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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. F. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

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.
Office—Perryman's Block, corner Mill and John Streets.
Office Hours—9 to 12 a.m.; 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p.m.
Night calls answered from residence, Frederick Street.
ACTON ONT.

DR. A. L. HORE,
Graduate of University of Toronto.
Office: Wallace, on Willow Street, between Merchant's Bank and Town Hall.
Phone No. 20.
ACTON ONT.

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Proprietor and Superintendent
MASSEY HOSPITAL
Diseases of Women.
Patients will require to be to accomodation, etc.
Address Box 94 Massey, P.O. Ont.

DR. DRYDEN,
EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.
Office: Westwich and Baker Streets.
GUELPH.
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Office—Mill Street, in Stevens' Block.
Conveyancing Branch—Main Street, opposite Post Office.

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Nitrous oxide for painless extraction if desired.
Appointments by mail.

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Has purchased his entire office outfit of Dr. Gunn and can support dentistry in all its branches in the most skillful manner. Office over Windsor Dental Parlors, Guelph; Thursday of each week at Oakville Hotel; Thursday and Friday of each week at Georgetown Commercial Hotel.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. HARDY & CO.,
ADVERTISING CONTRACTORS AND NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS,
Gresham Street, London, E. C., England.
Advertisements for all newspapers in the United Kingdom and Colonies received at lowest rates. Sample copy of this paper can be seen free of charge at our offices, to whom advertisements for this paper should be addressed.

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ACCOUNTANT,
Guelph, Ontario.
(Over Williams' Store.)
Accounts of every description carefully audited.

BAILIFF'S LICENSES.
H. F. MOORE
Justice of the Peace.
No witnesses required. Issued at Free Press Office, ACTON.

AUCTIONEERS.
Farm Stock and Implements a specialty. Sales in town attended at moderate rates. Orders left at this office, or addressed to the undersigned, Acton, will receive prompt attention.

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Farm Stock, Implements and Household Effects a specialty. Terms reasonable. Orders left at Free Press office, Acton, will receive prompt attention.

ACTON LIVERY AND BUS LINE
Rigs of all kinds made to order at short notice. Horses kept by the day, week or month. Special rates for commercial men. Good horses and careful drivers. Bus meets all trains. Leave orders at Livery or Wallace's Clothing Store.

Your chopping will be done quickly and well, on either plates or stones, if taken to the—

ROCKWOOD Chopping Mills

Flour - Oatmeal
Bran - Shorts
The best at lowest prices.

HARRIS & CO.
Limited

Time for a Change

Half Price Hat Sale going on.

Half Price Cap Sale still on.

Half Price and Less for some shapes.

Must clear out entire lot.

Moth Bags for sale, all sizes.

Furs stored, insured, remodelled, etc.

Lafontaine's Fur Establishment
95 Quebec Street,
GUELPH ONT.

Something New

Ask for the **Celtic**

THE LATEST TOUCH in a Summer Collar.

Worn and popular in all the American cities.

G. J. Wallace
Men's Outfitter
Mill Street - Acton.

LEARN DRESSMAKING IN A WEEK.

To enable all to learn we are placing teachers in every city, town in Ontario. These lessons teach how to cut, fit, and put together, any garment from the plainest shirt waist suit, to the most elaborate dress; not don't pay until you are thoroughly satisfied; this is the only course in Canada that the whole family can learn, by one teacher taking it up. We have been in business for ten years and have taught over 7,000, and guarantee to give $500 to anyone between the ages of 14 and 60, who cannot learn. Beware of imitations as many these are has been known to copy our adve. and even claimed, where they were not known, to be the inventor of this course. No adv. is genuine without our $500.00 guarantee.

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Mrs. Wm. Sanders Inventor and Prop.

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
Main Street, Acton

The Big Hardware Store

For **Lawn Mowers**
For **Hose**
For **Refrigerators**
For **Screen Doors**
For **Windows**
For **Linoleum**
For **Garden Tools**
For **Netting**
For **Hammocks**

Our Prices are Always Right

The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Retail Phone 97 - - GUELPH

SUMMER SCHOOL

June, July and August lead into our Fall Term without any break. Enter any time. New catalogue free. Write for it to-day.

CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE
The largest, most reliable of its kind.
W. H. SHAW, Principal.
Yonge and Gerrard Streets, Toronto.

City Conveniences

ROUGHT TO YOUR HOME

You would enjoy a bath room in your home, with hot and cold water, under pressure wherever required. Why not have it and be up to date? By the

COMPRESSED AIR SYSTEM

this is successfully accomplished, even though you have no water works system within reach.

If this interests you, write to-day.

Orders may be left with Mr. Spencer Husband, Acton.

For further particulars write

GEO. E. B. GRINYER & Co.
Plumbing and Heating Contractors
GUELPH - - ONT.

Old Iron, Rags and Rubbers

WANTED

Good Prices paid.
Second hand stoves and repairs for farm machinery supplied.
MORRIS SAXE,
Box 430, Acton, Ont

We Want

A Reliable Local Salesman for **Acton** and adjoining country to represent

"Canada's Greatest Nurseries"

Largest list of commercial and domestic fruits—large and small; ornamental and shade trees; flowering shrubs, vines, roses; fine seed potatoes, one of our specialties. Stock that is hardy comes from us.

A permanent situation for right man, for whom territory will be reserved. Pay weekly. Free equipment. Write for particulars.

Stone & Wellington
Fonthill Nurseries (850 acres)
Toronto Ontario

THE WAY TO

Muskoka

This Summer is by the Lake Shore Expresses of the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway. Write for booklets describing Muskoka, the Nipissing and the best country in six provinces for the holiday maker and business man, operated on the Six Railways of the Canadian Northern System.

Poetry.

THE ROAD LEADS HOME.

O pilgrim, as you journey, do you ever
gladly say,
In spite of heavy burdens and the
roughness of the way,
That it does not surely matter—all the
strange and bitter stress,
Heat and cold, and toil and sorrow—
'twill be healed with blessedness,
For the road leads home?

Home! the safe and blissful shelter
where is glad and full content,
And companionship of kindred; and
the treasures early rent
From your holding shall be given back
more precious than before.
O, you will not mind the journey with
such blessedness in store.
When the road leads home.

And often for your comfort you will
read the guide and chart,
It has wisdom for the mind and sweet
solace for the heart;
It will serve you as a mentor, it will
guide you sure and straight
All the time that you will journey, for
the ending soon or late—
And the road leads home.

—Selected.

Select Family Reading

The Week of Probation

BY MARTHA C. SANFORD.

DOROTHY'S love affairs had come to a crisis. Three proposals in as many weeks put literally a stop to her coquetry. A decision had to be made.

So she composed a form of letter, brief and noncommittal, and mailed a copy to each of the three anxious aspirants. It read as follows:

MY DEAR MR.—: Please do not come to see me again for a week or until I give you permission. I am thinking things over. Very cordially yours,
DOROTHY BRETT.

Not that Dorothy seriously meant to do any tall amount of thinking. The week of probation would save her all that trouble. The test would be simple enough. Of the one whose absence should make her heart grow fonder—of that one Dorothy would feel sure. She wondered dreamily why all girls did not resort to a solution so commendably automatic. It was so silly to allow oneself to be consumed for a prolonged period with nerve racking doubts and feverish fantasies. All one had to do was to assume a passive frame of mind—and wait.

When Reginald Warren received Dorothy's laconic instructions he laughed long and confidently.

"So Dorothy actually believes it's necessary to think it over," he commented. "Bless her heart, she shall be allowed that privilege if she wants it. As if there could be the least doubt!"

Right here Reginald broke off his soliloquy and whistled, for in sorting over his mail he had come upon another envelope in Dorothy's handwriting. It bore the name of Mr. Robert Butler, but was addressed by accident to Reginald's street and number.

Reginald balanced the letter tentatively in his hand. "How many more, I wonder?" he asked himself. "Shall I forward it to Butler or return it to Dorothy?" In a misguided moment he decided upon the latter alternative.

Dorothy was furious when the letter came back to her. She recognised Reginald's handwriting and immediately consigned him to the oblivion he deserved. How did he dare treat her slip of the pen humorously, for that was what he had done, of course! She could tell it from the rollicking style of the penmanship. Had he been a gentleman he would have forwarded it to Robert and spared her the humiliation of knowing what a telltale blunder she had made.

Robert Butler of course profited by his rival's hasty faux pas—temporarily, that is—for, receiving no warning to the contrary, he continued to call upon Dorothy and found her so engagingly gracious that his emotions soared once more to the point of a proposal. Simultaneously Dorothy's hospitality fell to the freezing point, and the following morning she mailed Robert his delayed ultimatum.

The week of probation went by with no word or sign from the third handle of Dorothy's overfull loving cup. This unpardonable negligence piqued her not a little.

"Ned might at least have taken the trouble to find out if I really meant it," she argued, with proverbially feminine logic. "It's positive proof that he's indifferent. Well, he'll find out that I can be indifferent too. I'll write to—I'll write to Reginald Warren this very night and tell him"—

She took up her pen with an air of determination. One beginning after another was dashed boldly off, read over with misgivings and finally discarded.

Reginald himself interrupted these spasmodic outbursts.

"Oh, I was just writing to you, Mr. Warren!" was Dorothy's more or less faltering welcome.

"Dorothy—my own!" Reginald exclaimed jubilantly.

She saw the gleam of happiness that lighted his eyes and quickly drew her hand away from his ardent clasp.

"How did you dare to come before I had written to tell you?" she asked indignantly.

"Because I knew what you should write, dearest, and the week of my exquisite misery is up to-night," poor Reginald pleaded [illegible]

engaged to some one else," she announced bravely.

Reginald stared at her. Slowly the situation dawned upon him.

"So Mr. Butler is the lucky man, then?" he answered sneeringly. "I did not realize that he was a rival until I got his letter by mistake. Doubtless that was your acceptance of him, Miss Brett, that I remailed to you. I shall certainly take pleasure in congratulating him at my first opportunity. Good night."

"No, no! wait!" called Dorothy as soon as she could recover from the shock of this man's anger. "But it was too late.

"Heavens!" she gasped. "Suppose he announces my engagement to Robert Butler!"

She rushed to the telephone and waited impatiently for central to get the number.

"Is this Mr. Butler? This is Dorothy Brett. What? You recognized my voice the very first word? You were expecting me to call up?" (Dorothy made a very little face.) "Well, I just wanted to tell you that I am engaged to Ned Hamilton. What? You say he dazzled it this very afternoon? Well, you see, I wanted to tell you about it myself! Why, thank you, Mr. Butler. I'm sure we shall be. Come to see me. Good night."

Again Dorothy waited with the receiver close to her little pink ear, this time with almost dancing anticipation.

"Oh, Ned, is this really you? Where have you been all this week? It seems a month. It's my own fault. Well, Ned, could you possibly come over this evening? You can't? Got to take whom to the theater? Oh, your sister! Goodness! I thought you said Leicester somebody. Well, do find some one else to take her. You see, I just telephoned Mr. Butler that you and I are engaged and— That's what I said—engaged! I had to. Um-hum. Now hurry!"

Ned put on his "seven league boots" and hurried.

"Dorothy," he gasped when he reached her, breathless, but happy, "do you really mean that I'm the lucky dog?"

"Of course!" she answered, laughing at his boyish incredulity. "Who else do you s'pose?"

"Why, I don't know, dearest. I guess I was a bit shaky about Butler and that Warren fellow. Warren's been boasting, in fact, that you'd soon announce your engagement to him."

"The little beast!" exclaimed Dorothy, flushing. But her anger died down as suddenly as it came.

"Oh, Ned, I'm so happy!" she whispered, for by this time Ned had her in his arms and was making up for lost time. "It was awfully risky of you leaving me alone for a whole week," she chided. "I came very near accepting Reginald Warren not more than an hour ago."

Ned loosened his hold of her slightly.

"Out of spite," Dorothy added roguishly, "cause you didn't care enough to come for your answer."

"But you asked me not to come till you gave me permission," he reminded her.

"Didn't you see the special postscript on the inside of the envelope—on the flap?"

Ned drew the envelope from his pocket. It had been cut open at the top. He folded back the flap.

"If you get very anxious," he read, "you needn't wait."

"Dorothy he exclaimed, kissing her rapturously, "if I had only known!"

"Men have no curiosity," she sighed happily, "and no imagination. They lose a lot of fun."

CLEVER FISHERMEN.

On the Sault Ste. Marie the Indians have a novel method of catching whitefish. Two Indians go with a canoe into the rapids. One occupies the bow and one the stern. The latter uses a paddle to keep the boat's head upstream. The former has a pole with which to steady the boat, standing upright in his place.

They take with them a dipnet, four feet in diameter attached to a pole or handle fifteen feet long. This is placed ready to the hand of the Indian in the bow. The fishing is done at the foot of the rapids, where the water boils and tumbles furiously.

With his pole the Indian in the bow holds the canoe or lets it float steadily sidewise, now up a little perhaps and then down, but always under perfect control. The Indian gazes constantly into the water, which is often ten feet deep where they are fishing, and the depths of which no white man was ever yet able to school his eye to penetrate.

Suddenly he seizes the net by the handle with one hand, still maintaining the boat with the other, and plunges the net into the water, perhaps two feet away, thrusting it to the bottom. Then he gives it a peculiar twist, draws it up and turns out into the boat often as many as half a dozen whitefish weighing from three to five pounds.

These Indian fishermen are unerring in casting their nets, and it is not an uncommon thing for them to capture 300 whitefish in a day. How they are able to see the fish in the bottom of the rapids is a mystery no one has yet been able to fathom.

BE SUNSHINE.

A dear little girl, only three years old, brought out her very nicest plaything to amuse a homesick soldiers. Among the rest was a little trunk with a can of salt pepper for a lock; but very little Freddie tipped the lid [illegible]

SHE ALSO HAD A PET.

When the thin woman in the gray ulster sat down in the subway car opposite the fat woman holding a bright little Scotch terrier, it could be seen at once that they had points of common interest, and that those points of common interest consisted of dogs.

"What a dear little fellow he is," chirped the thin woman.

"Isn't he dear?" cooed the fat woman, snuggling her pet so closely that he had to sniff for breath.

"Mine is a French poodle," ventured the thin woman. "I hear those gray terriers are coming into style, though."

"Yes, they're all the rage," said the fat woman. "I had to give up fifty for Sandy.

A handsome young woman who occupied the seat by the thin woman was an interested listener to the colloquy. She was good looking enough to attract attention anywhere, and she looked as if she loved everything in the world, including dogs. She leaned over and gave Sandy's head an affectionate pat, and Sandy tried to lick her gloved hand.

"You love dogs, too?" said the fat woman.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "who could help it?"

"What kind is your pet dog?" came the eager query.

"Mine? Oh, I haven't any dog. My pet is a baby."

And the fat woman and the thin woman raised their brows turned up their noses, and grew coldly silent, just as if some one had said something to shock their sense of modesty.—N. Y. Press.

THE CIGARETTE BILL.

Pursuant of a resolution passed at the Dominion Convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union at Winnipeg last September, and in view of the appaling increase of the baneful evil of the cigarette habit among the boys and—sad truth to say—the girls of our fair Canada, a bill is being introduced into the Senate by the Hon. Geo. W. Ross.

The Bill is a Dominion law, fashioned along the lines of the Scott Act, but with the area enlarged from a county to a province; this Act is to come into force by proclamation of the Governor-in-General-in-Council subject to any conditions the Federal Government might see fit to impose.

To quote from the Bill, one clause reads—"Every person who manufactures or imports, or brings into any province or elsewhere, or sells or offers for sale, or gives, exchanges, trades or barters any cigarettes, shall on summary conviction be liable to a fine and imprisonment (penalties not yet decided upon) and all such cigarettes shall be forfeited to His Majesty and may be seized by any constable or other peace officer, and any magistrate may issue a search warrant to search for and seize such cigarettes.

Another provision of the Act sets forth, "That it shall not come into force in any province until a day appointed therefor by Act of the Legislature of that province."

This provision is eminently satisfactory as it obviates the somewhat cumbersome undertaking of a popular vote.

Now is the time for all who have the real interest of our young citizens at heart, to act.

MR. BRYAN NEVER SMOKES.

It is interesting to note how much of an insight one can get into a man's real character through the unconscious testimony of his associates. And with no one is this more clearly illustrated that with William Jennings Byran. The Bryans belong to what they call the "Farmers' Club," in which the social life in Normal centers, says a writer in the July Delineator. Through the Winter they hold monthly meetings at the homes of the members. They come, in the morning some fifty strong and stay till dark. Each family brings a great basket and there is spread the finest dinner you ever ate! chickens, roasted and broiled and fricassed, pies—mince and custard and pumpkin, and all the cakes the diligent housewives can find in the cook-book. The women folks when they are done in the kitchen, gather round the parlor stove with their sewing. Mrs. Bryan brings perhaps the nightshirts she is making for her husband, perhaps the stockings from the family darning-basket. The men get out to the barn and smoke and talk of the value of alfalfa and the destruction of gophers. Only there is one among them who doesn't require that soothing stimulus. "Uncle Jake" Wolfe says in proud commendation of the leading light of the community, "W. J.'s that much better than the rest of us that he never smokes nor chews." Incidently, it is also true that he never takes a drink, every political banquet finding his glass turned down.

A THRASHING FROM THE MINISTER.

A serious war of words had taken place between the minister and the leading elder of a Scottish kirk.

Whether it was about a knotty theological point or the sale of a horse was not quite clear to the parishioners who looked on but the elder waxed so very wroth as to forget the respect due to his spiritual head.

"Man," he roared, "if it wisna' for the black coat on yer back an' the Reverend afore yer name I wud lick ye whauever stan'!"

Making a half-turn to the left, the minister planted his stick in the ground, hung his black coat on the stick, and crowned the garment with his hat.

"Stan' ye there, Reverend Alexander Anderson," he admonished the figure, "till plain Sandy Sandison gives ye a guid threshing."

This he did, and he was [illegible] pected [illegible]

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Some Historic and some other Possibly forgotten Facts and Events recorded in Our Issue of July 12th, 1883.

One of the prettiest bouquets we have seen this season was placed on the editorial table the other day by Miss Lottie E. Speight.

Mr. Hiram Swackhamer is building a new brick house in Lakeview Place, and Mr. Wm. Campbell is excavating for another in the same vicinity.

A man advertises to tell for 50 cents "how to live without work." One way is to pocket the money from silly fools who answer such an ad.

The creek at Harvey's mill has been covered over and the hill out down a couple of feet. Traffic will be much easier and less dangerous at that point now.

The sable servant of one of our municipal dignatories was faked recently the difference between a Mill St. wife-abuser, and a dromedary. "Golly, Jo! dat knocks me clean out. Git it up. What am it?" "Well, an ordinary dromedary can work seven or eight days without drinking, but this Mill Street chap can drink a whole month without working."

If a proposed union between the two Presbyterian bodies having churches at Mansewood can be brought about, there will be a congregation second to none in Ontario for numbers and wealth.

To the regret of his congregation, Rev. John Walton, the new Baptist pastor appointed a few weeks ago, announced last Sunday that owing to ill-health he found it necessary to resign.

This from the Georgetown Herald: The Acton town bell tolls at 10.45, 2.45 and 6.15 on Sunday to inform the folks it is church time. As the Methodist service begins at 10.30 this ringing is no use to them. In fact, caretaker Easton, who rings the bell, being a Methodist, has often to rise from his knees during the opening prayer, to pull the rope in order that Presbyterians and others may get to Church in proper time. The ringing move is the work of Coun. John Kenney, who, as soon as he got it started made tracks for the Old Country.

A successful and enjoyable garden party was held at the home of Mr. D. Henderson, M. P., last Thursday evening. Luscious strawberries and many culinary products were in abundance. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson and the officers of Knox Sunday School exerted themselves to make the event pleasant and successful.

On Sunday morning Mr. Mack Secord found that in the Glove Shop a tap left open the night before when the tank was empty was flooding the premises with water, coming in as soon as the hydraulic ram began to pump to Mr. Storey's residence. For three hours an inch pipe had discharged it's whole capacity into the floors. Many of the gloves can be dried, although some are badly damaged. Loss will be about $200 or $300.

"Here! stop that now!" said a newly-arrived Irishman in the Hanlan barber shop the other evening as the operator proceeded to squirt lavender water preparatory to brushing. "I'm up to your tricks. You're puttin' that shtuff on to make it grow fasht and git another job soon."

The contractor for the Mill St. Macadam work, Mr. A. B. Wright, and his gang, had got down as far as the Free Press office, and it was amusing to hear unobserved the comments of on-lookers on the work. We gave that week a list of twenty different classes of remarks passed on the work—too high—stones too large—too small, not enough gravel—should be no gravel—a good job—not according to contract, etc. We added that we believed Mr. Wright was doing a good job, and while he would make fair rate of wages for himself and men, he hasn't enough profit to buy his wife a Christmas present.

Mr. Harvey Stafford left last Thursday for Fort Scott, Kansas, where he will make an extended visit with his brother Alva.

Rev. Malcolm Gordon, B. A., formerly of this vicinity, is now pastor of one of Dakota's most prosperous churches.

It is announced that Mr. D. Henderson, M. P., has been unseated on account of bribery by an agent. Nothing against Mr. Henderson personally was proven, but it is possible for a candidate to have friends who allow their party zeal to out-run their respect for law; friends who are too enthusiastic for his official safety.

DIED.—On July 7, Mr. David Moore, of Creswon's Corners, aged 58 years.

LEADING UP GRADUALLY.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the man in the suit of faded black, "but are you carrying all the life insurance you want?"

"Yes, sir," answered the man at the desk. "I am."

"Could I interest you in a morocco bound edition of the works of William Makepeace Thackeray?"

"You could not."

"Don't you need a germ proof filter in your house?"

"I do not."

"Would you invest in a good second-hand typewriter if you could get it cheap?"

"I have no use for a typewriter."

"Just so. Would an offer to supply you with first-class Havana cigars at $10 a hundred appeal to you?"

"Not a cent's worth."

"How would a proposition to sell you a Century dictionary, slightly shelf-worn, for only $40 strike you?"

"It wouldn't come within 40 miles of hitting me."

"That being the case," said the man, "I would [illegible] willing to buy a [illegible] just to get rid of [illegible]

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Father in heaven, who [illegible]
Oh, help Thy children when they call
That they may build from age to age
An undefiled heritage.

Teach us to rule ourselves always,
Controlled and cleanly night and day,
That we may bring, if need be,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look, in all our ends,
On Thee for judge, and not our friends,
That, we, with Thee, may walk
cowed
By fear or favor of the crowd.

Teach us the Strength that can make
meek
By deed or thought to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to compare man's
stress.

Teach us Delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no sting,
Forgiveness free of all deeds done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.

—Rudyard Kipling.

LAZINESS THE SON OF C[illegible] ALITY.

The great enemy to indi[illegible] laziness, and those who [illegible] thing of human traffic [illegible] sure, bear me out when [illegible] "mental" laziness is far [illegible] mon and far more [illegible] overcome than that of [illegible] It is so much easier [illegible] dogmatic teaching, and [illegible] sponsibility of our views [illegible] rather than to con[illegible] thoughts and work out [illegible] our own observations; [illegible] more pleasant to butterfly [illegible] to theory than to seek [illegible] patient tenacity; why trouble [illegible] selves to learn self-reliance [illegible] natural indolence protests against [illegible] sacrifice? It is easier to imitate [illegible] to originate; plagiarism and imi[illegible] are such prominent features in [illegible] lives that their presence might [illegible] be quoted as an argument in favor [illegible] our evolution in past ages from [illegible] ancestry. How plausible are the [illegible] cuses we make for our want of [illegible] dividualism! We are so [illegible] afraid of being thought [illegible] are so delightfully humble [illegible] do not wish to intrude [illegible] and yet all the brightest lights [illegible] profession have been men of [illegible] individualism.—M. Hen[illegible] M. D., in The Popular Science [illegible] ly.

BE READY WHEN THE [illegible] COMES.

The story is told of [illegible] whose success in life was [illegible] fact that on one occasion when [illegible] came necessary for someone [illegible] posted in the business with [illegible] was connected to make an [illegible] journey, his grip, [illegible] ready. It had been packed [illegible] in anticipation of just such an emergency, so that he required only two minutes for his preparations.

The case is not an unusual one, the difference being in the application. It is the ready who take opportunity by the forelock. The never comes to those who wait. To them it is not, perhaps, too late, but it does not matter what [illegible] important in your life [illegible] ped in a napkin and [illegible] to anyone. You [illegible] the chance come [illegible] and compel it to [illegible] goal of your aspirations.

[illegible]

A man and his [illegible] ing at a hotel, [illegible] were aroused by [illegible] the cry that the house [illegible]

"Now my dear [illegible] I will get [illegible] preached. [illegible] able sermon [illegible]

Then he slipped [illegible] vest pocket and [illegible] put of the house [illegible]

When all the [illegible] said: "Why, [illegible] is to save [illegible]

The wife, [illegible] it has [illegible] said, "It is a [illegible] you I would [illegible]

WARNING.

Florence [illegible] house of the [illegible] whipped cream [illegible] Where did you [illegible] Vaseline [illegible]

WEAK WOMEN.

A Letter of Interest to Many.

After a very long and [illegible] ence, Mrs. C. W. Parker, of [illegible] Michigan, writes a friend as [illegible] "I have been sick and all run [illegible] for more than a year. I took [illegible] of medicines that were recommended by friends. I was in such a [illegible] condition that I could not [illegible] slightest noise, and so weak [illegible] could hardly walk up stairs. [illegible] advised me to try the cod liver [illegible] ation, Vipol, and I did so [illegible] decided results. My weak [illegible] nervousness are all gone. I [illegible] any disease, and have gained [illegible] rapidly in strength and flesh. [illegible] writing you of my experience [illegible] that you may make use of it [illegible] you know of any weak [illegible] take Vipol. [illegible] Vipol is a perfect tonic [illegible] regards to appetite and [illegible] nutritive properties of the [illegible] people of [illegible] Vipol is [illegible] cod liver [illegible] combination [illegible] which is a [illegible] blood, [illegible] and [illegible] liver [illegible]