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.

MEDICAL.

ARTHUR L. HORE, M. B.,
University of Toronto
SUCCESSOR TO DR. JOHN M. MACDONALD.
Office and rooms—Corner Mill and John Streets. Night calls promptly attended to.
Office Hours—8 to 10 a. m., 1 to 2 p. m., and 7 to 9 p. m.

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

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

DR. DRYDEN,
EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.
Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets,
GUELPH.
OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to p.m. and 3 to 6 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.

R. J. McNABB,
Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc.
OFFICE—Perryman's Block
ACTON - - ONT.

DENTAL.

DR. J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.
DENTIST.
ACTON.
Office at Residence, Main St.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
The latest anaesthetic used if desired.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST,
GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

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

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
H. P. MOORE
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening.
Free Press-Office, ACTON

WM HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to Terms Reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

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

R. J. KEIR
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
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 Oakville, 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 at 50. Send cash to-day before our supply of LETTER runs out.
The British Canadian Business College
Corner Yonge & Bloor,
Toronto

Charles J. Western
Eyesight Specialist, of Toronto
Will visit Acton on Tuesday, 9th April, at Brewin's Drug Store.

Spring term opens April 2
ELLIOTT *Business College*
TORONTO, ONT.
Canada's Best School of Business Training. Demand for our graduates is far greater than the supply. Magnificent catalogue free. No midsummer vacation.
W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal.
Corner Yonge and Alexander Sts.

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

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

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

GUELPH *Business College*
Masonic Block, Upper Wyndham St. Guelph, Ont.
Get the Best business education by attending this far-famed institution. A young man living Four Thousand miles away has just signified his intention to take a course at the Guelph Business College.
A Continuous procession of educated young men and women is moving forward from Principal MacCormick's classes to occupy commanding positions of trust and responsibility. One of our young men has just accepted a responsible position at Twelve Hundred Dollars a year.
Now is the time for ambitious young men and women to get the education and training that qualify for marked success.
Come Direct to the College Office, Masonic Block, Upper Wyndham Street, or address
M. MacCORMICK, B.A.
Principal

Special Attraction In Linoleum
Do not buy any Oilcloth or Linoleum until you see what we have. Large shipment just arrived and more to follow. We have the largest assortment of designs, the biggest stock and the very best manner of display.
OUR PRICES ARE ALWAYS RIGHT.
The BOND HARDWARE Co,
Retail Phone 97. Limited, GUELPH

Eye Tax.

Greater demands are constantly being made on the eyes by our advancing civilization. The most perfect adjustment is called for. Life is often a failure through poor sight. The eyes are the bread winners. We can give you the best vision possible.
Savage & Co.
Guelph's Reliable Jewellers

Spring Term
from April 2nd marks into our Summer session for July and August. Enter any time No vacation. Clip out, sign this, and receive our Catalogue by return mail.
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
Send to Central Business College, Toronto, W. H. SHAW, Principal. T.F.P.

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

Canadian Northern Ontario Ry.
SHORT LINE
BETWEEN
Toronto, Muskoka and Parry Sound
WINTER SERVICE
PARRY SOUND PASSENGER
NORTHBOUND
Toronto ..... Leave 8.31 a.m.
Perry Sound ..... Arrive 3.10 p.m.
SOUTHBOUND
Parry Sound ..... Leave 9.31 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 5.20 p.m.
Washago ..... Arrive 9.10 p.m.
Information, tickets, etc., City Ticket Office corner King and Toronto Streets. Main 5179, and all Agents.

Clover Seed
Secure yours now.
We have the best that can be bought and are headquarters for all kinds of seeds.
ROBT. NOBLE, Proprietor.
N. P. MORPH, Manager.
Acton Feed Store

Poetry.

THE AGED PILGRIM.

I am kneeling at the threshold, weary,
faint and sore,
I am waiting for the dawning, for the
opening of the door;
I am waiting till the Master shall bid
me rise and come
To the glory of His presence the gladness of His Home.

A weary way I've travelled, mid darkness storm and strife,
Bearing many a burden, contending for my life;
But now the morn is breaking, my toils will soon be o'er,
I am kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the door.

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they stand
Sweetly singing in the sunshine of that unclouded land
O would that I were with them, amid the shining throng,
Waiting in their worship, rejoicing in their song.

The friends that started with me have entered long ago,
Alone by one they left me to struggle here below;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumphs sooner won,
How lovingly they'll hail me when my work, too, is done.

With them the blessed angels who know no grief or sin,
I see them at the portals prepared to let me in;
O Lord I wait Thy pleasures, Thy will, Thy way is best;
For I am wasted, worn, and weary: Father, bid me rest.

Select Family Reading

A DARK EVENING

"HE was just discouraged, and that was the whole of it. He sat close to the stove, leaned his ragged elbow on his knee, and his cheek on a rather sooty hand, and gave himself up to troubled thought, the two books which had slipped from him lying unheeded on the floor. Let them lie there; what was the use in trying to study? Here was the third evening this week that he had been held after hours, when he wanted to go to the night school and find how to do that example! He might just as well give up first as last.

There was a loud stamping outside, and the door of the little flag-station burst open, letting in a rush of spiteful winter air.

"Hollow!" said a boy of about fourteen, muffled to his eyes in fur.

"Hollow yourself," said the boy by the stove without changing his position more than was necessary to glance up.

"Has the six o'clock freight gone down yet?"

"Not as I know of. I wish she would be quick about it: I have been waiting on her an hour after time."

"Lucky for me she is behind, though. I guess I can catch a ride into town on her, can't I? I've been out to Windmere and missed the five o'clock mail. I set out to foot it, but it's rather rough walking against the wind, especially when you have to walk on ice. I'd rather be tooted in on the freight than try it. Do you suppose they will give me a lift?"

"You can sit down and wait and try for it, if you like," and the boy glanced towards the three-legged stool. "I'd give you this chair only it has not any bottom," he added, with a dreary attempt at a smile.

"The stool is all right. Do you have to wait every night for the freight?"

"No; not much oftener than every other night. It is not my business to wait at all, but as often as three times a week the fellow in charge wants me to do that or something else after I'm off duty."

"So you fill up the time with reading; that's a good idea. What have you here?"

The visitor stooped and picked up the fallen books.

"Arithmetic and history! You are studying, eh? Well, now, I call that industrious. Where do you go to school?"

"Nowhere. I pretend to go to the evening class at the Twenty-third Street station, and sometimes I get there twice in a week, and sometimes only once. It's a discouraging kind of studying. I've been after one example for two weeks and can't get it."

"Whereabouts are you? Ho! that old fellow? I remember him. I can show you about it; but you've done well to get so far along."

Then the two heads bent over the book, and over the row of figures on the margin of a freight bill; and presently the face of the discouraged boy lighted with a smile. He saw through the "catch." Then there was a little talk between the two.

Ralph Westwood learned that the boy was an orphan; who was working at the freight-depot beyond his strength, and on very small pay, because times were hard and boys were plenty; that he had a little sister in the Orphan's Home, and the ambition of his life was to learn and become a scholar and earn money to support the little sister. He went to school regularly while his mother lived, and worked between times to help support himself, and his dead mother wanted him to be a scholar, and thought it was in him; but she had been dead for two years, and things were growing worse with him, and sometimes he was discouraged.

The freight came, and Ralph Westwood caught his ride into town, and had only time to say: "Don't give it up, Charles. Who knows what may happen? The New Year's coming."

"New Year!" said Charles to himself, with a bitter smile. What could that bring him but more work he'd not do? and paying for meals which I haven't eaten," he remarked, suavely, "nor for candles I haven't burned, nor for towels which I called for, but couldn't get, even after I had tipped the chambermaid. But I have moral scruples against settling a score for a bottle of champagne which my child is alleged to have drunk. It seems hardly fair to a three-year-old baby to convict him of intemperance by paying the bill. For the sake of the family reputation I must insist upon having that bottle of champagne removed from the account.

Americans are better pleasure-seekers than Englishman, because they are less contentious and less disposed to be irritable over minor annoyances.

An American and an Englishman were in the same compartment of a car running between Flushing and Hamburg. The German official demanded two marks as an extra charge for retaining seats in what would be called in America a vestibule train.

The American paid the fee without a murmur. The Englishman demurred, grew red in the face, talked in an excited key, and paid the money under protest. Then for five hours he smoked one cigar after another and walked up and down the train, scowling at every one and threatening the officials with exposure in the London Times.

"You have developed more steam than the engine," said the American, jokingly, to the Englishman at the journey's end. "Your power of worrying over trifles ought to be utilized in making the train go. But we are all under obligations to you. You have supplied a humorous element for a tiresome journey."

LITTLE BOBBY ON BEES.

Little Bobby wrote an essay on bees as follows:

"The bee is a queer sort of an insect, that gives people a few points that they don't appreciate. The queen bee bosses the hive, just like ma bosses our house. The drone bee is like pa. He don't care much about work. There are other kinds of bees, and husking bees. But the best bees of all are the kissing bees. There is a kissing bee in our parlor every Sunday night, and I get a nickel not to tell about it. When it comes to a choice of bees give me a kissing bee every time."—Chicago News.

HARD WORK KEEPING BEAUTIFUL.

Our friend Lil Russel states what we have found to be everlastingly true, that it is hard work to be a beauty. She knows why we mustn't worry, nor be angry, nor eat what we want, nor go without corsets, nor lie in bed after 8 a.m., nor neglect the bath and the hour of relaxation, nor avoid the long walk and motor drive in the open air. We have also found that it is good for the complexion to split wood, rip the ice from the roof, paint the tin gutters drive the storm sash from its window bed, and our rule arise at 6a.m. instead of 8. But keeping everlastingly at it brings success as all of us beauties know by experience.

THE REASONABLE HOPE.

Experience and observation whisper that Nature never wastes any treasure, that she gathers up all fragments and that in her texture of gold and purple no stitches are broken and no threads are dropped. Following some unseen leader, everything is climbing up and marching on. The very things that seem wasted, when a little time has passed, are found to be salvatory. The useleaf that falls to day lends a richer red to the morrow's petals. The foliage that falls from this year's fall makes next year's leaf hold a finer luster. The sand slabs still preserve the track of the bird. The air is a whispering gallery on which thoughts are written upon an imperishable scroll. When the housekeeper builds a mansion, he stores it with art treasures, with objects of use and beauty, that loved ones may enjoy and use and hand on from generation to generation and century to century. And think you that God builds the house of man's soul, and makes it beautiful with hereditary treasures of a thousand artist ancestors, only to pull it down in death, and blacken it with ruin? Thou foolish doubter!—Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis in the Delineator for April.

FUN IN TRAVEL.

American travellers are the merriest in Europe, and laughter and good cheer follow them wherever they go. One of them rallied a driver of a wagonette filled with pleasure-seekers upon his neglect to produce a nightingale.

"We have fine scenery and good inns," he remarked. "We have seen noble trees and quaint villages. We have heard cuckoos, but we have not heard the famous English nightingale. You are neglecting your opportunity, driver. Your tip will depend upon your success in beating up a nightingale for us."

The driver made no reply, but during the next mile the tips of his ears fairly curled in his eagerness to catch the far-away note of a nightingale. At last he held up his horses, turned cautiously around, and whispered:

"I think, sir, that I hear one now?"

The company were quiet, and it was not long before a feeble twitter was heard, but under no stress of circumstances could it have been associated with the King of English song-birds. But the driver's face lighted up with a fine glow of enthusiasm as he repeated:

"I think, sir, that it is a nightingale!"

"The tip is yours, John," said the jolly American. Any one who can make a nightingale out of that wretched warbler deserves to be rewarded for his imagination."

Another American remonstrated with a French hotel proprietor for presenting a bill with reckless overcharges.

"I don't mind paying for meals which I haven't eaten," he remarked, suavely, "nor for candles I haven't burned, nor for towels which I called for, but couldn't get, even after I had tipped the chambermaid. But I have moral scruples against settling a score for a bottle of champagne which my child is alleged to have drunk. It seems hardly fair to a three-year-old baby to convict him of intemperance by paying the bill. For the sake of the family reputation I must insist upon having that bottle of champagne removed from the account.

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TWO SETS OF GIRLS.

There is in one of our largest cities an immense shop owned by a man eminent in good works, as well as in business and in politics. Its employees fall naturally into little clubs or coteries, the men and women of similar tastes often going to spend their summer vacations together.

Last August four girls from this store went to a sea-coast village in New England. Their pale faces and eager delight in the sea and fields touched the hearts of the old fishermen and their wives, who speedily made friends with them, and welcomed them to their little homes.

The girls were uneducated, but they were simple, sincere and modest as the finest gentlewomen. They fished, rowed and walked, striving to understand the new world around them. When their holiday was over they went back to town, rosy and strong, their brains full of new ideas, and the richer for life by a few faithful friends.

Four other girls in their turn went to the same town. They had spent their savings in plumed hats and cheap silks. A coarse perfume surrounded them; they wore gilt bangles and rhinestone necklaces. Each had her hired "bike" on which she raced incessantly up and down in front of the hotel "scorching" and even "jockeying," as on a horse, bouncing up and down on her seat, and shouting to her companions.

When the daily railroad train came in they were always at the station, bareheaded, joking with the conductors or brakemen. The villagers watched them askance; but they were not criminal girls. Their only ambition was to "catch a beau." The idle men of the village soon gathered around them, and they went back to town more vulgar and nearer ruin, than when they came to it.

This is a literally true incident. It shows that the country will give back to you the crop which you plant in it. The pure air and beauty of nature are as stimulating to the growth of weeds as of flowers. If you choose weeds they can be gathered at any wayside.

You go forward to no prize without leaving behind many things that seem desirable.

Ill fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

OUT OF THE FIRE

The common belief that horses in a burning building are always panic-stricken and refractory, not recognizing their friends, and refusing obedience to those who would rescue them, is not strictly true, as is proved by an incident related by a Companion contributor.

The governor had a fine black driving horse called Dexter. Although strong and spirited, Dexter was docile and obedient and was petted and made much of by his master. As the governor kept no other horse, Dexter had the stable all to himself, with a clean stall and a full manger.

The stable was near the house, and in addition to Dexter's stall and harness room, contained a large carriage-room, an hat-loft, and a hay mow over the stall.

One night, when the family and the servants were away from home and the governor was in the house alone, he was awakened by an ominous crackling and a bright glare on his chamber window, and before he could collect his sleepy wits he was startled by a cry unlike any sound he had ever heard. As he sprang out of bed the cry came again, and hastening to the window he learned the cause. The stable was all ablaze, and out of the smoke and flames Dexter was calling his master to his rescue.

Pausing only to don coat and slippers, the governor rushed out. The outside door of the stable leading into the stall was already blocked by flames, and the only entrance to be had was through the carriage-room, the harness room and a narrow entry leading past the oat-bin. These rooms were on fire overhead, and burning wisps of hay and shingles were raining down in showers.

Blinded by smoke, the governor stumbled along the roundabout way, and reaching the stall sooner than he expected, fell headlong down the steps against the excited animal, who was vainly tugging at his halter. Thinking some new danger threatened him, Dexter gave a mighty kick that sent his master sprawling and lamed him for a month.

"Whoa, Dexter!" shouted the governor. "Don't you know me, sir? Steady now, old fellow, and we'll get out of this."

Recognizing his master's voice, Dexter turned his head toward the prostrate man and uttered a coaxing whinny quite unlike his previous loud cries of alarm. Knowing he need fear no more kicks, the governor crept up and cut the halter, and calling Dexter to follow him, limped blindly through the smoke-filled entry and the two blazing rooms beyond. And close after him went Dexter, his nose pressed against his master's shoulder, man and horse reaching the safe outer air together.

"It was Dexter's obedience that saved him," said the governor. "I could not lead him, and had he shown the least obstinacy, or any less readiness to follow at a word through all that roundabout, unaccustomed way, I must have left him to perish in the flames. But he followed like a well-trained soldier, and we escaped from our burning, fiery furnace almost as Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego did from theirs."

THE LAST REQUEST.

The steamer was nearing the completion of a rough passage, and most of the passengers were silent, sad and thoughtful. Only one gay, sprightly individual looked as though an earthquake hadn't suddenly swallowed up his friend and all his worldly goods.

"Look here," he said, dancing nimbly about. "I'm alright. If you chaps just brace up and be cheerful you'll feel all right."

He did a hornpipe and a jig, and one of his fellow-passengers raised his head long enough to say:

"George, will you do me a great favor—a very great favor—possibly the last favor I shall ever ask of you?"

"Why, certainly, old man! What can I get for you?"

"Nothing. I simply beg of you to stop dancing. It shakes the ship so." London Sphere.

POKER ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

The reappearance of the card sharp on the Atlantic liners, together with the fabulous losses reputed to several young millionaires, reminded Mark Twain the other day of an antebellum happening.

"When I was a pilot on the Mississippi," he said, "I saw one night a handsome black boy standing alone in the stern, looking disconsolately at the dark and lonely river. He was, of course, a slave.

"'Hello,' said I, 'who do you belong to, anyway?'

"'I did belong to Massa Carroll, sah, when I came aboard,' said the boy; 'but he's been in de cabin playin' poker wid de captain over an hour, an' I dunno who I belongs to now.'"

HIS CUTE SCHEME.

"Of course," said Nowlwed, "whenever my wife worries herself it worries me."

"My wife never worries now," said Elders.

"You're lucky."

"No, merely foxy. I just let her see that when she worried herself it didn't worry me at all, and so she stopped it."

Rheumatism Makes Life Miserable

A happy home is the most valuable possession that is in the reach of mankind, but you cannot enjoy its comforts if you are suffering from rheumatism. You throw aside business cares when you enter your home and you can be relieved from those rheumatic pains also by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm. One application will give you relief and its continued use for a short time will bring about a permanent cure. For sale by all druggists.

CURE FOR CARE.

Within a garden by the cottage door
Sits an old mother, knitting busily—
Hair snowy white beneath a snow-white cap;
Eyes blue as the blue skies that arch the place;
A face all full of peace and sunny hopes,
A cheery song she sings, a moment stayed
To count the stitches and to set them right;
Then click the needles' music to her song:
From her I learned this counsel upon care:

"Don't you trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you.
Don't you look for trouble;
Let trouble look for you.
Don't you borrow sorrow;
You'll surely have your share.
He who dreams of sorrow
Will find that sorrow's there.
Don't you hurry worry
By worrying lest it come.
To hurry is to worry;
'Twill miss you if you're mum.
If care you've got to carry,
Wait till it's at the door;
For he who runs to meet it
Takes up the load before.
If minding will not mend it,
Then better not to mind;
The best thing is to end it—
Just leave it all behind.
Who fearless hath forsaken
The Heavenly Father's side;
What he hath undertaken
He surely will provide.
Then don't you trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you;
You'll only double trouble
And trouble others too."

VEIL COMEDY.

She was standing by the mirror. He was buried deep in the sporting page.

"George!"

"Well! Well! What is it now?"

"How do you like my new veil?"

"Oh, it is very pretty. Anything else?"

"But how do you know it is pretty? You don't know anything about veils."

"You are very polite toward our sex. I would have you understand that I have a taste for veils."

"You have a taste for veils?"

"Yes, I have tasted a dozen veils—that is—er—I mean I have—no, yes, I—what in thunderation do I mean? I"—

"Stop! Not another falsehood, George Brown! You have been kissing some girl through her veil. You know the taste of veils, eh? You deceiver. I"—

But poor George had fled.

In its initial stages a cold is a local ailment easily dealt with. But many neglect it and the result is often the development of distressing seizures of the bronchial tubes and lungs that render life miserable for the unhappy victim. As a first aid there is nothing in the handy medicine line so certain in curative results as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the far-famed remedy for colds and coughs.

THE ONLY REWARD SOME HEROES GET.

A man, while walking near a river, accidently slipped in. Two youngsters, who were in the vicinity, immediately procured a rope and rescued him from a perilous position.

Their prompt action was deservedly praised.

Being spoken to on the subject, the rescued man objected to so much praise being given to one side.

"Don't keep telling me about those youngsters," he said. If I hadn't fallen in, they would never have been heard of."

"Tis Well to Know A Good Thing, said Mrs. Surface to Mrs. Knowvell, when they met in the street. "Why, where have you been for a week back?" "Oh just down to the store for a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil," and Mrs. Surface, who hates puns, walked on. But she remembered, and when she contracted a weak back there was another customer for Eclectric Oil.

A PREROGATIVE OF THE PULPIT.

Dr. Bacon, a New England clergyman of long ago, was reproached by a friend with some pronunciation which was not "according to Webster."

Webster lived in his parish, and the doughty old divine was not disposed to be snubbed with the dictionary.

"What right has Webster to dictate my pronunciation?" he demanded, haughtily. "He is one of my parishioners, and ought to get his pronunciation from me, and not I from him."

AS AN OPTIMIST SEES THINGS.

Only the fool claims that everything is bright and good. Yet the greater fool is that one who claims it is all dark and evil. Between these towers the man of divine wisdom—he may be wholly unlearned—who sees and acknowledges he sees the mud, the scum, the stumbling blocks, the clouds and the dark places, but who knows that if he does manfully his part in overcoming them they will not hinder him or stand in the way of his helping along the better day.—We make the days and when we complain of them we complain of ourselves.

BABY'S FRIEND.

"Before I got Baby's Own Tablets my baby was troubled with colic and vomiting and cried night and day, and I was almost worn out. But after giving him the Tablets for a few days the trouble disappeared and you would not know it was the same child, he is so healthy and good-natured now." This is the grateful testimonial of Mrs. George Howell, Sandy Beach, Que., and it tells other mothers who are worn-out caring for cross, sickly children, how they can bring health to the little one and ease to themselves. Baby's Own Tablets promptly cure the minor ailments of little ones, and there are no cross, sickly children in the homes where the Tablets are used. Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.