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H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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L. L. P. & S. GLASGOW.
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Graduate of University of Toronto.
Office at residence, on Willow Street,—between Merchant's Bank and Town Hall.
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The Best Quality of
Manitoba
Family and Pastry
Flour
For sale at lowest prices
Our Own Make
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Chopping Done and Oats Rolled every day.
Feed for sale.
Cash for Wheat and Oats.
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Every Boy Wants a
BusterBrown Wagon
A whole lot of special features in the make-up of this toy.
The price won't bother you at all.
The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Retail Phone 97 - GUELPH

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Savage Glasses are sold only after a thorough scientific examination. Protect your eyes—wear OUR Glasses, if you need them. He on the safe side.
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The mill will run every day and there will be no unnecessary delay.
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The best at lowest prices.
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We will pay 50c for No. 1 Spring Muskrats, others as to value.
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Poetry.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP

The fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere;
Like troubled spirits, here and there
The firelight shadows flittering go,
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from a farther room,
Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And, somehow, with that little prayer
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thought goes back to distant years

And lingers with a dear one there;
And, as I hear the child's amen,
My mother's faith comes back to me,
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hand again.

O! for an hour in that dear place!
O! for the peace of that dear face
O! for the childish trust sublime!
O! for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone—
Sweet magic of that treble tone—
And "now I lay me down to sleep."

—Eugene Field.

Select Family Reading

The Other Girl

GRANTHAM and Cunningham were seated before an open fire at the club enjoying a confidential after-dinner chat.

"So you're the same eligible old bachelor, are you, Grant?" jollied Cunningham. "I prophesied this summer would land you sure. Didn't you meet her, after all?"

"Meet whom?" drawled Grantham good-naturedly.

"Oh, this incomparable, irresistible ideal of a woman you're always talking about. Aren't you beginning to fear she may not exist, after all?"

"On the contrary," Grantham answered between puffs. "I'm more than ever sure she does. I've seen her back."

Cunningham burst into a hearty laugh.

"Did she turn it on you, old man?" he teased.

"Not in the way you mean, Cunning," replied Grantham reminiscently. Then, after blowing a few leisurely smoke rings, he waxed communicative.

"You see," he continued, "I have never met her face to face, so she couldn't really turn her back to me. And, what's more, I'm never going to give her the chance."

"You mean that you do not intend to meet her?" gasped his friend in astonishment.

"Cunning, you've no imagination," reproved Grantham. "Of course I intend to meet her some time, but I mean to be perfectly sure of myself and of her before I do. I'm going to propose the first time I speak to her."

"Most extraordinary," commented Cunningham. "Where does she live?"

"Don't know," puffed Grantham.

This was too much for Cunningham. He suspended smoking for a few seconds to observe the placid countenance of Grantham, decided that any speech was inadequate, and lit a fresh cigar.

"You see," resumed Grantham, smiling in an exasperatingly satisfied manner, "I just happened to trail after her a bit in a canoe one fine day this summer. The way her shoulders and the way her soft hair blew about in the wind and the way she handled a paddle—"

"Here, hold on!" interrupted Cunningham, brutally unsympathetic. "Do you mean to say that you can rave like that over a girl whose face you have never seen?"

Grantham nodded.

"But she's as homely as a mud fence," granted Cunningham.

"That doesn't make any difference," announced Grantham. "I love her, and I shall marry her just the same."

"And meanwhile you don't even know where she lives," Cunningham reminded him.

"Oh, I have a notion I may meet her any day. My guide said the guide in her canoe was taking around some Boston people. So you see the case isn't hopeless, Cunning," Grantham concluded affably.

By the time the two men had met again Grantham had seen her.

"Her face?" demanded Cunningham abruptly.

"No, just her back," sighed Grantham ecstatically.

"Well, how in thunder did you recognize her—that's what I'd like to know."

"I'd know her anywhere. Whether she wore a little white sweater, a tailor-made gown or an evening frock I'd know her. She can't disguise the pose of that queenly head. She cannot—"

"Probably she can't," interrupted Cunningham indifferently. "But I must say the affair's a little too high pitched for my common comprehension. My sister thinks it's awfully exciting, though. I've been telling her about it.

"Says she'd just be in the seventh heaven of happiness if anything so romantic—I think that's the word she used—ever happened to her. Tried to convince me that it was noble and courageous of you to declare you'd marry a girl you knew you could love, no matter what she looked like. I told her it was idiotic foolishness."

At this Grantham chuckled and settled himself still more comfortably in the big easy chair. "She would be perfectly stunning," he mused, aforetime voice. "In an evening frock."

Cunningham sighed. "Let's go to the theater" he urged. "You ought to keep in the public eye, you know, if you're going to bring this will-o'-the-wisp chase to a finish."

The play was fairly amusing, but Grantham found time to study the backs of the different women.

Suddenly toward the end of the second act he grasped Cunningham's arm tightly. "She's here," he whispered. "Look in the second lower box at the left."

Cunningham looked. In fact, he had scarcely looked anywhere else since the play began.

"Isn't she beautiful?" Grantham breathed.

Cunningham nodded sullenly. "Come on out," he almost commanded as the curtain fell on an unheeded climax. In a corner of the lobby, apart from the crowd, the two men halted. Cunningham cleared his throat.

"Grantham," he began impressively, "I hate to shatter your dream, but you can't have her. I've chosen her myself."

"Has she chosen you?" he asked quietly.

"Why no; I can't say that she has," Cunningham admitted reluctantly. "But I'm hoping she will. I'm not boring her to death the way all the others are."

"You'll introduce me?" Grantham asked quietly.

Cunningham hesitated, but only for the fraction of a minute. "Certainly," he answered courteously.

The two men entered the box just as the curtain was going up for the third act. The introductions were necessarily hurried.

"Miss Curtiss," Cunningham said, briefly and formally. "Mr. Grantham." Then, turning, with a familiar nod, to the other young woman in the box, he added: "Nell, this is Mr. Grantham. You've heard me speak of him. Gant., my sister."

After the first scene conversation began again.

"He's a great admirer of yours, Miss Curtiss," Cunningham said, indicating Grantham, "or, rather, I should say, another great admirer of yours."

"Nonsense," laughed Miss Curtiss. "It's your sister he admires. He has not taken his eyes off her since he came into the box."

Cunningham's astonishment was exceeded only by his relief. He felt like clapping Grantham on the shoulder and wishing him good luck. But Grantham was getting on very well without any such encouragement.

"Of course," he was telling Nell, with an unembarrassed frankness that she found most embarrassing. "I'm glad you are so wonderfully beautiful, but I should have loved you just the same if your eyes had not been so blue and if your chin hadn't a dimple in it."

"Oh, please, Mr. Grantham!" protested Nell blushingly. "You mustn't."

"But I thought you'd understand," pleaded Grantham wistfully. "Your brother said—"

"Yes, yes; I know," admitted Nell quickly, "but you see I didn't know it was my romance then. I thought it was some other girl's."

"But didn't you say you'd be in the seventh heaven of delight if anything so romantic ever happened to you?" Grantham, cross-questioned hergently. "I had banked all my hopes on that. I told myself that was the way the other girl would feel."

"Yes," Nell answered dreamily. Then after a moment's pause. "But it's all so very sudden."

"Not for me," pleaded Grantham, "I've loved you ever since I first saw you, and you've really loved me ever since your brother told you about me, so—"

"Indeed I haven't," contradicted Nell warmly. "I've only envied the other girl."

At this Grantham laughed softly.

"But since there isn't any other girl you aren't really going to turn your back on me for good, are you?"

At this Nell turned a face of such radiant happiness upon him that Grantham knew he need have no fear. Still her answer wasn't just what he expected.

"If only I were that other girl and as homely as a mud fence," she told him mischievously, "I'd know exactly what to answer."

HOW TO MAKE MISCHIEF

Keep your eyes on your neighbors. Take care of them. Do not let them stir without watching. They may do something wrong if you do. To be sure you never knew them to do anything bad, but it may be on your account they have not. Perhaps if it had not been for your kind care they might have disgraced themselves a long time ago. Therefore do not relax any effort to keep them where they ought to be. Never mind your own business—that will take care of itself. There is a man passing along—he is looking over the fence—he suspicions of him; perhaps he contemplates stealing some of these dark nights; there is no knowing what queer fancies he may have got into his head. If you find any symptoms of any one passing out of the path of duty, tell every one else what you see, and be particular and see a great many. It is a good way to circulate such things, it may not benefit yourself or any one else particularly. Do keep something going—silence is a dreadful thing; though it is said there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour, do not let such a thing occur on earth; it would be too much for this mundane sphere. If, after all your watchful care you cannot see that they have done anything bad, throw out hints that they are no better than they should be—that you should not wonder if the people found out what they were after a while, then they may not carry their heads so high. Keep it going, and some one may take the hint and begin and help it along after a while—then there will be music, and everything will work like a charm. Follow the above directions and you will be pretty sure to make plenty of mischief.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

Results of the First Examinations Since Easter Holidays

THE SCHOLARS WHO STUDY

Following is the list of High and Public School pupils who won places on the Honor Roll at the examinations which concluded last Friday:

HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

MIDDLE SCHOOL

ENTRANCE TO NORMAL SCHOOL

Class I—A. Speight, I. White, H. Hurd, M. Moffat, A. Macdonald, M. Richmond, E. Anderson.

Class II—K. Smith, F. Mullin, N. Williams, H. Brown, B. Husband.

JR. MATRICULATION

Class I—E. Black, H. Black.

Class II—G. Johnstone, A. O'Brien, E. Garvin, W. Grindell (Lat. 71).

Class III—A. Kenney, A. Firstbrook, M. O'Brien.

Highest in Orthography—A. Speight; in Chemistry—I. White; in Latin—A. Speight.

LOWER SCHOOL

FORM II

Class I—R. Nelson, D. Folster.

Class II—B. Mullin, C. Plank, J. Macdonald, G. Husband, L. Anderson.

FORM I

Class I—M. Turnbull, B. Brown, C. Moffat, B. Cook, G. Moffat, M. Workman, M. Matthews, F. Williams.

Class II—E. Cole.

Highest in Algebra—R. Nelson; in Book-keeping—G. Moffat; in Latin—M. Turnbull and B. Brown; in Literature—J. Macdonald; in Arithmetic—M. Matthews and M. Workman.

W. H. STEWART, Principal,
MISS E. M. HAMMOND, Assistant.

PUBLIC SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

FIRST DEPARTMENT

Sr. IV—Victor Coleman 254, Perry Watson 238, Leonard Atkinson 237, Dorothy Nelson 228, Roy Bauer 223, Margaret Brown 218. Total 300.

Jr. IV—Ethelred White 212, Edie Evans 232, Isabel Anderson 232, Gertrude Pearson 228, Helen Warren 217, Ernie Brown 211, Jack Chapman 201. Total 250.

MISS A. L. HUDSON, teacher.

SECOND DEPARTMENT

Sr. III—Nellie Anderson 350, Ida Young 340, Beatrice Graham 335, Fred Bell 324, Ella Sayers 310, Ida Carnahan 297. Total 335.

Jr. III—Jessie Thompson 300, Mae Smith 215, Melford Collier 215, Lorne Workman 241, Violet Thomas 221, Harold Thomas 223. Total 325.

MISS M. Z. BENNETT, teacher.

THIRD DEPARTMENT

Sr. II—Birdie Porter 454, Clara Anderson 401, Annie Abraham 397, Albert Brown 387, Gordon Bauer 385, Jennie Pearson 381. Total 500.

Jr. II—Winnie Pearson 461, Lorna Kennedy 413, Austin Cutting 383, Lawson Wren 350, George Spicer 348, Mabel Barr 337. Total 525.

MISS Q. MCINTYRE, teacher.

FOURTH DEPARTMENT

Sr. Pt. II—Jean Wilson 388, Vera Harvey 318, Ida Starckman 311, Melvin Williams 323, Willie Ritchie 314, Margaret Wilson 398. Total 400.

Jr. Pt. II—Nellie Masters 351, Johnnie Kennedy 332, Millie Bath 316, Annie Carnahan 297, Lizzie Masters 293, Johnnie McGregor 241. Total 375.

MISS M. R. HOLMES, teacher.

FIFTH DEPARTMENT

Sr. Pt. I—Ollie Mowat 283, Lizzie Moffat 271, Elsie Stewart 233, Lloyd Masales 219, Esther Cutting 219, Lucy Edwards 228. Total 300.

Jr. Pt. I—Wilfrid Hall 136, George Soper 133, Charlie Symon 130, Harold Workman 130, Carey Matthews 127, Johnnie Ritchie 126. Total 150.

MISS E. M. NICKLIN, teacher.

PEACE AND SECURITY

Emperor Wilhelm had opportunities such as before his time were never presented to anyone, writes W. O. Payne in the May Canadian Magazine; but the use he sought to make of them was selfish; he has failed in his programme and in his ambitions; he is weighed in the balance and found wanting. And in his failure there is promise of much good to the world. The world is moving toward democracy and liberty, toward peace and security—not the peace such as the Romans called in Britain, when they made a solitude, nor yet the peace that is compelled by modern armies and navies—but the peace that is founded upon an international public opinion working for reason and for justice. The fact that, as already indicated, the leading exponent just now of this policy of civilization is the crowned head of England is no wise controverts the greater fact that England itself is one of the two most democratic of all nations, and that, English hegemony, as it is now exercised in Europe, is supported by the profound public opinion and most enlightened judgment of republican France, of the democratic kingdoms of Scandinavia, of the devoted and long-tried exemplars of liberty in the Netherlands—yes, even by the good sense and underlying sympathies of Germany.

STORY OF A PIPER

A Scottish piper was passing through a deep forest. In the evening he sat down to take his supper. He had hardly begun when a number of hungry wolves prowling about for food, collected round him. In self-defence, the poor man began to throw pieces of his victuals to them, which they greedily devoured. When he had disposed of all, in a fit of despair he took his pipes and began to play. The unusual sound terrified the wolves, which one and all took to their heels and scampered off in every direction, an observing which Sandy quietly remarked, "Od, an' I'd kenned ye liked the pipes sae weel, I'd gien ye a spring afore supper."

IF NOT ONE THING IT IS ANOTHER

The ideal man does not exist; perhaps one who has a fine liver has a bunion, and in most of us there is a screw loose somewhere. — London Health.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Selections from Our Issue of May 16, 1889

Mr. Peter McNabb is building an addition to his residence.

The Ladies Aid Socities of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches announce socials to be held on the 23rd and 24th, at the homes of Messrs. Thos. C. Moore and Lachlan McMillan, respectively.

While playing with a sulky which was standing at a stable near his home, the seven-year-old son of Mr. Robt. Bingham who lives near Brown's saw-mill, fell and broke his left leg.

Mr. John McPhail, of the Erin and Eramosa town-line, died after a short illness, and his funeral was on Tuesday, conducted by Rev. R. Fowlie, Erin, at Everton.

10 17 was the score at Erin village in a match between the Videttes of that place and the W. H. Storey & Son team. The trouble was in the 8th innings when there was a different man took the box in the Acton team, Erin taking 11 runs. Kenney again took the box for the remainder of the game.

"Good-bye, God bless you," was the universal expression at the farewell tea tendered Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Brown and family in the Methodist Church on Tuesday evening, prior to their removal to Toronto. A complimentary resolution from the Quarterly Board was read and brief addresses were given by Rev. Dr. Gifford, W. H. Storey, D. Henderson, James Moore, Dr. Lowry, and H. P. Moore. "God be with you till we meet again," was sung in closing the meeting.

From an oil car on a freight train about a mile below Acton one of two intoxicated tramps, whose name is Sam Wardrope, fell and narrowly escaped being run over by the midnight passenger train on Saturday night. His companion notified the train hands when near Acton, and word to the passenger train was telegraphed to Georgetown. His right arm was badly crused and his face cut in several places. He had worked in Acton a year or so ago.

A petition is being circulated to have a sidewalk built on the south side of Mill Street from Elgin to Young. This would add to the appearance and convenience of the street.

Reeve Storey was present on Friday evening at a meeting called for fire protection discussion, furnished with maps respecting proposed water mains, hydrants, etc., and estimates of material, labor and cost, as well as other valuable information, but it was not deemed worth handing them out as not a baker's dozen were present. We are convinced this subject will never receive the consideration it should until Acton meets the fate of Chesley, Ripley or Gravenhurst last year.

Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Matthews visited friends at Kilbride this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Carson left on Friday for Salem, Oregon, where they are to reside.

Mrs. E. Thurtell visited last week at the home of her son, Conn. R. L. Thurtell, Teeswater. Her son Wm., of Chicago, was also present.

Rev. Matthew Swann, of Brussels, well-known here, is about to supernanuate. He was once in partnership here with Mr. John Speight, but entered the ministry in 1859 and has been very successful.

The homes at which the ministerial members of the Guelph District, Methodist Church next week, are billited, are: Asa Hall—Rev. N. R. Willoughby, Chairman; L. G. Matthews—Rev. R. W. Williams; Rev. G. A. Gifford—Rev. C. R. Took and Rev. Arch. McKibbin; John C. Nelson—Rev. G. A. Cobbledick; Isaac Francis—Rev. E. A. Shaw; W. H. Storey—Rev. E. A. Chown; Mrs. Thurtell—Rev. Samuel Fear; James Matthews—Rev. James Broley and Rev. J. W. Churchill; Jas. Brown—Rev. J. C. Pomeroy; Adam Laing — Rev. Geo. Smith; James McLam—Rev. W. Willmott; H. P. Moore—Rev. Hugh J. Fair; John Stephenson—Rev. James Walker; Thos. C. Moore—Rev. S. E. Couch; Parsonage—Rev. G. A. Gifford; James Moore—Rev. Robt. Davey; T. James Moore—Rev. J. Markham and Rev. Henry Caldwell; Wm. Homestreet—Rev. N. Burns. The lay delegates on the second day, will be billited with the ministers from their respective circuits. Some of the ministers—six in number, are retired ministers or college students.

BORN—In Acton, on May 4th, to Mr. and Mrs. John Agnew, a daughter.

BORN—In Acton, on May 11th, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Walker, a son.

BORN—In Erin township, on May 10th, to Mr. and Mrs. Lachlan Currie, a son.

MARRIED—At Quyon, Que., on May 1st, by Rev. A. Givens, Mr. J. D. Edmonson, of Spanish River, formerly of Limehouse, to Miss Ida May Long, of Quyon, Que.

MARRIED—At the home of Mr. John R. Barber, Georgetown, on May 15th, by Rev. R. Haddow, Mr. R. L. Homestreet, Milton, to Miss Agnes Barclay, daughter of Registrar Barclay, Halton Co.

MARRIED—On May 1st, at the home of the bride's father, by Rev. T. L. Fowler, Mr. Isaiah Awrey, Erin, to Minnie E., daughter of Mr. Christopher Hamilton, Hillsburg.

DIED—In Erin, on May 7th, John McPhail, aged 29 years.

A BOOMERANG

Little Archie, aged four, had been very troublesome all day, and especially trying to his father, who had had to stay at home, as he was not well enough to go to work. In the evening after the little fellow had said his prayers, his father called him, thinking it a good time to say a "word in season," and began by asking:

"My son, why is it that father and mother have had to punish you so often to-day?"

Archie thought a minute, and then to his father's discomfort replied, "I guess it was cos you were both sick and cross to-day."—The Delineator.

HAD I BUT KNOWN

Had I but known how brief the hour,
How soon the sun would vanish—
O, I had used my strength and power
To help and heal, to banish
The line of care, the print of pain,
And made some mortal glad again!

Had I but known how keen the word
I aimed with careless laughter,
That stabbed an absent friend, and stirred
A heart to hate long after—
O, I had left the bow unstrung
That sped the arrow from my tongue!

Had I but known the weary load
My fallen brother carried,
I had not stooped to ply the goad,
I had not scorned nor harried;
But I had bent to lift, to guide,
And held him safely by my side.

—The Young Churchman.

A RED CARNATION

It bloomed in the window of the schoolroom. The teacher, who loved flowers, had filled both windows with growing plants, and these shed their beauty and fragrance through the room, bringing to the children a sweet sence of God's beautiful out-of-doors and of his love for his creation.

They had learned the names of all these window plants and something of the manner of their life and growth, and so, in a familiar, every-day fashion, were growing interested in botany. Moreover, it was considered a great privilege to help the teacher water and tend these window gardens.

Their particular fondness, however, was for the red carnation, because the kind-eyed teacher had told them of the noble and illustrous President whose favorite it had been; of his love for little children and the sad tragedy of his death.

One dreary day in midwinter, when the clouds were dark and gray and the snowflakes scurrying through the air, the children grow very restless. They were inattentive and disobedient. The lessons were poor and there was whispering and naughty conduct.

The teacher looked annoyed and tired. Her face was flushed, and she was evidently out of patience. She began to speak sharply and almost to scold, for it seemed as if even the best scholars were inclined to share in the general disorder. And her room had had always been a model of excellence in all respects, although few guessed the secret of her discipline.

For a few moments she looked troubled and discouraged. Then suddenly her eyes lighted upon the red carnation blooming so bravely in the broad window, its beautiful, rich blossoms glowing red against the gray skies.

The cross words died on her lips; her face brightened. With a sudden inspiration, she moved quickly across the room, and, taking the big, gayly decorated flower pot in both hands, set it on her desk, where all of the children could see it.

In a moment the noisy disorder ceased. One by one they sat still in their seats and gazed first at the flower, spreading out its warm-tinted and fragrant blossoms to greet them, and then at their teacher.

A radiant smile replaced her frown. It was met by an answering one from each of the small faces uplifted to hers.

In a trice all was order and good-will, where a moment before disorder and ill-will had reigned. All were willing now to be quiet and good.

They looked at her wonderingly. What had wrought the change? they seemed to ask.

"Children dear," she said, simply, "it is God's love shining through the beautiful things of earth—the Christ-love which says to all of his children, "Love one another, don't we?"

All the hands went up. But she motioned them down, saying, softly: "Your answer, dears, will be in good works."

A DEFINITION

"What is an anecdote, Johnny?" asked the teacher.

"A short, funny tale," answered the little fellow.

"That's right," said the teacher. "Now, Johnny, you may write a sentence on the blackboard containing the word."

Johnny hesitated a moment, and then wrote this:

"A rabbit has four legs and one anecdote."

THE BEST PART OF THE SPEECH

Young James had never heard his papa speak in public and it was thought time to take him to hear his father deliver a lecture. During the evening a stray dog which ventured upon the platform was disposed of as gracefully as possible. On the way home James was asked how he liked his father's lecture, and gave the answer, "It was all right, papa, but I liked the part where you put the dog out the best."

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