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Editor and Proprietor.

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Kept clean and passable the past week or so. Thanks to the Municipal Officer.
—Re-opening services at St. Alban's Church next Sunday. Confirmation services by the Bishop on Monday evening.
—Anniversary services in the Methodist Church next Sunday evening. Rev. J. J. Redditt, Toronto, will preach.
—A meeting of the Board of Education will be held at the office of the Secretary on Saturday evening at 7.30 o'clock.
—A fine portrait of the late Gladstone hangs in the window of Mr. Hanley's barber shop. Some fine work.

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At Rockwood Tuesdays.

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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.

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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 674, Hespeler—Cor. McTague St. and Mora Road, GUELPH, Ont. Telephone 147, Guelph. Sales may be arranged at FREE PRESS office, Acton.

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Charlie Suey
ACTON HAND LAUNDRY
Willow Street,
Near Post Office and Town Hall.
I am a laundry man of long experience and give special and tender care to articles of all kinds brought to be laundried.
Shirts ironed so they will not hurt your neck. Stand up collars ironed so they will not break in the wring
All ladies' and gentlemen's ironing done with entire satisfaction, and promptly. Go to Charlie Suey, and let him know when wanted and he will not fail you.

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Eyesight Specialist, of Toronto
Visits Acton every month. For date of next visit enquire at Brown's Drug Store.

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Flour - Oatmeal
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The best at lowest prices.
HARRIS & CO.
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Wear Well Goods
LADIES' SUITINGS
BLANKETS
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EXCELLENT QUALITY
HARRIS & CO.
LIMITED
ROCKWOOD

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

St. George's Baking Powder
A pure Canadian Food Product—
No Alum, Ammonia, Lime or Phosphates.
National Cream Tartar
Guaranteed 100 per cent. pure.
Government requirement is only 88 per cent.
Sold by—
A. T. BROWN
Acton, Ont.

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LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be secured at his stables
A comfortable bus meets all trains between 10.00 a.m. and 6 10 p. m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

Linoleum
and
Oil Cloth
In Stair Width. One Yard Width. Two Yard Width and Four Yard Width.
Special reduction on entire number 51 Rolls which must be sold, to make room for new Goods. Quality guaranteed
OUR PRICES ARE ALWAYS RIGHT.
The BOND HARDWARE Co.
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To avoid unnecessary wear and tear, your watch should be cleaned, re oiled and adjusted every eighteen months.
Scores of watches are ruined by neglect
Scores of watches are ruined by inexperienced workmen.
Avoid both by taking your watch repairing to Savage & Co.
Watch repairs by experts.
No apprentices in this department.
SAVAGE & CO.
Established 1848.
GUELPH'S RELIABLE JEWELLERS

PUBLIC NOTICE!
By the order of the City of Guelph, our number is changed to 95, replacing the number 69, on Quebec St. Public please inform your friends from outside and oblige, as our Fur Selling means money saved to them as well as to ourselves.
Lafontaine's Fur Factory
and Sample Rooms
95 Quebec St., opposite Herald Office, GUELPH.

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THE GREAT SHOO-FLY PREPARATION FOR HORSES, CATTLE, ETC.
Mix one part PAN-OLEUM to 12 parts water, spray night and morning.
PRICE $1.00 PER CAN.
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MILL STREET, ACTON.

CANADIAN NORTHERN ONTARIO
SHORT LINE
to
Muskoka
and
Parry Sound
FALL TIME TABLE
NORTHBOUND

	No. 1	No. 3
Toronto	10 00 a.m.	†6 30 p.m.
Washago	12.35 p.m.	10 00 p.m.
Parry Sound	3.15 p.m.	

SOUTHBOUND

	No. 2	No. 4
Parry Sound	†11 45 a.m.	†.....
Washago	2.13 p.m.	6 45 a.m.
Toronto	5 45 p.m.	10.10 a.m.

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Lumber, Lath and Shingles always on hand, cheap.
Bill stuff cut to order.
P. SAYERS & SONS
NASSAGAWEYA P. O.

Poetry.

A BLESSED OPPORTUNITY.

God gave me something very sweet to be mine own this day—
A precious opportunity, a word for Christ to say;
A soul that my desire might reach, a work to do for Him;
And now I thank Him for this grace, one yet the light grows dim.

No service that He sends my way can be so welcome aye;
To guide a pilgrim's weary feet within the narrow way;
To share the tender Shepherd's quest, and so by brake and fen,
To find for Him His wandering lamb the evening sun of men.

I did not seek this blessed thing; it came a rare surprise,
Flooding my heart with dearest joy, as, lifting wistful eyes,
Heaven's light upon a dear one's face shone plain and clear on mine;
And there, an unseen third, I felt was one waiting One divine.

So in this morning hour I kneel, and pour by grateful thought
Thanks and prayer to Jesus for the gift this day hath brought.
Sure never service is an sweet, nor life hath so much zest,
As when He bids me speak for Him, and then He does the rest.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Select Family Reading

THE BEST THINGS

THE clink of the money was the dominant sound in the bank; the voices of those who handled it seemed subdued, so that it might be heard.

It lay in piles along the counter, inside the brass rails which kept a greedy public at bay. Sinclair had often wondered why those close and heavy brass screens, with the tiny space below, just sufficient to shoot the gold through, were not more fiercely resented by customers. They so obviously presupposed on their part the desire to snatch. It was a stupid idea, perhaps, but Sinclair was a bit of a day-dreamer, to whom all sorts of odd ideas came. While he counted out the glittering hordes of sovereigns at his end of the counter, never making a slip because his fingers had become expert in mechanical handling, he was thinking of something else, of a little flat in an uninteresting street, among a forest of dwellings; of an anxious-faced woman and a sick child. He had a sallow, almost sickly-looking face himself, with thin cheeks and black-encircled eyes, the face of a man who lived an anxious life and seldom had enough to eat.

The average critic would have said that it served Sinclair right if he were miserable and underfed, for what right has a bank clerk with a hundred pounds a year to eat up a house, and give hostages to fortune?

But nobody had ever put that question to Sinclair himself, because in some subtle way they feared his flashing eyes, and he was so desperately silent that no one ever knew what fires might be smouldering beneath.

On the whole he was not a favorite, though one or two customers preferred to be waited on by him, and were even mildly interested in his private affairs. Not that he had put them in possession of any facts concerning them; his face and its expression were suggestive of an interesting personality, that was all.

The manager of the particular branch of the great banking house, a keen, alert-looking man of fifty or thereabouts, had made his branch, of recent establishment, a success. He had a cheery way with him, and conveyed the impression of solidity and worth. People trusted him, and his advice concerning investments had in several cases turned out well for the investors, so that his reputation as a safe man rose steadily. He had the optimistic appearance of the man whose position and future are assured; he differed in every respect from poor Sinclair, who had none of these attributes.

Germaine, the manager, was pleasant to his assistants, though exacting, and at times a trifle arbitrary. But he had a keen and nicely balanced sense of justice, even though he happened to dislike him.

The usual routine of the hour of after closing was gone through; the accounts balanced, the money locked away. One by one the assistants left. Sinclair was the last, and he stepped out just after Germaine, who turned at the door to bid him good-night.

"You don't look well, Sinclair," he said kindly, at the same time noticing the thin, worn overcoat that the young man wore, and his shabby boots. "You need a few days off. We must try to give you an extra day or two at Christmas."

"Thank you, sir," said Sinclair, and Germaine wondered why his face flushed a little. It was a sensitive face, and there was something extremely winning about the mouth.

"Nothing wrong at home, I hope?" pursued the manager, kindly.

Sinclair swallowed something in his throat.

"The little chap isn't well, sir. It makes a fellow anxious, naturally. But I hope he'll be all right."

"I hope so, sincerely," replied the manager, but as he walked away, his quick, alert step ringing on the pavement, he shook his head.

Unmarried himself, waiting the convenient season, the increased means which would satisfy his own idea of what is due to a man's dignity in the first instance, and to a woman's pride in the second, the best years of life, with all their capacity and opportunity, were passing. Germaine was now forty-seven. He had some thoughts of marrying the following year if certain investments should turn out well, but he was not sure. He pitied Sinclair, with his shabby locks and downcast air, but blamed it all on the imprudence of an early and probably highly unsuitable marriage. He pondered on it as he walked home to his extremely comfortable chambers in a good house, and wondered that the image of Sinclair and his troubles should pursue him so persistently. He even wished he had asked his private address, so that he might pay a call that evening to inquire for the sick child. He dined rather early, because he was due at the home of his fiancee at half-past eight. He had just poured out his coffee and lit his cigar, when his sitting-room door opened, and the maid enquired whether he would see Mr. Sinclair.

"Certainly, show him in at once," he answered readily, and Sinclair was shown in. He looked so ill and desperate that Germaine was in alarm.

"Surely something has happened, Sinclair. Curious that I have been thinking of you all evening. What is it? Nothing serious with the child, I hope."

"He's dead," replied Sinclair, dully. "I was just in time to see him die."

"I'm very sorry indeed," said Germaine in a shocked voice. "Believe me, I would have given a good deal to prevent this.

Sinclair looked round vaguely, his hand fumbling in his pocket.

From its recesses, after some trouble, he drew a sovereign, and laid it on the table.

"I've brought it back," he said, quietly.

"Brought it back! What for?"

"I took it this afternoon. He needed some things, the little chap, I mean, and I hadn't a penny in my pocket. You'll never understand what it means to a man to feel like that. He wanted the things, and I was tempted. When I got there with them it was too late; they cost me eleven shillings. I had nine left, I pawned my overcoat, and there's the rest. I thought of putting it back to-morrow without saying anything, but when I looked at the boy's face I knew he wanted me to own up, so I've brought it. I don't suppose you'll want to see me at Tarvit street to-morrow."

"Good gracious, Sinclair!" exclaimed the manager in a voice of horror. "You don't mean to tell me things have been so bad with you?"

"I've told you all there is to tell. We've had a lot of sickness, we got behind; I owe over twelve pounds now, and I'll never be able to pay it. Now it doesn't matter. If he'd lived I might have pulled through. His mother has given up, too. I suppose it's all up, isn't it? I feel easier now I've told you. We'll sell some of the things in the house to pay for the funeral."

"You won't do that," said Germaine quickly. All the hardness died out of his face, even the alertness from his manner; nothing but kindliness and human feeling were visible, brought there by that bit of real tragedy, the existence of which was such a revelation to him.

"You might have told me, Sinclair. Surely I must have proved myself rather a brute that you couldn't trust me even a little bit. Yet I thought we got on not so badly at Tarvit street."

"It didn't occur to me," replied Sinclair, dully, "and after all, a man has no right to intrude his troubles on other men. I know your views on things, and of course I am aware that I have brought my troubles on myself. I don't regret that, no, I don't! If only the little chap had been left."

His voice trembled a little, and he seemed to steady himself with a great effort.

"Will you take the sovereign? And what happens then; will you report it?"

Germaine walked over to his desk and sat down there for a brief moment. He came back holding out a pink slip of paper to Sinclair.

"I shan't expect you to-morrow, of course not, how could I? Get that cashed to-morrow, and pay up everything. No, not a word!"

"But twenty pounds, sir. I can't take it! I shall never be able to pay it back."

"It doesn't want any paying back. Take it, Sinclair. You must, I tell you, for, for a reason I'll perhaps tell you later on."

"And will you let me come back to Tarvit street?"

"Yes, of course, when you are able. I'll make that all right."

"But—but it might happen again. Who can be sure?" he said, with a faint ghastly smile.

"It won't happen again, old chap. Don't I know that? There, there, don't give way, go home to your wife. Ask her if she will see me if I call to-morrow; and you'll let me come, I hope, to see you lay the little chap in his last bed."

Sinclair went out without a spoken word. Germaine cleared his throat, and wondered at the warm glow at his heart. Half an hour later he was telling the story to the woman he was supposed to love, and who had been waiting for him for ten long years. She was still a beautiful woman, though something of the brightness had gone from her eyes, and the bloom from her cheeks. Her face seemed to change as she listened, but she did not speak a word.

"Of course it has been disastrous folly on his part to marry on such a small income, mere madness. And the queer thing is he doesn't seem to regret it."

"No, why should he?" she cried, then, with a mighty passion in her eyes: "He has lived! He has had the best things of life. He has them now, even though he has had to make a grave. It is life."

Germaine rose to his feet, and his face grew a little pale.

"Anna, if I had known you felt like that!" he stammered. "I have been afraid to ask you to leave this luxurious home."

"Oh, hush!" she cried, with a bitter note in her voice. "It shows what a poor thing I must have seemed in your eyes. Will you give me the address of that poor mother, so that I may go to-morrow and tell her she has something to bless God for."

"I will take you myself," replied Germaine, with a strange new note in his voice. "God forgive me, Anna, it is I who have made a mistake."—British Weekly.

A CHARMING WOMAN'S ADVICE.

A charming English hostess, who was noted in London for her tact in entertaining large companies and setting everybody in her drawing room at ease, was asked by a blushing young girl to explain the secret of her social success.

"You know, I suppose," said the inquisitive maiden, "that I have barely come out in society. I am very awkward and shy whenever people speak to me. It seems to me impossible that I should ever have the wit, self-possession and courage to get on. Tell me, I pray, how it is done. How have you made yourself the most popular hostess in London?"

"My dear child," said the accomplished mentor, "you are flattering me, and that is not honest. There are many other hostesses in London equally popular. You have begun by telling me something that is not true. That is a mistake. You must be sincere, or people will not trust you. Society has a bad name, but it has more virtue than it is given credit for. It insists upon every one being truthful and genuine. You must not try to be any one else. You must be content to be yourself, and not attempt to imitate me or anybody else. Your charms and graces must be your own, and not be borrowed from your neighbors."

That was a good point, and it was followed by another equally important.

"You must form, my dear, the habit of making yourself agreeable to the people you meet. You must forget yourself, and try to find out what they are interested in, and then lend them your sympathy. That is not an easy thing to do, but it is an accomplishment of the highest social value. It is the secret of the art of making yourself agreeable to your fellow-beings.

"Don't wait until you are interested yourself in the man or woman with whom you are talking. Find out what it is that he or she really cares about. Leave yourself out of account, and draw out your acquaintances on their own ground; and before you know it people will be saying that you have tact and are a charming woman."

The young girl remembered how easily her companion had won her confidence, and had induced her to confess that she felt awkward and strange in company, and was not sure whether she liked society or not. But she had not yet received the whole lesson.

"Yes," said her mentor, "you must be sincere and agreeable, but you must never cease to be dignified. You will hear people talking about distinction of manner. This is simply another way of expressing the same thought. One must have a certain reserve of force, a dignity of manner, which implies resources of character. Your friends will like you all the better, my dear, if they find true womanliness behind the agreeable manners and ready tact. They will not admire you if they fail to respect you."

This was good advice, not only for London, but for all latitudes.

CRUSHING THE CURATE.

One of the first tasks they set the new curate, who was kidnapped by youth and inexperience, was to investigate the bona fides of a "widow woman" who had applied to the church for help. He departed nervously on his errand and knocked, as ill luck would have it, at the wrong door.

"How long has your poor husband been dead, my good woman? What number of children have you? Are any of them working? If so, what amount of money are they earning altogether?" were the questions he fired, like shots from a revolver, at the slatternly woman who answered his summons. "I presume I am addressing Mrs. Harriet Smith?" he added, noticing with alarm that she looked angry.

"No, you ain't," answered the woman, snappishly. "My name is Selina Jackson, my bairns go to school, and my 'usband's doin' what is necessary to a plateful of steak and onions at this very moment. Would you like to know anything else? Where I was born? When I was baptized? At what age I started courtin'? Perhaps," she concluded sarcastically, rolling her tattered sleeve up above the elbow, "you'd like to see my vaccination mark before you go?"

But the bashful curate was already in full flight.—Liverpool Mercury.

EFFICACIOUS.

Every expert photographer knows a trick or two of his own. So a lady discovered, after taking her four-year-old daughter to have her picture taken.

The child couldn't be made to sit still. The artist was as gentle as possible, and worked every device of gentle persuasion to keep the little wriggler quiet. Finally, he said to the despairing mother:

"Madam, if you will leave the little dear alone with me a few minutes I think I can succeed."

The mother had scarcely withdrawn when she was summoned back by the triumphant photographer, who exhibited a satisfactory negative.

When they reached home the mother asked, "Nellie, what did the man say to you when I left you alone with him?"

"He thaid," lisped Nellie, "'This thtill, you little rathcall, or I'll thake you.'"

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Readable Revelations Resurrected from the Free Press of Nov. 24th, 1887.

DIED—In Nassagaweya, Nov. 15th, Elizabeth, wife of the late Thos. Storey, aged 78 years.

BORN—At the Dominion Lime Kilns, Nov. 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Lane, a son.

Thanksgiving was on Nov. 17th and we condense a lengthy report of its having been observed by religious service in the Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist and Anglican Churches. The two former at 11 a.m., and the two latter at 7 p.m. Rev. Mr. Rae preached in Knox; Rev. R. Phillips in the Methodist; Rev. Mr. Westmacott, in St. Alban's; and in the Baptist, Rev. S. J. Cummings presided, but Rev. J. W. Rae preached. In the Methodist Church in the evening a social was held in the school room it being filled. Rev. R. Phillips presided, and there was on the platform Rev's J. W. Rae, S. J. Cummings, and R. B. Cook. Readings were given by Misses Hattie Jelley and Lottie Speight, and Messrs. W. H. Storey and H. P. Moore. The choir which had been recently re-organized and improved by the introduction of a couple of cornets, also assisted.

Miss Jennie Steel, who for many years gave special and constant attention to the comfort of her adopted father, the late Wm. Steel and who, since his decease, has decided to spend some time with friends in the States, was visited on Monday evening, Nov. 21st, by a number of friends, principally young people of the Baptist Church, at her home, Willow Cottage, corner Willow and Mill streets. At an appropriate stage in the evening's enjoyment she was the much surprised recipient of a kindly worded address, and a handsome leather writing desk and gold pin. Mr. J. L. Warren read the address and Miss Maggie Worden made the presentation. Mr. R. D. Warren, of the Georgetown Herald, replied on behalf of Miss Steel, and Rev's S. J. Cummings, pastor, Rev. R. B. Cook, and Mr. Peter Mann, Jr., each made a few fitting remarks. That feeling hymn, "God be with you till we meet again," closed the proceedings.

In the Municipal Council John D. Ronald, of Brussels, made a proposition to put in a waterworks system and electric light plant. Mr. J. Henry Smith was appointed by by-law read the required number of times to collect the unpaid balance of taxes, $10 to be paid for the work. Mr. Smith was also appointed collector of the Statute Labor Tax, and is to receive 15 per cent. of collections.

Mr. Dennis Moore, of Hamilton, well known as a stove manufacturer, and a lavish giver to educational, benevolent and religious causes, died on Sunday aged 70 years.

Mr. T. James Moore has been re-engaged as teacher at Leslie's School in Erin at an advanced salary.

A new steam whistle has been placed on Beardmore's sole leather tannery, louder but not so shrill as the old one.

An effort will be made to have Mill street thoroughly macadamized in the spring.

Worden Bros., of the railway bus line, have contracted with the G. T. R. to carry the mails from the station.

Municipal matters are quiet. It seems to be conceded that Reeve Fyfe will continue as Reeve, and likely not much opposition will be offered to the present Council.

On Tuesday, G. T. R. detective Spence, charged before Magistrate Storey, eight Limehouse youths between 12 and 14 years of age, with placing on the track a plank and stone on Hallowe'en night. They were fined $1 each and costs or ten days in jail.

The Toronto Telegram has published an illustrated description of Parliament Street Church, and its pastor Rev. Chas. A. Cook, well-known to our citizens, son of Rev. R. B. Cook. He gratefully refers on occasions in Acton to Rev. R. Phillips as his spiritual father, having been converted in 1873 under his ministrations.

High standing in Georgetown High School classes have been obtained by Charles Henderson, Thurvell Brown, John Warren and Will Kannawin who belong to the Acton contingent.

A survey was made on Tuesday of a route down Queen St. in line with negotiations between Boardmore & Co. and the G.T.R. for a switch from the station to the sole leather tannery.

We are very much pleased with the rapid increase of circulation of the FREE PRESS during the year, especially inasmuch as we press it on nobody, but allow it to be considered on its merits.

WHO GETS THE RING.

Fill a medium-sized bowl with flour and press it compactly. Turn it out on a large plate, place in the centre of a table. On top of the mound thus formed lightly lay a small ring.

The object of the game is to slice as much flour from all sides of the mound as possible, without disturbing the ring. Each player has a broad bladed knife, and each in turn removes a thin slice of flour until finally only a slender column is left with the ring on top.

The unlucky person knocking down the ring is obliged to pick it up from the pile of flour with his teeth. As he is probably laughing as heartily as the others this is quite a difficult feat to perform.

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

Gov. Hanly of Indiana prophesies that prohibition will sweep the country within ten years.

"Truth," the organ of the liquor interests, in the United States, says that within the last few months "two hundred bills have been introduced in thirty legislatures in favor of temperance and prohibition, and not one in favor of our business."

WINTER QUARTERS.

Where's the crawling caterpillar?
Bound asleep in his cocoon—
Where's the bee, so bright and busy?
Dreaming in the hive of June.

Where's the snail and where's the turtle?
Safely hurled in the ground,
Where's the woodchuck, where's the rabbit?
In their burrows they are found.

Where's the thrush and where's the robin?
Singing 'neath the Southern sky
Where's the bear and where's the squirrel?
In their hollow trees they lie.

Where's the ant, that careful worker?
In her underground abode;
Where's the eight-eyed spinning spider?
In a crevice snugly stowed.

Where's the bat that ranged at midnight?
He is in his winter sleep—
In his cave he hangs head downward,
And he never takes a peep.

These and many other creatures
Hide and drowse the winter through,
But when spring has once awakened,
They are up and stirring, too.

—Susie M. Best.

"I FORGOT" WON'T DO.

If you work for a man, says Elbert Hubbard, work for him.

If he pays you wages that supply you your bread and butter, work for him, speak well of him, think well of him, stand by him and stand by the institution he represents.

I think if I worked for a man, I would work for him. I would not work for him a part of the time, but all of the time.

I would give him an undivided service or none.

If put to a pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

If you villify, condemn and disparage, why, resign your position, and when you are outside, condemn to your heart's content; but so long as you are a part of an institution, do not condemn it.

And don't forget—"I forgot" won't do in business.

LONG MEN WANTED.

The records of a war department are, as a rule, very dry, but occasionally an entry is found that is humorous.

An officer of engineers in charge of the construction of a road that was to be built through a swamp, being energetic himself and used to surmounting obstacles, was surprised when one of his young lieutenants, whom he had ordered to take twenty men and enter the swamp, said that he could not do it—the mud was too deep. The colonel ordered him to try. He did so and returned with his men covered with mud.

"Colonel, the mud is over my men's heads. I can't do it."

The colonel insisted and told him to make a requisition for anything that was necessary for a safe passage. The lieutenant made his requisition in writing and on the spot. It was as follows:

"I want twenty men eighteen feet long to cross a swamp fifteen feet deep."—Harper's Weekly.

ROBERT'S TELEGRAM.

An amusing illustration of the force of Shakespeare's line, "Brevity is the soul of wit," is contained in the following anecdote from Marshall Brown's "Wit and Humor of Familiar Sayings":

A farmer travelling in a foreign land, becoming anxious about the condition of his live stock, telegraphed home:

"Is things all right at the barn?
"JOHN BREEN."

His stable-boy, whose conversation was proverbially laconic, immediately telegraphed back:

"John Breen. Things is?
ROBERT."

HIS IDEA OF IT.

There was a little Scotch boy who had the quality of astuteness highly developed. The boy's grandmother was packing his lunch for him to take to school one morning. Suddenly, looking up into the old lady's face, he said:

"Grandmother, does your specs magnify?"

"A little, my child," she answered.

"Aweel, then," said the boy, "I wad just like it if ye wad tak' them aff when ye're packin' my lunch."

GET WHAT YOU WANT
The "Just as Good Kind" Never Pays.
If there is one thing more than another that should aggravate a self-respecting person, it is to be told that the article they ask for at their druggist's is not to be had, but they can have something "just as good or better." The principal reason for such attempts at substitution is either the desire of the storekeeper to sell something on which he can make more money, or he hasn't the goods asked for, and wants to make a sale of something in its place.
Every reader of this paper should bear in mind when asking for Vinol, the modern cod liver oil preparation, that it is for sale in Acton at our store only, and that it can always be had when asked for.
The reason Vinol is so far superior to old-fashioned cod liver oil and emulsions is because it is made by a scientific, extractive and concentrating process from fresh cods' livers, combining with peptonate of iron all the medicinal, healing and body building elements of cod liver oil, but no oil.
As a body builder and strength creator for old people, delicate children, weak, run-down persons, after sickness, and for chronic Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles, Vinol is unexcelled.
No one wants an old fashioned cod liver oil preparation or emulsion after once tasting delicious Vinol. Try it. If it fails to benefit we will return your money. E. A. Robertson, Druggist, Acton Ont.