizen, where the saloon is seeking entrance, remember now, before it is too late, that its coming means ruin to somebody's boy, and let each father say to himself, "It may be my boy."—John F. Hill, D.D.

MY DOGBERNIE.

Gad and shady through summer weather,
Bernie and I tramp off together;
Into the park, with its monarchs old,
Oaks and chestnuts with tassels of gold,
Purling streams and the voice of birds
A heaven of beauty too sweet for words.

Out into the meadows a-bloom with clover,
Bernie and I the wide world over
Could tramp together in joy complete:
Big and shaggy, and white and yellow,
From the far-off Alps, a noble fellow;
No friend or lover more true or tried
Than the brown-eyed creature who walks by my side,
Or sleeps alert at my resting feet.

Better than gold is his love for me;
Almost human in sympathy:
Offers any change or love no less,
He is the same in deep distress
As in days of pleasure; a willing slave,
Trusting and guarding, as mild as brave;
Bernie and I could tramp together,
Happy in cold or summer weather.

—Sarah K. Bolton—

BOY'S ESSAY ON THE HOG.

The hog is called a hog b'cuz he makes a hog of himself. It runs in the family. All hogs are hogs.

The hog has two sides to his character; one of which is good to eat, and the other we can't so cordjully admire. As an article of diet the hog is one of the warmest friends to the human race that I know of. Most of him is good for food and the rest is good, for making sausages, bristle-brushes, and other utensils. Nearly everything about the hog is palatable but his voice. The latter always seems to me to sound as if it had kind o' soured. It is said that you can't make a silk purse out of a—er—h'm—lady-hog's ear. I have never heard of any fool big enough to try to.

As a citizen the hog is not so warm. His manners and instincts are gross in the extreme, and his sole ambition pears to be to eat from early morn till far into the night. When a man is dead he becomes the late Mr. So-and-so, and we say nice things about him. When a hog is dead he is pork, and we often says, "Confound this pork!" When I eat too much pa calls me a pig. A pig is a hog's little boy. That is all I know about the hog.—"Tis Bits."

MAKE EVERY DAY COUNT.

The one who starts out in the morning with a determination to do something during the day that will amount to something, that will be distinctive, that will have individuality, that will give him satisfaction at night, is a great deal more likely not to waste his day in frivolous, unproductive work than the one who starts out with no plan.

Begin every day, therefore, with a programme and determine that, let what will come, you will carry it out as closely as possible. Follow it up persistently, day by day, and you will be surprised at the result.

Make up your mind, at the very outset of the day, that you will accomplish something that will amount to something: that you will not allow callers to fritter away your time, and that you will not allow the little annoyances of your business to spoil your day's work. Make up your mind that you will be larger than the trifles which cripple and cramp mediocre lives, and that you will rise above petty annoyances and interruptions and carry out your plans in a large and commanding way.

Make every day of your life count for something; make it tell in the grand results, not merely as an added day, but as an added day with something worthy achieved.

What is the difference between a cat and a comma? A cat has claws at the end of his paws; a comma has a pause at the end of a clause.

AN ACHING BACK.

The Trouble Usually Due to Impure Blood and Clogged Kidneys.

That weary dragging backache is more dangerous than you think. It points straight to deathly kidney trouble. Your kidneys ache because your blood is bad, and filtering through has clogged them with inflammatory poisons. Common purging backache pills can never cure you. They only excite the kidneys; they can't possibly touch the cause of the trouble in the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the only positive cure for aching kidneys. They make new, rich, red blood. They conquer the inflammation and drive out the poison. They cleanse the kidneys and stimulate them to healthy action. Then your backaches vanish. Here is positive proof given by Mr. Geo. Johnson, of Ohio, N. S., who says:—"My son, now eighteen years old, suffered from severe pains in the back, with kidney trouble, and passed sleepless nights. We tried several medicines, but they did not help him. In fact he was growing weaker; his appetite failed, and he could hardly do the usual work that falls to the lot of every boy on a farm. Finally a friend recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this was the first medicine that reached the cause of the trouble. He continued to use the pills for a couple of months and I am now happy to say that every symptom of the trouble has disappeared and he is now strong and healthy as any boy of his age. There can be no doubt that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure kidney trouble, even in its most severe forms."

These pills cure not only kidney trouble but all blood and nerve troubles such as rheumatism, sciatica, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, indigestion, anæmia, heart trouble, and the ailments that make woman's life so miserable. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer, or they will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.