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H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH.
L. L. P. & S. GLASGOW.
MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION ETC.
Office—Frederick Street Acton, Ont.

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

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Georgetown Branch—Main Street, open Wednesdays and Saturdays.

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At Rockwood Tuesdays.

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For the Counties of Wellington and Halton Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms Reasonable.
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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Orders left with the FREE PRESS, Acton, will receive immediate attention.

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For the Counties of Wellington, Halton and Dufferin.
Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms.
Orders by letter to Mimosa P. O., telephone to Mimosa or Springs, or left at FREE PRESS office or with W. J. Gordon, Harness Maker, Acton, will receive immediate attention. Special attention to sales in Acton and vicinity.

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For the counties of Wellington, Halton, Waterloo, Wentworth and the City of Guelph.
Sales conducted on reasonable terms and satisfaction guaranteed in every case.
For terms, dates, etc., apply to Box 378, GUELPH, Ont. Telephone 167, Guelph.
Sales may be arranged at FREE PRESS office, Acton.

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THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
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Would You Like Railroad Time?

Send your Watch to

SAVAGE
EXPERT WATCH REPAIRING
& CO.
Official Watch Inspectors of Grand Trunk Railway.
GUELPH - ONT.

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I have much pleasure in informing the people of Acton and surrounding vicinity, that I have for inspection a magnificent assortment of
HIGH-CLASS WALL PAPERS
I trust by strict attention to business, and moderate charges to secure a share of your patronage. Any work entrusted to my care shall be executed in a skilful and tradesmanlike manner.
Orders left at house on Mill St., or by dropping a card, will receive prompt attention.

SPRING NOVELTIES
The newest things in
BRASS TUBING
BRASS RODING
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

Nassagaweya Lumber Mills
Barn timber of any dimensions cut to order.
Mill will start April 1st. Can cut any building materials needed in hemlock or pine on short notice.
Large stock of Shingles for sale this year, cut from first growth cedar.
P. SAYERS & SONS
Nassagaweya P. O.

..PAPER..
MAKERS
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
BOOK, NEWS AND COLORED PAPERS
JNO. R. BARBER

The EXCELSIOR BAKERY
Having recently installed some of the latest improved machinery for bread making, is now in a better position than ever to supply our customers with Bread, Cakes, etc., of first-class quality.
We also carry a splendid stock of Groceries and Confectionery.
Ice Cream, and all kinds of Fruit in season.
T. Statham & Son
Main St., Acton

"TAYLOR-FORBES"
Lawn Mowers
Empress—ball bearing.
Woodyatt—high wheel.
Star—medium wheel.
Daisy—high grade, low price.
No better Mowers made. Each mower is guaranteed to do its work. You can buy these mowers elsewhere, but this is our advertisement.
The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Retail Phone 97 - - - GUELPH

Punishment
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.
A. D. SAVAGE
Optometrist and Optician
Phone 571 - 21 Wyndham St.
Guelph - Ont.

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.

RIGHT DOWN-TO-DATE
Proctor & Merritt
Have been doing big business ince the first of January in supplying farmers with the latest improved labor-saving farm machinery, and they are now giving attention to supplying farmers' wives and the public generally with the latest labor-saving articles for the kitchen.
The Chatham Kitchen Cabinet
Is a gem and saves time and worry and kitchen drudgery to every woman who uses one. A modern kitchen cabinet is just as necessary to the satisfactory working in the kitchen, as the best binder or any other machinery to the farm.
The Chatham Fireless Cook Stove
Is the latest scientific invention for making home life happier and providing better cooked food at much less cost of fuel and attention. It saves 75% of the fuel, 75% of time and trouble, and you can do all this and keep cool when the summer days are hottest.
Kitchen Cabinets and Fireless Cookers on exhibition at our warerooms. Illustrated circulars and full information to all who call.
PROCTOR & MERRITT
Mill Street, Acton, Opposite Hill's Scales

GEORGETOWN FLORAL CO. Limited.
GEORGETOWN.
CUT FLOWER GROWERS.
Funeral and Wedding Orders a Specialty.
All orders placed with **R. H. NIXON Druggist, Acton,** will receive prompt attention.

MEN'S HAT SALE!
ALL styles, prices and makes; clearing entire lot cheap.
Also large range of all kinds Caps, cheap. We have a lot specially low priced—about ½ or less their regular value.
Call early and get your pick, as we are going of the Hat business.
Lafontaine's Fur Establishment
95-97 Quebec St.
GUELPH - - ONT.

Poetry.

SOME FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

I wandered to the grog shop, Tom, I
stood before the bar,
And drank a bowl of lemonade and
smoked a rank cigar,
The same old kegs and jugs were there,
the ones we used to know,
When we were on the round-up, Tom,
some fifteen years ago.

Old soaks came up and called for booze,
and dudelets staggered in,
And burned the lining from their
throats with fine old Holland gin;
And women stood outside the door,
with faces scoured with woe,
And wept just as they used to weep,
some fifteen years ago.

I asked about the old-time friends,
those cheerful sporty men,
And some were in the poor house and
some were in the pen;
And one—the one we liked the best—
the hangman laid him low.
The world is much the same, dear Tom,
as fifteen years ago.

I asked about that stately chap whom
pelts marked for its own,
He used to say that he could drink, or
leave the stuff alone;
He perished of the James R. Jame out
in the storm and snow,
Ah, few survive who used to bowl
some fifteen years ago.

Now crowds line up against the bar
and call for crimson ink,
New hands are trembling as they pour
the stuff they shouldn't drink:
But still the same old watchword rings,
"This round's on me, you know,"
The same old cry of doom we heard
some fifteen years ago.

I wandered to the churchyard, Tom,
and there I saw the graves
Of those who used to drown themselves
in red fermentl waves;
And there were women sleeping there,
where grass and daisies grow,
Who went and died of broken hearts,
some fifteen years ago.

—Walt Mason.

Select Family Reading

THE TRAGEDY OF BEING TWENTY-EIGHT

By Stuart B. Stone

COLONEL John Andrew Findlay was a swaggering young dog of sixty, and Mr. Thomas, his son, was as old as twenty eight.

The colonel had proposed just eight times to Miss Edwina Lincoln, his delightful little scampergrace of a wealthy ward, whereas Mr. Thomas, being all of twenty-eight and extremely serious, would never have dreamed of the thing.

The colonel began the business when Miss Edwina began to stick up her chestnut hair, as do young ladies when they attain delectable sixteen. The colonel, though fifty-five at the time, had nothing to his credit in the way of discovery, invention or production; but, then, the colonel did not stop for a little thing like that.

"I know I'm old"—explained Colonel John Andrew, and Miss Edwina interrupted:

"You're not—you're not old!" she cried in heated denial, for they were comrades of years and had enjoyed many great times together.

"Then," said the colonel, optimistic as Old King Cole, "you will have me, Edwina, when you are a little older?"

Edwina laughed and half cried, and informed the colonel that he was a dear old classmate of Methusaleh and ended up by kissing him, while he patted the newly heaped lady hair. After that Edwina sought out Master Thomas, pottering about his maze of a mathematical theory.

"How old are you, Tom?" she asked, though she knew like A B C.

"Twenty-three," answered Tom, soberly as he went on figuring. "Twenty-three," he repeated, with a solemn look at Edwina, perched upon a table of mossed formulae. "Getting older every day, Edwina, and nothing to show for the years." He gloomed at her like Jupiter displeased, and she went out and dimmed her big brown eyes with tears.

The colonel continued to entertain the fondest rose-tinted hopes, which he carefully announced as often as possible. Miss Edwina persisted in becoming more entrancingly lovely day by day. Tom went on working over stupid figures. When Edwina radiant and beaming with the glory of another year cast behind with the despised giddings of childhood, came to announce her seventeenth birthday the colonel proposed again. He could not help it—dear soul. Edwina just tweaked his nose, puffed him an ethereal little kiss and scampered from the room.

"By the eternal!" murmured Colonel John Andrew when she left him with his hands still in the attitude of dramatic pleading. "Now, wouldn't she and I make a pair of high steppers in the beauty show on the avenue of evenings?" Then he tiptoed over to an old trunk and looked for a long while at the picture of a kindly, faded lady in a locket.

Edwina had gone to the library, where she lolled upon a desk covered with gay equations in algebra.

"Tom," she asked softly, "did you know I was seventeen?"

Tom nodded. "Yes, I know, Edwina. I'm keeping track of these things."

"Tom"—she persisted, and he ceased his calculations and turned his dark, solemn eyes on her.

"Tom," she asked, "are you ever—do you expect ever to get married?"

Tom blushed and turned away to his papers. "I am twenty-four, Edwina," he declared in slightly trembling tones, "and I have achieved nothing. How could I think of"—

He stopped at that, and Edwina slipped up to her pinkish boudoir and wept softly for perhaps five minutes.

When Edwina ripened into a charming eighteen and after the colonel's third fervent proposal, the light in her brown eyes, the gold brown glint of her hair and the note of her clear young voice became a topic here and there, and wooers could no longer be held back from the threshold.

The colonel eyed them balefully, then slapped them on their young backs and adjured the best man to win. Master Tom, with the tragedy of twenty-five, six and seven bowing his head on his curly head, worked with his noble mathematics and worried over the respective merits of Edwina's army of sighing Romeo chaps.

And Edwina coquetted, shrewdly as possible, with the whole idolatrous band, refusing Colonel John Andrew as often as twenty times a month and extending delicious sympathy to Master Tom in his struggle with Old Time, the scythoman.

Of course the time had come when Edwina became all of twenty-one and unhampered mistress of a really respectable fortune. The event was signalized by a masterful proposal on the part of the colonel and by a little spit-spat of an interview between Edwina and Tom in the doll library. Master Tom was twenty-eight—yes, twenty-eight, mind you, he had declared, with a sigh, and Edwina, slamming the door, remarked that he acted as if he were a hundred and twenty-eight. And Tom, much puzzled, allowed a precious mathematical thought to evaporate while he sought out Colonel John Andrew.

"It is about Edwina's future," began Tom. "She is twenty-one now, and I am worried."

"Oh, don't worry!" exploded the colonel. I never did in my life and look at me." And the colonel noted in the mirror how kindly the scythe bearer really had been to him.

But she will necessarily be marrying," continued Master Tom.

"Of course," Colonel John Andrew acquiesced softly, while a mellow glow came into his good, hale eyes.

"There's young Shipley," suggested Tom.

"Milk and water," snapped the colonel. "She's too good for a million like him."

"She's too good for any of them," said Tom, "but we must see that she gets the best. Now, there's Landis."

"We den headed as any Indian cigar sign," objected the colonel. He objected to all the other callow ones until Tom in perplexity demanded, "What then?"

"What then?" snapped Colonel John Andrew. "Why, before our little Edwina shall tie herself to any of these I'll go downstairs and propose myself. And the colonel went. Tom followed.

"Is it because I am too old?" the colonel asked Edwina as soon as he saw her, assuming a tone of ineffable sorrow.

Edwina shook her pretty head. "I like people who are old—a little bit old," she declared.

"I know I have never accomplished anything," continued the colonel, "save to ride a prancing cob or to lead a cotillion as it should be led."

"I don't care—I don't care for that!" exclaimed Edwina, with more vehemence than seemed necessary. "Tom is always talking about being old, but I like him better than if he had flown around Mars."

Tom started, blushing, and the colonel squinted at them both.

"I'm—I'm"—stammered Tom, but Edwina impatiently waved him into silence.

"Oh, you're twenty-eight," she said in exasperation. "It's simply horrible! Just think, you'll be twenty-nine some day!"

Colonel John Andrew swallowed something, underwent another change of expression, sighed with final resignation and relief and smiled. "Then it is to be Shipley, or Landis or young Gregg?" he asked.

"No, no, no," exclaimed Edwina, red and desperate, "nor any of the silly, immature flock!"

"Then, in the name of Cupid, who?" demanded Colonel John Andrew.

"Oh, I suppose it's to be no one," quavered Edwina, with a little look at Tom on the settee. Then she made for the door, all ready for tears once more.

"Tom," thundered Colonel John Andrew, "arise and ask that young lady to marry you." Edwina turned half expectantly.

"Great Cæsar, father," cried Tom, "I'm twenty-eight!"

"See there," said Edwina wheeling.

"Wait, Edwina," called Tom, and the girl dallied at the foot of the stairs.

Tom stumbled blunderingly up to her. "You don't mind my age," he asked, "or the fact that I have done nothing worth while for the world?"

"Oh, sugar!" said Edwina, in dead earnest. "Why, look at the colonel, Tom!"

The colonel winced, but continued his beaming smile, and Tom, regarding the flustered, happy girl, reached over and kissed Edwina on her trembling red lips, and then the colonel came and kissed them both.

It was a queer little proposal and rather a difficult matter to figure out whether the colonel or Tom or Edwina did the asking, maybe, but it held. And anyway it was a happy ending. So possibly it was the best that could have been devised.

HE OUGHT TO KNOW

The editor of the New York American is said to receive a salary of $100,000 a year. If so, he ought to be qualified to give an opinion and to know what he talks about. Addressing an editorial association not long ago, he said: "I feel very deeply the importance of supporting local newspaper enterprises, and of rewarding adequately the work done by the local editor and his staff. You cannot keep this country in order, you cannot regulate or keep down its finely organized rascality, unless you have in every town, and if possible, in every village, the local editor, who is a moral policeman, using publicity as his club."

A BRAVE BIRD

"Another story!" exclaimed Aunt Julia, as little Eleanor climbed into her lap and laid her curly head contentedly on her aunty's shoulder. "Well, this is the fourth story you have had to-day, so this time it must be a really, truly story, and it happened last year in a pretty little town away down East, where your Uncle Charles and I were spending the summer."

"I was sitting on the piazza with my sewing, and your uncle was reading, when all at once the dearest little gray bird, with pale yellow spots on its wings and tail, flew down on the piazza and hopped round in a very friendly way. A few moments later I went into the house to get my scissors, and while there your uncle called to me to look out of the window. There was the dear little bird up on the table, pulling at my work and trying to fly off with it.

"I brought out some ravelings of cloth, bits of cotton wool and thread, and laid them near my work on the table. Very soon down came birdie again, and seemed delighted to find so many nice bits for the nest.

"All that day she flew back and forth with pieces of string wool and cotton, often lighting on my chair, and seeming not one bit afraid. The next day she came again, getting better and better acquainted each time, until she hopped into my lap, pecking at my work and picking up any loose threads she could find, and carrying them off to her nest in the tree near by.

"The third day some friends came over to see our new pet, and to watch her, busy at her task of nest-building.

"For a long time after they came birdie watched them from her perch in the tree, but did not offer to fly down near us, and we feared we had frightened her away; but in a little while down she came again, flying on the table then into the lap of one of ladies sitting near.

"Off she went again with scraps of wool she found there, then back again, perching on the shoulder of a little girl, and pecking at her hair ribbon, evidently thinking it would make a fine, soft lining for her nest.

"Next she lighted on Uncle Charles' arm, and tried to pull his handkerchief out of his pocket. We wanted very much to laugh at the dear little thing, she was so cunning and amusing, but we kept very quiet fearing we should frighten her away.

"She hopped about the piazza for some time, then finally flew back to her nest, which by this time I think must have been finished, for although we often saw her flying about near the house, she never came on to the piazza again."

SCHOOL-GARDENS

Canada first realized the educative value of gardening twenty years ago, says Maud Going, who contributes an article entitled "Village Improvement" to the June Canadian Magazine.

At first the enterprise owed its life in great measure to the zeal of Dr. Alexander N. Mackay, Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia. He advocated nature study and garden work so ably and effectively that there were fifty-two school-gardens in his own province before 1901. In that year the Sir William Macdonald school-gardens were established in all the Eastern provinces, so that Canada can now boast of hundreds of gardens.

The first school-gardens were mainly volunteer institutions due to the enthusiasm of the teacher more than to the initiative of the school trustees. But since 1901 there has been a grant coming from the Macdonald Rural Schools Fund, giving an addition of thirty dollars to the yearly salary of the teacher who will qualify for nature work and maintain a garden—and twenty dollars for labour, seeds, plants and tools. Prizes have been offered for the most successful gardens in the Province, and in 1904 the first prize was awarded to Knowlton school.

Now it is hoped that the Provinces will carry on the work which the munificence of Sir William Macdonald has started and vote out of the public funds an annual grant to encourage the making of gardens around rural and village schools. This has been already done by Ontario and by New Brunswick. In Ontario the Department of Education has issued a most practical and helpful circular, beautifully illustrated, dealing with the improvement of school grounds.

GROCERIES OR THE BAR-ROOM

Eleven grocers in an American town where a Local Option campaign was on, favored the by-law and got out a lot of blotters like this:

Any one who drinks three glasses of whiskey a day for one year and pays 10 cents a drink for it can have in exchange at any of the firms whose names appear on this card:

3 barrels Flour	10 lbs. Candy
90 bushels Potatoes	3 doz. cans Tomatoes
200 lbs. Gran. Sugar	10 doz. Pickles
1 barrel Crackers	10 doz. O. sugar
1 lb. Pepper	10 doz. Bananas
2 lbs. Tea	3 doz. cans Corn
50 lbs. Salt	14 boxes Matches
50 lbs. Rice	4 bushel Beans
50 lbs. Butter	100 cakes Soap, and
10 lbs. Cheese	12 pkgs. Rolled Oats
25 lbs. Coffee	

for the same money, and get $15.30 premium for making the change in his expenditures.

J. A. Shoemaker	The Hocking Grocery
J. R. Campbell	George N. Parkoy
J. W. Grimes	L. K. Gallaher
Will P. Dodge	J. W. Phillips
The Union Grocery	The Star Grocery
Williamson & Shaw	

THE PONY AND THE TENDERFOOT

A tenderfoot thought he could ride, and in front of a lot of cowboys mounted a pony. The pony threw him. A cowboy, helping him up, said:

"Hello! What threw you?"

"What threw me? Why she bucked something fearful! Didn't you see her buck?" cried the tenderfoot.

"Buck?" said the cowboy. "Rats! She only coughed."

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Readable Reminiscences Re-Called From Our Issue of June 6th, 1889

THE MAY SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS

1st Dept.—Sen. 1: Annie Stephenson, John Perkins, Geo. Agnew. Inter.: Bella Stephenson, J. J. Pearson, Anson Smith. Jun.: Minnie Morton, Lizzie McLean, Lewis Orr. Sen. 3: Wm. Gifford, Robt. Sinclair, Aggie Creech. Inter.: Frank McIntosh, Kirby Gifford, Fred Ross.—T. T. MOORE, teacher.

2nd Dept.—Sen.: Maggie Ramsay, Willie Lowry, John McGill. Inter.: Minnie Edwards, Geo. Clark, Madie McNabb. Jun.: John Edwards, Elsie Quittner, May Ryder, Charlie McCann.—MISS G. MCPHAIL, teacher.

3rd Dept.—Sen.: John McDonald, Allan Campbell, Nettie Cobban. Inter. Minnie Holmes, Angus Johnson, Maggie Laird. Jun.: Mabel Grant, Eddie J. Moore, Nellie Holmes. MISS M. MELVILLE, teacher.

4th Dept.—Sen.: Johnnie Moore, Edith Edwards, Alfred Miller. Inter.: Jennie Smith, Eva Matthews, Clifton Gifford. Jun.: Eva Perryman, Lottie Elbage, Lottie Halsted. MISS EMMA MOORE, teacher.

LOWER SCHOOL

Class 1.—Jennie Waldie, Janie Waldie, Maggie Lynd, Benson McLean, Nellie McDougall, Johnnie Nicklin.

Class 3.—Katie Lasby, Norman Crawson, Ida Fernley.

Class 2.—Johnnie Davidson, Neil Lynd, Joe Lynd, Bertie Gamble.

Class 1—Alice Brown, Gracie Cleave, Mabel Alexander, Hillyard Lasby, Donald Waldie. M. HOVIS, teacher.

A terrible calamity is reported from Johnstown, Pa., in which by the giving way of a reservoir, 10,000 people are reported drowned.

"The Red Cross Hospital and Convalescent Home Co.," of Orillia, has been chartered, in which Mr. J. P. Secord, formerly of Acton, has been a prime mover.

The Shelburne Economist ironically deals with the superiority of the Crooks' Act over the Scott Act, recently repealed, characterizing the old stock argument that the Scott Act does not diminish drinking as pure rot. The scenes on the 24th—the drinking and fighting, the cursing and swearing—were fearful.

It is surprising the number of dogs that have appeared in town since the assessor finished his work.

Between four and five inches of water fell during last week's rain storm. Harvey's pond is higher than before, this spring.

The site for the new Knox Manse has been changed from the Bower Ave. to the Willow St. side of Mr. Henderson's block.

Great damage is believed to have been done by the recent frost.

A load of fresh sawn lumber from Mr. P. Sayers' mill passed through here on its way to Georgetown last week, containing 1,000 feet and weighing 5 tons and 1,150 lbs. It was drawn by Mr. Sayers' mill team.

Mr. Wm. Forbes, been hand at the sole leather tannery, last week received an ugly gash in his hand from his beam knife. It required a number of stitches, which were made by Dr. Stacey.

Mr. F. S. Spence has just retired from the editorship of the Canada Citizen, leaving it absolutely free of debt of every kind, and "in a position to carry out effectively the holy warfare in which it has been so long engaged."

Messrs. Worden Bros., Iverymen, whose horse and buggy was hired out to a stranger on May 28th last year, never found it again until a few days ago. Mr. H. H. Worden last week received word from a friend hundreds of miles west of here, giving minute directions for recovery of the property. Accompanied by Chief Lawson, he found the horse about 10 miles west of Shelburne. A man there had purchased the outfit for $40 or $50 but had to surrender.

Mr. Thos. Wilson, of Knatchbull, raised a 72 x 54 ft. barn on May 28th. About 180 men were present. John Marshall and John McPhedran were captains. About 5:30 the first "Yeo heave" was given, and by 7 o'clock the last rafter had been placed. Two slight accidents occurred—David Holes getting his foot squeezed, and Levi Allison getting a bruise on the head from a rafter slipping down.

Mr. Thos. E. Jago, of Rockwood, had two horses killed and one seriously injured on the G. T. R.

A son of Mr. W. T. Carrol, near the Eramosa and Nassagaweya townline, broke his arm on Monday night.

On Saturday evening the little eight-year-old daughter of Mr. Arch McNabb was severely bitten on the calf of the leg by a dog in front of Holmes' meat shop. The wound was a bad one, the teeth having met. A thoughtless boy had set the dog on her.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Coleman and Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Coleman and daughter, of Strabane, visited in this vicinity last week.

Mrs. Thos. McMackon, and Mrs. David McMackon, of Highgate, are visiting at Mrs. John Cameron's.

BORN—In Nassagaweya, on May 31st, to Mr. and Mrs. Fyfe Somerville, a son.

NOTHING WITHOUT WORK

The boy who is so clever that he does not feel the need of hard work, who learns without effort, and so comes to think lightly of effort, and is the one who drops out of sight when his school days are over. The best thing you can take from high-school or from college, the most helpful thing you can discover in your reading, the point you find proved by the life of every great man, is that nothing worth while can be accomplished without hard work. Many a seeming inspiration is only the flower of a seed planted long before, watered by sweat and tears, and come at last to blossoming.

GOD'S LEAVEN

What do I see in Spring?
In the fresh grasses growing,
The new leaves all budding,
The soft breezes blowing,
The brooklets all flooding?

It is God that I see in the Spring!
The bleached winter grasses
Turn green as He lingers
To touch, as He passes,
The trees with His fingers.
The gentle wind blending
The scents that are straying
In a breath of His sending
For Earth's new arraying.
The prison-free leaping
Of brooks over-flowing
Escapes not the keeping
Of God the all-knowing.
The flowers that tarry
In sunny sweet places
As Earth's—yet they carry
His smile on their faces!

So do I see in the Spring
All the love up in Heaven
Turned steadily earthward
Instilling the leaven
That raises us birthward!

—Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, in the June Canadian Magazine.

UNSANITARY THINKING

There has been serious sickness in the house. The plumbers are now busy in it. The plumbing had been found unsanitary and poisonous gases had escaped to the hurt of the family. No head of a family should be so criminally indifferent, that he would not have such bad plumbing remedied.

Here is a man with at lovable family. But he has become a moral leper, unfit to be with pure people. Why? He has been indulging in unsanitary thinking, and is sick, he is debauched.

This young man is breaking his mother's heart. He doesn't wish to do it. He is not naturally inclined to do wrong. His thinking is unsanitary. Bad thoughts make bad deeds. The cure is with himself. Cleanse his thoughts.

Here is a woman who has not left the house for two years. The doctor is all the time giving her medicine. But he knows that her trouble is mental and cannot be cured by drugs. Unhealthful thinking. That is the kind of a case the Christian Scientists make their reputation on. There are many of them.

A man has failed in his undertaking and is discouraged. Others, with less business capacity than he are succeeding. Reason? His thoughts are sick, weak. Theirs are healthful, strong, confident.

Unsanitary thinking is a mighty handicap, morally, socially, physiologically, financially. But right thought is not a king will cure-all. It will not restore hair to a shining scalp, turn pine shavings into gold ribbons, nor make an ignorant clown into a scholarly gentleman; yet light thought and right effort are almost invincible.

"Wherever you find anything true or honorable, righteous or pure, lovable or praiseworthy, or if virtue and honor have any meaning, there let your thoughts dwell." A fine prescription by Paul; good for all of us. "Dwell," hold fast. Try a course of this.—A passing Preacher in Cumberland Presbyterian.

FOR THE BOYS

The Wide Awake gives the following story, which is all the better for being true: Two men stood at the same table in a large factory in Philadelphia, working at the same trade. Having an hour for their nooning every day, each undertook to use it in accomplishing a definite purpose: each persevered for about the same number of months, and each won success at last. One of these two mechanics used his leisure hour in working out the invention of a machine for sawing a block of wood into almost any desired shape. When the invention was complete, he sold the patent for a fortune, changed his workman's apron for a broadcloth suit, and moved from a tenement house into a brown-stone mansion. The other man—what did he do? Well, he spent an hour each day during most of a year in the difficult undertaking of teaching a little dog to stand on his hind feet and dance a jig, while he played the tune. At last accounts he was working at the same trade at the same wages, finding fault with the fate that had made his fellow-workman rich while leaving him poor. Leisure minutes may bring golden grain to mind as well as purse, if one harvests wheat instead of chaff.

ROUGH ON ARCHITECTS

"When I got the order to design a big wholesale house for a firm that has stores in five cities besides New York naturally I was elated," said an architect. "'I'll plan a building that is bound to be satisfactory,' I said to myself, 'and then they'll give me the commission for those new stores they expect to put up in those other five cities.'

"Well, I did turn out a splendid store—a store that was admired by everybody in the wholesale trade. My patrons were pleased, too, but instead of giving me an order for those other buildings they simply used the same plans over and over again and built all their houses alike. That's what I call playing a low down trick on a fellow.

A SIMPLE SOLUTION

The story is told of an English army examiner who once had before him a stupid candidate. The candidate being, apparently, unable to answer the simplest question, the examiner finally grew most impatient, and in a burst of sarcasm demanded:

"Let it be supposed, sir, that you were captain in command of infantry; that in your rear was an impassable abyss; that on both sides there rose perpendicular rocks of tremendous height; that in front of you lay the enemy outnumbering you ten to one. What, sir, in such an emergency would you do?"

"Sir," responded the applicant for military distinction, "I should resign."