The Acton Free Press.

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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:—6 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 3 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

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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.

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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, Georgetown; Friday, Rockwood. The latest anæsthetic used if desired.

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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—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 Post Office. Mill Street, Acton.

FRANCIS NUNAN, BOOKBINDER, Wyndham Street Guelph, Ontario. (Over Williams Store.) Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description neatly bound. Ruling 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, LICENSED AUCTIONEER. For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms Reasonable. Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

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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 carry out all repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam fitting, horse-shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired and painted in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. New machinery on hand.

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.

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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

GO TO— O'NEIL'S CARRIAGE WORKS

For your Cutters, Pleasure Bob Sleighs, Farm Bob Sleighs, and any repairing you may require to above lines.

A good set Second Hand Harvey Bob Sleighs for sale cheap. A big stock of Root Pulpers and Wheelbarrows always on hand.

J. N. O'NEILL, GEORGETOWN.

.. Plymouth .. Binder Twine. BEST AND CHEAPEST IN THE MARKET. ALWAYS ON HAND.

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ACTON FLOUR AND FEED STORE

All kinds of Grain wanted AT ACTON GRANARY, GEORGETOWN ELEVATOR AND NORVAL MILLS

"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

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

Ayer's

Bald? Scalp shiny and thin? Then it's probably too late. You neglected dandruff. If you had only taken our advice, you would have cured

Hair Vigor

the dandruff, saved your hair, and added much to it. If not entirely bald, now is your opportunity. Improve it.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for over 40 years. I am now 81 years old and have a heavy growth of thick brown hair, short and thick, entirely to Ayer's Hair Vigor." MRS. M. A. KEITH, Belleville, Ill.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass. for Good Hair

Christmas Purchases

NOW IN ORDER

and Guelph's Big Hardware Store will carry many lines of goods purchased specially for Christmas Sale. Such as

LAMPS, CARVERS, SILVERWARE, SWEEPERS, CUTLERY, NICKLEWARE, KNIVES & SCISSORS, SKATES.

Our prices are always right.

JOHN M. BOND & CO. GUELPH.

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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.

THE TRADERS BANK OF CANADA. Incorporated 1885.

Capital authorized	$2,000,000
Capital paid up	1,020,000
Rest - - -	450,000
Assets over -	1,500,0000

Rockwood Branch

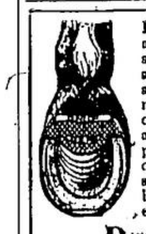
Savings Bank Department

Highest current rate of interest allowed on deposits of $1 and upwards. Interest added to principal at the end of May and November.

Money loaned to farmers on their own names at reasonable rates.

Sale Notes cashed or collected at lowest rates.

A. BLACK, Manager



Horse Shoe Pads are a real necessity winter or summer — they supply the give nature intended on hard roads and pavements—protect the frog of the hoof from stones and from balling in winter. Improved

Dunlop "Ideal" Horse-Shoe Pads

cure or prevent lameness—prevent cracking or spreading of the hoofs—make a horse's working life longer.

If you have a horse troubled with lameness through bad hoofs write our expert for advice free.

Drop us a card for our new booklet "Horseology."

THE DUNLOP TIRE CO., Limited, TORONTO.

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.

Poetry.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

A traveller through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade, at evening time,
To breathe its early vows,
And age was pleased, in heat of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs;
The doomsman loved its dangling twigs.
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little stream had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the dead he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well
By summer moss was decked,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became,
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small; its issue great;
A watchfire on the hill;
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

Select Family Reading.

Fifth Wheel to the Coach.

By Baldwin Sears.

"HOW many of us are there?" asked Maisie, as she cut the sandwiches.

Caroline Lawson, busily packing the basket, stopped and counted on her fingers: "You, Tom Beaufort, of course—when are you going to accept him, Maisie?—Nora, Reggie, Arbuthnot and I. Oh, yes, and 'R. G.,' so he sure to make enough."

Maisie Brown looked up with a queer light in her usually gentle eyes. "Is 'R. G.,' as you call Mr. Gordon, a woman hater?" she asked steadily.

Caroline stared. "Mercy, no! What put that into your head, child?"

"Why, he is always the odd man." Maisie blushed as she said it.

Caroline laughed. "Oh, 'R. G.' is a confirmed chaperon," she answered carelessly; in other words, an old bachelor. He likes to be with the crowd, but he doesn't care a bit for a particular girl. He's always been that way. He wouldn't know what to do if we invited a girl especially for him."

"I see," said Maisie slowly.

Up the sandy road from the pier came two men in white ducks. They lifted their caps at sight of the girls.

"Sorry to be so late," said Arbuthnot. "We were waiting for 'R. G.' He couldn't come. He's down at the dock fixing something for a small boy. He says he'll be ready for us by the time we get there. I never knew such a fellow. He's always busy helping someone else when you want him to help you."

"What a naive confession!" laughed Caroline.

"I'm sure you haven't heard a word I've been saying," murmured Tom Beaufort reproachfully at Maisie's shoulder.

"I beg your pardon," she answered confusedly. "I was thinking of something I wanted to do."

"It must have been something very nice, you look so happy," said Beaufort. "Just stand still a minute and let me snap the camera. Even if the thought wasn't for me the look may be."

"Let me have it," begged Maisie, as they leaned against the hand rail of the pier and watched 'R. G.,' who was busily helping the small boy, whose rigging had got fouled aloft.

"Oh, Mr. Gordon!"

'R. G.' turned quickly at the sound of Maisie's voice. "Do you want me, Miss Brown?" he called, and then flushed under his many coats of sunburn as the camera clicked, and Maisie nodded, laughing mischievously. "Thank you very much."

"The old boy didn't expect that," murmured Beaufort.

"I hope he didn't mind," answered Maisie anxiously. "I must ask him." But she appeared to have forgotten all about it until half an hour after they had started, and Beaufort, having schemed her up into the bow, was just congratulating himself that his long-looked-for chance had come when Miss Maisie remarked innocently: "Oh, there's Mr. Gordon steering, and he said he'd show me how the very next time we came out sailing. You'll excuse me, won't you?"

"What now?" soliloquized Tom ruefully, as he looked after her. "I dare say she's sorry for the old fellow because he's down there all alone. Wouldn't 'R. G.' be tickled if he knew. I don't suppose he's ever had an heiress set herself out to amuse him before—not such a pretty one anyhow. Well, I love her all the more for doing it, and I'll tell her so by and by too."

Ralegh Gordon let his gaze waver for a moment from the taut spread of canvas leaning to windward. Why had she chosen the time of all others when he must keep a firm hand on the wheel to remind him of his promise to let her steer?

"Mr. Gordon—no, I don't want to try now," as the loosely knit figure made a movement toward rising—"I'll just sit here and watch you and learn the beginnings by the art of observation." She smiled up at him.

Then she became very sober. "I just came to ask you—to say—the fact is—I wanted to ask you something."

"Oh, 'R. G.,' please let Tom take the wheel for a moment and open this alcohol lamp, there's a dear," begged Caroline in despairing accents. "We want to get lunch, and nobody can unscrew the thing."

"Don't go," said 'R. G.,' hurriedly. "I'll come back. I want to hear what you were going to tell me."

But somehow he could not get a chance to ask her all that day. Somebody or other wanted him to do something or other every minute, and when he could have talked to her, Beaufort was always claiming her attention.

"But it wouldn't have made any difference in the eternal scheme of things," he said to himself, with something more like a sigh than anything he had ever permitted himself before.

"We are going out on Arbuthnot's drag to-morrow afternoon," said Caroline later. "Do be nice to Tom. The poor fellow begins to look desperate. Isn't it unnecessarily cruel to keep him in suspense, my dear?"

Maisie did not answer for a moment. She looked back toward the end of the dock, where 'R. G.' had stopped to help a disconsolate youngster whose fishing tackle had caught among the piles beneath the pier. "He won't have to bear the suspense much longer," she said reflectively. "I'm going home the day after to-morrow."

It was Tom Beaufort, of course, who came to fetch her and Caroline when the coach came for them. Maisie smiled at Tom and thanked him sweetly as he helped her up, then mounted deliberately into the wrong seat.

"Oh, that's not where you're to sit!" exclaimed Caroline and Tom in a breath, staring helplessly from below.

Maisie smiled radiantly as she squeezed herself in between a deaf old gentleman who beamed appreciatively and 'R. G.,' who, as always, sat among the chaperons. "Isn't it?" she answered innocently, and then she turned to 'R. G.' "I love the back seat. Don't you?" she said.

He looked at her thoughtfully. His gray eyes held a spark that matched and might have caught from Maisie's own. "I love whatever you will let me share with you," he said simply. "I only wish it could be life."

Maisie kept her eyes on her lap. "Now I'll never have to ask you that question," she said slowly.

"What question is that?" he demanded.

"The one I didn't finish the other day. I wanted to ask you whether you were a woman hater." And then she looked up at him and, oh, how beautiful she was!

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Women admire the man who, although witty, is not conceited, or if so he keeps it hidden; who is not egotistical, and takes an interest in other people's joys and sorrows besides his own.

A woman usually begins her life work when she marries a man to reform him.

"Husbands are like clocks," observed the spinster. "Steady going ones are the best." "Oh," said the experienced one, "I thought perhaps it was because when they have a tendency to be fast it is hard to set them right."

EVER USE THIS RAILROAD?

The express was tearing away at the wild and awe-inspiring rate of six miles an hour, when all of a sudden it stopped altogether.

Most of the passengers did not notice the difference; but one of them happened to be somewhat anxious to reach his destination before old age claimed him for his own. He put his head through the window to find that the cause of the stop was a cow on the line.

After a while they continued the journey for half an hour or so, and then—another stop.

"What's wrong now?" querred the impatient passengers of the guard.

"A cow on the line, sir."

"But I thought you drove it off?"

"So we did," said the guard; "but we've caught up to it again."

RUFUS CHOATE WAS BEATEN.

As one of the very few occasions when the wit of Rufus Choate was foiled, an incident is recalled when that brilliant lawyer was examining one Dick Barton, chief mate of the ship "Challenge." Choat had cross-examined him for over an hour, hurling questions with the speed of a rapid-fire gun.

"Was there a moon that night?

"Yes, sir."

"Did you see it?"

"No sir."

"Then how do you know there was a moon?"

"The 'Nautical Almanac' said so, and I'll believe that sooner than any lawyer in the world."

"Be civil, sir. And now tell me in what latitude and longitude you crossed the equator?"

"Ah, you are joking."

"No, sir; I am in earnest and I desire an answer."

"That's more than I can give."

"Indeed. You a chief mate and unable to answer so simple a question?"

"Yes, the simplest question I ever was asked. I thought even a fool of a lawyer knew there's no latitude at the equator." Success.

ABOLISH THE BARS.

Eramosa Township Council has decided to submit a Local Option By-law at the coming municipal elections. The ministers of the township have addressed the electors with the following appeal. The prospects are good for the carrying of the By-law:

On the 4th of January you will be given an opportunity of expressing your wish regarding the continuance or abolition of the bar-room in the township of Eramosa, and we, the ministers of five denominations, earnestly, prayerfully and lovingly ask your co-operation in the removal of this great evil which is at present licensed and protected by law.

The following facts are surely conclusive proof that the bar-room is an evil and should therefore be abolished:

The number of bar-rooms is limited by law. If the bar room is a good thing why limit the number of them? If it is a good thing why not allow any man who wishes to open a bar-room?

The churches all unite in condemning the bar-room and demanding its abolition.

Parents advise and warn their boys to keep out of the bar-room. Nothing brings more pain or greater sorrow to parents than to learn that their boys are frequenting the bar-room.

The bar-room is no place for a minister of the Gospel. If it is not a proper place for a minister to frequent it ought not to exist.

Very few of the municipal electors of Eramosa would stand behind the bar to sell intoxicants. Is it right that they should give authority to some one else to do what they themselves would be ashamed to do?

But some affirm that no bar-room means no accommodation for the travelling public. This statement is simply not true. There are a large number of municipalities, both in our own province and in the province of Quebec, where no bar-rooms exist; there are villages of from 500 to 1,500 population where for years no bar-room has existed and yet the travelling public has ample accommodation. No class of people would welcome their abolition more joyfully than than commercial travellers. What necessary connection is there between a bar-room and a house of accommodation?

Again it is said by some that nothing will be gained by closing the bar-rooms in one township while they are allowed to remain open in an adjoining township. But it is surely acknowledged by all, that the more bar-rooms there are, and the nearer they are to your boys and to your community, the greater the danger and the evil; and that the fewer there are and the farther they are removed from us, the less the danger and evil.

It will be said, that the law will be broken; that it cannot be enforced. It is certainly true that the law will be broken. But is not every law broken? We have a law against murder and yet human life is taken. We have a law against stealing and yet men steal, but the law holds these evils in check, and it is just so with a law against the sale of strong drink. It holds it in check, brings the business into disrepute, and finally kills it entirely. No man will very long carry on an illegal business.

The bar-room is an evil for which some one is responsible. If we make it illegal we are no longer responsible; but if we go to the polls and mark our ballots in favor of its continuance, we are personally responsible; and refusing to vote does not free us from responsibility. Our Saviour said: "Woe unto the world because of offences; for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh."

The bar-room is an offence. It is a stumbling block. It is a snare. It is a blight upon our fair land and if we do not help to remove it we are responsible.

Three times our township has pronounced strongly in favor of the abolition of the bar-room: At the Provincial and Dominion Plebiscites and more recently in the referendum vote of Dec., 1902, when 331 voted in favor of the banishment of the bar, and only 97 in favor of its continuance. Now that the matter is practically in our own hands, we sincerely trust and pray that there will be an overwhelming majority in favor of the by-law, and to this end we ask the sympathy and assistance of every elector in this township.

W. H. GARNHAM,
H. PARRY,
J. T. HALL,
W. G. CHARLTON,
J. W. SANDERSON,
A. J. MANN,
W. H. L. MARSHALL.

WHICH LEG?

In a small town in the west of Scotland the town clerk, 'who was a bit of a character,' had the misfortune to lose his leg in a railway accident.

As a mark of esteem and appreciation for his long services the council unanimously agreed to replace his loss with an artificial limb, which they did as soon as he was sufficiently recovered.

A few months afterwards the town clerk, who was generally known by his Christain name, Paul, was unfortunate enough to have his other leg fractured in a trap accident.

Naturally the mishap became food for town gossip, and one old wife in discussing the matter with a neighbor, was overheard saying:

"It's a gey bad business for Paul, puir man; but isn't his ain leg or the leg that belongs to the toon that's broken."

Ingratitude makes a man look like a dollar minus 99 cents.

Salt rheum, with its burning, stinging sensation, is due to poor blood and is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

HE PAID NEXT DAY.

"Can you tell me what sort of weather we may expect next month?" wrote a subscriber to the editor of a country paper, and the editor replied as follows:

"It is my belief that the weather next month will be very much like your subscription."

The inquirer wondered for an hour what the editor was driving at, when he happened to think of the word "unsettled."—Stray Stories.

THRASHING MACHINES.

Tommy had been a town mouse all his little life up to the present year, but work had been plentiful with dad, who was discussing with his wife the desirability of sending Tommy for a week into the country, says Spare Moments. Tommy listened thoughtfully, and at length broke in:

"I don't want to go."

"Why not?"

"'Cause I've heard they have thrashing machines in the country, and it's bad enough here in town, where it's done by hand."

QUAINT SAYINGS BY CHILDREN.

A writer in the Young Woman gives some amusing illustrations of the world from the child's point of view. "Shall we all die?" a little boy asked, and the answer, "Yes," paved the way for the very pertinent query: "Who will bury the last man?" The boy's memory was better than his understanding when he declared that the walls were built around Jerusalem to keep in the milk and honey. Mr. Gladstone's grandchild when taken to the House of Commons was impressed chiefly by the bobbing up and down. She described it as "the place granddad goes to do his gymnastics." "How stupid of you to paint the cow blue," a teacher said to a child who was coloring a picture. "Oh, it's blue with cold," was the answer. The little daughter of a Christian Scientist ran away from a goat: "You should not run away," the mother said. "Don't you know you are a Christian Scientist?" "But, mamma," the child replied, "the billygoat does not know it."

A VALUABLE TRIP.

"It is strange that I can't get my wife to mend my clothes," remarked Mr. Bridle in a tone of disgust. "I asked her to sew a button on this vest this morning and she hasn't touched it."

"You asked her?" said Mr. Norris, with a slight shrug of his shoulders.

"Yes; what else should I do?"

"You haven't been married very long, so perhaps you'll take a tip from me," answered Mr. Norris with a fatherly air. "Never ask a woman to mend anything; that's fatal."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Do as I do. When I want a shirt mended, for instance, I take it in my hand and hunt for my wife. Where's that rag bag, Mrs. Norris?" I demand in my stern voice.

"What do you want a rag bag for?" she says suspiciously.

"I want to throw this shirt away; it's all worn out," I reply.

"Let me see," she demands.

But I put the garment behind my back.

"No, my dear," I answer; "there is no use in your attempting to do anything with it."

"Let me see," she reiterates.

"But it's all worn out, I tell you."

"Now, James, you give me that shirt!" she says in her most peremptory tone.

I hand over the garment.

"Why James Norris," she cries with womanly triumph, "this is a perfectly good shirt. All it needs is—" and then she mends it.

HUMOROUS.

"Bellows never seems to have any enemies in his circle." "No; he just won't loan money."—New York Sun.

Some one should invent a powder to take when you feel that yearning to tell a secret confided to you.—Atchison Globe.

Nell: "He wrote a lovely poem to Mabel." Bello: "I know, but she got mad and tore it up." Nell: "The idea! Why?" Bello: "He headed it 'Lines on Mabel's Face.'"—Philadelphia Record.

"You say your next-door neighbors make a vulgar display of their wealth?" "Yes," answered Mr. Bickerton; "they left a ton of coal out on the sidewalk all day—yesterday."—Washington Star.

"Do you have matins in this church?" asked the High Church visitor of the verger of the village church. "No, indeed," replied that dignitary with scorn. "We have oilcloth, and right up to the chancel, too!"

"Love is blind," murmured Mr. Meekton, regretfully. "That's nonsense" replied his wife. "When a girl falls in love with a man she sees magnificent qualities in him which none of her family can make out, and which become wholly obscure even to her in the course of a year or so."—Chicago Journal.

A Frenchman was paying his first visit to London, and was walking through Hyde Park on one of the many foggy metropolitan mornings with an English friend. "Fog! Ha, ha, mon fren," ejaculated the Frenchman, "now I understand vot you mean ven you say ze sun nevaire set on your dominion. My foi, it does not rise."

Little boy: "I say, mamma says you are going to take sister away?" Engaged young man (soon to be married) "Yes, in a few weeks she's coming to my home, and my mamma and papa will be her mamma and papa." Little boy: "I see. Then she'll be your sister same as she was mine. But, I say, don't you do anything she doesn't like, for if you do she'll hang you about when your mamma and papa ain't looking."

CONCERNING CORRECT SPEECH

O, why should the spirit
Of grammar be proud
With such a wide margin
Of language allowed?

Of course there's a limit—
"I knowed" and "I've saw,"
"I seen" and "I done it,"
Are rather too raw;

But then there are others
No better than they,
One hears in the talking
He hears every day.

"Where at?" asks one person,
Quite thoughtless; and "Who,
Asks another, "did Mary
Give that bonnet to?"

Hear a maid as she twitters:
"O, yes, I went out
With she and her fellow
In his runabout."

And hear a man saying:
"Between you and I,
That block of Pacific
Would make a good buy."

And this from a mother
Too kind to her boy,
"I had rather you shouldn't
Do things that annoy."

And this from a student
Concerning a show,
Who says to the maiden,
"Let's you and I go."

There's lots of good people
That's talking like that
Who should learn from we critics
To know where they're at.

W. J. Lampton, in the Reader.

BALLINAFAD.

A School Concert, prepared by the pupils of the "Blue Mountain" School, will be held in the town hall, Ballinafad, on Friday, December 18th. In addition to the pupils, several outside artists will contribute numbers to the programme. Admission 15 cents.

The property of the late Archibald Campbell on lot 1, concession II, Erin, was disposed of by auction last week for $4,355. The purchaser was Mr. Duncan McMillan, who intends to occupy it shortly.

Mr. E. H. Betts has assumed full charge of the Ballinafad store and post office and the Georgetown stage.

THE WINTER FAIR AT GUELPH.

Increase in Entries in Nearly All Classes--A Splendid Show.

The Provincial Winter Fair, which was held in Guelph last week was the greatest success in point of exhibits and visitors that has been.

In cattle alone there are 297 entries, which is largely in excess of last year. In sheep there are 475 entries, and in hogs 400, both showing an increase over last year. The poultry show is a magnificent one, comprising 2,805 entries, or an increase of 100. In cattle, the shorthorns and grades for beef purposes predominate. In sheep, the Leicesters are most largely represented, and in hogs, the Yorkshires top the list. The stock is gathered from all parts of the country between Ottawa on the east and Ridgetown on the west, and includes many very fine animals not heretofore exhibited.

THE NELSON TOLL ROAD.

The Settlement Made and the Arbitration Amount Paid by the County Council.

The Burlington Gazette says: Reeve Kerns was in Milton Tuesday attending the meeting of the county council in the interests of the village in regard to the Nelson toll road question. The matter was amicably settled by Nelson agreeing to pay $500 into the general funds of the county treasury, and assuming the road, with the exception of that portion which lies in Burlington. Burlington takes over this portion of the road. The whole cost of the road was paid by the county out of the general funds.

This is certainly a very satisfactory settlement of this complicated affair, and should meet with the approval of all municipalities concerned.

Warden Wilson, County Councillor J. C. Smith, Reeve Kerns and the members of the township council are to be congratulated upon securing such splendid terms, and putting an end to the existing differences. Exclusive of costs, the value of the road was fixed by the arbitrator at $2895.-93.

Progress is the offspring of discontent.

HEALTH NOTES.

When a cold is first felt in the head three drops of the spirits of camphor in water every three hours will arrest the cold and give relief.

An English physician says if men would but wear their beards in winter, sore throats would go out of fashion.

For sore throat, cut slices of fat, boneless bacon, pepper thickly, and tie around the throat with a flannel cloth.

When a felon first begins to make its appearance, take a lemon, cut off one end, put the finger in, and the longer it is kept there the better.

For a disagreeable breath, put a few drops of tincture of myrrh in a tumblerful of water, and thoroughly rinse the mouth with it.

Hot milk, judiciously taken, is nourishing and stimulating. If taken at night a glass of hot milk is refreshing and sleep inducing, and sleep is the great aid to the preservation of youth and good looks.

For a cough, boil one ounce of flaxseed in a pint of water, strain, and add a little honey, one ounce of rock candy, and the juice of three lemons; mix and boil well. Drink as hot as possible.

To make a pain-killer quite as good as any other and at one-half the price, take alcohol, one pint, gum guiac, one-half ounce, and gums myrrh, camphor, and cayenne, all pulverized of each one-quarter oz. The above may be divided by two, and thus make one-half pint for 25 cents. Use same as Davis' or Radway's.