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Editor and Proprietor.

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The best choice of varieties.
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Money, Labor
—and—
Trouble
It costs as much to apply a poor article as it does the best goods. If you use
Toronto Lead and Color Co.'s Pure Mixed Paints
you have the very best at the old price of 40c. quart.
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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.
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JOHN ST., ACTON
Stylish Rigs, Double or Single, Supplied on Shortest Notice
COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' ORDERS
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We are Sole Agents. Information supplied.
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A competent optician should be consulted.
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often means so much. It has meant success to thousands of young people who wrote for our catalogue as the first step toward a good salaried position. Take the step today. Address CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, 397 Yonge St., Toronto. W. H. Shaw, Principal.

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No trouble to show them.
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Daily except Sunday.
Ticket Offices—All stations. Toronto—Union Station, phone main 5600; Corner King and Toronto Streets, phone Main 5179.

Poetry.

THE BEST-LOVED OF ALL.

Three new dolls sat on three little chairs,
Waiting for Christmas day;
And they wondered, when she saw them,
What the little girl would say.

They hoped that the nursery life was gay;
And they hoped that they would find
The little girl often played with dolls;
And they hoped that she was kind.

Near by sat an old doll neatly dressed
In a new frock, black and red;
She smiled at the French dolls—"A-to that,
Don't feel afraid," she said.

The new dolls turned their waxen heads,
And looked with a haughty stare,
As if they never had seen before
That a doll was sitting there.

"Oh we're not in the least afraid," said one
"We are quite too fine and new;
But perhaps you yourself will find that now
She will scarcely care for you."

The old doll took her head and smiled;
She smiled, although she knew
Her plaster nose was almost gone,
And her cheeks were faded too.

And now it was day; in came the child,
And there all gay and bright
Sat three new dolls in little chairs—
It was a lovely sight.

She praised their curls, and noticed too
How finely they were dressed;
But the old doll all the while was held
Clasped close against her breast.

—Katherine Pyle, in St. Nicholas.

Select Family Reading

The Maiden's Mite

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"I am disappointed in her," said Ernest Vail, sadly.

He was sitting by his open study window, with the perfume of a great, old-fashioned sweet-briar bush floating up, where the lances of the delicious summer shower had pierced its green gloom, and sent up an incense of subtle fragrance. Far off on the uplands, the hay-makers were at work; on the bough of the apple-tree beyond, a cat-bird warbled its mellifluous refrain. And Rev. Ernest Vail pushed away his books and papers, and looked thoughtfully out over the lovely world.

Monday is generally a "tired" day with clergymen. Mr. Vail felt the reaction of hard work and fevered enthusiasm; it was that, but it was not altogether that, which dampened his spirits and cast the grave shadow over his countenance.

"Do you mean disappointed in Cora Arden?" said the old doctor, who seldom failed to comprehend the varying moods of his son's nature.

"Of course, I do."

"Then you are doing her injustice," said the doctor, who had come in for a newspaper. "She is one of the sweetest little girls in the world, and one of the best."

"It is possible," said the young man, languidly. "Nevertheless, I am disappointed in her. I did my best yesterday. I could feel, even while I spoke, the flame of my Master's altar burning within me, the electric current of sympathy reaching from heart to heart. And I believe the congregation sympathized with me with one accord, as I spoke of the needs and requisitions of our foreign missions. The collection was most liberal; gold and bank-bills, even rings and lockets, were piled upon the plate. But I sat where I could not help seeing Cora's hand as she put in her offering."

"And how much was it?"

"Only a ten-cent piece."

"Don't be a fool, Ernest," said the old doctor. "I dare say it was all she could afford."

"Nellie tells me that old Arden gave Cora a hundred dollars for a new black silk dress last week," returned Ernest Vail.

"Well, what then? She couldn't put a dress into the collection plate, could she?"

"But the dress need not have been purchased."

"That is Cora's business, not yours, nor Nellie's," brusquely retorted Dr. Vail.

"Very true," said the young clergyman. "But still, I am disappointed in her."

And the old gentleman went back to his office, muttering:

"I wish Nellie would mind her own business. I've set my heart on having Cora Arden for a daughter-in-law. And Ernest is just whimsical and capricious enough to allow a mere trifle like this to turn the current of his whole life!"

But if Ernest Vail could have been gifted with ubiquity and allowed to peer into the little room where Cora Arden was patiently sewing buttons on his little brother's coats and trousers, he would have seen some very genuine tears running down her round, fresh cheeks. Moses Arden sat opposite, knitting his brows darkly behind a newspaper.

"It's all nonsense," said he, gruffly. "Foreign missions, indeed; we need a home mission a deal more. These clergymen are always begging; it's their business. And if you really wanted to be generous, why, in the name of common sense, didn't you take a part of that black silk dress money?"

"Because, uncle," said poor Cora, scarcely able to see the eye of the button she was sewing on, "I had ordered the dress."

"Where is it?"

Cora was silent for a moment, and then she answered: "I gave it to Mary Ward, uncle; she is to be married, and she had not a single silk dress! I thought it was mine to do what I pleased with. I hope, uncle, you're not vexed?"

"Upon — my — word!" said Moses Arden, with the slow tide of rising wrath dyeing his face with crimson. "You are the most eccentric young woman I ever saw in my life. Vexed? Of what use would it be to be vexed? Of course, the dress was your own, to do with what you pleased. And it seems that you did it. Now, I hope you are satisfied. But as to expecting me to keep you supplied with money for all the wedding outfits and foreign missions in town and everything else, why, I can't do it."

And Mr. Arden stalked out of the room.

"Oh," cried Cora, in the anguish of her spirit, "I wish I could be independent."

"Well, my dear," said Patience Potter, the milliner, who was assisting in the sewing and cutting out of the small suits, "and why aren't you?"

"How is it possible?"

"I'll tell you," said Patience Potter.

"Mrs. Dudley wants a help!"

"A—help?"

"About the housework, you know," said Patience. "At the Red House Rectory. You wouldn't have half as much to do as you have here, and you would be treated a deal civilier. Twelve dollars a month and nothing to do but help Mrs. Dudley."

"I've a great mind to try it," said Cora.

"To be sure, it seems queer," reflectingly added Patience Potter, "for Squire Arden's niece, that has just given away a hundred dollar silk dress, to go out doing housework. But, if you come to that, ain't the whole world full of discrepancies?"

"I don't mind that," said Cora; "but I must have a little money of my own."

The tea-table at the Red House Rectory looked very pretty, with its fresh blackberries, golden custards, snowy raised biscuits, and garniture of verbenas and sweet geranium leaves. Mrs. Dudley, who was one of those overworked ministers' wives who are always in a hurry, looked admiringly on.

"How nicely you have done it, my dear!" said she. "I declare, I never thought that a few flowers could brighten up a table so! But you're not going?"

"Yes, I am," said Cora, intent on fastening a creamy rosebud into Mrs. Dudley's hair; "unless, indeed," with downcast eyes, "you want me to wait on the table."

"Wait on the table, indeed! What nonsense!" said Mrs. Dudley. "As if you were a common maid-servant! No certainly not! I wanted you to sit down with us, dear, and help the berries and cream; and I should like to introduce you to our guest."

"I would rather take the baby out in the garden while you are at tea," said Cora Arden; "and then you can have a little chance to eat and drink in peace."

And she escaped out of one door, with the bald-headed hope of the house of Dudley in her arms, as Mr. Dudley came in at the other, ushering—the Reverend Ernest Vail!

And in the midst of their theological converse, Mr. Vail chanced to look out of the window, where, under a great branching apple-tree, sat a fair young maiden showering roses over the little one who lay crowing on the grass at her side.

"Who is that?" he asked, with a little start.

"Our new maid," Mrs. Dudley answered, complacently. "The sweetest girl you ever saw, a true lady by birth and education, only longing to be independent."

"Oh!" said Mr. Vail. "And you call her—"

"Cora."

"Indeed," said Mr. Vail. And he astonished his reverend brother by delaying with a fresh tide of cream the berries he had already plentifully creamed.

"And never left a drop for anyone else!" Mrs. Dudley remarked afterward. "I think Mr. Vail must be subject to fits of abstraction!"

This was in the middle of the month. And at its close, a sealed envelope came to Mr. Vail, inclosing twelve dollars. And upon the outside was written:

"A Mite for the Missions."

Ernest Vail held the envelope up, down and cross-wise, and closely scrutinized the direction.

"It is in a disguised handwriting," he said to himself; "but I think—nay, I am almost sure it is Cora Arden's way of making her m's and curling the ends of her e's."

Just then his sister, Nellie, the general gossip of the family, came in.

"I've fathomed the mystery of Mary Ward's magnificent black silk dress," said she. "I thought she couldn't have afforded it out of her own pocket. Who do you think gave it to her?"

"I am sure I do not know," said Ernest, rather listlessly.

"Cora Arden. It seems the poor thing was crying over her meager trousseau; she has married an ambitious young lawyer, and naturally desired to make a little show in the city, where she is going, and so Cora, in one of her magnanimous fits, bestowed the hundred-dollar silk upon her. Wasn't she a goose?"

"I am not so certain of that," said the Reverend Ernest Vail, with soft-coal voice and kindling eyes. "Perhaps she thinks with us, that 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

A week afterward, Miss Arden blushingly confided to Mrs. Dudley the fact that she could not remain at the Red Cross Rectory beyond the current month. Mrs. Dudley burst into tears.

"My dear," said she, "I can't spare you."

"But you'll have to," said Cora.

"Of all overworked drudgers," sobbed the poor lady, "a minister's wife is the most—"

"Oh, hush, hush!" cried Cora. "Don't say that, dear Mrs. Dudley, for I'm going to be a minister's wife myself."

And the very first post-nuptial gift that the Reverend Ernest Vail bestowed upon his wife was a black silk dress, the counterpart, in every respect, of the one she had given poor Mary Ward.

THE BETTER WAY.

The Ottawa Citizen has the following article in its editorial columns:—

While the movement in favor of a union of the evangelical churches of this country may not be brought to fruition for some years to come, there is a growing spirit of unity which will prepare the way for the organic unity, so earnestly desired by many of the best spirits in the Christian churches of this country. Of this a fair instance is furnished in the action of the Methodists of Guelph. The Paisley St. Methodist church of that city was recently destroyed by fire. The question of rebuilding engaged the attention of the three local Methodist churches, and it was deemed wise that as the town is expanding the new church should be built in a new section of the city, the central portion being supplied by the Norfolk street church—not more than 200 yards distant from the burned structure—and the Dublin street church. St. Patrick's ward was naturally indicated as the place for the new church, but the condition there suggested the propriety of not interfering with the plans of the Presbyterians in that section and, accordingly, after full consideration the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

That this joint meeting of the official boards of Norfolk street, Dublin street and Paisley street Methodist churches deem the time opportune to establish a cause and build a church within the eastern limits of the city under the control of Paisley street official board and congregation. In view, however, of the fact of Knox Presbyterian church having a Sunday school in St. Patrick's ward we think it advisable and courteous to consult Knox church officials, to ascertain whether they purpose establishing a church in that district in the near future. In the event of their having no present intention of building a church we commend the enterprise to the sympathy and support of the three Methodist churches of the city.

It is not so many years ago that the churches would have promptly turned down such a resolution and declared their right to proceed with their plans without considering what might be the pretentions of other parties. Indeed, not many years ago the Methodists would have declared it their supreme duty to carry the leaven of Arminian doctrine into the Calvinistic stronghold that they might thereby save some; while the good Presbyterians would have obeyed the decree and preached the five points of Calvinism to the erring but enthusiastic and emotional Methodists who dared to declare they knew their sins forgiven and themselves on the way to heaven. Those days of controversy are happily past, and who shall say the Guelph Methodists have not chosen the better part. Such conduct demonstrates the hastening of the answer of our Lord's prayer, "that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."

THE PERFECT SHORTCAKE.

To enjoy the unique pleasure of eating a genuine, old-fashioned American shortcake, one must not turn to the foreign chef, for he will not know how to satisfy that craving. The wise epicure will search out some good American cook, and she will prove to him that there are gustatory delights unknown to the best master of any foreign cuisine. The chances are that this will be the recipe that she will use:

"To two cupfuls of flour add a teaspoonful and a half of baking powder, half a tablespoonful of pure lard or melted butter and enough sweet milk to make the dough." Or, if she has become used to the more modern methods of cookery, she may simplify the matter by merely adding a tablespoonful of the melted butter to two cupfuls of prepared flour, and moistening it with the sweet milk.

In either case she will bake the "cake" until the crust has attained just the proper degree of crispness, after which she will split it through the center, will spread each piece lavishly with the best of butter, and when the fruit has been piled high upon them, and has been plentifully covered with powdered sugar, she will serve them, one on top of the other, accompanied by the traditional pitcher brimming full of thick, yellow cream.—Miles Bradford, in the May Delineator.

SAMBO'S QUESTION.

"Mr. Snow, I wants to ax you one question."

"Propel it den."

"Why am a grog-shop like a counterfeit dollar?"

"Well, Ginger, I gibs dat right up."

"Does you gib it up? Kase you can't pass it. Yah, yah, yah."—British Temperance Advocate.

A FAMOUS SURGEON'S VIEWS.

Dr. Lorenz, the great Austrian surgeon, whose skill called forth the notably generous fee of fifty thousand dollars from Mr. Armour, some time ago, takes a strong and striking position on the question of alcohol. Asked if he were a teetotaler at one of the many banquets given in his honor, when his wine was pushed aside untasted, the famous specialist stated: "I cannot say that I am a temperance agitator, but I am a surgeon. My success depends upon my brain being clear, muscles firm and and my nerves steady. No one can take alcoholic liquor without blunting these physical powers which must be kept on edge. As a surgeon, I must not drink."

SOME OBSERVATIONS.

Perish the thought that the world is growing worse. Pessimistic thinkers can see very little brightness in the outlook of the world's bettering, but when a citizen of Acton declares he has been assessed too low, as reported last week, surely there is a ray of light. It is so rarely that any compunctions are felt, or at least expressed on this score that it must be refreshing to all lovers of moral reform. It seems to have become such an accepted axiom that which ever can be got out of corporations, public or private, may be readily taken, that an instance of this kind is commendable. Let us hope also that the "others" alleged to be similarly situated, if they have not already freed themselves from the errors of an indulgent assessor, may receive such a propaganda of persuasion from the gentleman referred to, that they will also do the manful act, and contribute their proper share to the town's exchequer. But at any rate, a good example is a splendid start.

* * *

Another perhaps more "sublime renunciation" is that recorded of a St. Thomas lawyer who a few days ago returned to the Ontario Government a cheque for $2,000 sent him for services rendered in connection with a government commission, and asking that only his actual expenses, $162.03, be paid. The reason assigned is the great honor attached to the job. This is carrying things too far. Not every one who has brains and integrity enough for similar work can afford to live simply on "honor" and actual expenses, and it is setting an improper precedent. The government should have sent it back to him, or at least as much of it as he was really worth. A good day's pay for a good day's work, "them's my sentiments."

* * *

Church courts should take into serious consideration the matter of properly reimbursing those who, at great loss of time and money, go far to attend to their legislation. At the recent Presbyterian Synod of Hamilton and London, held in Chatham, the question of the sparse attendance of laymen transpired to be partly due to this fact: the non-provision by any fund for time and expense necessarily given. It was pointed out that there was a difference in the two sections composing the Synod—in the case of the ministerial section their "time was going on." But at the great Methodist legislative gathering in Montreal last fall the daily press reported a layman, whose name was not given, as saying that in the case of the laymen the honor was enough. It may be this gentleman was possessed of more means than many who probably would be better fitted for the position, judging from the above remark, for if the honor occupies a very large place, devotion to the interests in hand may not have consideration enough.

* * *

The place filled by the cartoon in modern periodical literature is very important and useful. Frequently the whole gist of a strong argument is strikingly and effectively presented by a cartoon in a way that perhaps a column of reading matter would fail to do. But many will probably agree with several papers which are strongly objecting to the comic supplements issued by some of our large metropolitan dailies. To say nothing of American trash which finds its way here, much of this comic matter is not only nonsensical, but unnatural, and vitiating to good taste, and is poor pabulum for children, or elders, either.

Observer

DON'T BE WEAK.

Some people don't know the difference between meekness and weakness. A meek man is not an ass who lets everybody saddle and ride him, nor a door mat that lets every clod-hopper wipe his boots on him. The creeping, wobbling weakling that adapts his posture to every new surrounding is not a meek man but a weak man. A meek man has backbone enough to keep his head up, and yet of such flexibility as to allow him to get through an ordinary doorway. No one admires the aggressive nuisance who disturbs and annoys everybody and everything with which he comes in contact, but we have no patience with the simpleton who has no opinions or convictions of his own, and who hasn't enough self-assertion to wipe his nose without asking somebody's leave. Don't go around apologizing for being on the earth. If you are a man that is enough. Stand out for the treatment a man should receive and get it. Beware of being made a tool of by those who will traffic in your innocence or softness if they get the least chance. Remember "the simple believeth every word, but the prudent man looketh well to his going." This does not mean that you should be suspicious of everybody, but keep your weather eye upon. Don't be fooled with sugar sticks or fox talk. Be meek in the sense of being above giving or receiving wrong, but beware of being weak. There is all the difference in the world between the two.—Baker and Confectioner.

Not If an Rich as Rockefeller

If you had all the wealth of Rockefeller, the Standard Oil magnate, you could not buy a better medicine for bowel complaints than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. The most eminent physician cannot prescribe a better preparation for colic and diarrhoea, both for children and adults. The uniform success of this remedy has shown it to be superior to all others. It never fails, and when reduced with water and sweetened, is pleasant to take. Every family should be supplied with it. Sold by all druggists.

BABY'S THOUGHTS

I'm not the boy that sleeps,
But there is still the same,
Intended for childhood,
I think it is not a shame,
My eyes must be shut tightly,
Oh, no I must not weep,
My fun and frolic over
There's nothing left but sleep.

The little birds are drowsing
Beneath their mother's wings,
I'd like to hear the by-low
I know she sweetly sings.
I'll lie cradle'd in the tree top
Rocked by the evening breeze,
I wish I were a birdie
To sleep upon the trees.

If my mamma would take me
And tucking me in good bye,
And sing a little lullaby song,
So soft and sweet and low,
I'd soon go off to Nod land
So very still I'd lie,
And slumber like the birdlings
Up in the tree top high.

—Detroit Journal.

TWO BOYS.

There was once a Boston boy who had an original idea. He read among the "Wants" of an evening paper this advertisement:

WANTED—A boy, neat and smart, who can write a legible hand. Address, in the handwriting of the applicant, P. O. Box No.

The boy mailed his application that night, and the next morning, bright and early, went to the post office. Stationing himself opposite Box No.—, he waited to see the man who should open it.

He waited an hour or more, until a neatly dressed gentleman opened the box, drew out a score of letters, and walked away. The boy followed him, and as he was about to enter his office addressed him with: "Are you the gentleman who advertised for a boy?"

"Yes, but I directed all applications to be addressed to Box No. —. I didn't wish to be bothered with callers."

"That's all right, sir. You'll find my application among the letters in that package"—pointing to the letters the man held in his hand—"but I thought I'd like to see the man who wanted a boy, so I watched for you."

"You did, did you? Well, you've got 'said,' I see. Call in an hour and I'll let you know if I wish to hire you."

The boy went away, returned, and was employed. The gentleman was as much influenced by the lad's originality as by his handwriting.

A few weeks afterward the boy told of his success to another lad, who thought he, too, would work the "watching" plan. Therefore, when he saw in the evening paper, "Wanted—a boy," with directions to address a certain post office box, he mailed his application, and by seven o'clock the next morning was in the post office corridor, watching to see what sort of a man would open Box No. —.

He waited and waited, until after nine o'clock, but no one opened that box. He had grown tired of pacing to and fro, when he was suddenly and roughly addressed by the official guardian of the corridor.

"See here, boy, what are you loafing about here for? You've been here over two hours, doing nothing but look at those boxes! Now get, or I'll run you in!"

He "got" away, musing over the fact that good luck, like lightning, seldom strikes twice in the same place.

A BOX OF BETTERS.

Better die too early than live too late.

Better to lose by buying than to save by borrowing.

Better to spend too much money than to save too much.

Better too much fun than too many frowns in one's house.

Better a home a bit too strict in government than a home a bit too lax.

Better dollars spent for toys and tiptops at home than pennies spent for prison postage and stationery.

Better to have the confidence and affection of your own family than to have the praise of a whole town.

Better too great freedom of speech at one's own table than silence, stiffness, and restraint in the interest of "propriety."

Better one good book than two good newspapers in a home. But, better still and better far, one good newspaper and two good books.

Better a boy's complaint about the rigidity of parental insistence upon church attendance than a man's censure of home laxity during the habit-making years of life.

Better to have in the hearts of others grateful memories of your service and self-sacrifice than to have your home filled with masterpieces of art and literature.

Better the noise of a jolly gang of young-sters at home than the silence and solitude in which mother at midnight anxiously waits for the sound of footsteps on the pavement.—Bishop Vincent, in Epworth Herald.

At Yakutzk, in Siberia, the average temperature in January is 104deg. Fahr., in February it is 4 deg. and in March 9 deg.

STARVING BABIES.

The baby who suffers from indigestion is simply starving to death. It loses all desire for food and the little it does take does no good and the child is peevish, cross and restless. Mothers will find no other medicine so prompt to cure as Baby's Own Tablets—they always do good they can't possibly do harm. Mrs. James Savoy, Little Lamèque, N. B., says: "I believe that had it not been for Baby's Own Tablets my child would have been in her grave. She was completely run down, would refuse food, and was rapidly failing. Nothing I gave her did her any good until I began the use of Baby's Own Tablets and these have changed her into a well and growing child." Sold by all druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.