

Once I loved a beautiful doll; She had hair of golden hue. Her eyes were like the red, red roses. And her eyes were a heavenly blue. Her arms were long and slender. Her neck it was pamp and fair. And I have seen no other eyes, And no curls of her golden hair. She was dressed in a gown of satin, All trimmed with the richdest lace; She had stockings of silk and sweet brocade boots.

And her laugh was a lovely face. But, what one day a bad boy, Came to our house to tea! And that was the end of my doll's life.

And her happiness for me.

For he plucked off the hair from her head.

And he put out both her eyes.

And he hung her up to the chandelier.

In spite of my tears and cries,

He took her down from the fire and threw her.

With hubub and noise!

And never, or never, again will I play With such cried and broken toys.

And now as I sit by the firelight glow My doll comes in with a silent tread;

And looks at me blearily.

She says, "Little maid, I love you.

For the faithful heart and true That has kept a thought for your poor old doll,

Who has never forgotten you."

SPARKLES.

She—How many men owe their success in life to their wives?

He—And how many men owe their wives to their successful life?

Some people claim they don't get nothing out of life.

And they are the kind that don't put nothing into it to draw interest on.

"Tommy," said the fond mother, "isn't it rather an extravagance to eat both butter and jam on your bread at the same time?"

"No, mom, it's economy," the boy answered. "The same piece of bread does for both."

An indignant letter, dictated by a clever old gentleman, ran thus:

"Sir, my stenographer, being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you. Is being a gentleman cannot express it; but you, being neither, fail to fail to work off with it just as the shadow stays."

The Lady—Yes, I advertised for a cook. You have had experience, I suppose?

The Applicant—Sure, an' Ol' home, it's modif as wark'd for a dozen families in th' last six months, num.

"Yes, said the girl who makes collections. "It is one of the best autographs I have in my collection."

"You are sure it is genuine?"

"Positive. I cut it from a telegram that his wife received from him."

There never was and never will be a universal panacea in one remedy for all ill's to which flesh is heir. What would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the others. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtained in a sound, unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. It is good and efficacious and the fables of exposure to the cold, those set forth for warming regimens should do well to provide themselves with a supply before starting.

Our doubts not only keep us busy, but they preserve us from annual also.

KNEW THE VOICE.

Like many other blind people, the late Mr. Munro, chaplain of Congress, could identify voices when he heard them, when he could see them well, but had not seen them for years. This is not strange when we remember that Helen K. Her, who is deaf and blind, can meet ten people at once whom she has never "seen" before, and when they shake hands with her to say goodby, can call them all by their right names, identifying them by the feeling of their hands. The Boston Transcript tells a story which illustrates the power among the blind to recognize voices.

Once, where Mr. Munro was out driving, a man stopped the carriage and beckoned Mr. Munro's friend to come across the street. He went, and the stranger said:

"When I was eighteen, or twenty years old Doctor Miller was in the habit of dicing with my father. I wanted to see if you will know him by voice."

The two men went back to Mr. Miller's carriage. The stranger said: "Doctor Miller, do you know me?"

"Yes, sir, you are the son of my old friend the publisher, Mr. Harper."

Mr. Munro had not heard the voice for more than thirty years.

Not long before Mr. Munro died Dr. Cramton visited him and entered without having his name announced. When he spoke, Mr. Munro called him by his name.

Mr. Munro had not heard the voice for twenty-nine years.

Spangles.

She—How many men owe their success in life to their wives?

He—And how many men owe their wives to their successful life?

Some people claim they don't get nothing out of life.

And they are the kind that don't put nothing into it to draw interest on.

"Tommy," said the fond mother, "isn't it rather an extravagance to eat both butter and jam on your bread at the same time?"

"Because," answered the boy, "one who evidently knew whereof he spake, who credit isn't good at the grocer's."

"It's a good idea to have something laid aside for a rainy day."

"Yup," answered Peter Corinthos, "that kind of cash is a good deal like a regular numbered. Some other fellow to hand to work off with it just as the shadow stays."

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The Applicant—Sure, an' Ol' home, it's modif as wark'd for a dozen families in th' last six months, num.

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TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take a Laxative Bromo-Ginseng Tabl. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. Add my signature to each. Box 2500.

CHOOSE FOR YOUR BOY.

Bears the Kind You Have Always Bought

of Chas H. Fletcher

The present generation of women and girls have lost the taste of misery. With most it is nervousness and palpitation, with others weak, dizzy and fainting spells, while with others there is a general collapse of the system.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are the result of a long series of experiments and researches, and impart that sense of buoyancy to the spirits that is the result of renewed mental and physical vigor.

Dr. E. D. Douglass, Orillia, Ont., writes: "For over a year I was troubled with nervousness and heart trouble. I decided to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial, and after using few boxes I found a remarkable quick recovery. I am anxious to let my friends know about them."

Pills 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.50, all dealers or the T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

If each of us were compelled to turn our words into deeds, there would be a noticeable diminution in the hot air industry.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

of Chas H. Fletcher

If you want a pair of gloves or mitts in Horsehide, Calf or Buckskin, Sheep or Muleskin, be certain to specify Storey's. In no other way will you get equal value. To prove it, slip on a Storey mitt, say the Wool Knit Wrist and Lined Kind shown below. Warranted genuine horsehide. Waterproof and fireproof. Just the thing for warmth and comfort.

Sold at all stores. Every mitt is tagged Storey's. Insist on Storey's.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas H. Fletcher.

What Is CASTORIA

Castoria is a homoeopathic substitute for Castor Oil, Paraffin Oil Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor any other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Fervorishness; It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Toothache, cures Constipation and Flatulence. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Palaces—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE RENTOUR COMPANY, 17 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Chartered by Dominion Government

Established 1864

THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE MONTREAL

Interest added four times a year.

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Surplus ... \$4,000,000.00

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SAVINGS BANK DEPOSITS Money withdrawable any time, no delay.

FARMER'S SALE NOTES

We have special facilities for collecting these. We will cash them at once if desired, at a low rate of interest.

JOINT ACCOUNTS—When requested, we will open accounts in two names, so that either one may draw the money, husband or wife, etc.

Acton Branch W. S. CHISHOLM, Manager.

Telephone 1244. Address, 1244 King Street, Acton, Ontario.

Established 1864

Our Styles are Correct.

WOMAN'S BACKACHE



NEWS OF THE DAY.

Three men were killed in a collision on the C.P.R. near Kaleden.

Rev. Alex. Davis and family of Pictou, Ont., were nearly asphyxiated by coal gas.

Mr. Walnwright thinks the new city of Prince Rupert will start this year, with a population of twenty thousand. Nine hundred boys at St. Bridget's School, at Montreal, marched out in good order in a minute and a half during a fire in the building.

James McBride, Toronto, died of blood-poisoning on Tuesday, caused by getting a needle in his toe.

The Captain of the Mutual Reserve Insurance Company warns Canadian policyholders to pay all premiums to him in trust.

During a debate in the Prussia dist., on Tuesday, an Agrarian member challenged a Radical to duel, but the latter refused to fight.

King Alfonso, of Spain, during an automobile trip to Toledo, narrowly escaped injury in a collision with another machine.

A deputation representing the unemployed, which waited upon Premier Whitney, complained of the way the Salvation Army was bringing men to Canada.

ON TIME.

The American boy is not the only one, it appears, who sometimes hastens to apply for a situation just in the nick of time. A London paper tells of a small boy who dashed himself into a merchant's office and demanded:

"Is the gov'nor in?"

"Yes, what do you want?"

"Must see him myself. Must speak to him."

"But you can't see him."

"Must, really—imperitt. I tell you it is most imperitt."

The boy's impetuosity at last won him admittance.

"Well, boy, what is it you want?" asked the merchant, with some anxiety.

"Do you want a orifice boy, sir?"

"You impudent young rascal! We've got one."

"I beg pardon, you sint, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"Your boy's just been run over in Cheapside, sir, and he won't never work for you no more."

The applicant was engaged.

THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

PASSENGER TRAINS

The following is the time at which passenger trains stop at Acton:

No. 4 ... 6.30 a.m. ... 12.15 p.m.
No. 5 ... 11.15 a.m. ... 4.15 p.m.
No. 6 ... 11.15 a.m. ... 4.30 p.m.
No. 7 ... 4.30 p.m. ... 7.15 p.m.
No. 12 ... 8.30 p.m. ... 11.15 p.m.

All trains stop at Acton.

WANTED

Good Price paid.

Second hand stoves and traps for farm machinery supplied.

MORRIS SAXE,

Box 420, Acton, Ont.

Arnold's Livery

STATION HOTEL STABLES.

Milt. Ht. Acton.

Stylish rigs, double dr. single, supplied on shortest notice.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS OR DRIVERS given special attention.

HENRY ARNOLD • Proprietor

New Pictures at Waters Bros.

New ideas in Framing.....

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Always fresh and of the best quality.