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H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

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

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M. R. C. S. C.
Late House Surgeon to St. Joseph's Hospital, Late Chief House Physician to the Victoria Hospital, Surgeon to The Meredith Memorial Maternity Hospital.
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DENTIST.
ACTON.
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GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO
Halton County.

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(Over Williams Store.)
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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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For the Counties of Wellington, Halton and Dufferin.
Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms.
Orders by letter to Mimico P. O., telephone to Mimico or Cooksville, 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 376, GUELPH, Ont. Telephone 147, Guelph.
Sales may be arranged at FREE PRESS office, Acton.

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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.
W. H. DENNY, Agent,
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Also agent for The Union Insurance Co. England.

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Canada's Oldest and Greatest Nurseries
In ACTON and adjoining country.
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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.

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If you can think of an advantage that can 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.

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SAVAGE & CO.
G. T. - Watch Inspectors
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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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C. C. Speight
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ROCKWOOD Chopping Mills

Flour - Oatmeal
Bran - Shorts
The best at lowest prices.

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Limited

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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

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BRIGHT YOUNG PEOPLE of ambition, energy and character who take our course of training, are assured of good positions Recent calls for such were from cities and towns in Ontario, Alberta, Indiana, Michigan and Vermont.
FINE POSITIONS are being offered our trained young men and women, in the business offices of the large manufacturing, merchandising, insurance, banking, milling, railway and other concerns.
NOW IS THE TIME to enter for a thorough course in our famous system of actual business training. Including mercantile and corporation book-keeping, commercial law, stenography, typewriting, etc.
COME DIRECT to the College Office, 137 Upper Wyndham Street, or address,
Malcolm McCormick, B. A.
Principal.

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Refrigerators	Washing Machines
Gas Stoves	Screen Goods
Linoleum	Granite Ware
Hose	Garbage Cans
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EVERYTHING IN HARDWARE
BUY IT AT BOND'S.

The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
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SAVAGE Optical Establishment Guelph
"RIGHT AT THE POST OFFICE"

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MOVING PICTURE SHOW
Open Every Night—7 to 10 o'clock.
BEST FILMS PROCURABLE
(Changed Nightly)
Patronized by the leading citizens
Admission - - 5c
Acton Amusement Co.

ROOFING

Have the Spring Rains Reminded You That Your Roof Needs Repairing

For pitch roofs we handle XXX British Columbia Red Cedar Shingles.

For flat roof and level surfaces we have CAREY ROOFING—a roofing with a record of 20 years in the market. It has been used on most of the flat-roofed buildings in this town.

For barns we have corrugated iron or galvanized shingles.

A full line of Lumber, Doors and Sash on hand at yards.

J. B. MacKENZIE
ACTON and GEORGETOWN

BUGGIES
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

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 prominance 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.

COMFORT

Oh, brothers and sisters toiling
In the long day's murk and gloom,
Deep in the earth beneath us?
In the dust of the factory loom;
With one day just like another
And little of cheer at the end;
Yet there comes to you sometimes a message
Straight from the heart of a Friend?

He Who was born in a stable
And laid in a manger dim,
Do you know the sweet of the comfort
That comes at the thought of Him?
His hands were hard with labor,
And He worked for the wage of the day,
With one day just like another,
For an humble toiler's pay.

When back and arms are aching,
When heart and brain are sick,
When black the shadows sive around you
And the blurring mists are thick,
Think of the Elder Brother
Who has borne a heavier load,
And faint not under your burdens;
He walked the self-same road.

This is the message spoken
By the Man of Galilee;
"Ye that are heavy laden
And burdened come unto Me,
For I Who am Son of My Father,
Of his fullness all possessed,
I, Who am able to save you,
Lo, I will give you rest."

Oh, brothers and sisters, weary
And perplexed at what to do,
With one day just like another,
Till the last long day is through;
Lift up your eyes to the Master,
And step with firmer tread;
He brought you life immortal,
And He wrought for His daily bread.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

Select Family Reading

Jim's Pay Check

THE six o'clock whistle had blown and a stream of dusty tired men and boys were crowding through the factory gates. Just to leave the building was a group of "labelers"—boys who pasted labels on boxes and cans. In this group Jim Mason walked slowly, scrutinizing the bit of paper in his hand. "Five eighty! He began to count: Monday, four hundred; Tuesday, three hundred and sixty-four; Wednesday, four hundred and four; Thursday, four hundred; Friday,—a headache—only two hundred and sixty. Twenty-two hundred and forty eight. He had counted up for the five days before he left home this morning and added to-day's labels hurridly before the whistle blew. This should amount to five dollars and forty-five cents, but the check certainly read five eighty.

The boy's heart had leaped when he saw the check was larger than he had been expecting. Thirty cents! What could he do with thirty cents!

"See here," Jim jogged a boy with his elbow. "Old Foxy's gimme five eighty instead of five fifty."

Ben Streeter, the boy stopped, was older than Jim and was leader among the boys. "What's the matter?" he asked, "Didn't you do that much?"

Jim shook his head, "Not'a I figure it out."

"Well keep mum and say nothin'," advised Ben, handing the paper back. "They'll not miss it. What's the matter? What ye going to do?

Jim was turning about, a troubled look in his eyes. "Miss it?" You a'pose it is a mistake?"

Ben laughed loudly. "Hear 'im fellers, he thinks foxy's been a-makin' him a present."

Jim was pushing back through the throng toward the gate. Pete Olney, a big "labeler," caught him and dragged him forward again. "Here," he called, "this kid's havin' an attack of honesty. He's wantin' to carry that money back. He's got to treat us with it, hain't he, fellers?"

"I'll not," said Jim stoutly. "Leggo my arm."

He jerked away from Olney and ran back to the factory; but the night watchman was closing the door.

"Let me in. I want to see Foxy—Mr. Fox."

The man calmly turned the key in the lock. "Closing time. Can't go in now."

"It's important," protested Jim. "I'd ought to see him to-night."

The watchman was walking away, so there was nothing to do but go back. Jim walked away slowly thinking of that extra thirty cents. It was almost his, it ought to be his. Perhaps, after all, he had made the mistake. Was it likely that Foxy—Mr. Fox would make a mistake in counting? Jim scouted the idea, convinced now that the money was his. He stopped into the little grocery where his mother and he traded, and deposited the check on their weekly account and received a dollar and eighty cents in change. The dollar and a half must be saved for rent.

What should he buy with the thirty cents? What delight for surprise could he carry home to his mother? He priced articles from pink sunbonnets to grapes, decided on a basket of the latter, changed his mind at sight of a barrel of rosy-cheeked apples, and at last went out without making a purchase. It might be better, after all, to give her the money and let her spend it as she wished. This he did.

"Why, Jimmy, five eighty this week? You must have worked."

Then the story was told. How he, Jim didn't know he had done so much. Either he had made a mistake or Foxy had.

"You'll have to take it back and see," said his mother, decidedly.

She said this so as a matter of course that Jim knew at once why he had tried to go back as soon as he had discovered the mistake—if it was a mistake.

It wouldn't have been so bad if the next day had not been Sunday; but to have a whole day and two nights in which to spend thirty cents, which was or wasn't yours—this was terrible. His mother helped him spend it. If it turned out to be he and not Foxy—Mister Fox, who made a mistake, he was to buy a ticket to the dog and pony show that was coming to town, which he longed with all a boy's soul to see.

Monday morning, at seven, Jim presented himself at the office of the factory, but the great Fox was not in. In fact, the gentleman had not breakfasted. The office boy who was dusting the desks flaunted the duster in Jim's face.

"What d'you want, kid?" he demanded.

"Look me in the eye," Jim responded, calmly. "Do you see anything green, I want to talk to men."

Whereupon the office boy threatened to come out and thrash Jim, but thought better of it when he got a fair look at the latter's square shoulders.

At ten o'clock Jim presented himself again at the cage which enclosed the book-keepers' desks. The great Fox was in now, but not in a good mood for trifles.

"Mistake in pay check," he snapped. "No time to fool with that now."

Jim's valor wilted in his presence and he went back to work considerably ruffled in spirit. As he was going through the door the office boy whispered jeeringly: "Uhhuh! What'd I tell you. Got it right, didn't you?"

Jim carried the thirty cents home at noon. "I'll not go up there with it again, mother," he declared.

"But if it isn't yours, it wouldn't be right to keep it."

There was nothing to do but carry it back to the factory again. All afternoon he could feel the coins in his pocket. He confided his troubles to Ben Streeter, who worked at the same table with him.

"You are a fool, Jimmy," was the verdict. "I'pose Foxy did make a mistake? What's thirty cents to millionaires like old Kuhlman and his son-in-law Hester? Foxy's liable to fire you if you bother him any more about it. It makes him awful mad to be told he has made a mistake even a little one."

Jim was alarmed at his friend's words and believed there was truth in them. He was ready to throw the thirty cents away—do anything with it—rather than have another night's worry. The labels went on slowly. By five-thirty he had only a few over two hundred. Having thirty cents in one's pocket was worse than a headache.

At a quarter to six Jim could stand it no longer. He laid down his paste brush and went to the office, resolved to have it out any cost. To his dismay he found Kuhlman and Hester, the factory owners, in consultation with Fox. Jim stood fidgeting at the window, unnoticed by the men. At last the book-keeper turned to him.

"Well, what is it?" he asked, sharply.

"There was a mistake in my pay check, last week." Jim was red-faced and trembling.

Fox came toward him, a frown on his face.

"How much short?"

"It wasn't short," Jim hastened to explain. "You paid me thirty cents too much.

A change passed over the great Fox's face, which Jim felt rather than saw. He took the figures and thirty cents from Jim. "I'll look it up," he said, and went on with his conversation with the two men.

The next morning Jim came back to work with a light heart. The labels fairly flew through his fingers. But at ten o'clock a cloud fell. The foreman tapped him on the shoulder and said that he was wanted at the office. Jim sprang up startled. What did it mean? He arranged his brushes and labels with trembling fingers.

"Too bad, old man," Ben muttered sympathetically. "I guess Foxy's goin' to git you, all right."

Pete Olney was laughing. "The wise kid's got somethin' comin'!" he whispered.

Jim went through the long row of tables with downcast eyes and flushed cheeks. The awful fear that he was to lose his place paralyzed him.

The great Fox was alone in his office. Jim went in, nerving himself for indignant protest against summary dismissal for doing what he believed was right. If he had not been so excited he would have seen that there was an unusual expression on Fox's wrinkled face. What first brought him to his senses were the words which Foxy—Mister Fox was saying. Foxy was thanking him, Jim Mason, for calling their attention to the error. It has helped to clear up some things that had given trouble—some slight irregularities. The figures on Jim's pay check had been changed to cover some petty pilfering. Briefly, the great Fox's conclusion was this. The firm of Kuhlman and Hester wanted an office boy. Did Jim want the place? Jim could do nothing but stammer out a confused "Yes, thank you." The great Fox bowed him out, with a parting word of advice.

"My boy, never forget that in business there is nothing so essential as rigid honesty—even though it be in a matter of only a few cents."

A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION

One of the large universities has introduced, as a part of the college work, the study of the different phases of the liquor problem. This is a sensible move. The colleges and the universities are to help to fitting young people for life, and there is no subject concerning which they are in more decided need of information.

With most men the beard is strongest on the right side.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

Standing of Public and High School Pupils at Last Examinations

HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT
THE MIDDLE SCHOOL.

SENIOR CLASS

Class I—M. Moffat, A. McDonald.
Class II—A. O'Brien, E. Garvin, H. Brown, G. Johnstone.
Class III—M. O'Brien, K. Smith, F. Mullin.
Highest in Algebra—M. Moffat; in Geometry—A. O'Brien and A. Kenney; in Latin Authors—M. Moffat; in Ancient History—H. Brown; in English Composition — M. Moffat; in Physics—M. Moffat.

JUNIOR CLASS

Class III—E. Cole, M. Turnbull, R. Nelson.
Class IV—N. Williams, B. Mullin.
Highest in Algebra—B. Mullin; in Geometry—M. Turnbull; in Latin Authors—E. Cole; in Ancient History—M. Turnbull; in English Composition—N. Williams; in Physics—M. Turnbull.

THE LOWER SCHOOL.

SENIOR CLASS

Class I—B. Brown, M. Matthews, R. Nelson.
Class II—M. Workman.
Class III—F. Williams.
Highest in History—M. Matthews; in Algebra—M. Matthews; in English Literature—M. Matthews; in Arithmetic—E. Garvin; in French Composition—B. Cook.

JUNIOR CLASS

Class I—Roy Bauer, M. McDonald, T. Henderson, D. Nelson.
Class II—L. Atkinson, M. Henderson, V. Coleman, M. Brown, R. Cole, N. Kenney.
Class III—I. Macpherson, H. Mann, P. Watson.
Highest in History—T. Henderson; in Algebra—R. Bauer; in English Literature—T. Henderson; in Arithmetic—D. Nelson; in French Composition—M. Macdonald.

W. H. STEWART, Principal.
MISS B. ROWENA HUMPHRIES, Assistant.

PUBLIC SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

Sr. IV—I. Anderson, 386; E. White, 370; E. Evans, 361; E. Brown, 360; F. Smith, 357; D. Harvey, 355. Total 400.

Jr. IV.—N. Anderson, 338; E. Bell, 322; E. Vincent, 302; H. Agnew, 271; L. Scott, 246; M. Kitching, 220. Total 400.

MISS A. L. HUDSON, Teacher.

Sr. III—Jessie Thompson, 326; Bert Cook, 374; Melfort Collier, 356; Alicia O'Brien, 347; Mae Smith, 334; Gordon Bauer, 326. Total 450.

Jr. III — Charlie McLeod, 394; George Abraham, 391; Ernest Speight, 295; Harold Mowat, 295; Barbara Plank, 290; Lloyd Bell, 261. Total 400.

MISS M. Z. BENNETT, Teacher.

Sr. III—Winnie Pearson, 357; Lorna Kennedy, 339; Mary Shields, 328; Jean Wilson, 323; George Agnew, 317; Vera Harvey and Harold Reed, 316.

Jr. II—Myrtle Thomas, 338; Martin Clavel, 301; Willie Ritchie, 290; Mary Lehman, 266; Annie Collier, 267; Clara Workman, 277. Total 300.

MISS EDITH M. NICKLIN, Teacher.

Sr. Pr. II—Rose Starkman, 373; Nellie Masters, 321; Millie Bath, 289; Annie Cohen, 270; Joe Hynds, 276; Joe Lehman, 270.

Jr. Pr. II—Olive Mowat, 366; Lizzie Moffat, 365; Lloyd Massles, 284; Ell Masters, 275; Lucy Edwards, 265; May Cutting, 263.

Jr. Pr. I — George Soper, 350; Harold Workman, 295; Willie Akins, 290; Earle Taylor, 260; Carey Matthews, 262; Johnnie Ritchie, 225; Total 375.

MISS M. R. HOLMES, Teacher.

Sr. PRIMER—Stuart Morton, 328; Ethel Starckman, 321; Elwell Hamilton, 314; Agnes Dobbie, 311; Mary Bryan, 300; Sabra Nelson, 296. Total 350.

Jr. PRIMER—Ray Agnew, 98; Maxie Bell, 94; Goldie Boskie, 92; Dolores Lawlor, 88; May Evans, 87; Able Salts 82. Total 100. No. on roll 65.

MISS K. KENNEDY, Teacher.

THE HABIT OF GOOD ENGLISH

One of the foremost men of the country has declared that there are few habits more valuable in practic a life than the habit of good English. And that is worth the consideration of the young people who follow the style in slang as they follow it in costume, discarding yesterday's inventions in favor of the new arrival from the gutter or the variety stage.

The habit of good English! Mentally emphasize the first two words. The young fellow fresh from school, who is careless about his grammar and flatters himself that his boyish slang is more expressive than the language Shakespeare used, knows something about English theoretically, but he has never formed the habit of good English. Even in company, where he is on his best behavior, his tongue slips and trips, and the grammatical error or slangy phrase is out before he knows it.

The reading of good literature is a great help in forming a standard of good English. The memorizing of poetry is also a help. But neither of these two is enough without practice. We must speak good English in order to form the habit of good English.

THE VALUE OF A GOOD BEGINNING

Someone has said that if we keep pleasant till ten o'clock in the morning, the rest of the day will take care of itself. That is only a new way of emphasizing the value of good beginnings. The boy who reaches his twenty-first birthday without forming any of the habits which undermine character and cripple success, has all the odds in his favor. It is hard to rescue a day that starts out with gloom and irritability, and it is even harder to rescue a life that starts wrong. Begin well, and the ending need cause you little concern.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Interesting Notes From Our Issue of June 19th, 1890

A bus load of Salvationists drove to Guelph on Tuesday to attend a jubilee there.

Capt. Joe Thompson, of the Salvation Army farewelled here last Thursday evening.

The young people of the Methodist Church are considering the advisability of re-organizing the Young People's Union as a branch of the Epworth League.

Appearances indicate that the hay crop will be the largest ever gathered in Ontario in years. All crops look well.

There has been some criminally careless shooting in the vicinity of the corner of Mill and Main Streets the past week. Last Friday a rifle bullet whizzed through Mr. O. C. Speight's open kitchen door within an inch or so of his flaxen-haired little daughter, and imbedded itself in the wall at the other side of the room. Mr. Speight is inexpressibly thankful that his little daughter escaped injury.

Boys have been guilty of mischeming and punishable conduct on Sundays recently around Harvey's pond and mill, by snaring frogs, throwing sticks into the pond and flume damaging the water wheel, breaking glass—21 lights on one Sunday. There are some parents who seem to pay little attention to their boys. Mr. Harvey publishes a warning.

Last week some members of the Congregational Church, Churchill, drove to Caledon to extend a welcome to Mrs. McCormack, wife of the pastor of the two churches, who had just arrived from England to join her husband. A part of the welcome was an address and valuable tea set.

In the Municipal Council the by-law regulating the new park was introduced. In conformity with one of its provisions re special constables the following were later appointed to be called when needed:—Thos. Brunt, Robt. Bingham, Wm. Bell, D. Taylor, Robt. Allan, George Clark, J. B. Cameron, W. D. Smith.

The following ministers were elected by the Guelph Methodist Conference at Stratford to attend the General Conference in September at Montreal:—Revs. W. S. Griffin, D. D., John Scott, M. A., J. E. Howell, M. A., N. R. Willoughby, D. D., Geo. Richardson, T. M. Campbell, W. C. Henderson, D. D., J. W. Holmes, A. Cunningham, Jas. McAllister, F. E. Nugent, W. T. Casson, Geo. Boggio, G. R. Turk, John Mills. [Of these sixteen not more than four or five and two (1910) living.—ED.] An equal number of laymen were elected.]

Mr. Arch. H. McPherson, principal of the Victoria Ward School at Galt, died very suddenly on the 11th. He had been digging in his garden and ate a hearty breakfast, and had just finished family worship when he was suddenly seized with a convulsive attack, from which he died within half an hour. Fatty degeneration of the heart is said to be the cause. He was 54 years old, a devout Christian, an elder in Knox Church and superintendent of the Sabbath School. [Mr. McPherson was father of Rev. H. A. McPherson, who six years later became pastor of Knox Church, Acton.—ED.]

What a difference the closing of the hotels make? Yesterday all the grist mills in the city were closed on account of the elections, and in consequence there was not a single drunk arrested by the police.—Toronto Telegram, June 6th.

DIED—At Crowson's Corners, on June 17th, Clara, step-daughter of Mr. James Gamble, aged 10 years.

DIED—At Swackhamer's Hill, on June 15th, Mary M. Thompson, relict of the late Jacob Swackhamer, aged 90 years.

SOME ODD EXPRESSIONS

"Mind your p's and q's." There are two accounts of the origin of the expression, "Mind your p's and q's." According to one it arose from the early method used in public houses of charging customers for the amount of beer they had consumed on credit. P stood for pint, Q for quart, and as the scores were settled verbally, it was necessary for the toper to watch his p's and q's.

According to the other story the phrase owes its origin to the difficulty the printer's devil has experienced from time immemorial in distinguishing between the lower case p's and q's of the Roman type. The similarity between the two letters is so great, particularly when they are reversed as in distributing, that the printer's apprentice is always warned by the foreman to "mind his p's and q's."

"When in Rome—" The phrase "When you are in Rome do as the Romans do," is traced to a saying of Saint Ambrose. He was once consulted by a woman who asked him whether or not it was right to feast on Saturday in Milan, since in Rome the day was held as a fast day.

The saint could do no better than to give her the advice which he followed himself: "for" said he, "when I go to Rome I fast on Saturday as they do in Rome, but when I am here I do not fast."

The "White Feather." An official of the Smithsonian Institution was speaking of the origin of some well-known phrases, and pointed to a small mounted bird. This bird was a French gray on the back, drab breast, black wings, and with a small but conspicuous white spot at the base of the tail.

"This is a wheatear," the official said. "It is very common in Scotland where it is known as the 'clacharan.' It is from this bird that we get the expression 'showing the white feather.' You will notice the location of the only white feathers on on its body—they can be seen only when the bird is flying away from you."—Selected.

BECAUSE HE DIDN'T THINK

Once a little turkey, fond of her own way,
Wouldn't ask the older ones where to go or stay;
She said: "I'm not a baby—here I am half grown;
Surely I am big enough to run around alone!"
Off she went; but somebody hiding saw her pass.
Soon like snow her feathers covered all the grass.
So she made a supper for a sly young mink,
Cause she was so headstrong that she didn't think.

Once there was a robin lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside and hop upon the floor.
"No, no," said the mother; "you must stay with me!
Little birds are safest sitting in the tree!"
"I don't care," said robin, and gave his tail a fling;
"I don't think the old folks know quite everything."
Down he flew, and kitty seized him before he'd time to wink—
"Oh," he cried, "I'm sorry; but I didn't think."

Now my little children, you who read this song,
Don't you see what trouble comes from thinking wrong?
Can't you take warning from their dreadful fate,
Don't think there's always safety, and don't suppose that you know more
Than anybody knows who has gone before,
But when you're warned of ruin, pause upon the brink
And don't go under headlong, 'cause you didn't think.
—Phoebe Cary

THE TROUBLE MAN

One evening I heard an author give a reading from a book, a delightful story of life in the Southern mountains. One of his characters made a stir wherever he went.

If he were seen coming into town those who knew him would say, "There'll be trouble soon," "Look out, we're going to have trouble now." And their prediction was usually abundantly verified. He was emphatically the trouble man.

In a certain neighborhood was a man who never got along with anybody. All who loved peace feared him. Since no one can own "all the land that joins his," it was impossible not to come in touch with him. That always meant trouble. He was so selfish, narrow, unreasonable, contentious. He lessened the value of all property about him. Trouble is not considered a valuable asset, but every one got it with any land that adjoined this trouble man.

I met a preacher of delightful personality. And yet in his synod he was known as the "trouble man." But of for the same reason the other two were called trouble men. Quite the contrary.

If any got badly in debt and discouraged; if any church enterprise lagged and was about to fail; if organization was loose and doing little good, he was sent there to try to cure the trouble. And he usually did it, did it in a delightful way.

There are not enough of such men to go around. They are needed in so many places. Trouble men, men who cure trouble that someone else has made.

A justice of peace was indeed the peace-maker in his community. If neighbors were getting into trouble over some matter, one of them would usually say, "Well, let's go see what the 'Squire says about it. We can both afford to abide by his decision." After having each tell his side of the matter he would tell them how to settle it and send them home without any trial in his court. He was a very useful trouble man.

Are you a trouble man? If so, which kind are you?—From Snap Shots by a "Passing Preacher" in Cumberland Presbyterian.

SAFE IN THE SAIL

One fine spring day an old fishing schooner was hauled up for repairs at a little seaport town in Maine. A crew of ship carpenters were at once set to work upon the boat, and one of them was sent aloft to unbend the gaff topsail, and take it down for patching.

"Hullo!" he shouted. "There's a robin's nest right in the folds, and four little uns in it."

"Robins, did you say?" exclaimed the bluff old captain, who was standing on the deck below. "Waal, you jest let 'em be! Never drive no babies from home yit, and ain't goin' for begin now. When this 'ere craft's ready for go, she kin git a new gaff topsail or go thunk."

And so the old sail went unpatched, and the robin family stayed and prospered till the little brood was fully fledged and flew away.

There never was and never will be a universal panacea in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir. What would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the others. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtained in a sound, unadulterated state a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves those to whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquilizing the nerves disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which being stimulated, courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy, animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result strengthening the frame and giving life to the digestive organs which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Norton Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine. By the opinion of scientists, the wine approaches nearest perfection of any on the market. All druggists sell it.