The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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Accounts rendered monthly.

English office: 30 Fleet Street, London, E. C. Messrs. E. Morris and J. Hardy & Co. will receive for us news, subscriptions and advertisements, and where not to be found, free of charge, we our paper and are in England.

H. P. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

ARTHUR E. HORE, M. B., University of Toronto. Specialty of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Office and residence, Corner Mill and John Streets. Office hours: 8 to 9 a.m., 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 p.m. ACTON ONT.

DR. DEYDEN, Eye, Ear, Throat and Nose. Corner Wellington and Dufferin Streets, GUELPH. Fitch Hours: 10 to 12 a.m. and 3 to 5 p.m. Sundays—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

LEGAL.

A. J. MACKINNON, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER. OFFICE Mill Street, in Matthews' Block, Acton. Georgetown branch: Main Street, open Wednesdays and Saturdays.

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 the Toronto University. Visiting Days: First and third Tuesdays, Brookville; Fridays, Lockwood. This latter office only if desired.

R. J. McNABB, Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Accident Fire and Life Assurance Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc. Office: Chapman'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.

FRANCIS NCIAN GRINDER, Wyndham St. (Guelph, Ontario. (Opp. Williams Store.)

Account Books of all kinds made to order periodicals bound very description carefully bound, ruling neatly executed, lowest rates.

MARRIAGE LICENSES. H. P. MOORE, Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Private residence, No witnesses required. Issued at residence to the contracting parties. Free Press Office, ACTON

WM. HEMSTREET, LICENSED AUCTIONEER For the County 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 $300 and upwards.

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

JAMES McDONALD, LICENSED AUCTIONEER For the County 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 376, Hespeler, Ont., McTague St., and Blora Road, Guelph, Ont. Telephone 117, Guelph. Sales can be booked at this Free Press office, Acton.

R. J. KERR, LICENSED AUCTIONEER For the County of Wellington and Halton. Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms. Orders left in Milton, P. O., telephone to Milton or Georgetown, or left at Free Press office, Acton, will receive immediate attention.

ACTON PUMP AND TILE WORKS 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. MAIN STREET, ACTON

Charles J. Western

Eyesight Specialist, of Toronto

Will visit Acton every month at Brown's Drug Store.

Graduates of the Famous ELLIOTT Business College TORONTO, ONT. easily get positions. Demand twenty times our supply. Such a demand does not seem possible, but it is true. Commence now. Catalogue free. W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal. Corner Yonge and Alexander Sts.

Furs Greatly Reduced...

In price at LaFontaine's. Ours is a genuine sale. Everything in Furs selling off at Manufacturers' Cost Price—regardless of the advance in raw skins. We are going to move into larger and more suitable premises; therefore we are anxious to clear off everything in stock.

Bargains in Gloves, Caps and Sleigh Robes at

LaFontaine's

Practical Furrier Guelph

..PAPER.. MAKERS GEORGETOWN, ONT.

BOOK, NEWS AND COLORED PAPERS

JNO. R. BARBER

Something New

Something Better

"Prism Lantern Globes"

More light— Less Breakages.

PRICE 15 cents each

Johnstone & Co. ACTON

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

For—

Glass, Putty, Paints, Hinges, Locks, Knobs, Shovels, Lanterns, Lamps, Driver's Jackets, Driver's Mitts, Axes and Saws, Clothes Lines, Reel Heads, Tools, Everything in Hardware.

"Our Prices are always right."

The BOND HARDWARE Co. Phones 97, 193 Limited, GUELPH

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Our guarantee means something. We are not here to-day and away to-morrow; you know just where to find us—too busy to have it otherwise.

Accurate, scientific measurements and tests, no guess work.

Satisfactory results or your money returned.

Difficult cases a specialty.

A. D. SAVAGE Exclusive Expert Optician

—WITH—

Savage & Co. JEWELLERS, GUELPH ISSUERS OF MARRIAGE LICENSES

Vacancies

By the dozen are reported to the Central Business College of Toronto each week by the best business firms in our city. We supply whenever possible, but will not send out poor material. Our graduates know their business, please their employers and so get good salaries. We want more good students to supply the demand.

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

Canadian Northern Ontario Ry.

SHORT LINE BETWEEN **Toronto, Muskoka and Parry Sound**

WINTER SERVICE PARRY SOUND PASSENGER

NORTHBOUND
Toronto ..... Leave 8.00 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 6.45 a.m.
Toronto ..... Arrive 10.00 a.m.

NORTHBOUND
Toronto ..... Leave 5.30 p.m.
Washago ..... Arrive 9.00 p.m.

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

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. HINNY, Agent, Young St., Acton.

Also agent for The Union Insurance Co., of England.

Poetry.

MY MOTHER.

She gave the best of her life
With joy for me;
And robbed herself, with loving heart, Instinctingly.

For me with willing hands she toiled
From day to day;
For me she prayed when headstrong youth
Would have its way.

Her gentle arms my cradle once,
Are weary now;
And time has set the seal of care
Upon her brow.

And, thought on other eyes than mine
Their meaning trace,
I read my history in the lines
Of her dear face.

And, 'mid His gems who showers gifts
As shining sands,
I count her days as pearls that fall
From His kind hands.

Select Family Reading

Mrs. Leavitt's Day Off.

By Mary E. Mitchell.

"WELL," said Mrs. Leavitt, biting off a new needleful of thread and hitching her chair nearer to the window, "I don't see that there's anything in the way of my going to-morrow, now that little Nellie Sackett's getting along so well. I own, I'd feel kind o' bad at not being to the celebration, seeing Greenhill's my native town, and I spent most of my married life there.

"Seems as if I ought to go as one of the old inhabitants," she went on. "I'd hate to disappoint Sarah's folks, too. But I don't like to leave you, 'Melia, all day, and the baby sure to be fractious with his teeth, bless him!" and Mrs. Leavitt clucked cheerily to the plump baby.

"There, mother, that's you all over! I guess Willie and me'll get through the day, and as for Linda, she's good as a kitten, you know. It'll be a real holiday knowing you're off having a good time."

Mrs. Leavitt gave a sigh of satisfaction. "Yes, it'll be a regular treat, meeting all the old people. It'll do William good, too," she added.

"Too bad William had to go over there to-day without you, mother, but they needed him about the arrangements. You and he'll come back together. You're sure you won't be scared driving over alone, mother?"

"Sakes alive, no, 'Melia Blodgett! Ain't I driven eight miles over to Greenhill time and time again? I guess I can steer a horse on that straight road, with only one hill to speak of."

The morning of the First dawned bright and clear. The sun was hot, but a crisp little breeze blew out of the northwest, ruffling the bay into sparkling ripples. Quick flying cloud-shadows swept over the green fields and down the white beach.

Mrs. Leavitt slapped the reins on Bolly's black back and nodded good-bye to the little group at the door. There seemed no reason why she should not enjoy her outing with a free mind. Amelia and the children were well; there was no emergency in the village which demanded her attention — for Mrs. Leavitt was a ministering angel to Bayport, though she would have laughed, in her hearty, wholesome way, had she heard anyone say so.

"Why, bless your heart!" she would have said, "I don't do anything to speak of! Everybody's glad to lend a hand when trouble comes."

"Mother's worth tons of us," 'Melia!" William often said, watching her cheerful, capable activity.

"I can't begin to turn off work as she does!" responded Amelia. "But she'll wear herself clean out, doing things for everybody. She's so soft, mother is!"

No wonder that Mrs. Leavitt's conscience felt serene as old Bolly jogged sedately along, that bright morning, nor that she looked with eager anticipations to the joys of the day.

She settled her ample person comfortably in William's neat buggy, and shook out the folds of her best black henrietta, viewing it with complacency.

"I never saw a piece of goods hold its own like this!" she said to herself. "Now the rain has laid the dust so nicely, I shall get there looking as neat as a pin. I shall be glad to see Sarah's folks!"

As they travelled farther inland the air became warmer and the sun shone hot upon them. Bolly seemed inclined to take matters easily, and it was not in Mrs. Leavitt's heart to hasten her.

"Now, I suppose William would lather her all up rather than have me lose a minute of the fun; but there, I can't bear to hurry a horse, 'specially on a day like this."

Mrs. Leavitt had gone about five miles when the sight of a trough of water by the wayside caused her to draw up, descend laboriously and undo Bolly's check-rein. While the horse was dabbling her nose and dallying with the pleasant draught, Mrs. Leavitt's quick eye took a view of the surroundings. A tidy little house stood back from the road; a few children were running about, shrieking and laughing in their play, and on the door-step sat a young woman holding a baby.

Mrs. Leavitt took out her handkerchief and wiped her brow, which was moist from her exertions. Then she called to the young woman on the step, in her pleasant voice, "I wonder if I could have a drink, as well as my horse?"

The young woman set the baby on the grass and vanished. Presently she returned, bearing a brimming glass of cold water. She was about twenty years old, slight, fair and pretty. As she drew near, Mrs. Leavitt could see that her eyes were red and swollen.

Mrs. Leavitt took a long drink. "Thank you, dear," she said, as she handed back the glass. "That was good and I was het up. I hope there ain't anything troubling you?" she added.

The girl's eyes filled. "I suppose you wouldn't think it was anything," she said. "I've just had an awful disappointment."

Mrs. Leavitt's tender heart could not withstand the sight of distress. "Tell me about it, dear," she said. "It does a heap of good sometimes just to let what's bothering you come out. Let's set right down here and talk it over!"

The girl hesitated a moment, and then allowed herself to be drawn down.

"First tell me who you are," continued Mrs. Leavitt.

"My name's Emily Height. Father and mother have gone to Greenhill. They went last night and left me to take care of the children," Here Emily stopped.

"And you wanted to go?" encouraged Mrs. Leavitt.

"Oh, it isn't the celebration I care for," returned Emily, with a scornful little laugh. "But you see, about an hour ago the stage went by, and the driver threw me a letter from Jim."

"Is Jim your brother?"

"No—he's a—a friend," and Emily looked very pink. "He wrote he was going to be at Greenhill just for the day, and wanted me to meet him there. I ought to have got the letter yesterday. I haven't seen Jim for six months, and it'll be Thanksgiving time before I can see him again. He's at work at Beachtown and doing real well, but this is his only chance off. He'll think it so queer I don't come.

"I don't know why I'm telling you all this, but it seems as if I couldn't bear not to see Jim!" and Emily burst into tears.

"There, there, dear heart, don't take on!" said Mrs. Leavitt, putting her plump arm about the sobbing girl. "We can't have you disappointed, nor Jim, neither. I'll fix it. You just jump into the buggy and drive over to Greenhill, and I'll stay and take care of the children. William,—he's my son-in-law,—he'd drive you back in the evening and pick me up. I know just exactly how you feel about it, and Jim's going to see you to-day!"

The girl's face flushed for a moment into radiance, then fell.

"Oh, it's too much for you to do," she said. "And what would mother say?"

"Your mother'll be all right. I knew her when she was Selina Dodge, but I never so much as dreamed she lived here. You tell her that I'm Widow Leavitt that was Linda Putnam, and she'll remember."

"Oh, I know you!" said Emily. "You were pointed out to me once when I was visiting over at Bayport. I wouldn't have told you all this if I hadn't known who you were."

"Well, now," continued Mrs. Leavitt, rising, "hurry in and make yourself look your nicest and prettiest."

Emily still hesitated. But youth and happiness are selfish, and then—there was Jim!

"I'll never forget this as long as I live!" she cried. "I'll do anything for you!" and she threw her arm impulsively about her new friend's neck.

Mrs. Leavitt laughed a comfortable little laugh. "Invite me over to Beachtown when you're settled," she said.

Emily ran into the house with a very rosy face. When, a few minutes later, she came out again, she was dressed in her simple best.

"Well, you look sweet as a posy," exclaimed Mrs. Leavitt, "and there'll be some one else that will think so, too, I'll bet."

She gave the girl explicit directions how to find Sarah's house, where she was to leave the horse, and what to say to William. Then she hurried her off.

"There," said Mrs. Leavitt to herself, as she watched the retreating wagon, "I suppose 'Melia'd say I was a big fool, but I can't help it. If she does, We can't be young and have a Jim but once," and the good woman breathed a little sigh.

The children stood about in wonder at their sister's sudden departure, and in doubt as to the desirableness of the new authority; but Mrs. Leavitt had a "way" with children, and they were soon happy again.

It proved to be a long day, and visions of the social delights she was missing would come into Mrs. Leavitt's mind.

"Dear, dear, what a selfish old thing I be, to be sure!" she said to herself more than once.

But all things come to an end, and at last the children were safe in bed, and the tasks all done. When the shadows had begun to fall softly on hushed field and meadow, Mrs. Leavitt was all ready and waiting on the front porch. Before long, she heard the rattle of wheels, and William drove up with Emily by his side.

"Oh, I can't thank you enough!" cried the girl, as she sprang from the carriage. "And Jim says so, too. I've had the loveliest time! Mother and father are just a little way behind; you must wait and see them."

But Mrs. Leavitt would delay no longer. She gave Emily a sympathetic kiss, climbed in by William, and old Bolly went on.

"Aren't you tired, mother?" said William, gently, laying his strong, brown hand on Mrs. Leavitt's knee.

"Oh, not to speak of. Those children were pretty lively, and for devising ways for getting into trouble they do beat all; but there—they are real affectionate, nice children!"

"Well, if ever I was mad!" went on William. "Here you've been looking forward to this day for a month, and then to give it up for that silly slip of a girl!"

"Now, now, William! It wasn't much to do. You know how it is yourself—you've been courting!"

"Everybody was so disappointed!" continued William. "Aunt Sarah wants me to bring you right back for the night, so you can see the folks. We can take the cross-cut through the woods and be there in half an hour."

Mrs. Leavitt settled back. It was good to know she had been missed, and her face wore a pleased smile.

"No, William," she said, "Mella'll be expecting us, and I promised Jane Park I'd help her tack her silk quilt to-morrow. I guess we'd better go straight home!"

"HAY-FOOT! STRAW-FOOT!"

Many boys and girls may have heard these words applied in a derisive way to raw recruits who were making a beginning in their military education by learning to march; but very few young people—or old ones, either—know how the terms originated.

During the War of 1812, there was a great deal of drilling and training among the militia-men all over the country, especially in the larger cities and towns, where the principal recruiting stations were situated. In New York City, much of the drilling of newly enlisted men was done in what is now City Hall Park, in front of a tavern which stood where the Sun newspaper building is located. Many of these would-be soldiers were from the country, and these, of course, knew nothing at all about marching in military fashion. They could walk far enough, some of them, and work as hard and bear as much fatigue as any soldier in the regular army; but they walked as they pleased, and had no ideas about such things as "keeping step." It is even said that there were fellows among them who did not know their right foot from their left, and who were therefore continually getting themselves and their companions into disorder by mixing up their legs—that is, moving out their right leg when the left should have been advanced.

The difficulty was solved by an ingenious device—binding hay to the right leg and straw to the left. The raw recruits could, at least, distinguish the "hay-foot" from the "straw-foot."

The regular soldiers who may have been drilling at the same time probably smiled, as they did not dare to laugh, at the queer looking men with their hay and straw bound legs; but the mothers, fathers and sisters of the recruits, if any of them chanced to come to town to see their sons or brothers drill, doubtless thought the affair a fine military display, and that Jeremiah or Caleb would be a general yet, if the war lasted long enough.—St. Nicholas.

"ODD, BUT RATHER NICE."

Readers of this paper will perhaps be amused by a bit of "society" gossip overheard at some "function" and reported to the New York Tribune. Two young ladies were talking.

"Fancy what a shock I had last week," said vivacious Miss B., who had been visiting in a large Western city; "and yet it was rather nice, you know.

"The people I was stopping with are railroad kings — always travel in a private car, step over to Europe with less effort than New Yorkers make in going to Brooklyn, and all that.

"Well, the day after my arrival they gave me a tea, and the prettiest girl in the room was a red haired creature with a ravishing figure and a gown which fitted worlds better than mine. I was immensely taken with her, and we chatted, and she was jolly and clever and most fascinating. Finally, as we were drinking tea together, the butler offered me some cake — a blow-away, melt-in-your-mouth concoction of sugar and chocolate, utterly delicious.

"I said at once I had never tasted anything so delicate, whereupon the beauty calmly remarked:

"'I'm glad you like it; I made it.'

"I thought she was joking.

"'Why, you are not a relation, are you?' I asked.

"'No,' she said, with a little laugh; 'I must just have looked bewildered. No, I am a professional cook. I make almost all the fancy desserts and cake for the swell set here.' And it was true.

"She belonged to a poor family, good enough as to birth, the father incapable of earning much, and as she grew up it became necessary to do something. She liked cooking, and began with this sugar cake, making it occasionally for a few friends. When I met her she was on the top round, had two rooms at the back of the house, with a telephone, an assistant cook and errand boy, and bought her flour and sugar and things at wholesale.

"The remarkable thing was that she remained the intimate friend of those rich girls with whom she had gone to school, dressed better than a good many of them, and after making the cakes and creams for a big reception, would dress and go down and eat her own wares.

"'It used to sound very droll,' she said, 'when my hostess would call through the telephone: "O Betty, dear, can you send me two quarts of biscuit Tortoni for dinner to-morrow night?" and "Betty, if you are going to the dance Friday, I'll take you up in the carriage." But, you know, it seemed rather nice, too.'"

A HALF LENGTH PICTURE.

A countryman bargained with a California photographer for a half length picture of himself at half price, and when the artist delivered a fine view of the subject from the waistband down the victimized sitter indulged in remarks more forcible than polite.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE.

Letter from Mr. Geo. Murdock, who is Sojourning in Cuba.

The following interesting letter was received last week by Mr. H. S. McDonald, from Geo. Murdock, son of the late James Murdock, Ashgrove. Mr. Murdock, with three other young men from this vicinity, went to Cuba several months ago:

Camaguey, Cuba, Feb. 18th, 1907.

DEAR FRIEND: I was pleased to get a letter from you. Well, we have enjoyed the trip here very much. A person would think he could not catch cold here, but there has been a bad cold going, nearly every person has had it. Andy and I had our share. The evenings get very nice and cool and the one morning we are glad to roll the blankets around us as close as we can. In the middle of the day it is rather warm but usually a nice breeze is blowing, like we have in our pleasant summer weather. I think the climate could not be beaten. There are no flies to bother a person and only a very odd mosquito. It is certainly a fine place to put in the winter. They tell me the weather in the summer is much the same, only a little warmer, but always cool in the evenings.

Well, we get some very nice fruit here. We always have oranges or grape fruit for dinner, always eaten before a meal. We get good beef and pork, sometimes sweet potatoes and sometimes Irish potatoes, cabbage, tomatoes and nearly all the vegetables we could get up north in the summer time. These sweet potatoes are very nice. A person can plant a patch here and after they get started they cover the ground and keep growing all the time. You can keep digging here and there among them and always have plenty for use. Apples and peaches do not do well here, but they say grapes do splendid. I saw ripe strawberries a short time ago. They tell me they can grow three good crops of corn a year. What do you think of that? The season this winter has been very dry. They say they have not had much rain for three months; for that reason they have to provide a way of watering their gardens to get the best results.

I am getting $3.00 a day at my work, but ordinary wages run from $1.00 to $1.50 for labor. You see the Cuban labor is so cheap that the Americans cannot compete with them. They live very cheap. In the morning about all they have is a cup of coffee. They grow the coffee right here so they get the pure stuff. They grow the best tobacco here they say you can buy. They tell me they cut it four times a year, and an acre of good tobacco is worth from $500 to $1000 so it ought to pay all right. The corn is worth about 5 cents a pound. Everything is high in price. They have some very fine woods on this island; they say about 160 different kinds. One kind is so hard you can hardly chip it. They put it in the ground for posts and it will last for ages. Some is known to have been in the ground 150 years and is sound to this day. Their cedar is a very fine wood, worth in lumber from $90 to $100 a thousand. That is as bad as our pine. They have no wood equal to our white pine for building. They import a lot from the States for that purpose. It is a very hard pine to work, full of pitch, and is worth about $40.

Well, Mr. McDonald, it would take a Canadian a few years to get used to growing stuff here. There are so many things different. However, a person can grow nearly everything you need the year round. It is agreeable to think you have not to provide for the winter. You can lay water pipes any place you want them and feel sure they are all right. I can hardly realize you are having such cold weather up there when it is so nice here. If they were all English-speaking people a person would enjoy it much better.

It looks comical to see the big loads of logs go through here all on carts. The wheels are from 6 to 7 feet high. A person would wonder how they would get them loaded. They have about three or four yoke of oxen, one ahead of the other. They fasten the yoke to the horns. It seems a hard way to use them but it is said they work better that way.

Will write more next time.

Your sincere friend,

GEO. MURDOCK.

A FAIR OFFER.

Upton Sinclair, author and Socialist, was talking the other day of the injustice of the private ownership of land, and incidently told the following story:

A tramp was one day strolling through a wood that belonged to the Duke of Norfolk. The Duke happened to meet him and said:

"Do you know you're walking on my land?"

"Your land?" said the tramp. "Well, I've got no land of my own, so I'm obliged to walk on somebody's. Where, though, did you get this land?"

"Got it from my ancestors," said the Duke.

"And where did they get it from?" went on the tramp.

"From their ancestors," said the Duke.

"And where did their ancesters get it from?"

"They fought for it."

"Come on, then," said the tramp, fiercely, as he pulled off his coat, "and I'll fight you for it."

But the Duke, retreating hastily, declined to accept this fair offer.

A Favorite Remedy for Babies.

Its pleasant taste and prompt cures have made Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a favorite with the mothers of small children. It quickly cures their coughs and colds and prevents any danger of pneumonia or other serious consequences. It not only cures croup but when given as soon as the croupy cough appears will prevent the attack. For sale by all druggists.

THINGS TO FORGET.

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a fale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet, and guarded, and kept from the day,
In the dark; and whose showing, whose sudden display,
Would cause grief and sorrow and life-long dismay,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile or the least way gamy
A fellow, or cause any gladness to coy,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

YOUR GAWKY BOY.

That gawky boy of yours—ungainly, gaunt, shy, unpropossessing, as he is,—writes Henry A. Shute in the March Delineator. You nag him. You laugh at him and you ridicule him. Did you ever realize how it hurts? You ought to realize it for it is not long since you knew how it felt. You would have stood pain like a man and so does your boy. You would have borne privation like a stoic, and so does your boy, and there would have been a grim sort of enjoyment in it, for the joy of resistance is fully awaken at fourteen.

But you could not bear ridicule and he cannot, and yet there is scarcely a day when you do not cause him sharp discomfort.

The boy's mother never does this. She loves every awkward movement of her boy. She loves his long legs and she loves to hear his raucous voice. She smiles at it, too, and at him, and it is a smile of genuine amusement, but there is love in the smile, and love in her eyes, and he knows it, and adores her for it.

If he becomes depressed and despondent, he confides his troubles to his dog, which sits in front of him gazing at him with an almost human expression of sympathy and puts his paw on his master's knee.

A bit unfortunate, isn't it, that your own boy is obliged to depend on his mother and his dog for sympathy and affection? He gets none from you and but little from his brothers and sisters. It is true, isn't it?

My friend, if you paid as much personal attention to the proper development of your boy as you do in raising a two-minute trotter, or the blue ribbon Guernsey, or the Black Strain Jubilee of Orpington, or in beating bogy, or in your game of whist, you would be astonished at the results.

HE HADN'T CAUGHT UP.

Several years ago, when the University of Chicago held its decennial celebration, John D. Rockefeller was its guest for several days. A bewildering succession of functions followed one another in such quick succession that each affair was from one to four hours late.

At the great banquet on the closing day, Mr. Rockefeller, in his after-dinner speech, told the following story: "I have felt for the past twenty-four hours like the Boston business man who lived in the suburbs and came in to his office every day. One winter afternoon he took the train for his home, but a terrific snowstorm was raging, and about half way to his suburb the train was snowed in. All night the passengers were imprisoned, but early in the morning they managed to reach a near-by telegraph station, and the Boston man sent the following despatch to his office:

"Will not be in the office to-day. Have not got home yesterday yet."

THE CORPSE PLANT.

The corpse plant is a remarkable carnivorous specimen that grows in the colony of Natal. Its principal feature is a bell shaped mouth, with a throat opening into a hollow stem. It is almost black and covered with a thick, glutinous secretion, while its odor is very offensive. This attracts carrion feeding birds to it, and once they alight on it they are lost. Their claws become entangled in the secretion, the bell shaped mouth folds up, and they are literally swallowed.

COSTLIEST OF ALL FISH.

The fish was no bigger than a silver dollar. It's color was bright gold, and it had a beautiful bushy golden tail.

"That," said the pet stock dealer, "is the finest aquarium fish in the world, a Chinese brush tailed goldfish. It is handsome, healthy and long lived. A good brush tailed goldfish," he concluded, "cost $250 or $300, and some fine specimens have sold for as much as $700 apiece."

He surely is in want of another's patience who has none of his own.—Lavater.

HEALTHY BABIES.

Healthy babies are good babies—it is only the sick child that cries all the time. Mothers, if you want to see your little ones smiling and happy give them Baby's Own Tablets—there is a smile in every dose. The Tablets cure all the little ailments of childhood arising out of a disordered condition of the stomach or bowels. They are good for all babies and are sold under the guarantee of a government analyst to contain no opiates or harmful drugs. Mrs. F. D. Kirk, Dumfries, N. S., says:—"I always use Baby's Own Tablets for the ailments of my little ones and find them a splendid medicine. A few doses always restores them to perfect health. I would not be without the Tablets in the house." The Tablets are sold by druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.