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H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $300 and upwards.

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LICENSED AUCTIONEER
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Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms.
Orders by letter to Mimico P. O., telephone to Mimico or Cheltingo, 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 228, Guelph, Ont. Telephone 147, Guelph.
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THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office - GUELPH, ONT
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any insurance required will be promptly attended to.
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Also agent for The Union Insurance Co. England.

AT ONCE!
A Good Reliable Local Salesman wanted to represent
Canada's Oldest and Greatest Nurseries
In ACTON and adjoining country.
The demand for Nursery Stock is increasing yearly, and if you become one of our salesmen you will realize there is good money in the business for you
Write at once for particulars.
Pay weekly. Free Outfit
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Watch Competition Is Keen

There's a rivalry between makers as to the merit of their goods.

Mechanical skill has advanced to a marvellous degree in watch making.

If you can think of an advantage that has to be incorporated into a watch to make it a more reliable or more durable timepiece — something new—you can sell your idea for a fortune.

This rivalry is good for you; it lets you possess the most accurate watches that can be made at the lowest possible prices.

We can demonstrate this for you any day. Our stock is large. We carry all the leading makes. We lay them down here, costing us and you the smallest price. We are always glad to talk watches with you.

SAVAGE & CO.
G. T. R. Watch Inspectors
GUELPH - ONT.

Your chopping will be done quickly and well, on either plates or stones, if taken to the—
ROCKWOOD Chopping Mills
Flour - Oatmeal
Bran - Shorts
The best at lowest prices.
HARRIS & CO.
Limited

Milligan & Coxon
Dealers in Fresh and Salt Meats Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Etc.
We wish to thank our many customers for their past patronage, and beg to state that there is no truth in the rumor that we intend closing this store. We are here to stay, to supply finest quality goods at lowest possible prices.
We wish to advise farmers that we pay highest prices for Hides, Fowl, Butter, Eggs, etc.
A TRIAL SOLICITED.
MILLIGAN & COXON
BUTCHERS
Agnew's Block - Acton

EVERTON AND EDEN MILLS
***
The Best Quality of
Manitoba
Family and Pastry
Flour
For sale at lowest prices
Our Own Make
***
Chopping Done and Oats Rolled every day.
Feed for sale
Cash for Wheat and Oats.
***
HENRY HORTOP

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
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BUY Lacqueret
For making old things new.
A hard-drying renewer.
The Bond Hardware Co. - Limited
GUELPH

THE HOME OF GOOD GLASSES
SAVAGE Optical Establishment Guelph
"RIGHT AT THE POST OFFICE"

ENGLISH LIQUID
House Paints
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.
English Pure Floor Paints
Anchor Carriage Gloss Paints and Varnishes
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C. C. Speight
Mill St. - Acton

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The kind that lasts from one generation to another costs but a trifle more than the common kind.
You can tell it by the trade-mark "1847 ROGERS BROS."
We commend it as "Silver Plate that Wears"
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REDUCED PRICES
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LEADING VARIETIES
FINE SAMPLES
MILLETT
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—AND—
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BUGGIES
BUGGIES
Call and see our Buggies before buying. They will please you.
For cool evenings, also for spring and fall, make yourself a present of
A NICE PLUSH RUG
We have some beauties. See them.
If you have horses with sore shoulders, or harness galls, cracked heels, cuts, scratches, rope burns, fence cuts, etc., use
McINTOSH'S MAGICAL HEALER
Also good for human flesh as a healer. Try a box and you will never use any other.
HARNESS
We can make Harness to suit you. Try us.
W. J. Gordon
MILL ST. - - ACTON

Poetry.

IS THIS ALL?

Sometimes I catch glimpses of His face,
But that is all;
Sometimes He looks on me and seems to smile,
But that is all,
Sometimes He speaks a passing word of peace,
But that is all;
Sometimes I think I hear His loving voice
Upon me call.

And is this all He meant when thus He spoke,
"Come unto me"?
Is there no deeper, more enduring rest
In Him for thee?
Is there no steadier light for thee in Him?
O come and see!

O come and see! O look and look again!
All shall be light;
O taste His love, and see that it is good,
Then child of night!
O trust Him, trust Him in His grace and power;
Then all is bright!

Nay, do not wrong Him by the heavy thoughts,
But love Him;
Do thou full justice to His tenderness,
His mercy prove.
Take Him for what He is—O take Him all,
Forevermore!

Christ and His light shall shine on all thy ways
Forevermore!
Christ and His peace shall keep the troubled soul
Forevermore!
—Horatius Bonar.

Select Family Reading

Richard Sterling's Heritage

By Elsie Robertson

RICHARD STERLING turned the old wallet over and over in his fingers. It was all that was left him now—the old wallet and his youth and health. There were the memories, of course—some sweet, some sad, but all very dear to his boyish heart. Here, beneath the old maple-tree by the gate, where the two most loved to sit, the full realization of his orphaned condition was forced upon him. He was alone in the world, for his mother had died when he was but a wee chap of four years.

One special paper, which he found in the wallet, seemed to interest him greatly, for he read it carefully several times, and a look of high resolve and dauntless courage came into his gray eyes as he read. As he folded the paper reverently, and laid it away again inside the wallet, a shadow fell across the grass.

"Morning Dick," said the voice of his neighbor across the road. "It's hard lines for you, losing your father. What have you got there? Something he left you, eh?"

Then keen eyes were riveted on the paper Dick was putting away, as he rose and answered briefly:

"Yes, sir."

"Going to invest it or live it out?" pursued Neighbor Gow.

"I haven't decided," stammered the boy to some confusion.

"Hope you don't think I'm trying to pry into matters that don't concern me," said the old man hastily. "But a boy might better trust his elders. Going to get a place to work?" he questioned with great eagerness.

"I should like a place," answered Dick, in a straightforward manner. "Father certainly would not like me to be idle."

"You can begin on my garden, if you like," offered Mr. Gow affably. "It needs weeding badly, and I can't seem to find a minute, even if I hadn't a crick in my spine whenever I bend over. I ain't as young as I used to be, that's a fact. What say, Dick Will you take the job? You'll be saving your capital, and I'll give you ten cents a row and your board and lodging. If you're spry, you can clean out five rows between dawn and dark, and that'll be fifty cents a day, all found."

Dick reflected. His father had wished him to stay in the country. "It's the best and purest place," he was wont to say.

And Dick himself did not care for the city. He had always wanted to learn the secrets of market gardening. Here was his chance. Jacob Gow had the finest garden in the scope of three counties of Nebraska soil, but he had a reputation that made workmen hesitate, as Dick was hesitating now. He smiled faintly, at the thought of those weedy rows and their unmentioned length. His resolution was soon made.

"I'll try the garden, sir," he said quietly.

"Afterwards I may have something else, if you work well," approved the shrewd market gardener. "Will you begin to-morrow?"

"This afternoon, if you like," said Dick.

"Good! Come after dinner, then." And with a parting nod, Mr. Gow stumbled home across the road.

So Dick took up the work of weeding, under Mr. Gow's supervision, to the mingled pity and wonder of the village. But Mr. Gow did not get hold of anything Dick might have had in the wallet, though he tried by every insinuation possible to induce the lad to yield his heritage to his keeping. Dick was obtuse, and gave no intimation that he understood the hints thrown out by his employer.

He worked manfully at his job in the garden, unconscious that his neighbors and friends were discussing him and his prospects with more or less interest, as the season advanced. His work gave him no time for gossip, if he had been inclined that way, which he was not. When the big garden was weeded, Mr. Gow had another proposal to make.

"I'll give you eight dollars a month and board from now till fall, and find you work, seeing as you want to learn market gardening, though its mooney out of my pocket to hire at that. But," he added craftily, "likely enough when you're through you'll see best to put in what you've got and let me put it to earning something for you."

Dick accepted the offer, ignoring the closing remark. The few dollars he saved were put carefully away in the old wallet.

"I declare, I'd starve before I'd work like you do for any man," said Ben Wilson indignantly, as the two lads met one evening in the village. "He's putting lots more on you than you agreed to do for eight dollars. I know old Gow, and as do you, I should think."

"That may be; but I promised to stay, so I can't leave," replied Dick.

"It isn't in writing," urged Ben.

"No; but it is in my word."

"Then, if I couldn't leave, I'd take some way of featherling my nest and make my perquisites," declared the other vehemently.

"Whatever I get in this life will be honestly come by," was all Dick vouchsafed in answer, as he walked away.

"Who was that lad?" asked a gentleman who chanced to overhear part of the conversation.

"Dick Sterling, son of old John Sterling, one of the best men in these parts. His father died, and Dick got in with Jake Gow to learn the market gardening. Gow got the best of the bargain and Dick's chump enough to hang on." Got queer notions about his promises," garrulously informed Martin Clark, an upland farmer near Gow's.

"It would seem so, indeed," said the gentleman reflectively. "What kind of a business man was John Sterling? Leave the boy anything?"

"Sterling was honest as the day is long. Left that to Dick, anyway. If he left anything else, I've never heard it stated," replied the farmer. "Know Gow?"

"Slightly."

"He's trying hard to get what the boy had left him; but there seems to be a miserly streak in Dick. He didn't get that from his father, though. Most of the folks agree that Sterling must have saved something up or Dick wouldn't work so cheap," and Clark looked thoughtful, while the gentleman repressed a smile as he stepped into his carriage.

It was a very warm day in June, and Dick was busy "bugging" the early potatoes. His mind, however, was upon other things. Mr. Gow had just left him with a program which would carry him well into the night. And for eight dollars a month and board! He pondered. He had reached the end of the row, and straightening himself up to shake his head, he laughed softly, as he leaned against the fence along the highway, and addressed the contents of his bucket:

"After all, bugs, 'honesty is the best policy.'"

"So that is your conclusion?"

Dick started and doffed his straw hat with a blush, as a gentleman leaped over the fence skirting road. He had not heard the carriage as it drew up beneath the walnut trees at the bend. The speaker did not wait for an answer.

"I hear you are John Sterling's son," he said pleasantly, "a boy with a good father."

"Did you know my father?" asked Dick, flushing again, with pleasure this time, however.

"No, but reputation travels fast, my lad. Are you making a fortune here?"

"Well hardly," responded Dick, with a smile.

"How would you like a position as assistant gardener? I am Harold Weston, of Omaha. There is such a vacancy at my place, and wages are good and promotion sure and certain, if you suit. Would you like it?"

"Like it!" Dick's soul shone through his gray eyes. "I guess I should like it! When—when would you want me?" Voice and hands trembled as he asked the question.

"Immediately. Time is very pressing just now," was the reply.

"I—I am engaged to Mr. Gow until September," faltered Dick.

"He will have to find someone else, if you go."

"He can hardly do that for what he pays me, and perhaps not at all just now—at least no one who understands the work," Dick objected.

"Well, you are not bound are you? No contract in writing, I mean?" asked Mr. Weston impatiently.

Dick's gray eyes opened wide.

"My honor—" he stammered, "I couldn't break my agreement, no matter how it was made."

"My young friend, I fear you are over-particular, with such a chance before you," said the gentleman, smiling persuasively.

"Father would not think so," replied Dick, his eyes downcast to hide the mist gathering over them.

"Then you decline?"

"I must, sir. But you don't know how much I would like to accept."

"That's all very well, but I want a boy with just the reputation you have of being worthy of trust. If you change your mind before Saturday, let me know. After that it will be too late, as I must have someone ere the week is out. Good day."

Dick looked wistfully after the carriage as it was driven rapidly away. For a moment it seemed as if he must call it back. He stood with unsed lips and longing eyes for some time then turned resolutely to the work before him. There were two more days in which he could think of it. He did think. And for two days Mr. Gow watched him sharply. Often as the boy washed at the back sink and abstractedly wiped his face, Mr. Gow's eyes were upon him.

"Tired of hoeing?" he asked once.

"Well, it is not the most desirable job, but it will not have to be done again this season," he answered, good-naturedly.

Mr. Gow watched the boy plunge into work with almost reckless zeal. He saw him do extra jobs that he found for him, until even his grasping soul felt some compunction as Dick's face grew more serious, and on Friday night, the end of the month he actually fingered an extra quarter for some minutes after he had paid the boy his regular wages. But his fingers came out of his pocket empty, and he said to Dick: "You've been extra smart this week, lad, but I want you up a little earlier than common to-morrow morning."

All right, sir," replied Dick. "It's fences first, I believe."

All that night the boy tossed sleeplessly on his bed. Finally he arose and went to the window, standing with folded arms, as he looked toward the lights of Omaha, visible not three miles away.

"He wants a boy of my reputation," he said to himself; "and, if I do it, he would not get such a boy, so that ends it."

Then he went back to bed and fell asleep.

He was up before his employer next morning, and came near, as Mr. Gow was wont to boast in after years, to doing a day's work before breakfast. After breakfast the same pace was kept up till late in the forenoon. Suddenly the old gardener dropped his hammer decisively. He looked at the sun.

"Nearly ten o'clock, Dick. Go hitch up Nell and then get into your other clothes. I want you to go along with me."

Wondering inwardly, Dick obeyed both orders, and the two were presently driving at a rattling pace toward Omaha. Just before noon they drove up to a beautiful estate, comprising wide parks and flower garden, fair as a dream of Eden. A man approached them as Mr. Gow drew rein, and Dick perceived, to his intense astonishment, that it was Mr. Weston, his caller of two days before.

"Mr. Gow, I believe," he said pleasantly. "Drive right in, and let me know what I can do for you."

"I can tell you that without driving in," said Mr. Gow with a blunt directness. "You've been trying to coax my boy away," and he chuckled at the look of astonishment on the faces of his two hearers. "I was behind that slump fence and heard every word of that talk. Here, Dick, you jump down and ask what you can find out about celery growing, while I'm settling things."

"But, Mr. Gow—"

"You needn't say a word. I heard it all, and I know you ain't sulked or shirked or struck a lick less. I wouldn't be here if it wasn't so. Go along, I tell you."

Dick went to look at the celery, but returned shortly to hear Mr. Gow saying:

"I don't hold up anything against Dick but one thing."

"What was that?" asked Dick, anxiously.

"Well, I did think that you might have let me know something about what your father left you, and let me have the use of it, seeing I gave you your first chance. But I sha'n't go back on what I came here for. He's to be depended on, Mr. Weston, from first to last, and you're to keep him right here now, while I'm in the notion. He's been square with me, and I'll be square with him."

In a flash Dick realized what the old man mean't, and his face lighted as he drew forth the old wallet, his hands trembling with emotion.

"This is what father left—all there is," he said gently, handing the wallet to Mr. Gow, whose eyes regained their beady look as he grasped it. He opened it and drew out a folded paper, at which he gazed steadily for some moments, then hastily crowded it back into the wallet and pushed the latter into Dick's hands.

"I've had the use of that heritage five months and never knew it until to-day," he said huskily, as he gathered up the lines and drove hastily away.

Dick drew the paper forth and handed it to Mr. Weston, who read as follows:

"My son, this is your, heritage—a good name. Keep it clean. Seize the first worthy opportunity that comes, and do not relinquish it except for a better. Make your word your bond. Be honest, industrious, true to yourself, and all others. Have faith in God. Success will come." "John Sterling."

A HAPPY WOMAN

She is a happy woman who occupies the position of being her husband's confidante, but not every wife is wise enough to obtain it.

The tactful wife wins her husband's confidence, but she never attempts to force it. She shows to him that the truth, even if it is unpleasant, will be received with better grace than will any attempt at smooth dissimulation.

To obtain happiness and a perfect relation the business and social examinations of each should be known by the other, and the first plank in the barrier of deceit torn down by a full and honest acknowledgement. White lies should be abhorred, and the life of each made an open book for the other to read.

When this basis is established things may be trusted to run smoothly. Mutual confidence disarms suspicion and destroys jealousy, which are the two gravest enemies of life's most serious and beautiful partnership.

She is a happy woman who shows consideration for her husband's faults and remembers that men are not angels, but human beings, with a human beings faults.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes From Our Issue of June 12th 1890

Mowat has been sustained.

Mr. H. H. Worden's new residence on Park Avenue, is nearing completion.

Steps are being taken to organize a company to purchase a respectable and serviceable steamer for Harvey's pond.

Acton Cornet Band stand on Prankin Square will soon be completed. Mr. John Cameron has the contract and a creditable job may be expected.

Rev. J. W. Rae, of Knox Church, preached in the Methodist Church on Sunday evening. It was an able discourse given to a large and attentive audience.

It would add considerably to the appearance of our village if the residents would follow the example of Reeve Storey by neatly trimming the grass and raking up the streets immediately in front of each residence.

Albert McKee, a little nephew of Mrs. J. H. Matthews, aged five years, on Monday evening fell from a fence on Mill Street and fractured his arm in such a manner that fears are entertained for the recovery of the use of the injured member.

After a short illness Mrs. Peter Lee died at the family residence on Mill Street. Mrs. Lee was born in Co. Kerry, Ireland, in 1807, and coming to Canada settled in the vicinity of Acton in 1841, where the next year she married Mr. Lee and has resided in this neighborhood ever since.

Last Wednesday evening's storm was one of the fiercest ever known in this locality. Rain fell in torrents and lightning flashed almost incessantly for several hours and the wires presented a panorama of indescribable grandeur. Kannawin's Drug Store, where the central telephone apparatus is located was thrice set on fire. Great fears were entertained for the safety of Harvey's mill dam but notwithstanding the severe storm willing hands worked with might and main to clear away the debris which choked the gates. Had these daring men failed to clear the gates much valuable property would inevitably have been destroyed.

By the heavy rains of Tuesday and Wednesday Harvey's pond overflowed and after the flood had subsided a dozen speckled trout of unusual size were picked up. The smallest was 16 inches in length and weighed two lbs. two ounces, and largest was 22 inches long and weighed four lbs. seven ounces.

BORN—At Guelph, on June 2nd, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gowdy, a son.

MARRIED—At the home of the bride's father, in Nassagaweya, on June 4th, by Rev. D. Strachan, Rockwood, Mr. Angus McTavish, to Annie, youngest daughter of Mr. James Gordon.

DIED—In Acton, on June 6th, Mrs. Peter Lee, aged 83 years.

DIED—In Erquesing, on June 8th, William Moore, aged 85 years.

DIED—At Guelph, on June 8th, Sarah Nickell, wife of Thos. Irving, Guelph, aged 28 years.

OPPORTUNITY.

When opportunity touches an undeveloped man it is astonishing what power is often displayed; and it is undoubtedly true that, while there are no mute Shakespeares, the world is full of men and women of real power who need only an opportunity to exhibit it. But opportunities are oftener made than found, and opportunities would oftener come to all of us if we held ourselves, in the right sense, at a right price. We are too easily satisfied with what we have done, and we too rarely accept what appears to be the limits of our growth. No man or woman ought ever to accept any limits to development. There is a power behind us on which we have a right to count, even when we distrust our own capacity. Right methods of life, right habits of work, and sound aims keep us in touch with that divine power which nourishes and unfolds everything which it feeds. Upon this faith as a foundation we have a right to demand of the new time that it shall give us weight and force and vitality such as the old time never gave us. We have a right to ask of ourselves greater efficiency, energy, and freshness. Refusing to set any limit to our growth, we have a right to insist that life shall mean more to us and shall do more through us every year than in any previous year. Mr. Story was once showing a friend, who was visiting him in Rome, his recent work. "For which of the things you have done," asked his friend, "do you most care?" "I care most," said the sculptor, "for the statue I am to carve next." It is not achievement which brings hope, consolation and inspiration; it is opportunity. If we are immortal, the future is our reality, not the past.

HAPPY WHEN ALONE

There is something wrong with the people who cannot be happy when alone. You ought to be as good company for yourself as someone else is. Companionship is necessary to our proper development, but so is solitude, and the people who are never alone miss quite as much as those who are alone more than they should be.

Individuality is a product of solitude. People who live in a herd get to be alike. Their opinions, their habits, even their faces grow to have a strong resemblance. If you come to talk to those who are much alone they startle you by the originality of their viewpoint. People who are never by themselves suggest machine-made products, all alike.

Don't be afraid of spending an evening or a day alone, occasionally. Seek to get a little time to yourself every day. If you are not happy when left to yourself, you need to cultivate the resources which make you, to an extent, independent of companionship.

HIS CHILD AND HE

I cannot do it alone
The waves run fast and high,
And the fogs close chill around,
And the lights go out in the sky;
But I know that we two
Shall win in the end—
Jesus and I.

I cannot row it myself,
My boat on the raging sea;
But beside me sits Another
Who pulls or steers with me,
And I know that we two
Shall come safe into port—
His child and He.

Coward and wayward and weak,
I change with the changing sky,
To-day so eager and brave,
To-morrow not caring to try:
But He never gives in,
So we two shall win—
Jesus and I.

Strong and tender and true,
Crucified once for me!
Never will He change, I know,
Whatever I may be!
But all He says I must do,
Even from sin to keep free,
We shall finish our course
And reach home at last—
His child and He.

—Selected.

ONLY TADPOLES

The man who must be a big toad in the puddle or he won't play in it is invariably a little pollywog, whose room is better than his company. Much harm is done many a good cause by the little tadpoles, whose exaggerated ideas of their own importance lead them to stir up strife. The world is impartial in its judgment, and the man who fills his sphere will find it expand as he occupies it. There is no need for swelling yourself up, and looking to impress people with your size. They know how much gas is beneath your bloated mental corporation. "Do you see that consequential looking fellow fussing about the platform?" asked a gentleman the other day in a meeting. "If you stuck a pin into him he would collapse." There are plenty like him, not even full paddles, but swelled tadpoles. Fill your place, however humble, and you will have the respect of the world, and best of all, your own. When the "honks" are made up in the "great day" there will be a revelation that will transcend all the history or fiction ever written. We shall then know the names of the men, or perchance the women, who held the ropes that night in Damascus, "when Paul of Tarsus was let down in a basket by the wall" and given to a needy world. The unsung heroes of earth's mighty conflicts will shine forth with a glory the lustre of which will not be enhanced by human partiality or dimmed by earthly prejudice. Act well your part. Be content to "hold the ropes" if you cannot fill the basket. Push behind it if you cannot find a place to pull in front. Work if you cannot plan. Follow if you cannot lead. Take your place with the crowd if you cannot get on the platform.

TOO MUCH FOR THE MAGICIAN.

The test of one who claims supernatural powers is to make him perform his tricks under every-day conditions or with apparatus not his own. In such a trial at least one magician failed. He was touring the globe, and appearing before rulers of many strange lands in all sorts of outlandish places. On one occasion, says a writer in the Philadelphia Record, his manager had arranged an exhibition for him before the ruler of a province in the Fiji islands.

In the crowd that saw the exhibition were many of the black and yellow slaves of the chieftain. All the spectators were amazed at the many strange manifestations of the black art that the magician performed but no trick appealed so strongly to the assembled retinue and to the chieftain as that in which a white duck was made to appear with a black head and a black duck after a moment's manipulation, with the head of a white duck.

The trick had to be repeated and then the chieftain engaged in a long whispered conversation with the interpreter.

"What is doshed?" queried the obliging trick-player.

The interpreter coughed apologetically, and then responded:

"Respected sir, our honored sire wishes you to take two of his black slaves and put a yellow head on a black man and the black head on the body of a yellow servitor. Our honored sire thinks it would be very funny."

"Tell his royal highness," the conjuror replied, "that I might give a yellow man a black eye, but I would not like to attempt to make his entire head black."

OUTDOOR SPORT AND ZAM-BUK

Every athlete, every ball-player, every swimmer, every canoeist, every man or woman who loves outdoor life and exercise, should keep a box of Zam-Buk handy.

Zam-Buk is a purely herbal preparation, which as soon as applied to cuts bruises, burns, sprains, blisters, etc., sets up highly beneficial operations. First, its antiseptic properties render the wound free from all danger from blood poisoning. Next, its soothing properties relieve and ease the pain. Then its rich, herbal balms penetrate the tissue, and set up the wonderful process of healing. Barbed wire scratches, insect stings, skin disease, such as eczema, heat rashes, ringworm, babies' heat sores, chafed places, sore feet—all come within Zam-Buk's power. It also eases and cures piles. All druggists and stores. Avoid imitations.

HIS DEFINITION

Sabbath School Teacher—Now, Danny, what do you understand by "righteous indignation?"

Danny—Gettin' mad without sayin' any cuss words.

Every human being is intended to have a character of his own, to be what no other is, to do what no other can.—Channing.