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Editor and Proprietor.

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Write at once for particulars.
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HARRIS & CO.
Limited

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For sale at lowest prices
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Remember, we are Sole Agents for the
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(Tailors to the Canadian Gentlemen)
We desire to impress on you that we make to individual measure only.
Call and see the nicest range of samples in Canada—also best value.
Fit and Style Satisfaction guaranteed.
Suits to measure from $15.00 up.
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There is no place where it will cost you less, and you are assured of satisfactory service.
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The BOND HARDWARE Co.
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SAVAGE
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"RIGHT AT THE POST OFFICE"

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C. C. SPEIGHT
Has received the sole agency for this famous paint, manufactured by Brandram - Henderson, Ltd. It is the purest paint sold. Popular Colors.
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Open Every Night—7 to 10 o'clock.
BEST FILMS PROCURABLE
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Patronized by the leading citizens
Admission - - 5c
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FINE SAMPLES
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—AND—
Feed Store
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Reliable Footwear!

With the whole market before us it is good shoes only that we consider—such as we can thoroughly recommend for style and quality and service. The success of our trade in
FIRST-CLASS SHOES
is encouragement enough to give them still larger prominence this year, based on the absolute certainty of good value. We want you to come and let the new styles do their own talking.
W. WILLIAMS
Mill Street Acton.

Poetry.

ONLY IN FUN

Glass number one,
Only in fun,
Glass number two,
Other boys do.
Glass number three,
It won't hurt me.
Glass number four,
Only one more.
Glass number five,
Before a drive.
Glass number six,
Brains in a mix.
Glass number seven,
Stars in the heaven.
Glass number eight,
Stars in his pate.
Glass number nine,
Whiskey—not wine.
Glass number ten,
Drinking again?
Glass number twenty,
Not yet a plenty.
Drinking with boys,
Drowning his joys.
Drinking with men,
Just now and then,
Wasting his life,
Killing his wife,
Losing respect,
Manhood all wrecked,
Losing his friends,
Thus it all ends.
Glass number one,
Taken in fun,
Ruined his life,
Brought about strife,
Ruined his youth,
Sullied his truth,
In a few years
Brought many tears,
Gave only pain,
Stole all his gain,
Made him at last
Friendless, outcast.
Light-hearted boy,
Somebody's joy,
Do not begin
Early in sin;
Grow up a man,
Brave as you can.
Taste not in fun
Glass number one.

Select Family Reading

Garry Whitten and the Bush Scythe

By Ruby Helmes Martin

"HERE he comes, white duds an' all!" Mr. Ira Baldwin whetted his short bush-scythe with vigor as he commented aloud upon the young man who was approaching along the highway.

"White duds is for girls, not men!" declared the man as he swung the whetstone to and fro with skillful, telling strokes.

Mr. Ira Baldwin was engaged in cutting out the early summer growth of young, rank weeds which had sprung up along the roadside bordering his farm lands; he had been laboring at the task since the morning, laying low the disfiguring and harmful things which had come up where they were not wanted.

A faint whistle had floated to his ears from the distance, and he had looked up the narrow country road to discover the identity of the oncomer; the athletic walk of the young man might have proclaimed him to be Garry Whitten, but Mr. Baldwin did not reckon it that way; he counted only the white duck clothes which the young man wore, and which were unusual enough in those rural parts to mark their owner among the whole community of darkly-clad men.

"Here he comes, white duds an' all!" Mr. Baldwin had declared as he fell to whetting the dulled scythe.

The whistling of a college song stopped as Garry drew near; he was Mr. Ira Baldwin's nephew, and was spending the month of August with his uncle while he studied for the autumn examination at the college which he hoped to enter a little later. During the twenty-four hours since he had arrived on the farm the two men had little more than met at meal-time, and knew little of one another.

"Good morning, Uncle Ira!" said Garry.

"Mornin'!" said Mr. Baldwin.

"It looks like a jolly job you have there!" commented the younger man.

Mr. Ira Baldwin looked over his glasses, under the rim of his broad-brimmed hat, and tried to read the young man's face intelligently.

"Looks easy, don't it, now?" he asked.

Garry nodded.

"It does look easy to stand there swinging that—" Garry hesitated, and Mr. Baldwin, understanding, supplied the word parenthetically.

"Whetstone."

"—whetstone back and forth," completed Garry.

Some jobs do look fearful easy; f' instance, to see you setting on the piazza learnin' Greek?"

Garry flushed.

"I'm studying for my final exams," he explained.

"Easy job you've got, it seems to me."

Garry stepped forward and challenged with quick impulse.

"This is the easier of the two, and I'll stay out here and work with you to prove it."

Mr. Baldwin grinned vaguely.

"All right! I'm doin' a bit on one side of the road ah' then some on the other side, so you kin very conveniently work up along one side."

"Where's my scythe?" demanded Garry.

"I brought out two; yours's over yonder, an' the whetstone is alongside. It's goin' to soil your clothes," he added.

"Never mind, they'll wash."

"It's goin' to raise blisters on your hands some."

"I was first oar at my prep school this year," defended Garry.

"Is that goin' to help you mowin' weeds in Salem County?" asked Mr. Baldwin, not confessing his ignorance concerning the meaning of "first oar at a prep school," which was, in reality, an unknown quantity to the man.

But Garry Whitten threw back his head and felt the muscles of his arms.

"It made them like iron. And we won."

"I dare say," admitted Mr. Baldwin.

It was voluntary admiration for the young man—for his well-set-up, vigorous figure, for the open, earnest countenance, and for the loyalty to the preparatory school which burned in his gray eyes. As a matter of fact, Mr. Ira Baldwin was admitting in his mind that here was one of those men who counted strong for the right, and who won battles, whether they were easy or difficult of accomplishment.

"Let me take off my coat and get down to work?" laughed Garry.

"Sun'll burn your arms," admonished Mr. Baldwin.

Garry did not stop to argue further with words; he hung the white duck coat on the limb of a convenient tree, sought the idle scythe and whetstone further up the road, rolled up his sleeves and took off his collar for greater freedom of muscle movement, and set to the labor.

"I'll sharpen the thing up first, so it will work easily," he said to himself.

In one hand he grasped the whetstone; with the other attempted to steady the the bush-scyth in imitation of Mr. Ira Baldwin's position. But someway the result was not satisfactory. Garry loosened his tight grip on the whetstone, as an experiment, and the gray stick leaped from his hand and disappeared over the stone wall into the field. Garry took a vault over the low wall and recovered his implement after considerable of a search.

"Now will you be good?" he asked as he set to work again.

After he had whetted away for awhile, Garry felt that it was high time to commence the mowing.

"Hurr rr!" went the scythe through the weeds, and Garry had provided such a surplus of energy to the onslaught that the momentum of the scythe compelled the young man to execute a few unsteady curves of body and limb as it swung beyond the tall weeds.

"Next time we'll go easy, old man!" he laughed.

He did go easy, and the scythe accomplished nothing by way of destruction.

The forenoon sun of a hot August day blazed down upon Garry as he labored. With all his efforts he could not seem to make any impression at sharpening the scythe, and he knew not how to swing it easily and properly to get results. He hacked and slew with grim determination not to be defeated, and to do the task well, while the blisters formed on the palms of his hands, and the heat of the sun was like a burning iron on his bared arms and neck.

Grimly Garry set his young face and stuck to his task, bound to complete, as best he might, this labor which he had so lightly undertaken. He thought of the cool verandah and the Latin examination for which he was preparing so earnestly, and the struggles of construction and composition decreased in relation to this task in the field, which was not as easy as it had looked to be when in the hands of another man.

"Gittin' some tired?"

It was Mr. Ira Baldwin who asked the question. Garry had not seen the man leave his mowing, further on, and come back along the road, so the words made him start in surprise.

"I'm not finished yet!" said Garry.

The eyes under the wide hat-brim twinkled.

"You're plannin' on doing this whole side of the road for me?" asked the man.

"Yes," said Garry.

Mr. Baldwin looked at the soiled white clothes, the perspiring face, and the painfully burned arms.

"I'm mighty glad to hear it, Garry! work on the farm is pressin' considerable just at present, an' I can't git no man to help. If I leave them weeds an stuff growin along the road another week, a good part of them will be gone to seed, an' then next year the pesky things will be so thick all over the whole place that I can't do nothin with them."

Garry gritted his teeth, for it hurt him sorely as he gripped the scythe handle again in his momentarily released hands.

"I'll finish up my side of the road," he said.

"Every old weed you cut down with the bush-scythe, Garry, is like what we ought to do in common human livin'—cut down quick the things that are no good, and that harbor a thousand regrets later on."

Garry laughed. "You always make applications as you go along, Uncle Ira."

"Guess you better stop an' see what's in my dinner pail," said Mr. Baldwin.

As Garry Whitten sat by the country roadside that August noontide and ate hungrily of his share of the luncheon which his uncle divided for their refreshment, he felt that something in his philosophy of life was expanding rapidly. The mowing was very different labor from anything which he had ever done before in his eighteen years of living; it had looked so very easy of accomplishment in Mr. Baldwin's skilled hands that Garry had not dreamed it could be anything but simple to his young vigor. Had he not been first oar on the prep school shell this year? And had they not won the big race against their opponents?

He was wondering, as he ate, if that preparation of the shell was of any use at all to him for mowing bushes in Salem County that hot August day. It seemed as if his hands were as blistered and his limbs as achey as if he had never rowed first oar.

"How do you take to your job, Garry?" asked Mr. Baldwin.

Garry Whitten put out his hands, palms upwards, and laughed grimly.

"Look about as if they were parboiled mud," he commented.

"Easy as doin' Greek?"

"If in Latin I'm preparing for."

"Maybe. Ain't much difference to me what dead an' gone critter it be."

"Now I've tried your easy job, supposing you try mine?" suggested Garry.

"Set on the piazza and read half a day?"

Garry nodded.

"That's easy as fallin' off a log!" declared the older man with a shade of contempt in his voice.

"You might try it," said the young man.

A note in Garry's quiet voice roused the older man to action and he smote his knee with an open palm.

"I will try it evenin's," he declared.

Garry jumped up.

"All right, Uncle Ira. We'll do Latin evenings."

"If the job ain't easy, I'll take back what I've said of you, boy. But I won't have to rig out in white duck, will I?"

Garry laughed. "No; shirt sleeves will do."

"Well, I'll take a hand, seein' you've set the pace."

Late that afternoon Garry finished his work; his uncle had gone home long since and left Garry to struggle on alone until he had completed the side of the road on which he was working.

When he reached the farmhouse, Garry could hardly recognize himself in the mirror. His skin was burned to a vivid pink beneath the coating of dirt and traces of excessive perspiration; his duck trousers had lost their immaculate whiteness.

"I'll get the dust off, and see if it be Garrison Lloyd Whitten, or not, on the interior!" said Garry.

An hour later a fresh-clad young man came downstairs and sat down on the porch. It was Garry Whitten, sun-burned and sore of limb. The blisters on his hands had ripen like bubbles, and he knew that his arms and neck were well on the road to misery.

Mr. Ira Baldwin stood in the doorway.

"Supper, Garry?"

"All ready," said Garry. But he rose slowly, like an old man with painfully rheumatic joints.

"Bring on the truck!" said Mr. Baldwin, after supper was finished, the lamp lighted and Mrs. Baldwin had settled down with her fleecy knitting work.

Garry laughed.

"I'll release you from your bargain, Uncle Ira. My job's easier for me than yours is," he said.

"Bring on the Latin," repeated the man.

And Garry brought out his books.

With painstaking skill the young student explained the fundamentals of the Latin language. As he talked, his strong face lighted, and the absorption of his thoughts in his subject brought a torrent of eloquence from his lips. He forgot the stiffness of his joints, forgot the burning pain in his skin, forgot the unaccustomed toil of the day just past, in his love for the things which he was explaining.

On the opposite side of the table Mr. Ira Baldwin leaned forward, his work-worn, gnarled hands lying on the white cloth, his mind grasping with understanding pleasure the lucid explanation of those things of which Garry spoke with talented simplicity.

More than the mere thing he was listening to did Mr. Ira Baldwin see; he understood that the young man had won this knowledge and the skill in explaining by hard, earnest work. Step by step the student had gained the knowledge that he was drawing upon for his uncle's benefit. Admiration for this persistent youth grew within him. Then he gradually became interested in the language that had been to him practically incomprehensible. He forgot the teacher was only his nephew. Step by step he gained a glimpse that interested him in this new field. As he saw how masterly yet how simply, Garry went into imparting the knowledge that was his, he leaned back and said:

"Say, there's a great deal in the know-how business isn't there? Now I thought I was so smart with the scythe, but see how you are going into this thing! Why, if I had time to keep along, I believe I could get on to this you are showing me."

"Of course you could, uncle," said Garry. And he too was growing appreciative. The quick way in which his uncle grasped a truth that was given him was a surprise to Garry; and then, he was full of grit. At last youth said, "I just wish Uncle Ira that you had begun this thing when you started out."

"Well, I am feeling a little the same myself," said the farmer. "It is a good deal in learnin' Latin, it seems, as with other things; you want to begin right at the beginning, and go a step at a time, and then there you are, I suppose." He laughed good-naturedly, as he added, "Well, young man, I guess I will own up to one thing. It does not look so easy as when I saw you sitting there on the piazza with your white duds on, and your book held easily."

It was Garry's time to laugh. "Well, we both can own up. The whetting of that scythe looked very easy when I saw you doing it, Uncle Ira. But you know the whetstone went over into the bushes when I took hold of it. It quite rebelled at a green hand tackling it."

Mr. Baldwin leaned back and gave vent to a laugh that made his wife laugh too.

"Well, it's been a day of surprises," Mr. Baldwin said. "If I have given you a peep of what it was to use a bush-scythe on weeds on the road, you have given me a peep into a field just as wonderful. But the jobs seem a good deal similar after all."

"Yes," said Garry; "it takes grit for both."

"And a good understanding," said the uncle, adding, "and common sense."

Garry closed his books. "One thing we can do, uncle—we can respect another man's work."

"Yes," said the uncle, "and appreciate the way he does it."

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Some Items From Our Issue of June 5th, 1890

Mr. Thos. T. Moore is getting the material on the ground for his new house on Young Street.

Mr. Thos. Easton is building an addition to his recently acquired property on Arthur Street.

Mr. Williamson Ramshaw is improving his residence on Young Street, by adding new cornices and ornamentations and a coat of paint.

On the farm of Mr. Robt. Brown the farm yard family was increased in one night to the extent of three colts, one calf, and nine pigs.

—Coun. Speight can hardly be charged with unduly using municipal funds to improve his own property. But if he doesn't have the sidewalk on Willow St. between Church and Agnes, repaired pretty soon he will be open to a charge of direful neglect of duty to the municipality.

A train of twenty cars loaded with the well-known Massey binders and other harvesting machinery from the Massey works, passed through Acton this week en route for South America, New Zealand and Australia. There were 18 binders in each car and 300 in all. Each car bore the placard, "I am full of Massey, Toronto, harvesting machines, rush me along, the farmers are waiting for me." Five such trains have been sent out from the Massey works the past week or so.

Mr. Henry Sayers, Sr., died very suddenly at the home of his son James in Nassagaweya, on Sunday. He was in his 80th year. He came to Canada in 1835, to Hamilton for a short time and then to Acton. He afterwards moved to near Owen Sound, but about seven years ago returned, and has since lived with his son, Peter, in Nassagaweya. The last two or three weeks he spent in visiting his sons and had spent a few days with each and intended to return home in a day or so. His sons, Peter, Henry, William, James and Maurice all reside in this vicinity.

During the week a couple of watches were abstracted from Mr. J. A. McMillan's store, by a lad of eight or nine and lacrosse shoes from Mr. W. Williams shoe store. In each case the theft was discovered and the goods secured. A couple of young fellows claiming to be from Toronto Junction were concerned in the shoe theft.

Last Wednesday a fire broke out at W. H. Storey & Son's buckskin tannery, and it looked as if the buildings and surrounding property would be consumed. Never did a bucket brigade work more willingly or successfully, yet a large part of the roof and north of the buildings and some contents were destroyed. Losses have been settled at $525. There was in the buildings and sheds adjoining $3,875 of leather and stock in process and in the storehouse near by, $6,000 of raw material.

Mr. D. Henderson addressed a meeting of about 1000 people in the City Hall, Guelph, on Monday evening.

Returning Officers for the provincial election, being held to-day, are Messrs. J. O Hill and W. J. Moore.

BORN—In Esquesing, on May 27th, to Mr. and Mrs. V. Dynes, a son.

BORN—In Acton, on June 2nd, to Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Ramshaw, a son.

DIED—In Nassagaweya, on June 1st, Henry Sayers, Sr., in his 80th year.

GREED OF GAIN

One great cause of unrest in the world is greed of gain. When the Man of Nazareth said "Come unto me and I will give you rest," he coupled with the invitation "learn of me for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." This struggle for money is driving some to dishonesty, others to irreligion, and many to the neglect of their home and social obligations. It is filling the community with gamblers and creating a false estimate of life. Young fellows are getting it into their heads that it is only the fool who is willing to work and earn an honest living at a steady calling, so the race track, the pool room, the stock exchange and the wheat pit seem to have the charm that once was exercised over healthy-minded men by legitimate business enterprise. It is time some mighty prophet arose to raise a warning cry against the worship of this modern Moloch that is claiming the life blood of so many of our youth. We need to have the truth reiterated that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." Dollars are not everything. Do not give up the quiet satisfaction of the honestly earned dollar for the excitement of picking one up that someone else has doubtless dropped. There are men in jail or in the poor-house who met their first misfortune in the mining town at a game or in some speculation. There is a wonderful satisfaction in honestly made money; there is a woeful uncertainty of riches that are "gotten by vanity." Know the satisfaction of well earned money.

ONLY HIS HAND

"Can you keep anything on your stomach?" asked the ship's doctor.

"No-sir" he returned feebly, "no thing but my hand."

ORCHARDS IN BLOOM

Banks of bloom on a billowy plain,
Odours of orient in the air,
Pink-tipped petals that fall like rain—
Allah's garden, everywhere!

Boundless depths in the blue above,
Glint of gold on the hill-top gray,
Orioles trilling songs of love
With tireless throats, the long June day.

Fields of emerald, tufted white,
Yellow and azure, far outspread,—
O, the measureless soul delight
In the scent of the clover blossoms red!

Youth in the veins of the earth and the sky,
Brimming joy in the beams of the sun,—
Never a hint that by and-by
Fields shall be ripe and springtime done!

Never a hint that these orchards wide,
Where rose-tints riot and perfumes burn
In the mellow march of summertide
To dark, unscented woods shall turn;

Sweet to the sense is it to sip
Fresh from the bowl of the blossoming year,
Maddening joy once more to dip
Deep in the orchard-nectars here.

Banks of bloom on a billowy plain,
Odours of orient in the air,
Pink-tipped petals that fall like rain,
Joyance, joyance everywhere!

—Arthur Wentworth Eaton in Canadian Magazine.

NEED OF DEEP BREATHING

Two women were in a restaurant the other day with their little sons. One boy was tall and well developed for his age, while the other was thin and very delicate looking.

"I can't get enough for my boy to eat," said the mother of the first boy.

"And my son has no appetite to speak of," said the mother of the other boy, sadly.

A woman at the adjoining table, who had evidently overheard the conversation, examined the smaller boy with interest.

"Madam," she said presently to his mother, "if you will allow me I can tell you what is the matter with your son. I have an especial interest in the subject, which is the reason I take the liberty. The boy has evidently never been taught to breathe correctly. He breathes only from the upper part of his lungs. He should be taught to breathe deeply from the very bottom of his lungs good fresh air that has plenty of oxygen in it. I have lived in India for many years and there I studied the subject of breathing, because it is taught there more scientifically than anywhere else in the world. You will find that tonics to stimulate the child's appetite are only temporary remedies and are always weakening to the digestive organs."

"What would you advise?" asked the mother, who was eager to take any suggestion that might benefit the health of her delicate and nervous child.

"If you could force him to take daily exercises in deep breathing," said the other, "it would not be long before he would begin to breathe correctly without being reminded of it. The remedy for the evil is 'conscious breathing,' that is exercising the lungs every day before an open window, no matter how cold the weather. He will not be chilled. If he is breathing deeply the blood will be too active for him to be effected by the cold air."

The mother went from the restaurant to a store where she bought a book on the subject of deep breathing. Since that time she has drilled her boy faithfully, and it was really only a matter of days before his appetite began to improve, and his nervousness to disappear. He has learned how to inhale through his nostrils, slowly, until his lungs are well filled.

HIS FEELINGS

He, greatly embarrassed, but anxious to compliment the fair vocalist;—"Do you know that when you began to sing, I was surprised; later on I was amazed; and when you sat down I was delighted!"

POVERTY AND INTEMPERANCE

The greatest philanthropists of the world are agreed that there is no such thing possible as permanently relieving poverty without destroying intemperance. When typhoid fever breaks out in a district the charitable may aid in nursing the sick and providing for their needs but it is more than short-sighted to stop there. Investigate the water supply. Find the source of infection, and put a stop to the breeding of fever. And this common sense method practiced all over the civilized world to-day, is just as sensible when it comes to dealing with the temperance question. Aid poverty, but turn your strength toward destroying the thing which makes poverty necessary.

GENUINE BLUNDERS

We find in one of our exchanges the following genuine blunders made by pupils:—

"An abstract noun is the name of something that has no existence, as goodness."

"An autobiography is the life of an animal written after it is dead, as a moral."

"The Pilgrim Fathers thought it better to be out of this wicked world and so colonized in Massachusetts."

"An axis is an imaginary line on which the earth is supposed to take its daily routine."

"The Pharisees were people who liked to show off their goodness in synonyms."

"A sower went forth to sow and as he sowed he fell by the wayside and thelves sprang up and choked him."

"And having our loins girt about with the helmet of salvation."

"The laryax is the voice-box and shuts when we swallow it."

"An opthalst is a person that attends to people's eyes."

"When a word gets out of date it is termed 'dead' and so gradually a language is built up."