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English office, 20 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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University of Toronto
SUCCESSOR TO DR. JOHN M. MACDONALD.
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DENTIST.
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Office at Residence, Main St.
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The latest anaesthetic used if desired.

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E. AND J. HARDY & CO.,
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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.

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Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound, ruling neatly and promptly done

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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 sums, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

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Orders left with the FREE PRESS, Acton, will receive immediate attention.

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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 376, Hanover—Cor. McTague St. and Elora Road, GUELPH, Ont. Telephone 147, Guelph. Sales may be arranged at FREE PRESS office, Acton.

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For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms.
Orders by letter to Mimosa P. O., telephone to Mimosa or Cheltenham, or left at FREE PRESS office, Acton, will receive immediate attention.

$2.00 a Month

Complete Shorthand or Bookkeeping Course by Mail including correction of exercises and full instruction. Printed lessons $1.00. Send cash to-day before our supply of lessons runs out.

The British Canadian Business College
Corner Yonge & Bloor, Toronto.

Charles J. Western
Eyesight Specialist, of Toronto
Will visit Acton every month at Brown's Drug Store.

Graduates of the Famous
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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,
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Coat Shirt
E. B. Swackhamer
Men's Outfitter, Acton.

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

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GEORGETOWN, ONT.
BOOK, NEWS AND COLORED PAPERS
JNO. R. BARBER

Arnold's Livery
JOHN ST., ACTON
Stylish Rigs, Double or Single, Supplied on Shortest Notice
COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' ORDERS Given Special Attention
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The David Smith Eng. & Litho. Co.
(Formerly of Rolph, Smith & Co)
56, 58, 60 Church Street
Adjoining Toronto Railway Chambers
TORONTO.
Engravers and Lithographers Bank and Commercial Stationers Manufacturers, of High Class Calendars and Advertising Novalties.

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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. 103 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.

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Exclusive Expert Optician
--WITH--
Savage & Co.
JEWELLERS, GUELPH
ISSUERS OF MARRIAGE LICENSES

Vacancies
By the dozen are required by 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 we 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

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SHORT LINE BETWEEN
Toronto, Muskoka and Parry Sound
WINTER SERVICE
PARRY SOUND PASSENGER
NORTHBOUND
Toronto ..... Leave 8.30 a.m.
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WASHAGO LOCAL
SOUTHBOUND
Washago ..... Leave 6.35 a.m.
Toronto ..... Arrive 10.00 a.m.
NORTHBOUND
Toronto ..... Leave 5.00 p.m.
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Information, tickets, etc., City Ticket Office, cor. King and Toronto Sts., Main 5139, and all Agents.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $125,000.
THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office - - GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any Insurance required will be promptly attended to.
W. H. DINNY, Agent, Young St., Acton.
Also agent for The Union Insurance Co., of England.

Poetry.

WAITING.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brooks that spring in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

Select Family Reading

His Conversion

"Are you sure, madam, you bought nothing in the upholstery department on Thursday?"

"Yes, I am sure."

"Then this receipt for $3.20 was given you for a five dollar deposit?"

"Yes; it must have been. I was here Thursday and paid $5 on a rug, and when I got home I found the receipt was for $3.20."

"Well, just take a chair, and I will look it up."

The head of the department went through a pile of papers before him. A faintly amused contemptuous glance in his eye told the underclerk that he had branded her story "another lie."

In a few minutes he turned to her and said courteously, but coldly:

"Strange; our slip says $5. Now, I will give you a duplicate receipt. I will keep the receipt you gave me for the $3.20. It is of no value to you," looking her in the eye.

"No; oh no! Of course not. Thank you! I—I—knew I had paid the $5."

After she had left he took his way with a smile to the upholstering department. When he returned, the smile was almost a sneer.

"Well?" said the underclerk, with a laugh.

"Same old thing," he said wearily. "The receipt was given for goods bought by her Thursday. She has lost or mislaid her receipt for the $5 and, judging us by herself, was afraid we would deny receiving it, so hatched up her lie. I believe a woman would lie her very soul away to save a dollar!"

The other man chuckled.

"You think it is funny. Well, I don't."

An hour later he turned to his clerk again:

"Five more women; five more lies; a good record for an hour."

A woman stood beside him, and as his eyes scanned her quickly he smiled involuntarily.

She was not shabbily genteel, but shabbily grotesque. The skimpy cape, the threadbare waist, the beflowered bonnet and ill hanging skirt were of all colors and materials. They were alike only in cleanliness.

She raised her sharp brown eyes, hesitated and smiled a little tremulously, showing gums entirely devoid of teeth. Then straightening herself up she said slowly:

"I've come to see if you'd take a rug back."

"What is the matter with the rug?"

"Nothin', only I don't want it."

"How long have you had it? A couple of days, I suppose," ironically.

"No, I've had it purty near two months."

"But you have not used it, of course."

"Well, it's been on the floor all the time, but I only set there when I have company, an' I don't have company very often," this a little apologetically. "It's a purty rug an' I like it, but I want to send it back."

"Why did you buy it, if you didn't want it?" he asked bluntly.

"I do want it, but—but I've got to have some money an' I can't get it unless I can send the rug back."

"How much was it?"

"Leven dollars an' forty cents," she answered dejectedly.

"Are you sure there is nothing wrong with the rug?" he asked in an insinuating voice. "If it is crooked or off color or not as represented, I may be able to do something for you."

"No," emphatically, but sorrowfully, "there ain't nothin' wrong with the rug. It's purty an' all right, but it ain't hurt any, an' I must have the money, an'—an' I thought you might take it back."

"Give me your name and address," he said, "and I will call to-morrow and look at it. I will tell you then what I can do." His eyes held a smile that was not amusement or contempt, but a combination of incredulity and joy that made the underclerk wonder.

The next afternoon he climbed five flights of stairs and was ushered into the room with the rug.

Its flaunting colors, the glaring chromos, the table with the instalment plan album, the few wooden chairs and the old cane rocker, even the one little scarlet geranium, were noted in a single glance. But he looked at the old woman's face long and steadily. It was such a battered old face, as though time, sorrow and privation had fought out their desperate battle there and left each time traces to tell the tale.

[illegible] was what also said.

"You don't want to give up the rug. Why do you do so?"

She clutched nervously at her apron and shrank within herself before the man who seemed to fill the room with his dominant, forceful personality. He was so strong, young, well groomed, that she felt suddenly old, weak and helpless before him.

"Excuse me," he said kindly. "I had no thoughts of prying into your business. I only want to help you out of this if I can."

"I know, I know," she said quickly, "an' you're good—good. You'll think I'm a silly old woman, but I can't bear to disappoint him. Nigh thirty years! It's a long time. And we've both got old an' ugly, but our hearts is just the same. If he hadn't said it almost the last thing, I wouldn't care so much, but, 'Molly,' said he, 'be careful of your teeth. You've such a purty mouth.' An'—an'—now I ain't no teeth at all, an' him a coinin' after all these years! It's a long time to be in prison, an' that's why I want the rug, 'cause it's so bright and cheerful, an' he hain't seen nothin' very cheerful all those years, but—but I must have the teeth. I had the money for them, too, but they'll only send him to Cincinnati, where he went up from, so I'll have to send the money for the rest of the way. I must have the teeth," wringing her hands unconsciously, while the sunken lips quivered and the tears trickled down the yellow cheeks. "I must have the teeth—an' an' I do not know what to do.

"They sent him up for fifty years. It's a long time for killing a man that egged him on to doin' it, and he was young an' hot headed then. We'd only been married four year, an' we was jus' gettin' a nice little start, but," with a dry sob, "I know it seems silly to you for an old woman to care how she looks, but it's for him; it's to please him."

The man walked quickly to the window.

A woman true for thirty years! A woman who would not lie! A woman whose love had grown with suffering! A woman with clear brown eyes like—He bowed his head in his hand a moment, and when he raised it the light of joy that shone through the mist was like the sun behind an April cloud.

"We can't take back the rug," he said, "but here," quickly writing on his card, "is the address of my dentist. Go to him. He will make the teeth, and I will stand good for them. Now promise me that you will go to-day."

"No, no," she said, breaking into tears. "I ain't nothin' to you an' I can't let you do that. God bless you! I ain't never taken nothin' yet but what I earned. I wouldn't feel honest in doin' this, for I wuzn't trying to get help, only to have the rug taken back."

"You must," he said firmly. "You can pay me back; you can pay it a little at a time. Will you be generous and do this to please me?" And he looked into her face with a winning smile.

"God is good," she answered brokenly, the weary old face lighting with a great joy. "I know you mean what you say, an' I'll pay you every cent jus' as soon as I can. You don't know what this means to me," breaking into helpless sobs, "for—for I want to look as good as I can for John."

That evening a girl with clear brown eyes sat with hands folded listlessly in her lap, her lips in wistful curve. Suddenly she started, a flush came to her cheeks, a warm light to her eyes. With a cry of joy she sprang to her feet and held out her hands to him. With no words he caught her to him and kissed her with a passion of love; then, putting his hand under her chin, he held her face so he could look into her eyes and said slowly:

"If I was sent to prison for thirty years, would you love me, be true to me and kiss me after those thirty years with the same gladness you do now?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know?" she answered hesitatingly.

"No. How could I? I love you so much I think I could love you always. But how can I tell? Oh," her face flushed scarlet, "what am I saying? I am telling you I love you, and—you have never yet said you loved me. And you cannot, or you wouldn't have left me for a month with no word, even to tell me why."

"You know I love you, though," he said—"love you so much I was afraid of it. And I am happier to hear you say that you can't tell whether you would be true to me or not than for an assurance to come tripping off your tongue. It wasn't you, darling, but your sex, that has almost robbed me of my happiness. But one little old woman has redeemed all your sex for you and brought me to you again. For God's sake, never lie to me, Cleta!"

She looked at him with tender womanly pity.

"Poor boy!" she said softly. "You have seen the one side so long you forget how many sides there are to an octagon. Because from millions of women a few hundred come to you with lies on their lips must you condemn all womankind? No, no, my dear; you must not condemn women, for every noble man is mostly what his mother has made his. While women have their weaknesses, they are—"

"The light of man's life!" he cried.

The good die young, but the bad never dye.

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.

EXPERIMENTS WITH FARM CROPS.

The members of the Ontario Agricultural and Experimental Union are pleased to state that for 1907 they are prepared to distribute into every township of Ontario material for experiments with fodder crops, roots, grains, grasses, clovers, and fertilizers. About two thousand varieties of farm crops have been tested in the Experimental Department of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, for at least five years in succession. These consist of varieties from nearly all parts of the world, some of which have done exceedingly well in the carefully conducted experiments at the College and are now being distributed free of charge for co-operative experiments throughout Ontario. The following is the list of co-operative experiments in agriculture for 1907:

NO.	EXPERIMENTS	PLOTS
1.	Three varieties of oats	3
2.	a—Three varieties of six-rowed barley	3
	b—Two varieties of two-rowed barley	2
3.	Two varieties of hulless barley	2
4.	Two varieties of spring wheat	2
5.	Two varieties of buckwheat	2
6.	Two varieties of field peas	2
7.	Emmer and Spelt	2
8.	Two varieties of soy, soja, or Japanese beans	2
9.	Three varieties of husking corn	3
10.	Three varieties of mangels	3
11.	Two varieties of sugar beets for feeding purposes	2
12.	Three varieties of Swedish turnips	3
13.	Kohl Rabi and two varieties of fall turnips	3
14.	Parsnips and two varieties of carrots	3
15.	Three varieties of fodder or silage corn	3
16.	Three varieties of millet	3
17.	Three varieties of sorghum	3
18.	Grass peas, and two varieties of vetches	3
19.	Field cabbage and two varieties of rape	3
20.	Three varieties of clover	3
21.	Sainfoin, lucerne and burnet	3
22.	Five varieties of grasses	5
23.	Three varieties of field beans	3
24.	Three varieties of sweet corn	3
25.	Fertilizers with potatoes	8
26.	Fertilizers with Swedish turnips	6
27.	Sowing mangels on the level and in drills	2
28.	a—Two varieties of early potatoes	2
	b—Two varieties of medium	
	c—Two varieties of late potatoes	2
29.	Three grain mixtures for grain production	3
30.	Three mixtures of grasses and clover, for hay	3

The size of each plot in each of the first twenty-seven experiments and in Nos. 29 and 30 is to be two rods long by one rod wide; and in No. 28, one rod square.

Each person in Ontario who wishes to join in the work may choose any one of the experiments for 1907, and apply for the same. The material will be furnished in the order in which the applications are received until the supply is exhausted. It might be well for each applicant to make a second choice, for fear the first could not be granted. All material will be furnished entirely free of charge to each applicant, and the produce will, of course, become the property of the person who conducts the experiment.

C. A. ZAVITZ,
Director.
Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph,
March 11th, 1907.

RUSKIN'S ADVICE TO A STUDENT

John Ruskin once gave the following advice to an Edinburgh student in a letter, dated August 6, 1851:

"I am sure I never said anything to dissuade you from trying to excel, or to do great things. I only wanted you to be sure your efforts were made with a substantial basis, so that just at the moment of push your footing might not give way beneath you; and also I wanted you to feel that long and steady effort, made in a contented way, does more than violent effort, made from some strong motive or under some enthusiastic impulse. And I repeat—for of this I am perfectly sure—that the best things are only to be done in this way. It is very difficult thoroughly to understand the difference between indolence and reserve of strength, between apathy and serenity, between palsy and patience. But there is all the difference in the world, and nearly as many men are ruined by inconsiderate exertion as by idleness itself. To do as much as you can healthily and happily each day, in a well determined direction with a view to far-off results, and with present enjoyment of one's work, is the only proper, the only essentially profitable way."

POINT IN STORIES.

W. W. Jacobs has said that it is only their surprises that make the stories take. To illustrate what he means, he told a story of a lawyer defending a man accused of house breaking who spoke like this:

"Your honor, I submit that my client did not break into the house at all. He found the parlor window open and merely inserted his right arm, and removed a few articles. Now, gentlemen, my client's arm is not himself, and I fail to see how you can punish the whole individual for an offence committed only by one of his limbs."

"That argument," said the judge, "is very well put. Following it logically, I sentence the defendant's arm to one year's imprisonment. He can accompany it or not, as he chooses."

The defendant smiled and with his lawyer's assistance unscrewed his cork arm, and leaving it in the dock, walked out.

THE CHICAGO IDEA.

The wife of a Kansas farmer was entertaining her sister from Chicago. One day the threshers came, and the guest insisted on doing the work alone and sent her sister away to rest. When 27 threshers filed in to supper that night they found a sandwich tied with ribbon, one chicken croquette, one icicoaball the size of a marble, and a button bouquet at each plate.

We lose our griefs by making others cause to grieve.—G. Campbell.

HE MADE IT PLAIN.

The wise speaker knows that no illustrations are so effective as those which have to do with familiar, everyday objects. In this respect the Great Teacher set an example for all who should come after Him. How an itinerant preacher in the Tennessee mountains profited by this example is narrated in the American Missionary:

A group of young men were assembled one Sunday in a grove to hear the preacher, when one of them said:

"See here, John, why didn't yo bring up my rifle when yo come to preachin'?"

"Well, Sam, I flowed 'twuld right to bring it up on Sabbath. I mought see a varmint on the road and git a-shootin', and forgit it was Sabbath."

"Huh! There's no fun being so particular as all that. I think it's all right to do little turns of a Sabbath. Even a little shootin' won't hurt, if ye happen to see game."

The discussion was joined in on either side by those around, and it was finally decided to leave the question to the preacher. He was called, and the case stated.

"Look yar, boys," said he; "s'posin a man comes along here with seven handsome gray horses, a-ridin' one, and the others a-follerin'. You all like a pretty beast, and you look 'em all over. You can't see that one is better than another. They are all as pretty critters as ever were seen among these mountains, though there will be differences in horses, boys. When you come to know 'em no two is alike. Well, that man says, 'Here, boys, I'll jest give yo six of these beasts for your own,' and he gits on the other and rides off. I s'pose now, you'd mount yer horses and ride after him, and make him give yo the other horse, or at least let you keep it till yer crops was all in."

"No; we ain't so ornery mean as all that, preacher."

"Well, thar, can't yo let the Lord's Day alone?"

A blank look at the preacher and at each other; then Sam spoke out: "You've treed us, preacher. John, I'm right glad you didn't bring that gun."

SPARKLES.

"Martha," he complained, "we simply must economize on our household expenses."

"Very well," she replied, "I've been buying strictly fresh eggs in the past seeing that you must always have one at breakfast. Hereafter I'll merely ask for fresh ones."

First Lady Doctor—He is sleeping now, and is certainly recovering. He proposed to me this morning.

Second Lady Doctor—Indeed! He was probably delirious.

Auntie (upon her return, to somewhat pessimistic nephew:—Did Tommy play with you while I was out, darling? He didn't make you cry?

Nephew: He made me cry a little bit.

Tommy: Oh, Philip. I made you laugh nearly all the time mother was out.

Nephew: Well, I laughed till I cried.

Beggar—Kind lady! I was not always like this.

Lady—No; yesterday you had the other arm tied up.

"Are those mining stock certificates safe investments?"

"In a sense. They are the sort of investments that you lock up in a safe, and then hope for the best."

Little boy (doing his evening prep. at home, to his father): Papa, where is the source of the Volga?

Father: I don't know.

Little Boy: You don't know? And to think that to-morrow I may be punished for your ignorance.

Impertinent Youth: "Pardon me, miss, but didn't we see one another last night by the monkey house at Schoonbrunn?"

Lady: "It's possible, but how did you get out?"

IF WE BUT FIND HIM.

God so governs and shapes all the circumstances of life that if we use them aright we may draw near to Him here and prepare to be near Him in the forever after. He longs for our love—our love, which is so feeble and faint, and yet so precious in His sight when we give it to Him freely. And why does He so desire it? Ah, I have told you many times before—and yet we cannot too often remember it—that it is because if we love Him He can make us supremely happy! All that belongs to us, or occurs to us in this life, is so ordered that we may find in it the means of putting far from us those obstructions of evil which prevent us from seeing Him as He is and as He has revealed Himself to us; for if we did but see Him, how could we fail to love Him with the whole heart and soul?—Theophilus Parsons.

A LITTLE WALTER RALEIGH.

All school children have read the story of how Sir Walter Raleigh throw down his velvet cloak for Queen Elizabeth to tread upon lest she soil her royal feet with mud, but the Ave Maria tells of a boy who was quite as chivalrous as Sir Walter.

A dinner was about to be served to several hundred poor children who, eager and hungry, were waiting for the door to be opened. The day was cold, and many of the children were without shoes and stockings. One little girl stood first upon one foot and then upon the other, striving in that way to avoid the bitter chill of the pavement. At last a little boy, noticing her, cried: "Here, Jenny, stand on my pap!" And for the rest of the waiting time the lad remained bareheaded while Jenny's feet were comfortable. What was Sir Walter's courtly action compared to that?—The New World.

TIT FOR TAT.

"Hullo, little girl! will you tell me the news?
For I haven't had time to examine the papers;
And I'm anxious to know how a tiny mite views
The ubiquitous blot of political capers.
"Has anything happened that's funny or queer?
Do you favor the party they claim is elected?
Are the words of the editor, think you, sincere?
Has the weather come 'round as the Bureau expected?"
"O, yes, I will tell on the news," she explained;
And thus from the paper, invested she read:
"The wicked old sparrow,
Wif his bow and his arrow,
Has shooted the poor little Cock Robin dead."
"An'den," she continued, "The sky fell on eat'ing
Has happened; you never could guess if you'd try;
Poor little Jack Horner,
He sat in a corner,
And there wasn't a plum to be found in the pie.
"An' dis is the reason poor doggie got none;
Old Towser," she read, "was the victim of theft.—
Thus old Muvver Hubbard
She went to the cupboard,
An' he eated and eated till nuffin was left.
"An' Little Boy Blue went wif Little Bo-Peep
To see the old lady that lived in a shoe,
Wif Little Miss Netticoat
In her white petticoat,
An' the longer she stood, why, the shorter she grew.
"An' Daffy down-dilly has come into town,
An Tom, Tom, wif piggy is off on a run;
An' I'll tell on a story
About Jack and Memory;
An' now I dess, mister, my story is done."

RUNAWAY BOB.

Some years ago a young lady in a manufacturing town of England gathered by her personal efforts a class of poor, rough boys into the Sunday school. Among them was one, the most wretched and unpromising, named Bob. The superintendent of the school told these boys to come to his house during the week and he would give each of them a new suit of clothes. They came, and Bob with them, and received the garment.

After a Sunday or two Bob failed to appear at school. The teacher sought him out and found his new clothes in rags and dirt. She invited him back to school. He came, and the superintendent gave him a second suit. After a Sunday or two Bob's place was again vacant. Once more his teacher found him and the second suit of clothes ragged and ruined.

The case seemed hopeless. She reported the matter to the superintendent, who asked her to try again, saying he could feel there was something good in Bob. He was promised a third suit of clothes if he would agree to attend Sunday school regularly. Bob promised, received his third suit, and entered school once more; he became interested, was converted, joined the Church, became a teacher, and finally studied for the ministry.

That dirty, ragged, runaway boy became Rev. Robert Morrison, the great missionary to China, who translated the Bible into the Chinese language, giving the gospel to the millions of that great empire.

The story encourages workers to be faithful in picking up the waifs and children of the slums and persevering with the most unpromising child material.

THE FUTILITY OF WORRY.

Worrying over trifles is an indication of weakness. It is a confession that we are not equal to our daily task, and that we have not the ability to cultivate and care for the little share of work with which we have been intrusted.

Calmness, serenity, poise and power to go through life without jar or fret are characteristics of greatness and true nobility. "When God shuts a door he opens a window." A world of sunshine and hope is epitomized in this Italian proverb. To look out on the world with eyes unclouded by shadows of fear or doubt or worry; to go forward in the spirit of love and trust, never for an instant wavering in faith or hope; to resolve—

Never to look behind me for one hour,
To wait in weakness and to walk in power,

But always fronting forward to the light,
Is to take a long step toward a happy and successful life.

To look back constantly on past mistakes and failures is as destructive to the growth of spiritual beauty and power, and to the development of material success, as it is to look forward to ills that may never come.—Answers.

BABY'S SMILE.

Baby's smile indicates that he is well and happy. It is only the sick child who is cross and restless. And the mother can depend upon it that when her baby cries he is not crying simply to be ugly—that is not his nature—he is crying because he is in pain—most probably his little stomach is out of order. The mother will find Baby's Own Tablets a never failing cure for all the minor ailments of little ones. In the homes where the Tablets are used there are no cross, crying babies—nothing but bright, happy and playful babies—the kind that are a joy to the home. Mrs. Jas. Legree, Carnaquet, N. B., says: "At the time I sent for Baby's Own Tablets my little one was weak and failing. He would cry night and day, and I did not seem able to get anything to help him. After giving him the Tablets there was a great change and he has since thrived finely." The Tablets are sold by druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.