The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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English office, 30 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.

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ARTHUR L. HORE, M. B., University of Toronto. Successor to Dr. John M. MacDonald. Office and residence—Corner Mill and John Streets. All calls promptly attended to. Office Hours 8 to 10 a.m., 11 to 2 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

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A File of this Paper can be seen free of charge by visitors to London, to whom advice gratis will be given if required.

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

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W. HULL, Licensed Auctioneer, Erin, Ontario. Orders left with the Free Press, Acton, will receive immediate attention.

JAMES McDONALD, Licensed Auctioneer for the counties of Wellington, Halton, Waterloo, Wentworth and the City of Guelph. Sales conducted on reasonable terms and satisfaction guaranteed in every case. For terms, dates, etc., apply to Box 576, Rockwood, Ont., or 46 Macdonell St., Guelph. Sales may be arranged at Free Press office, Acton.

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Work done by hand, no machinery; no acids nor chloride of lime used, which destroy the clothes. Care is always used with the work, and to make clothes clean and pure. Shirts, Collars, Cuffs and Vests a specialty. Ladies' work given the best care and done at lowest prices. Laundry dried outside. Orders washed every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and ironed and dried every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. If you want first-class work, and entirely satisfactory, go to CHARLIE SUEY'S HAND LAUNDRY. Willow St., Acton, near Henderson & Co.

Charles J. Western

Eyesight Specialist, of Toronto

Will visit Acton every month. Next visit, Monday, 11th February, at Brown's Drug Store.

ATTEND THE BEST!

Than paid others. It will pay you.

ELLIOTT Business College TORONTO, ONT.

Has now the largest attendance in its history. We have room for more. Enter now. Circulars free. Graduates always successful.

Corner Yonge and Alexander Sts.
W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal

EVERTON AND EDEN MILLS

The Best Quality of

Manitoba

Family and Pastry

Flour

For sale at lowest prices. Our Own Make.

Chopping Done and Oats Rolled every day.

Feed for sale.
Cash for Wheat and Oats.

HENRY HORTOP

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The David Smith Eng. & Litho. Co.
(Formerly of Rolph, Smith & Co.)
56, 58, 60 Church Street
Adjoining Toronto Railway Chambers
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Engravers and Lithographers. Bank and Commercial Stationers. Manufacturers of High Class Calendars and Advertising Novelties.

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C. B. EBBAGE - Proprietor

Our premises are now fully equipped with all the latest machinery and appliances for manufacturing—

Pumps and Pump Supplies. Tile for wells, cisterns, culverts, etc. Steam Pipe Fitting Tools and Pipe Supplies.

Orders promptly filled.
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Let US Handle the Flour for YOU.

We supply to scores of satisfied customers every week their Bread and Pastry Flour, as well as their Meal for breakfast.

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ROBT. NOBLE, Proprietor
N. P. MOORE, Manager

Excelsior Bakery

We are headquarters in Acton for Bread, Cakes, Pastry, etc., of first-class quality.

We also carry a splendid stock of Groceries and Confectionery.

T. Statham & Son
Mill Street, Acton.

THE BIG HARDWARE STORE

WASH DAY Necessaries

Tubs
Pails
Wash Machines
Washboards
Wringers
Boilers
Kettles
Granite Kettles
Clothes Boilers
Clothes Racks
Rope and Wire
Reel Heads
Clothes Mitts

WE DON'T SELL SOAP.

The Big Hardware Store carries a large quantity of Household Hardware.

"Our Prices are always right."

The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Phones 97-103 Limited, GUELPH

Is It Footwear You Are Looking For?

If that's the case go to

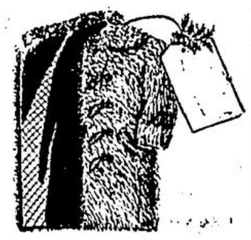
Williams' Shoe Store

I carry a full line of boots, shoes, rubbers, etc., for people of all ages and sizes.

Fall and winter stock now ready for your inspection.

Wm. Williams
The Shoe Man
Mill Street - - Acton

A Word to the Wise



Buy Your Furs Now and Have Them Put Aside

A small deposit will do. Our Furs are known and require no further mention here. Get your orders in soon and give us the proper time to execute the same. Fit guaranteed and money is saved for you every time as our furs do wear well.

Only the best materials used. No free trips. Only our guarantee of quality.

LaFontaine's Fur Store
GUELPH

The Old and Reliable Granite and Marble Dealers

We are manufacturers and direct importers of all kinds of Monumental and Headstone work. We sell direct to our customers at whole sale prices, thus saving our customers 40 per cent. We have the best appliances and the only mechanics in the Dominion who can operate pneumatic tools properly. We can give references from hundreds of our customers in Toronto and other places, where others have to stand law suits in order to collect. We have the largest and best stock of Granite in the Dominion, or more than any three dealers in the West. We are legitimate dealers and employ no agents, and do not annoy or pester our customers by sending out ignorant agents to solicit orders—we employ mechanics only and competition.

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Cor. Norfolk and Woolwich Sts., GUELPH

Canadian Northern Ontario Ry.

SHORT LINE BETWEEN Toronto, Muskoka and Parry Sound

WINTER SERVICE
PARRY SOUND PASSENGER

NORTHBOUND
Toronto ..... Leave 8.30 a.m.
Parry Sound ..... Arrive 3.10 p.m.

SOUTHBOUND
Parry Sound ..... Leave 9.30 a.m.
Toronto ..... Arrive 4.10 p.m.

WASHAGO LOCAL

SOUTHBOUND
Washago ..... Leave 6.31 a.m.
Toronto ..... Arrive 10.00 a.m.

NORTHBOUND
Toronto ..... Leave 5.20 p.m.
Washago ..... Arrive 9.00 p.m.

Information, tickets, etc., City Ticket Office, cor. King and Toronto Sts., Main 5179, and all Agents.

AUTHORIZED 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.

Poetry.

HOW THE QUESTION CAME HOME.

In the dusk of a summer evening
I rocked my child to rest;
Then sat and mused, with my darling
Still folded to my breast.

His ringlets swept my shoulder,
His breath was on my cheek,
And I kissed his dimpled fingers,
With a love I could not speak.

A footman came through the gateway,
And up the garden walk—
And my neighbor sat down, as often,
To have an evening talk.

She saw me, curves my baby
With almost reverent touch,
And she shook her gray head gravely:
"You love that boy too much!"

"That cannot be," I answered,
While I love our Father more;
He smiles on a mother's rapture
O'er the baby that she bore."

For a while we both sat silent,
In the twilight's deeper gray;
Then she said, "I believe that boy
Grows lovelier every day.

"And I suppose that the reason
I feel so drawn to him,
Is because he reminds me strangely
Of my own little baby, Jim."

My heart stood still a moment
With a horror I dared not show,
While the trembling voice beside me
Went on in accents low:

"Just the same high, white forehead,
And ring of shining hair,
And a smile of artless mischief
I have seen my Jamie wear.

"And I've sometimes thought—well,
Mary,
The feeling perhaps you guess—
That my trouble would now be lighter
Had I loved my baby less."

My neighbor rose abruptly,
And left me in the gloom,
But the sob of a broken spirit
Was echoing in the room.

And when the lamp was lighted,
I knelt by my baby's bed;
And wept o'er the noble forehead
And the ringlet-crowned head:

For I thought of the bloated visage,
And the matted hair of him
Whom all the village children
Knew only as "Drunken Jim."

And my heart cried out, "O Father,
Spare me that bitter cup!
And destroy this liquor-traffic
Before my boy grows up."

—Temperance Canon.

Select Family Reading

PAINTING ON CHINA.

MRS. Barbara Best was one of the sweetest, most peculiar old ladies in the world. To begin with, she was very rich. That in itself is, perhaps, not so much of a peculiarity. But then she was spare and crooked and withered up like a crab-apple which has hung too long upon the tree, and she wore a little black satin cape and a cap trimmed with ribbon bows, such as were in fashion half a century ago, and she walked with a gold headed cane, a la Fairy Godmother; and her eyes sparkled weirdly through gold spectacles, and her hands were covered with little knitted silk mitts. And as she sat by her drawing-room fire drinking chocolate and talking with another witch-like old woman, they made a very funny pair indeed.

"Yes," said Mrs. Barbara, nodding her head, "I couldn't endure it any longer. I told her she must either give up me or give up her everlasting dabbling in paint and varnish!"

"Dear, dear," said Mrs. Fanshaw, the second witch-like little old woman. "A trifle more sugar in my chocolate, please, dear."

"For my part," observed Mrs. Barbara, "I don't know what the world is coming to. In my time, we used to leave that sort of work to the trades-people. But Gladys had an odd notion about independence. And she inherited some of that artist-blood from her father's family. There's none of it in the Bests, I'm very sure."

"No, to be sure, not," said Mrs. Fanshaw.

"And I told Gladys plainly that I would not tolerate it," said Mrs. Barbara. "Choose between us," said I. "Be a lady or a grubbing artist, which ever suits you best. Because," said I, "if you don't consult my wishes I shall disinherit you, and cast you off! I know of another young relation whom I can adopt, and who cares no more for art than I do for the Egyptian obelisk."

"And what did she say?" asked Mrs. Fanshaw, contentedly sipping her chocolate.

"She told me to do just as I pleased," answered Mrs. Barbara, in an aggrieved tone of voice. "Because, she said, she intended to take the same privilege."

"What shocking ingratitude!" commented Mrs. Fanshaw, heaving a deep sigh.

"Of course we parted good friends," said Mrs. Barbara. "But Gladys knows very well that I never shall see her again. If she has wrecked her own fortunes, she has only herself to thank for it.

"And where is she now?" asked Mrs. Fanshaw.

"In a studio, somewhere on Sixth avenue," solemnly answered Mrs. Barbara. "With a sign out: 'Art Salesroom,' and 'Painting and Decorating Done to Order.'"

"Did you ever!" said Mrs. Fanshaw.

And, by way of answer, Mrs. Barbara only groaned:

"But I like Lovel very well," she added. "He's a splendid young fellow, although I sometimes find his college bills high and his flow of spirits rather overwhelming. But he's a gentleman. A real Best!"

"Does he know about Gladys?" Mrs. Fanshaw asked, in a mysterious whisper.

"Oh, I dare not," said Mrs. Barbara, "there is just enough of the Don Quixote about him to make him go to sea or take to verse writing or some other preposterous business if he thought he was standing between Gladys and her fortune—which he isn't!" Mrs. Barbara added, with emphasis. "The money is mine, to leave to whom I please, and he is just as near a relation on the side of the Bests, as Gladys is on the Maitlands!"

"Dear, dear, how silly young folks are!" said Mrs. Fanshaw.

"All I want them to know is that I am not to be trifled with," said Mrs. Barbara, with the air of a Nero, in black satin and little corkscrew curls.

In truth, Mrs. Lovel Best was a very frank, loyal-natured, handsome young fellow. He liked Aunt Barbara because Aunt Barbara was kind to him, but he rallied her to her face, teased her parrot, made her pug bark, laughed at the stiff old portraits of the dead-and-gone Bests, that hung on the parlor walls, and kept astonishing her perpetually. But all the time, Aunt Barbara knew that Lovel was fond of her in his heart, and it warmed her chill old pulses to hug this knowledge to her!

"He's a wild chap," she said to herself; "but he'll come out all right. The Bests always do, when they have had their fling. He has none of Gladys's obstinacy about him."

And, Gladys? Well, that headstrong young votary of art lived on the least possible amount of money, and dreamed rapturously over her sketching-board. She had a very little money, which her mother had bequeathed her—about sufficient to rent the little studio and pay the gas and food bills.

"As for eating and drinking, what does that signify?" said Gladys.

So she taught a class daily in Miss Mincher's Academy, to furnish the bread-and-cheese part of the business; and very tedious work she found it.

"But I shall sell some of my plaques and vases soon," she said, hopefully.

"She did not, however. To be a successful artist, one must have an appreciative public, and the public never came near poor Gladys Maitland. In vain she decorated the door-post with signs; in vain she put out her prettiest paintings and most spirited sketches; nobody came to buy. The agencies represented themselves as overcrowded when Gladys came blushing in with specimens of her work, and our little heroine began to wonder how long this sort of thing was to endure.

"Even Rosa Bonheur didn't get rich all at once," she comforted herself by reflecting.

But one day there came a gleam of hope athwart the Cimmerian darkness of her prospects. As she was working at her easel, footsteps stumbled up the semi-lighted stairs, and a knock sounded at the door.

"Is this Miss Maitland's studio?" demanded a cheerful voice.

"Why," cried Gladys, drawing a quick breath, "why Lovel!"

"It's Gladys!" exclaimed Lovel.

For the young cousins had met once years ago at the sea-side, and they never had forgotten one another.

"Why," cried Lovel, rubbing his forehead as if not quite certain but that he was dreaming. "I thought you were adopted by some rich woman here in the city!"

"Art is the only mother that I know," Gladys answered, laughing. "I hope you've brought me an order, Lovel."

"But I say," persisted the bewildered law-student, "why don't you come and live with Aunt Barbara?"

"Oh, I've tried that," said Gladys, shaking her head, "and we couldn't get along at all together."

"Speaking of Aunt Barbara," said Lovel, mysteriously, opening a paper parcel on the table—"behold!"

Half a dozen bits of old china fell out with a clink and a clatter.

"Oh!" cried Gladys, stiffening with horror. "It's Aunt Barbara's painted china! Oh, Lovel, how did this happen?"

Mr. Best smote himself pathetically on the chest.

"Like George Washington," he confessed, "I cannot tell a lie—it was I! I was doing my gymnastics in the storage-room—Indian war-clubs, and all that sort of thing, you know—when, all of a sudden, I lost balance and tumbled over the pile of boxes. Down they went! Aunt Best keeps 'em packed, you know, in case of accident, and, of course, the china must needs be under all the rest, and got the hardest thumps."

"What did she say?" cried Gladys, with uplifted hands and eyes shining humidly.

"She doesn't know," Lovel answered, with twinkling dimples around his lips. "Do you suppose I'm going to 'fess' before I'm obliged to? I seized a pattern-cup—broken in not more than six pieces—and fled frantically to the nearest china-shop. They recommended me here—here. To Miss Maitland, No. —— Sixth Avenue. But I never dreamed that I was coming to my old playmate! Now, Gladys, I am at your mercy. Can these ruins be replaced, or can they not?"

Gladys frowned, half closed her lovely limpid eyes, pursed up her lips in the intensity of her attention, and nodded her head.

"Yes," she said. "But it will be, oh, so expensive! First, we must order the china manufactured in just that entire, ancient shape; then it must be painted, piece by piece."

"Let us hope," said Lovel, earnestly, "that there will be no grand family festival to use the china before—"

"Aunt Barbara never uses it," said Gladys. "She only unpacks it at intervals, to dream over the grandeur of her ancestors. Courage, Lovel; I think we shall save you yet!"

"But, Gladys," said the young man, wistfully, "mayn't I tell Aunt Barbara that you are here, alone? I am quite sure she would invite you to her house, if—"

Gladys colored to the very roots of her hair.

"If you do, Lovel," she said, "I never will forgive you. No! We neither of us wish to see the other. Let things remain as they are."

"But I may come to see how the china gets on?"

"Oh, yes," said Gladys, brightening. "You may come. But mind, not a word to Aunt Barbara."

The important business took time, as all such things do, but it threw a gleam at last, and one day the box of china—new, yet such a perfect imitation of the old—came. Aunt Barbara herself could not have told the difference, was safely smuggled into the back door and up to the storage room.

"Now," said Lovel, laughing, "I shall breathe freely at last."

He gave Gladys a check for a hundred and fifty dollars, but as she took it he looked earnestly at her.

"Gladys, darling," said he, "I can't keep my secret any longer. I love you!"

"I knew that, long ago," said Gladys, in the sweet, solemn way she had.

"And you, dearest?"

"I love you, too," said Gladys. "Isn't it the most natural thing in the world? But I am not going to burden you with a penniless wife. We must wait until I am a great artist, and you a prosperous lawyer."

Lovel Best secretly made up his mind that nothing of the sort should occur.

"I'll go home and tell it all to Aunt Barbara," he resolved. "And if she consents, all right; if she doesn't all right, just the same! Gladys is better than a dozen fortunes!"

But when he reached home the servants came to meet him with pale, troubled faces. Aunt Barbara Best had been found sitting dead in her chair.

Her will, all signed and sealed, left all that she had to Lovel Best. Gladys Maitland's name was not once mentioned.

But Gladys was co-heiress all the same as Lovel's wife; and, perhaps, had the old lady known it, she would not have been displeased. For coming death lifts the veil off our hearts, and Mrs. Barbara Best had more than once wished that she had not been so sharp and stern with Gladys Maitland.

So they were married, and lived happy ever after. And Mrs. Barbara Best never even knew that her precious china had been broken, and risen again, so to speak, from its own ashes.

MR. DOOLEY ON LOCAL OPTION.

From the Local Option column of the Norwood Register we clip the following:

"The Liquor Traffic is lookin' up, Hennesey," said Mr. Dooley, as he turned his back to the stove and faced his old friend.

"Shure," replied Hennesey, "I was just after thinkin' it had about keeled over wid the bad knock it got in the head last week at the polls."

"That's what I mane, Hennesey. The Traffic is down on the broad of its back this blessed minute, so it is, and its got to look up if it looks anywhere. Hennesey," continued Mr. Dooley, "I never was the man to lambaste a feller when he was down."

"'Tis I that knows it," said Hennesey, "ye always gave him a chance to get up and defend himself."

"And I always stood for fair play when any of the bhoys was havin' a little divarsion," said Mr. Dooley.

"Indade and ye did," responded Hennesey. "I remember how ye pulled big Pete Whelan to his feet by the whiskers 'when he was trying to throttle his cousin Mike."

"I did that same, and I'd do it agen, Hennesey. But I'm bound to help the Temperance Party to strangle this expoiring Liquor Traffic, bad cess to it!"

Hennesey looked astonished and uneasy, but he prudently said nothing, and you could hear the clock tick for several seconds.

"Young Dennis came staggering home agen last noight as full as a tick, and him only sevinteen," said Mr. Dooley in a subdued tone, which, however, did not wholly conceal the emotion or the anger of his fatherly heart.

Hennesey, pulled away at his pipe, and looked hard at the wood box.

"By the powers, Hennesey," exclaimed Mr. Dooley, and his voice rose wrathfully, "I shall soon have to be draggin' the pouf for him as I did for his poor brother Pat—as foine a lad as ever got up in a mornin'" he added to himself pathetically.

There was silence for a minute, and then Mr. Dooley struck the table violently as he resumed: "There's niver a tavern-keeper that does a square business anny more, Hennesey. They'll fill anny young gossoon to the neck wid whiskey in spoite of what the law says about sellin' liquor to minors, and, when they've got his money he can go to the divil for all of thim. Begorra, Hennesey, but we've got to save the young lads from themselves and from the whiskey-sellers."

"And how will yez do it?" asked Hennesey.

"Hennesey," was the reply, "they's only wan way, and I'm not talkin' tro' my hat when I tell ye. Shut up the bars, and ye've met the situation."

"And what'll ye do for a drink yesilf wid the bars cut out?" queried Hennesey timidly.

"Hennesey," roared Mr. Dooley, "an ould fool folks musilf has had his day, and if he gets that dry that he can't choke for the sake of lads folks my poor Pat and Dennis, he'd better get dressed in a wooden suit and walk off to the cemetery."

"I'm wid ye," said Hennesey, and they both went out to talk up Local Option among their acquaintances.

LIABILITY OF BANK SHAREHOLDERS.

The Journal has frequently been requested to express an opinion upon the extraordinary multiplication of branches, the creation of new banks, and the necessity for same.

It is not easy to determine the chances of success attending the operations of the latter. They should prosper under prudent management. But good intentions, without experience or ability are not sufficient to ensure safety and efficiency in the employment of money.

At present, natural conditions are favorable to a prolonged period of prosperity, and thereby an element of danger is created. The element is over-confidence. The extraordinary growth in the business of the Dominion of Canada has not led to any revelation of inability on the part of the existing banks to keep pace therewith. Yet, perhaps, it is natural that, tempted by the success which several of our financial institutions have achieved, new banks should be organized. Indisputable evidence that the field is already more than occupied will not prevent industrious promoters from offering to investors stock in new banks, and if these investors are not fully alive to the liability they assume as holders of bank stock, it is hardly the duty of the sellers of shares to impress the fact upon them. This important and interesting clause of the Bank Act ought to be made clear to them in no uncertain terms, however.

Possibly the best way of making shareholders mindful of their liability in case of insolvency, would be to print section 80 of the Bank Act on every stock certificate: "In the event of the property and the assets of a bank being insufficient to pay its debts and liabilities, each shareholder of the bank shall be liable for the deficiency to an amount equal to the par value of the shares held by him, in addition to any amount not paid up on such shares."

The main business of a Canadian bank is to receive deposits and to make loans, and the earning capacity is based on the cost of procuring and handling the deposits and the ability to lend same safely at good rates of interest. It seems so easy to manage a bank that, if it were not for occasional warnings, bank shares would be even more over-valued than they are at present.

To day competition is so keen that breaches of conservatism, deviations from the path of prudence and caution in banking, are attracting attention all over the country. History does sometimes repeat itself. In these days of all round prosperity it would be well for bank managers to read Professor Shortt's History of Canadian Banking, and to reflect upon some events that dazed the banking and business world of Canada within the recollection of many bankers still living.—Journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association.

HE SAW THE PROCESSION.

The humors of the dentist's chair are not many, one would think, but here is a story from the New York Sun which is probably not unique. A dentist is supposed to be talking about an experience that befell him the day before.

"A man came in to have a tooth out—one of those big, pompous, egotistical chaps who look as though they owned the whole city water front. I told him that he had better take gas, because the tooth was badly ulcerated. Well, you should have seen him! He looked at me with a kind of pitying smile.

"'Gas,' he said, 'gas! Humph! Why, my good man, gas wouldn't have any effect on me. It may work with some people, but not with me. Too much mind, my dear fellow; altogether too much mind'—and he tapped his forehead with his finger.

"The old chap was so conceited that I made up my mind I would have to take him down a peg.

"'Look here,' I said. 'Let me give you gas, and if you feel the pull of the tooth, I'll not charge you a cent.'

"He 'went off' with his eyes wide open, and was a thousand miles away in a few seconds. I took his tooth out, and then stood back and waited for him to 'come around.'

"The dentist's office overlooks one of the avenues, and the patient in the chair can see whatever happens in the street below.

"After about a minute," continued the doctor, "intelligence began to dawn in his eyes, and then it came back with a pop, and he sat up and looked at me triumphantly.

"'I suppose you imagine,' he said, 'that I was under the influence of that gas of yours.'

"I confessed that I had a suspicion to that effect.

"'Well,' said he, 'you were never more mistaken in your life. Unconscious! Humph! Just let me tell you that I saw the procession. I heard what the bands were playing. I saw the animals in their cages. Why, I could even tell you what was on the banners. Unconscious! I think not.'

"And would you believe it, although his gum was bleeding and I showed him the tooth in the forceps, it was some time before I could convince him that I had pulled his tooth while he was dreaming about the circus parade. Queer, wasn't it?"

Lame Back.

This ailment is usually caused by rheumatism of the muscles and may be cured by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm two or three times a day and rubbing the parts vigorously at each application. If this does not afford relief, bind on a piece of flannel slightly dampened with Pain Balm, and quick relief is almost sure to follow. For sale by all druggists.

HOW GRANDMA DANCED.

Grandma told me all about it,
Told me so I couldn't doubt it,
How she danced—my grandma danced—
Long ago;

How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread
Smiling little human rose!
How she turned her little toes—
Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny,
Dimpled cheeks, too—oh! how funny!
Really quite a pretty girl,
Long ago.

Bless her, why she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet
Long ago.

Now she sits there cooing, rocking,
Always knitting grandpa's stocking,
Every girl was taught to knit
Long ago.

Yet her figure's as neat,
I can almost see her now—
Bending to her partner's bow,
Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,
Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentle folk
Long ago.

No, they moved with stately grace,
Everything in proper place;
Gliding slowly forward, then
Slowly courtesying back again,
Long ago.

—Exchange.

JUST FOR FUN.

Sapleigh—The doctahs say cigarette smoke kills microbes, doucher know.

Miss Caustique—Then how do you account for the fact that you are still alive?

"Oh dear," said Mrs. Spider to Mr. Spider, looking down from her web on the shelf of a dry goods store, "I am afraid we have got to move."

"What's the trouble now, dear?" asked Mr. Spider in surprise. "We have lived with this kind storekeeper for many months."

"Yes, dear, I know we have," said Mrs. Spider, with a sigh. "But he has begun to advertise."

The day when a fellow's father and mother supply him with grub and clothes are his palmy and malmy days.

"There are lots of men able to govern women."

"Yes, and they're all bachelors."

Willie—"Mama, I dreamed last night that papa gave me a bicycle for Christmas and you gave me a watch."

Mama—"But Willie, you know dreams go by contraries."

Willie—"Then you give me the bicycle, and papa the watch?"

An economical doctor was in the habit of writing his prescriptions on the blank sides of old letters and circulars, etc. One day a patient, who was suffering from an extreme nervous disorder, turned over the prescription and read:

"The funeral will take place at 4.30 on Wednesday."

Straw covered the pavement in front of a certain residence to deaden the noise of passing vehicles. "Mister," asked a small boy of a passerby, "what is this hay doin' here?"

"My son," said the man, "the stork has brought a baby to the woman who lives in this house." The boy looked once more at the littered street and then said with wide eyes: "Gee, it must have been well packed!"

There never was and never will be a universal panacea in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir. What would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the others. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtained in a sound, unadulterated state a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves those to whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquilizing the nerves disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which being stimulated, courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy, animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result strengthening the frame and giving life to the digestive organs which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto have given to the public their superior Quinine. By the opinion of scientists, the wine approaches nearest perfection of any of the market. All druggists sell it.

TOOK HER PART.

Mamma—You must always remember to take your little sister's part, Tommy.

Small Tommy—I do. I took her part of the cake not five minutes ago.

ORIGINAL.

"My wife is a most original woman," said Brown. "Why, when I proposed to her instead of saying: 'This is so sudden,' she said, 'Well, I think it's about time.'"

BABY SLEEPS SOUNDLY.

Babies who are given an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets always sleep soundly at night, and it is not the drugged sleep produced by sleeping drops or "soothing" syrups either—the sleep is natural, healthy and restful, and baby wakes up in the morning bright and cheerful. The Tablets are the best medicine in the world for the cure of all the minor ailments of little ones. Mrs. L. Gagne, Edmundston, N. B., says: "My baby was cross and fretful and I hardly ever got a good night's rest until I began giving Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets removed the cause of trouble and now baby sleeps well at night." The Tablets are sold by druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.