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Editor and Proprietor.

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ROCKWOOD Chopping Mills
Flour - Oatmeal
Bran - Shorts
The best at lowest prices.
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Limited

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We will pay 50c for No. 1 or Spring Muskrats, others as to value.
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Will, as usual, have our best attention.
Furs called for and delivered to all parts of Canada.
RATES: 3 per cent. on value covers loss by fire or moths, also pays for cleaning.
Reliable and Practical Furriers at
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Winter is gone!
Look about and see what is needed for
Summer Comfort

Suggestions Offered.	Material Supplied.
Furniture Polish	Oil Stoves
Paint Remover	Screen Doors
Paint	Netting
Alabastine	Garden Tools
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Feather Dusters	Rubber Hose
Linoleum	Step Ladders
Whitewash Brushes	Etc. Etc.

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

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Invariably follows the use of wrong Glasses. You might as well pick your glasses from a bush as to buy the haphazard kind sold and known as "store glasses."
Savage Glasses are sold only after a thorough scientific examination. Protect your eyes—wear OUR Glasses, if you need them. Be on the safe side.
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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.
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The newest things in
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and all fittings, for Pillow Shams, Fancy Screens, etc.
HARDWARE
Farm and Garden Tools, Mechanics' Tools.
Best Makes at Reasonable Prices.
C. C. Speight
MILL ST. - ACTON

Poetry.

LITTLE WORDS OF KINDNESS

Little words of kindness—
Whispered soft and low,
With a thrill of gladness
To the heart they go,
Lighting up its darkness
With a cheering ray,
Changing heavy sadness
To the light of day.

Little words of kindness,
Do a work of love;
God's own hand records them
In the world above.
They whose words of pity
Dry the mourner's tears,
Have the Saviour's blessing
Through their earthly years.

Little words of kindness,
Heartily bestowed,
Help a fainting brother
On life's weary road;
Little words of kindness
To a wandering soul,
Blessed by God, may lead him
Back to Jesus' fold.

Little words of kindness
Seem of little worth,
Yet we cannot buy them
With the gold of earth.
Scatter, then, like sunbeams,
Many a word of love,
And the Lord of heaven
Will bless you from above.
—Florida Herald.

Select Family Reading

WON THROUGH A DREAM

BY GRACE BOWEN

IN a lonely shack on a North Dakota quarter section Edith Allen was facing the problem that comes to all of Eve's daughters.

A man great in his strength and mighttier in his love had asked her surrender—had almost demanded it when he passionately tore aside conventional conversation and bared his heart and his hopes.

That she had sent him away without an answer was not a negative reply to his wooing. She had begged for time to think, a space in which to analyze the emotions surging in her breast.

Moreover, she half thought she loved him, and because she was a product of the city and had dug deep in the printed philosophy of life she wanted her brain to sit in judgment on her heart.

"I know what you would say," imperiously declared Jim, the lover. "I am nearer the animal than you. When fatigue follows a satiated joy of working my recreation is restful comfort and sleep. I find nothing to grip me in books written by men whose lives have been cramped and narrow, by men with water in their veins instead of strong, red blood."

"No, no, Jim; it is not that," interrupted Edith.

"But it is. It is just that. You know. I am a college man. Not from one of your famous eastern institutions, true, but I fancy our North Dakota brand of education will be found the equal of its older relations of New England. I went to please father. He was a poor man and felt that he had missed much because his school days had been few. That his son need not suffer this handicap in life he made many sacrifices.

"I am grateful to him for the love that prompted this self denial, and I am glad that I have what learning I brought back with me, but I resign all interest in morbid, fleshly decadence for God's good out of doors."

And Stuart looked at the girl before him wonderingly, with his eyes glowing with love of her.

"Leave me alone, Jim. No, not another word. I must think; I must think. Good night, Jim." And she watched him go out of the door and across the prairie.

Years before a palmist had told the girl that her head would rule her heart. He had called attention to the peculiar formation of the lines of her left hand and had pointed out the head line that ran straight across the palm, obscuring and dominating the lesser line that represented the heart.

In a measure she believed it. All her life she had been intensely mental and had plunged far into the writings of men and women whose apostolic missions are of discontent.

When she collapsed physically under the strain of her labors as teacher in a city school the physician had imperatively ordered her to get to the open country if she longed to live.

Alone in the world, she could not indulge in idleness, and, being exiled from the schoolroom, she was at a loss which path to take. A friend suggested that she enter a homestead in the west, and it had appealed to her.

Her savings were sufficient to pay for necessary labor in clearing and breaking the land until the crops were ready for harvest, and she had confident assurance that her work would some day repay her. As an investment, both financial and physical, it delighted her.

Stuart met her in the office of the locator in the little town which was the railroad station nearest to her destination. One learns to read men and women at first sight in the big, pulsing west, and no half trust is given.

She was in need of guidance, and her new found acquaintance became her counselor and friend. When she spoke of getting men to help her build the two room frame house that was to be her home he came himself.

When she offered him the current wage he accepted it, because he understood how impossible it was to do otherwise, but afterward he sent other men and contented himself with suggestions that in reality amounted to superintendence.

Thus two years had slipped away. Her health had returned, the glow in her cheeks told that, and the life in the open had re-enforced her for her old vocation—if she cared for it.

She believed it was her career, though the glamor of existence close to the heart of nature held a charm she could not deny, and there was conflict in her mind as to the better choice.

Then came Stuart's love. She had grown to like him much, but with a reservation that he did not measure up to the ideal she had cherished. She believed he demanded mental sympathy no less than physical caresses.

To make a perfect union the man must appreciate with her the books that held her, and they would penetrate together the mysterious paths of learning to wisdom. Therein was Stuart lacking.

Slumber would not come at bidding the night Stuart told his love. She tossed fretfully as she tried to evade the problem before her. Like memories of pain, it refused banishment.

"Do I love him? Is he necessary to me? He is dear as a friend, I know, but beyond that—what?" she said to herself.

When sleep came it was troubled, dreams intruded, and she thought she saw herself and Stuart galloping side by side over the prairies to the westward. Behind them was an ocean of fire; the crackling of flames sounded in her ears; she could feel the hot wind, borne in the heart of the burning grass, blister her neck.

On, and on, with the margin of safety growing narrower until within a dozen jumps of the furrow that would balk the fire. Her horse stumbled in a gopher hole, regained his poise, blundered again, and she was thrown to the prairie.

"Jim!" she cried.

The flames were upon her now. He slid from his horse, gathered her in his arms, holding her face close to his breast to shield her from suffocation and staggered across the safety line with the angry flames turned to a sullen, dead red, as if crying out maledictions on her rescuer for depriving them of their prey.

"Jim, Jim!" she shrieked in her delirium. "Stop—so I had lost you!"

There was a rapping at the door. Conscious now slowly returned to her as she shook recollections of the night mare from her.

"What's the matter, Edith? Are you hurt?"

"No; I'll be out in a minute. Wait." And she hastily dressed.

"You're ill," he exclaimed when she appeared. "You are ghastly pale."

"Oh, Jim, I've had such a dream!" she said.

"Dreams are silly things. Edith. Surely you would not let one frighten you!" he soothingly said.

"But this one did. And, Jim, I know now," and her head dropped to hide the flush of her cheeks.

"Yes?" said Jim, not comprehending.

"What you asked me yesterday."

"Sweetheart! And your answer?" He eagerly ran to her.

"Yes, Jim, I love you." And in the embrace that followed disappeared the artificialities of troublesome philosophies in the depth of an emotion primitive and elemental.

SPANISH COURTESY

"Oh, we cannot stand on ceremony! The world goes too fast for that." This excuse is the modern apology for that lack of courteous kindness that everybody feels and few people enjoy. Courtesy, however, has not quite died out of the earth. Mr. H. O. Chatfield-Taylor, in "The Land of the Castanet," says that in Spain true courtesy yet survives.

It must be so when Spaniards will go to great pains to pay the smallest attention to a stranger, tramping from church to church and from gallery to gallery to show him the sights, taking him shopping, calling at his hotel twice in a day to offer their services, and doing a thousand things that neither an American nor an Englishman would dream of doing.

A Spaniard will send the stranger flowers, take him to drive each day of his visit, and bestow countless little attentions that show a real interest in his welfare, and an earnest desire to please. When he parts from his visitor, the Spaniard will make him feel that he is losing a friend.

The little courtesies of every-day occurrence in Spain contrast forcibly with the offhand manner of more western peoples. No one enters a Spanish railway carriage without bowing to every occupant, or leaves it except with the same polite acknowledgment.

On taking a seat at a hotel table it is customary to salute each of the guests, and it is bad manners in Spain to go into a shop and ask for what you want before you have greeted the shopkeeper. On his part the "God be with you," or "May all be well with you," will not be wanting when the would-be customer leaves, though he may have failed to make a purchase.

It is only in commercial Barcelona that anything comparable to incivility is apparent, and Barcelona is the home of socialism and anarchy; its society is composed of the class of people the French call bourgeoise.

WHERE HE WENT

Judge—You have been sworn, sir. It behooves you to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Lawyer (to client who has seated himself in the witness chair)—Did you present your bill to the defendant for payment?

Client—I did.

Lawyer—And what did the defendant say?

Client—He told me to go to the devil.

Lawyer—Then what did you do?

Client—I went to you!

PERIPATETIC MUTTON

"There's no domestic blessing," quoth Mrs. Harvey, "like the telephone. It makes every housewife sufficient entirely unto herself." "Oh, yes," her aunt made answer. "And we're all for independence nowadays. It works well—I think. But so did the old fashion of friendship and generosity and gratitude. I remember once a leg of mutton—Did I ever tell you, Kate, about Mrs. Corcoran's leg of mutton?"

She looked doubtful to tell it now that Mrs. Harvey was glad to say no.

"Why, it was this way. One day on the old farm we were tacking a comfortable, and all working, in a hurry to get it off the frames. We planned to have a bite for lunch, and not stop to cook a sit-down meal. Sam had gone to the mill, and father was drawn on a jury, so we'd no men-folks to look after. But about twelve o'clock Allie happened to glance out of the window, and said she, 'What on earth shall we do? Here comes the Jarvis sleigh, and every one of 'em is in it!'

"You may believe we were startled. That meant five or six visitors, who had driven seventeen miles and were hungry, of course.

"Mother started for the door. In those days a welcome meant running out on the porch to meet one. I suppose she thought hard for a minute, but she was a manager. Women had to be, that brought up a dozen children out on a lonely farm. As she laid her hand on the latch she said over her shoulder:

"'Slip out the back way, Maria, and run across lots to the Corcorans'. Ask what they're going to have for dinner, and borrow something to help out.'

"I did as she said. I ran through the butt'ry and out into the path we kept worn between the Corcorans' and our house. Down through the lot I went, under the fence and up the slope to the kitchen porch, where Selina saw me coming and met me on the steps. 'What is it?' said she.

"'Company,' I told her, 'and nothing in the house for dinner. What have you got?'

"She flew into the kitchen and back again, carrying a kettle in her hand. 'It's a leg o' mutton,' said she. 'Take it quick!'

"I snatched at the kettle and off I went, under the fence, and across the lot, and so up to our butt'ry door. I slide softly into the kitchen, put the meat on the stove, and then tidied myself and went into the best room to see our company.

"To my amazement, they hadn't taken off their things. Of course I made an outcry at that, and mother and the girls gave me a queer sidelong look. 'They insist upon it,' said mother 'that they can only stay a few minutes. They have planned to go to the Corcorans' to dinner.'

"I knew what that meant. As soon as I could steal out again I hastened to the kitchen. Throwing on my hood, I grasped the kettle once more, opened the door quietly and chased like the wind down the path, across the lot, under the fence and up the slope to the Corcorans' back porch. 'Here's your leg o' mutton,' I told Selina. 'They're coming here to dinner!'"

Both women laughed.

"It does sound pretty," Mrs. Harvey acknowledged.

"It sounds ideal," said her aunt. "The early Christians, you remember, had all things in common."

A QUEER "PROFESSOR"

The state of things that may result from the persistent misuse of an honorable word is well satirized by a little story told by a Philadelphia paper. A train, it says, was about to leave a station when a young man in one of the cars leaned over the seat of an elderly gentleman, shook hands with him, and said:

"Good-by, professor!"

"Good-by!" said the elderly man, and the young man went out and the train moved on. A man who sat in the next seat eyed the elderly man sharply a few minutes, and then leaned over and said to him:

"Kin yo do any tricks with cards?"

"No; I never touch a card."

"Mebby ye play the pianny?"

"I know nothing of music, except in its relations to mathematics."

The man stared a moment, and then went on:

"Wal, ye ain't no boxer—I kin see that by yer build. Mebby ye play pool?"

"No!"

"Or, shuffle-board?"

"I never heard of that—whatever it is."

"Well, say, I've guessed ye this time. Wonder I didn't think of it before. Ye're a mesmerist!"

"I am nothing of the kind."

"Well I'll give up! What is yer line?"

"I am a professor of Greek, rhetoric and ancient history."

"An' ye can't do no tricks, nor play music, nor hypnertise?"

"Of course not!"

The man turned and gazed out of the window on the opposite side of the car.

"An' he calls himself a perfesser!" he said to himself, musingly.

THE FUN OF IT

"I visited E. R. Thomas and found him doing well after his motor accident," said a member of the Automobile club of America. "Thomas, as usual, railed against our bad roads.

"He said that a friend who lived in the country had been in to see him.

"'The country is all right in the summer,' Thomas admitted, 'but in the fall and winter don't you find it dull?'

"'Dull?' said the other. 'No, indeed. Why, out our way some motor car or other gets stuck in the mud every night.'"

Right pride keeps a man from being proud.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

May-Week Matters, Minor and Major, Met in Our Issue of May 2nd, 1889

Boys and girls, who played ball, skipped with the rope, and tried to please their teachers in those days:

SCHOOL PROMOTION EXAMINATION

FROM 2ND TO 1ST DEPT.—Frank McIntosh, Chas. Moore, Rollie Smith, Fred Ross, Kirby Gifford, Eva Williams, Chester Matthews, Gordon Dean.

FROM 3RD TO 2ND DEPT.—John Edwards, Hettie McCann, May Ryder, Elsie Quittner, Nellie Matthews, Nellie Stauffer, Ada Francis, Jennie Creech, Charlie McCann, Nellie Hynds, Ellen Stewart, Jimmy Brown, Joe Agnew.

FROM 1ST TO 3RD DEPT.—Mabel Grant, Frank Matthews, Alice Lowry, Millie Mann, Eddie Moore, Nellie Holmes, Maud Ryder, Jacob Bauer, Edwin Francis, Jessie Harvey, Ernest Pearson, Willie Rutledge, Jessie Brown, George Sutton, George Loveys, George Robson.

Mr. Anthony Stephenson is building quite an addition to his residence and otherwise improving it.

Mr. John Chisholm, jr., is building a foundation for a neat brick house on Lake Avenue. He has a very desirable location.

Mr. H. Farmer had the nails torn off a couple of fingers of his left hand with the drag saw in T. C. Moore's shingle mill, on Tuesday.

The set of instruments for the Rockwood brass band arrived last week, and after an inspection by Bandmaster Hill, of Acton, they were pronounced useless, and were sent back.

Officer Steve Marshall took part in the services at the Salvation Army barracks on Sunday evening.

On Tuesday, Horace, the ten-year son of Mr. Thos. Cook, met with a painful accident at William Moore's shingle factory. In passing a circular saw he accidentally swung his hand against it, when the thumb and two fingers were badly lacerated. The thumb was cut half way through the bone, and a number of stitches were required.

Last Saturday while a young son of Mr. Henry Cole, 6th line, was in a horse stall gathering eggs, the horse came in and kicked him on the head laying open a gash five inches long. Dr. Lowry dressed the wound. The plucky lad had his hat full of eggs, and through it all kept the hat and saved eggs, though covered with his blood.

Mr. W. P. Brown, who, all his life has resided in Acton and vicinity, has removed to Toronto. His removal will be very keenly felt. Since reaching manhood he has been a very useful man. Beside being intimately associated with the Methodist Church, officially, he has been a Councillor, a member of the School Board, and in other positions of trust. Several years ago he disposed of his general store to the late Thos. Duncan, and became accountant for the Acton Banking Co. He had always enjoyed the confidence and highest esteem of his fellow-citizens.

WHERE THE SHINE CAME FROM

"Well, grandma," said a little boy, resting his elbow on the old lady's stuffed arm chair, "what have you been doing here at the window all day by yourself?"

"All I could," answered dear grandma cheerily. "I have read a little, and prayed a good deal, and then looked out at the people. There's one little girl, that I have learned to watch. She has sunny brown hair, her brown eyes have the same sunny look in them, and I wonder every day what makes her look so bright. Ah! here she comes now."

"That girl with the brown apron on?" Arthur cried. "Why, I know that girl. That's Susie Moore, and she has a dreadful hard time, grandma."

"Has she?" said grandma. "Wouldn't you give anything to know where she gets all that brightness from, then?"

"I'll ask her," said Arthur, promptly, and to grandma's surprise he raised the window and called:

"Susie, O Susie, come up here a minute; grandma wants to see you."

The brown eyes opened wide in surprise, but the little maid turned at once and came in.

"Grandma wants to know, Susie Moore," exclaimed the boy, "what makes you look so bright all the time?"

"Why, I have to," said Susie. "You see papa's been ill a long while, and mamma is tired out with nursing, and the baby's cross with her teeth, and if I didn't be bright, who would be?"

"Yes, yes, I see," said dear old grandma, putting her arm around this little streak of sunshine. "That's God's reason for things; it is because somebody needs it. Shine on, little sun; there couldn't be a better reason for shining than because it is dark at home."—Ex.

QUICK AND WITTY

Lord Young is said to be one the ablest Scotchmen on the bench or at the bar. At least, he has a ready tongue. One day in September he was driving into town from his place in the country when he met an acquaintance.

"Hallo!" said the latter, "what are you doing here? I thought all respectable people were out of town."

"Well," said the other, "have you seen anything to make you alter your opinion? I haven't.

At the time of the general election of 1892, he was visiting at Dalmeny House, and the report came that Lord Wolmer, now the Earl of Selborne, had been returned for the Western Division by a majority of three, over Mr. T. R. Buchanan. Soon after some one came in and said that the majority was three hundred. He added that Lord—and Lord—had voted for Wolmer.

"Ah," said Young, "that accounts for the two ciphers."

JUNE BABIES

Have you ever found a bird's nest
In the meadow low,
With five baby Bob o' Lincolns,
Feathers yet to grow?

From your window in the morning
Have you looked to see
Five grave quiet little Phoebes
In an apple tree?

Have you seen the blue-gray birdlings
Far above the ground,
Dainty nest and limb for perches,
Mother hovering round?

On the bank beside the river
Have you watched them try,
Four young gray and speckled Bluebirds,
Stretch their wings to fly?

If you have not, then directly
Open wide your eyes,
And you'll find in field and tree top
Many a surprise.
—Emily P. Sherman.

WHITE SLAVERY

Hon. Edwin W. Sims, the United States District Attorney who had charge of the prosecution in the famous $29,000,000 Standard Oil Co. case, is the writer of the article in the Woman's World on "The White Slave Traffic." The disclosures made by Mr. Sims are of such an appalling and revolting nature that the subject would not be touched upon in a family journal but for the need of an awakening of parents and guardians of girls throughout the country to a real and very great danger to which girls who leave the country for the city are exposed.

There are some things, writes Mr. Sims, so far removed from the lives of normal, decent people as to be simply unbelievable by them. The "white-slave" trade of to day is one of these incredible things. Things are done every day in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and other large centres in the white slave traffic that would make the Congo slave traders of the olden days look like good Samaritans.

The recent examination of over two hundred white slaves by the office of the United States District Attorney at Chicago, revealed the fact that literally thousands of girls from the country districts are every year entrapped into a life of hopeless slavery and degradation because parents in the country do not understand conditions as they exist and how to protect their daughters from the white slave traders, who carry on a trade in the ruin of girls as if it were merely a trade in sheep or cattle. The legal evidence thus far collected, according to Mr. Sims, establishes with complete moral certainty these awful facts: That the white slave traffic is a system—a syndicate which has its ramifications from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, with distributing centres in nearly all of the larger cities; that in this ghastly traffic the buying price of a young girl is $15, and that the selling price is generally about $200, if the girl is specially attractive the white slave trader will be able to sell her for $400 to $600; that this syndicate did not make less than $200,000 last year in its almost unthinkable commerce; that it is a definite organization sending its hunters to scour France, Germany, Hungary, Italy and Canada for victims.

The Moral and Social Reform Council of Canada, representing the country's great religious denominations, has already commenced a campaign against the unspeakable traffic by asking certain amendments to the criminal code looking toward its suppression and their efforts will have the hearty and active support of every true Canadian.

FRUIT AND NUT CARAMELS

"Even a girl who hasn't the least idea about cooking can make delicious and unique caramels," says Woman's Home Companion. "Take equal portions of nut meats, figs and dates; chop very fine, or, better still, pass through a meat grinder, mix together thoroughly, and place in a square, shallow baking tin; pack down tight and even, using a rolling pin or the blade of a broad knife. When packed, the layer should be about three-fourths of an inch thick. With a sharp knife cut into squares the size of ordinary caramels. The candy may now be easily lifted from the pan, for the cubes are firm and solid. Wrap each in a square of oiled paper.

"These caramels may be varied by using different kinds of nuts. Walnuts and pecans are both favorites. A very delicious and slightly more expensive carmel is one formed of figs and Brazil nuts alone, using about one-third of the nut meats to two-thirds of the fruit."

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This is another instance which demonstrates the remarkable power of Vinol to create strength and build up health for old people after all other means have failed.

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