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H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Office at residence, on Willow Street,—between Merchant's Bank and Town Hall.
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For the Counties of Wellington and Halton
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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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Sales conducted on reasonable terms and satisfaction guaranteed in every case.
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Knives ground. Scissors sharpened.

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Have appointed us Official Watch Inspectors for their system at this end of the line.

Railroad watches require very fine repairing, and must run within five seconds a day or are rejected.

We insist on every watch we repair giving the same satisfaction.

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EXPERT WATCH REPAIRING
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The Picture Store
41 Wyndham St. - GUELPH

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PHOTO ENGRAVING
HALF TONES
OR ANY CLASS OF ENGRAVING FOR ADVERTISING PURPOSES, CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES, &c
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If that's the case go to

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I carry a full line of boots, shoes, rubbers, etc., for people of all ages and sizes.

Our large Winter stock now ready for your inspection.

Wm. Williams
The Shoe Man
Mill Street - - Acton

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The Best Quality of
Manitoba Flour
Family and Pastry
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

—IN—
HOCKEY STICKS
WE HAVE THE
"BOND SPECIAL"
"SALVERD"
—and—
"SPALDING"
From 10 cents to 60 cents each
The 10c stick is for the little fellow, and will meet his wants
The 60c stick is made to meet the most strenuous requirements of the game
SPECIAL PRICE FOR CLUBS
The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
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WE GRIND OUR OWN LENSES
This means not only that we give quick and accurate service, but that here you get exactly what you should have—not something picked out of a box, nearly what you want.
When your EYES require attention go to one whose whole time is given to this work.
A. D. Savage
Optometrist and Optician
21 Wyndham St. - GUELPH

WINTER SESSION
Opens January 4th in all departments of the CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, Yonge and Gerrard Streets, Toronto. Our Catalogue explains our superiority in Equipment, Staff, Methods and Results. You are invited to write for it if interested in the kind of school work which brings best success. Address W. H. SHAW, President.

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Mill Slabs for sale cheap.
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A FIRST CLASS Institution founded in 1884 by its present Principal.
FAMOUS as the training-school of many successful business men, both Canadian and American.
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SUPERIOR in its ideal, spirit, and teaching, its trained graduates are in constant demand. For particulars, call at the College Office, 137 Upper Wyndham Street, or address,
Malcolm MacCormick, B. A.
Principal.

Bargains THAT COUNT
The enthusiasm of trade this month is bargains. It's a time to half give goods away, and we're aiming for the liveliest kind of trade.
Bargains in Overcoats
Bargains in Suits
Bargains in Hats
Bargains in Furnishings
Something has got to be done to develop business during January, and we never could see anything to be gained by carrying goods over.
The more we can sell now, and the quicker we can sell the better.
It is a time for bargains.
The reduced prices will speak for themselves
Give us a call.
G. J. Wallace
Men's Outfitter
Mill St. - Acton

Poetry.

WRITE HOME TO-NIGHT

Don't go to the theatre, lecture or ball,
But stay in your room to-night;
Deny yourself to the friends that call
And a good long letter write—
Write to the sad old folks at home,
When sit, when the day is done,
With folded hands and downcast eyes
And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble "Excuse my haste,"
"I've scarcely the time to write,"
Lest their brooding thoughts go wandering back
To many a bygone night,
When they lost their needed rest and sleep,
And every breath was a prayer
That God would leave their little babe
To their tender love and care.

Don't let them feel you've no more need
Of their love and counsel wise,
For the heart grows sensitive
When age has dimmed the eyes;
It might be well to let them believe
That you never forget them quite;
Then you deem it a pleasure when far away
Long letters home to write.

Don't think that the young and giddy friends
Who make your pastime gay
Have half the anxious thoughts for you
That the old folks have to-day;
The duty of writing do not put off;
Let sleep or pleasure wait,
Lest the letter for which they have waited and longed
Be a day or an hour too late.

For the sad old folks at home,
With locks fast turning white,
Are longing to hear of the absent one
So writ them a letter to-night.

—W. O. Jones.

Select Family Reading

Goal or Grave

By Evelyn Orchard

THE two men met in Fleet street in the noontide rush. Whitney was the first to pause and turn round, when Rossmore took a step back.

"It can't be Dick Whitney!" he said with that smile of his, that had been his chief asset through life. It was a smile which won men's confidence and women's hearts, a valuable asset indeed, but which had undoubtedly some few serious things to answer for. Rossmore had never sought to exploit his looks, but they had served him in the place of the strenuous effort of other men, such effort as had drawn the dimpled Dick Whitney's attractive face. Rossmore was tall and slim and finely proportioned. Whitney was short and inclined to squatness of figure, and his face, though showing strength and capability, was undeniably plain.

That was a fact which in no way troubled Whitney now; as a middle-aged bachelor it cost him nothing.

The time had been, however, when he had fiercely envied Rossmore's looks, and even cried out against the injustice of nature's distribution of her gifts. That was in the long ago time, when they both had striven after the same prize, the prize which, of course, Rossmore had won. That was to be expected, a foregone conclusion from the start to those who looked on. Then Whitney, unable to bear life bereft of the forlorn hope that had sweetened it, had gone abroad to fill a modest post in that cheerful climatic region known as the White Man's Grave.

Then he had not cared whether it should prove goal or grave, and when a man is in such mood, he sometimes, as if by sheer perversity of fate, strikes the goal. Whitney was now the official head of his whole district, and had come home by Government command.—He had that very day been received in audience by his Sovereign, from whose hands he had received reward for distinguished service.

Rossmore was unaware of this interesting fact, though his wife knew it. Rossmore was a superficial person who seldom read newspapers, but received his political views for the day from the front page of the halfpenny sheet which he glanced over in the train.

His wife had read the various paragraphs regarding Whitney, and the eulogistic notice of his work at his official post, his healing and munificent work, which had subdued native prejudice, and created an extraordinary revulsion of feeling in favour of British rule.

But she had not mentioned it to her husband.

"When did you come, and where have you come from, old boy?" enquired Rossmore jovially, as he pressed the friendly hand. "And, by jove, don't you look fit! We've quite lost sight of you. Where are you stopping?"

When Whitney mentioned Claridge's Rossmore elevated his brows.

"Struck lie, eh? Must have, unless you've cottoned to some millionaire who's doling out the oof."

Whitney laughed.

"It seemed advisable, but I'm shifting to-morrow—going down to Dartmoor to see how many of the old folks are left."

"Going away to-morrow again? Then can you come out to-night with me, six-forty sharp at Cannon street, to see Enid and the kids?"

Whitney hesitated a moment. He had half accepted another invitation from one in a high official position, but it would be possible to get out of it by telephone, and he hesitated. He had not intended to look up the Rossmores; they belonged to the old order of things, with which he had no further concern, but some whispered longing to look once more on the face of the woman he had loved, and for whose sake he had never been able to see beauty in any other woman's face, decided him. He would see whether all was well with her, and pass on. That was all.

"Six-forty at Cannon street? All right, thanks. I'll be there.

"I'll telephone Enid that a man's coming, but I shan't say who. It isn't really necessary to 'phone, old chap. Enid's the sort of woman that you can always bring home a chap to dinner, sure there'll be something to eat, and that she won't make faces behind his back. It counts a good deal."

Whitney smiled, and admitted that it did. So they parted. Rossmore did not mention Whitney's name in his telephone message, but bade his wife prepare for a surprise. But she was not in the least surprised; she had known all day that Whitney would come.

Whence come these subtule intuitions of the spirit? Like the wind, whither they list, and we know not, nor can ever know.

She did not dress herself with more elaboration than usual, simply because it was natural to her to be always nicely dressed, and she would have paid the same attention to her toilet in the backwoods as in the fashionable London suburb where she lived. The Rossmore's were well to do, not by reason of Rossmores strenuous effort, but because he had inherited a comfortable income from his father. He was one of those extremely busy persons who talk much, but who achieve nothing. But Rossmore believed implicitly in himself.

Enid came out of the drawing-room when she heard her husband's key in the door. Her face was a little flushed, which gave to it a singular brightness and charm. Whitney was surprised to see her so little changed, so youthful after twenty years. She must be forty five now, he calculated, yet she could have passed for thirty. She wore a black frock open a little at the neck, where there was a white tucker that did no shame to the bosom it caressed. A big red rose freshly culled from the garden diffused its sweetness about her bodice, and seemed to reflect the dusky light in her eyes.

"I'm so very glad to see you," she said in her frank, sincere voice. "I thought you would come."

"You thought he'd come, Enid!" cried Rossmore, disappointed that his surprise had failed. "How did you know he was back in town?"

"I saw his name in the newspapers. How did you get on to-day at Buckingham Palace?"

Whitney smiled, and put up a deprecating hand.

"What's he been at Buckingham Palace for, eh?" asked Rossmore banteringly. "Got anything to sell?—rubber, by any chance? Better go across to Brussels."

Whitney laughed a little awkwardly.

"You ought to read your newspaper, Will. If you ever did, you would have known that you had invited Sir Richard Whitney to dinner."

"My stars!" cried Rossmore blankly. "I'd better make haste and change my togs." He disappeared on the moment, and Enid and Whitney were left. They were still standing in the little square hall where a fire burned cheerfully. Enid stood by it, and put her hand up to the mantel-piece to steady her foot on the fender.

"I am sorry you won't see the children. They are in Surrey at present with my mother. You look very well, and not at all as if you had been living all these years in the White Man's Grave."

"It has never affected me. I haven't even had a touch of fever. You look well, too; hardly changed at all. It is good to see you."

"Have you never been home in all these years?"

"Never. The man who stays is the man who scores, I suppose, and I had nothing to bring me back."

She was silent a moment; then he spoke again.

"Rossmore is marvellous; you've discovered between you the secret of eternal youth. See my grey hairs, and I'm a good five years younger than Will."

"I like them," she answered simply. "They always mean something in a man."

The words arrested Whitney, and regarding her more attentively he saw a little discontented line across her brow, also that her mouth drooped, and that her eyes filled with shadow.

"You've had a very nappy life," he said gently. "It is written on your face, and I have always pictured you happy. It has helped me a lot."

The words came from his lips without his seeking. His soul clave to this woman yet, in a pure, unselfish devotion that has few parallels in this world. It was his one desire to be assured of her happiness before he returned to his post. At first sight, he had been certain; now he was not so sure.

"I am all right," she answered. "I have much to be thankful for. I do wish you could have seen my darling children, but you will come again, perhaps, when they are here."

"No," he answered gently but firmly, "I shall not come any more."

She did not ask why, and the minutes passed, she with her eyes bent on the dancing flames, the puckor in her brow still remaining.

"It is splendid, I think, to go out as you did, and to come back crowned by strenuous years! I don't refer to the honor you received to-day. You know I am not one to count on such things. But I feel very proud of you, all the same."

Whitney was at a loss for a moment in his reply. Her praise was sweet, but there was an under-current in it that wrung his heart. And because it wrung him he probed more deeply.

"I am glad to find you in such circumstances. Rossmore has prospered; has built up a good position for himself," he said a little eagerly.

"He hasn't built up anything," she answered. "His father gave us this house and all it contains, and he left us sufficient to live in it.

The sound of Rossmore's fine baritone voice, singing in the dressing room above, came floating down the stairs.

"It's very pleasant; there isn't any care," she said with a half smile. "Will doesn't believe in care, in unpleasant things, in stress of any kind. We live in Lotus land. He picks a good many flowers as he goes along, but I—I am afraid I am horribly ungrateful, but I see only the weeds."

They heard the door bang, and presently Rossmore, smiling, handsome, fresh, and immaculately attired, came bounding down to them.

"Sir Richard Whitney, accept my humble apologies and my homage," he said, dropping lightly on one knee. "Isn't it great, Enid? Poor old Whitney! Who would have thought it, who would think it now, even, to look at him?"

Enid smiled, that detached smile, which had wonderful fathoms behind it, and turned to the dining-room door.

"They're ready for us, dear," she said gently "and the soup is getting cold."

CHURCH MANNERS

That the young people who attend Sunday School will be instructed in at least the fundamentals of Christianity, is expected. And it is but just to say that this expectation is fairly well realized. The leading facts and principles of Scripture are stated, iterated, reiterated, illustrated, and enforced with such persistent energy that they are indelibly impressed on the memory. Beyond this we are fain to deal with theological dogmas and denominational differences.

So far so so good. But would it not be well for us to give a little more attention to the cultivation of what may be called church manners? From observations taken, and annoyances experienced, by this writer in churches where better things were to have been expected, he is impressed with the idea that there is "a right smart lot of ignorance" among our young people along this line that ought to be dispelled, and that it is the province of the Sunday School to turn on the light. To be sure the good work ought to begin at home, but whether family instruction in behavior be either neglected or forgotten, it is our duty to supplement that which is lacking. It is simple truth to say that few children leave their homes without being admonished to behave well. It is equally true that many Sunday Schools allow this proper admonition to be perverted with perfect impunity, and now and then one may be found that might in strictest verity be called a school of bad manners, if not of bad morals, for the two are much more intimately associated than we are wont to admit.

Depend upon it, that which is permitted in the schoolroom will be pursued in the sanctuary. Habits of inattention, disorder, and irreverance acquired and confirmed in the lesson service will assert themselves in the preaching service. Scholars who are not trained to listen to the teacher will not listen to the preacher; those who are allowed to disturb the class by whispering and giggling, will disturb the congregation; those who are privileged to destroy music books by scribbling and tearing out the leaves, will not spare the hymn books; those who make way with lesson helps, library books, and other property of the school, are being trained in positive dishonesty, and may reasonably be expected to act as if everything in the church belonged to them; while those who refuse to contribute to the support of the school will graduate in to respectable sponges, dead-beats, defaulters, who insult God and disgrace his cause by withholding the preacher's salary and giving nothing to the benevolent collections. It is all well enough to train young people to sing, "I want to be an angel," but it is more important that we cultivate in them a desire to be honest with themselves and others. Let them swell the chorus—

"Jesus paid it all!"

but their education in practical godliness may be fatally warped if they are not also trained to sing—

That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

If the force of these remarks is sought to be parried by the whispering suggestion that "children will be children" that their disorderly, and sometimes disgraceful, conduct in church is due to "thoughtfulness," and that you can't put old heads on young shoulders," the only reply that need be made is this: that if we will do our duty in the Sunday School a great improvement in both manners and morals will soon be apparent in the church; children will cease to be children after they are grown; they will be thoughtful enough to be respectful if not reverent, and their heads having undergone a salutary change may be safely left where nature placed them.

THE OLD FOLKS

Few of us realize the tragedy there is in growing old. To feel that one is thrust into a corner while the world in which he once bore an active part goes whirling on without him, must more than account for the "peculiarities" of old age. Make Christmas at least bright and helpful to the old folks. Do not count expense or trouble in visiting the old home and cheering the hearts of those who gave thought and effort to your welfare when you were getting your start in life. When you miss the dear old faces from the fireside you will wish many and many a time that you could run in and say a pleasant word or leave some little love token. The sweetest recollections you will have in after life will be those which call to mind the little things done to smooth the way for those on the other side of the hill on their way down into the valley of shadows.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Readable Reminiscences Referring to Records found in Our Columns of Jan. 24, 1889

Sleighing again.

The weather is rather peculiar this winter.

Wheeling was adopted again last week for a few days.

The farmers won't do any plowing in this vicinity for a week or two.

The storms of Sunday and Monday were rather blizzardly.

Mr. Wm. Moore is running a shingle mill on his bush farm in the 1st con., a mile or so west of Acton.

Mr. S. S. Balls, Rockwood, who recently issued a little book of poems, died rather suddenly last week.

Guelph Mercury.—The Acton correspondent of the Orangeville Post says that Mr. Wm. Algie, the noted Secularist, has become a convert to Christianity.

The following newsy item appeared in last issue of Chicago British American: Messrs. J. E. McIlarvin & Co., of Acton, have commenced to remove the trunk factory to Berlin.

A new subscriber in Kansas, in remitting his subscription says: "Don't miss a number of the FREE PRESS if you value your life."

A defeated aldermanic candidate in Kingston in summing up his canvass and vote says: Persons who promised to vote for me, good moral living men and women, 527; doubtful ones, not so good living, 115; refusals, 39; ballots marked for me, 165; relatives of Ananias, 362.

Mrs. A. A. Secord, who sustained a broken leg some weeks ago, at the home of her son, Mr. Alex. Secord, in Acton, died on Tuesday. She never rallied from the shock. Her husband died a couple of years ago. She was much esteemed in Acton.

Mr. C. Swackhamer had a narrow escape from death at Messrs. Holmes shipping yards on Monday. He had delivered a bull there, and while two young men were putting a ropearound its neck, the animal made a dash at Mr. Swackhamer, who was standing with his back to the fence, the horns going on each side of him, one passing through his clothing and against the fence with such force that it was broken off close to the head.

Messrs. W. H. Storey & Son have secured the sale in the Dominion of the Saskatchewan Rolies and Mats manufactured by a Galt firm, and intended to supply the place of the real buffalo robe which is becoming extinct.

The Municipal Council, consisting of W. H. Storey, Reeve, and Dr. Lowry, John Harvey, Joseph A. Speight, and Alex. A. Secord, met for organization on Monday. In a comprehensive inaugural address the Reeve outlined the work of the year mentioning the question of water-works, and electric street lighting.

Messrs. J. B. Pearson and A. E. Nicklin were appointed auditors.

Committees appointed were:—Finance—Lowry, Secord: Streets, Walks and Street Lighting—Speight, Harvey; Town Hall—Storey, Lowry; Cemetery—Storey, Speight.

The School Board was organized on the 16th. The members are:—Thos. Ebbage, Geo. Hynds, I. Francis, with W. H. Storey, A. E. Nicklin, T. H. Harding, recently elected.

Mr. Thomas Ebbage was elected chairman for 1889.

The attendance of the 4th dept. being larger than the room can accommodate, it was arranged that the time be divided:—the Intermediate to have the forenoon and Juniors the afternoon, and the school hours extended to 4 o'clock.

Donald D. Mann, of Winnipeg, son of Mr. Hugh Mann, of this place, arrived in Chili, South America, last week, after a five weeks' trip. He went out to take a large railway contract with the Chilian Government.

KNATCHBULL ITEMS: Rev. Mr. Teeter, of Medicine Hat, gave missionary addresses at Ebenezer and Bethel Churches.....Rev's. Walker and Couch, pastors, assisted by the Misses Hall, Guelph, are in successful evangelistic work at Eden Mills.....Mrs. W. Anderson is in a fair way of recovery.

MARRIED.—At Sunderland Villa, Acton, the residence of the bride's father, Jan. 23, by Rev. Dr. Gifford, Dr. J. R. Dryden, Rockwood, to Jennie, third daughter of W. H. Storey, Esq., Reeve, Acton.

DIED.—In Nassagaweya, on Jan. 11, Thos. Henderson, aged 59 years.

DIED.—In Esquesing, on Jan. 16, Rachel, wife of Mr. John Nickell, aged 57 years, 5 months.

DIED.—At Limehouse, on Jan. 22, William Hogg, aged 35 years.

DIED.—In Acton, on Jan. 22, at the home of her son, Councillor Secord, Mrs. A. A. Secord, aged 69 years, 3 months.

SUPPORTING THE HORSE

The busy man stopped before an office building and leaped from his carriage. At the same moment an ambitious urchin ran forward and piped:

"Hey, mister, kin I hold yer horse?"

"No, you can't!" snapped the busy man.

"Won't charge y' much," insisted the urchin.

"I don't care about the charge," impatiently responded the man, throwing a blanket over his bony steed. "My horse will not run away."

"Gee, mister, I didn't think he'd run away!"

"No?"

"No. I thought he might fall down."

THE CHICAGO IDEA

The wife of a Kansas farmer was entertaining her sister from Chicago. One day the threshers came, and the guest insisted on doing the work alone and sent her sister away to rest. When 27 threshers filed in to supper that night they found a sandwich tied with ribbon, one chicken croquette, one cheeseball the size of a marble, and a button hanghnt at each plate.

THE POSTAL-CARD PEST

She's got them from China and from Peru,
From Egypt, Japan, and Honolulu!
She's got them in all conceivable styles,
From Italy, Belgium, the British Isles,
From Switzerland, France, and the Isle of Man,
From Holland and Russia and Astrakhan!
She wants but one more to make up the whole—
Then she'll be satisfied—from the North Pole!
Pictures of Paris, of London, of Rome,
The Tower, the Louvre, and St. Peter's Dome,
The Sphinx and the Pyramids, Suez Canal,
The Rock of Gibraltar, Malta, Pall Mall!
Higgledy-piggledy, see! there they lie
No trouble to write and SO cheap to buy!
Most every picture's a caricature,
This is the fashion one has to endure!
It's not the custom to write letters now;
People, it seems, have forgotten just how!
If of your movements friends wish to keep track,
Just get a postal, with picture on back,
Then write the address, and mail it—that's all!
The trouble's infinitesimally small!
Of all the sad things of pen and of ink,
The saddest of all's the postal, I think!

—Times, New York.

A BAR

BY CHAS. P. RAYMOND

I stood before a door and read upon it in gilded letters the one word, "bar." As I read a man pushed open the door, and staggering out, fell upon his face on the pavement. When he rose a thin red stream trickled down his cheek. He fumbled for his handkerchief, and the blood stained it, and dyed his hands. It was the blood of a sacrifice offered up at the shrine of the bar.

A Bar!

Yes, well named, a bar to happiness, for what happiness is there in a mind that is distorted and a face that is bloody!

A Bar!

Yes, to good society, for who wants a drunken man? He is not welcome at the theatre, club, or concert. He is a nuisance as he reels the street; he is a trouble at home.

A Bar!

Yes, drunken man, there is a bar against you in the very hotel where you bought the liquor and got full. You are not wanted there, for you are a bad advertisement, for why is the hotel man who will point to you and say: "That is my make," "That is my customer," That is a product of my brand?"

A Bar!

Yes, a bar to hopes fulfilled, a bar to higher ideals, a bar to complete manliness and friendliness that lasts and lifts. A bar to a clear head, a clear eye, and steady step. Bar to a firm hand and a trust in yourself. Bar to a full coal bin and a full cupboard. Bar to boots for the child, a dress for the wife, and a coat for yourself.

A Bar!

Well named, well put, short, pithy, and to the point, bar. Bar to positions of trust, to an increase of power, to the fuller confidence of the employer and a better using of time. A bar to good, to the white life, to the strong life and well rounded character.

A Bar!

Yes, see it, the battles behind, the rail in front, and the row of worshipers offering themselves soul and body at the shrine.

A Bar!

Yes, a bar to decency, to right judgment.

A Bar!

The rent is behind, the grocer is unpaid, and the money is blown, but what odds, "Have another."

A Bar!

Yes, to all that makes for man's best interests and the development of his higher nature, to that character that is the only thing that will stand the wreck of time

A Bar!

How short, terse, and expressive.

Yes, but not a bar to a hell on earth and a hell hereafter.

Vote for local option and banish the bar from your midst.—Pioneer.

NEUROTIC JELLY

Little Wilbur was eating luncheon with his mother. Presently she noticed that he was eating his jelly with his spoon.

"Wilbur, dear," she said to him, "you must not eat your jelly with your spoon."

"I have to, mother," he replied.

"No, dear, you don't have to. Put your jelly on your bread."

"I did put it on my bread, mother," said Wilbur, "but it wouldn't stay there; it's too nervous."—The January Delineator.

A BAPTIST ELDER

Restored to Health by Vinol

"I was run down and weak from indigestion and general debility, also suffered from vertigo. I saw a cod liver preparation called Vinol advertised and decided to give it a trial, and the results were most gratifying. After taking two bottles I regained my strength and am now feeling unusually well." Henry Cunningham, Elder Baptist Church, Kingston, N. C.

Vinol is not a patent medicine—but a preparation composed of the medicinal elements of cods' livers, combined with a tonic iron and wine. Vinol creates a hearty appetite, tones up the organs of digestion and makes rich, red blood. In this natural manner, Vinol creates strength for the run-down, overworked and debilitated, and for delicate children and old people. For chronic coughs, colds and bronchitis Vinol is unexcelled.

All such persons in the vicinity are asked to try Vinol on our offer to refund their money if it fails to give satisfaction.

Vinol is sold by E. A. Robertson, Druggist, Acton.