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H. P. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

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

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*Prescribed Collin*  
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A school that ranks above the ordinary business colleges. It pays to get the best.

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FOR SUMMER USE:  
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BY MARY EVIE DALLAN

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If that's the case go to **Williams' Shoe Store**

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Daily Between **Port Arthur and Winnipeg**

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**Trouble**

It costs as much to apply a poor article as it does the best goods. - If you use

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you have the very best at the lowest price of one quart.

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NASSAGAWEVA  
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Hemlock and Pine Lumber  
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Lift Sigs for sale.  
Daily and Shingles constantly on hand.

**P. SAYERS & SONS**  
NASSAGAWEVA, P. O.

**Canada's Call**

Look at the value of her deep booming waters.  
Clear as the light of her song birds in Canada calls to her sons and daughters.  
Lifts high your standard of manhood to-day.  
Here in the dawn of a great nation's morning.  
Hear the clear voice of our country's appeal.  
Calling for heroes who self-interest will not blind.  
Do what they know and dare what they feel.  
Not in the wealth of bayonets or powder.  
Not in the outfit of silver and gold.  
But in people, free, righteous and true.  
Let the bravest of treasures untold.  
Canada calls! Then let the response be that shall honor our glorious name.  
Let us be all we would pray that our country may be.  
All that our hopes and traditions demand.  
Pure as the gold in the heart of her mountains.  
Strong as her torrents that leap to the sea.  
Straight as the pine tree and clear as her fountains.  
Honest and fearless, face-forward and free.

**MIS REASON FOR RISING.**

The story is told of a large dry goods commission house in New York where a young man not thirty years of age, with neither influence nor a college education to begin with, was made partner after a dozen years' work for the firm. The senior partner was asked by a friend how it happened.

"He is promoted purely on his own merits," was the reply. "He came to my office one morning, some ten or twelve years ago, and told me that he had just finished school and was looking for a position open at the time for an office boy and started him in at five dollars a week. He rose from that position to the one he now occupies as readily and rapidly, and was due entirely to the fact that after having received an order or instructions he could be relied upon to carry them out, and do it correctly, too. He was not afraid to ask questions and thus get his instructions straight before undertaking the work in hand. In fact, I might say that he over-estimated the value of the fact that he was always accurate in all that he did. You may think I am preaching a sort of sermon, but if young men entering business positions, whether high or low, would take for their motto the two words 'be accurate,' and would live up to it, there need be no fear of the ultimate outcome of their undertakings."

This seems to set a high value upon mere accuracy. It is a scientific accuracy is not the thing meant. Business accuracy, like accuracy in scholarship, means two things—first, concentrated attention; second, clear comprehension. That boy, who in his classes at school concentrates his attention upon the lesson, and questions the teacher till he gets a clear comprehension of it, is bound to rise in his class studies. Not that that sort of scholar asks unnecessary questions; as a matter of fact, he needs to ask very few, because his attention to what the teacher says saves him the trouble. School is a very good place to begin to practice accuracy. No young man can be accurate all of a sudden, for accuracy is a habit of mind, and takes years to form thoroughly. "Be accurate," is a motto to commence with in one's earliest lessons. It is to win notice from others in the twenties.

The late George Stevens, that most brilliant of war correspondents, won his success largely by his accuracy. His accuracy of his descriptions, as well as their wit and spirit. As a schoolboy he built up the habit of accuracy so well that when, after leaving college, he wrote some classical "Monologues"—studies of great characters among the ancients—his comrades in the office noticed that he rarely consulted the books on his shelf, but wrote out of his own memory, and seldom needed to refresh it. He listened after other journalists, because editors could rely upon his quick and brilliant reports absolutely, whether he wrote on the Dreyfus case, in the French court-room at Rennes, or from a camp in the desert with Kitchener. "Be accurate," is a rule of success, because concentration and comprehension mean a controlled and disciplined mind, ready for its best efforts whenever opportunity comes round. Accuracy, even without brilliancy, "gets there," as the slang phrase goes. Accuracy with brilliancy—well, no one can prophesy how far that combination will go when it once starts, but it is bound to go far and achieve things worth the doing.

**Following Advice**

The president of one of the prominent railway corporations in America was making a stirring address to an audience of young men, and dwelt with particular emphasis on the necessity of making a good appearance.

"When you are looking for work," he said, "be careful that you are presentable. If you have only \$21 in the world, spend it on a suit of clothes, a hat and a pair of shoes, fifty cents for a pair of socks, a necktie, a handkerchief and a comb. Then wash up to the job, wherever it is, and ask for it like a man."

This advice was greeted with great applause, and the president sat down amid a storm of cheers.

The very next morning a dapper-looking young fellow walked into the outer office of the orator, and handing a note to the clerk, said, "Please give this to the president."

The note read as follows:

"I have paid \$20 for this suit of clothes, \$3.50 for a pair of boots and fifty cents for a hat and a shave. I have walked from Haydon, and I would like a job as conductor on your road."

He got the job.

**The Work of Drink**

A dozen or more strong, able workmen from Shawinigan Falls visited Three Rivers last week to witness the St. Jean Baptiste celebration.

They got drunk, and going home on the train in the evening, one of them was also asked. The engineer, on learning the trouble, promptly backed his train down to Three Rivers, where a squadron of police took care of the men in charge.

**Slightly Mistaken**

A woman was waiting for her sister in a railway station when a gentleman, looking for his wife, and mistaking her for her sister, stepped up to her and laid his hand on her shoulder, exclaiming:

"Thank goodness, Emma, it's you." The name he used happened to be really hers, which made the sudden exclamation even more startling. She jumped nervously.

"You're mistaken, sir," she gasped. "I'm Emma, but she isn't me." Youth's Companion.

**A Relic of Barbarism**

To anyone correctly reading the signs of the times there are no retrograde movements. The march is ever onward. The saloon is rapidly becoming a relic of barbarism. It will disappear, and an effort to raise it to the dignity of the present age will be regarded as a relic of barbarism. In spirit, in purpose, and in effect, it antagonizes civilization, and it must die. No organization, no respectability, no church, no bishop, no form of the present, can give it new life or raise it to the level of the twentieth century.—Connecticut Citizen.

**"MANG HER WAY THROUGH."**

A quiet man, of moderate means, passing in and out every day on his way to business, had often looked at a fine brownstone house almost with envy. It must give happiness, he thought, to command unlimited luxury and service! A day came when official duty made it necessary for him to meet the lady of this grand home. She seemed weary and nervously restless, and before he left the house she so far forgot herself as to exclaim absentmindedly:

"Does every man my husband? Both he and I use books, and I don't know that I should recognize him if I met him on the avenue, and I really don't know what I should do if I had to spend an evening at home. I think I should go crazy. Servants! Why, they wear a woman's kind hat!" They're always pretending to be thick. Better believe in a word they say. In fact, I've got no idea I hardly believe what anybody says, do you?

"Happy?" she continued. "Did you ever see any young man really happy? Nobody seems to be happy around me. Charities? O, yes, with a long sigh, 'I suppose I give hundreds of dollars a year to the regular things in the way of charity. You're sure I don't know whether they deserve it or not. I hope your don't represent a poor family. Everybody is begging, and I have to pay to get rid of them. You, I suppose we go to London for the season. It's so dull at home? Must you go? Good-bye!"

The conversation was almost a monologue. The same day the good man called on another family. The house consisted of one scantily furnished room. In it was a wife and mother who for more than a year had supported her sick husband and four children by working in a mill, and often continuing far into the night, had developed a weeping sinew on her right wrist. But in spite of her suffering, she continued to wash until her husband's death. Then she was obliged to go to the hospital.

After an operation had been performed, she remained for further treatment during convalescence. Then she really became the sunlight of the hospital. She had a fine, untrained mind. She was kind and cheerful. That blessed everyone who heard it.

"Why do you sing so constantly?" asked a nurse.

"Because I must. Life is pretty hard, and unless I sing my way through the day, I'm afraid I'll give up."

One day she asked her nurse if there were not some way by which she could make herself useful in the hospital.

"There is a dependent patient in another ward who is very unhappy," said the nurse. "Nothing was ever done to cheer her. Possibly if you were to sing to her, it might take her mind from herself and do her good."

"I shall be glad to try," was the quiet response. And she did try. She had had a great deal of success in her efforts to cheer her. Possibly if you were to sing to her, it might take her mind from herself and do her good.

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**GOOD AUDIENCE.**

The Rev. Lyman Beecher was once engaged to preach, by way of exchange for a country minister, and the day was mid-winter, and the snow was piled in heaps all along the roads, so as to make passage difficult. Still the doctor urged his horse through the drifts, till he reached the church, put his horse into a red, and went in.

As yet, there was no person in the house, and after looking about, he took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the door opened, and a single individual walked up the aisle, and took a seat.

The hour came for opening the service, but there were no more hearers. Whether to preach to such an audience or not, was only a momentary question with Lyman Beecher. He felt that he had a duty to perform, and that he had no right to refuse to do it because one man only could reap benefits, and accordingly he went through all the services, praying, singing, preaching, and benediction, with one hearer. And when all was over, he hastened down from his desk to speak to the "congregation," but he had departed.

So rare a circumstance was, of course, occasionally referred to, but twenty years after, a very delightful discovery came to light in connection with his services, and an enlightening travelling in Ohio, and an enlightening gentleman stepped up to him and called him by name.

"I do not remember you," said Doctor Beecher.

"I suppose not," said the stranger, "but we spent two hours together in a house alone, once, in a storm."

"I do not recall it, sir," replied the old minister; "pray where was it?"

"Do you remember preaching twenty years ago, in such a place, to a single person?"

"Yes, I do indeed, and if you are the man, I have been wishing to see you ever since."

"It was the man, sir, and that sermon made a minister of me, and you are my church. The converts of that sermon are all over Ohio."

In telling the story Doctor Beecher would add, "I think that was about as satisfactory an audience as I ever had."

**THE WRONG TOOL.**

"Your honor," said the lawyer of the man arrested for carrying a stiletto, "my client is a man of high character, and every man must carry a revolver on his person for the purpose," replied the court. "Six months."

**THE GHOST OF THAT HUNDRED DOLLARS**

stared at him from the embers. He could not talk, he could not compose himself. Cousin Brown opined he was not well. The minister remarked that "in the midst of life we are in death," and seemed to prophesy his funeral. It was not a gay dinner, but then it was Sunday. That night Mrs. Franklin missed her spouse from his bed. She went to look for him and found him poking in the ashes of the dead fire with the tongs. He looked up with a very sad face.

"I don't think those here could kin to good," he said, sadly.

"Did you get up in the night to look at them?" she asked.

"He made no answer, and returned to bed."

Next morning his wife again attacked him.

"Have you thought that matter over?" she asked.

"I have thought it over, and it had occurred to me that Providence had prepared a special judgment for him, in destroying that money. He felt that the wife had spoken the truth. She had a right to decent clothes. She who had saved him so well for so many years."

"I've thought it over, Eva Maria," he said, and arose and went to his desk, a queer, old-fashioned one built in the house-wall. When he returned, he brought with him a blank check.

"What do you like, my dear?" he said, "and get it nice. Fill the check up just as you please."

He had not called her "my dear" very often. She smiled at him very gently, tears were near her eyes.

However she used the check to dress herself comfortably. It was the first time for many years that she had indulged in the luxury of shopping freely.

At night he met her at the depot, he kissed her, but she would not have any day.

After that night they sat together beside the stove as before, and she looked at him in a peculiar way.

"You didn't seem to feel cheerful Sunday afternoon, Jeremiah," she remarked. "What ailed you?"

"I don't want to tell you," he answered.

"But I'll tell you," she said. "You thought I buried the pocket book you hid in the grate, didn't you?"

She put her hand into her work-basket and drew it out intact, with the money in it.

"I was just in time," she said. "But I understood at once when I saw it sticking between the bricks. If you hadn't given me the check, I should have spent the money. There's a confession for you, Jeremiah!"

"That I'm not in time," she said. "But I understood at once when I saw it sticking between the bricks. If you hadn't given me the check, I should have spent the money. There's a confession for you, Jeremiah!"

**THE VASE.**

She had a little vase in the kitchen. It was a gift of her mother's. She had a little vase in the kitchen. It was a gift of her mother's. She had a little vase in the kitchen. It was a gift of her mother's.

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