

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 can be incorporated into a
watch to make it a more reliable or
more durable timepiece—some-
thing 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
day by day. Our stock is large. We
carry all the leading makes. We
sell them down here, costing us and
giving you the smallest price. We are
always glad to talk watches with
you.

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

**ENGLISH LIQUID
House Paints**

C. C. SPEIGHT
has received the sole
agency for this famous
paint, manufactured by
Randram - Henderson,
etc. It is the purest
paint sold. Popular Colors.

English Pure Floor Paints
Anchor Carriage Gloss Paints
and Varnishes
Paraffin Oil. Etc. Etc.
Paint Brushes of all kinds

C. Speight
Mill St. - Acton

**Berlin Steam Granite and
Marble Works**

ER BRAUN Proprietor
Quarriers and Builders of Statues, Maus-
oleums, Monuments, Markers and Head-
stones and all kinds of

Artistic Cemetery Work

William Henstreet
Agent, Acton.

Your chopping will be
done quickly and well,
either plates or
cups, if taken to the—

**ROCKWOOD
Chopping Mills**

Oatmeal
Shorts
The best at lowest
prices.

MARRIS & CO.
Limited

**WATSON PUMP
AND**

LE WORKS
W. B. Babbage, Proprietor.
Acton and Georgetown

premises are now fully equipped
with the latest machinery and appliances
for manufacturing—
Pumps and Pump Supplies
for wells, cisterns, outverts, etc.
Steam Pipe Fitting Tools and Pipe
Supplies.
Always promptly filled.
MAIN STREET, ACTON

**GUELPH
Business College**
100-102, Upper Wyndham St.
Guelph, Ont.

Prices, and be hard to back up his
sale.
JOSEPH ROGERS & SONS
E. M. DICKINSON
HENRY BOKER
Three of OUR guaranteed lines.
BUY IT AT BOND'S.

The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Retail Phone 97 GUELPH

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

**WONDERLAND
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.

Perfumes
SEELY'S BELLEFLEUR
ROSE OF ALGERIA
Two of the latest and sweetest
of perfumes.
Ask for a Free Sample.

**Toilet
Preparations**
Florida Water.
Cream of Violets.
Cream of Almonds and Roses.
Etc.
In Talcum Powder we keep all
the best on the market.
SPECIAL—American Beauty of
Roses Talcum, made by The
Druggists Corporation of Canada.

A. T. BROWN
Druggist and Stationer
Mill St. ACTON

**GOOD VALUE
IN PAINT**

**THE MARTIN-SENOUR
PAINT**
100% PURE
510C
THE MARTIN-SENOUR CO.
MONTRÉAL AND CHICAGO

R. F. Johnstone
MILL ST. ACTON

**The
EXCELSIOR
BAKERY**
Having recently installed
some of the latest im-

Through the scented dark when the
night wind sighs,
His mirrors His stars where the ripples
rise,
Till they glitter like imprisoned fire-
flies.
'Tis here that the beryl-green leaves
uncurl,
And here the lilies uplift and uncurl
Their golden-lined goblets of carved
pearl.

When the gray of the eastern sky
turns pink,
Through the silver sedge at the pond's
low brink
The little lone field-mouse creeps down
to drink
And creatures to whom only God is
kind,
The loveless, small things, the slow
and the blind,
Soft steal through the rushes, and
comfort find.

Oh, restless the river, restless the sea!
Where the great ships go, and the
dead men be.
The lily-pond giveth but peace to me.
—Virna Sheard, in the Canadian
Magazine.

Select Family Reading

**His Heart's
Desire**
By Harriet Lummis Smith

It was Saturday and a summer
afternoon. Wilbur Burnett was
not a young man who made a
habit of watching the clock, but to-day
he had found himself more than once
reflecting that it was a long time
between noon and one o'clock. When
the dragging hour was over, and the
signal came for his release, there was
in his face the light of unmistakable
anticipation.

"Hello, Burnett? Say, don't you
want to go down the bay this after-
noon? Van Sant is going, and Nelson,
I guess."

Wilbur shook his head.
"No, thank you, Charlie; I've got
other plans." He met the other's
quizzical glance with a frank laugh,
guessing how far his friend's con-
jectures were from the truth.

Three-quarters of an hour later, he
was home. He ran up the four flights
of stairs to the modest little flat of five
rooms, and his sister Caroline had the
door opened and was waiting for him.

"I knew you wouldn't be a minute
late to-day," she smiled. "I can hard-
ly wait to hear it. Come, your lunch-
on's on the table."

"Wilbur," cried the girl severely, "I
shan't allow that. Music is all very
well, but you can't live on sweet
sounds. Now come to the table, that's
a good boy. It won't take long."

Wilbur allowed himself to be per-
suaded. But before he ate the meal
his sister had prepared he took a
violin from its case and drew the bow
lovingly across the strings. "Listen,
Caroline," he called. "Doesn't that
sound different from the old one?"

"Yes, of course it does," the girl's
voice answered from the dining-room.
"But don't touch it till you eat, or I'll
never get you away."

The simple meal was soon dispatch-
ed, and then with a sigh of tremendous
content, Wilbur brought out his new
acquisition and seated himself on a
back porch, so small and high in the
air that it suggested a window-box.
The afternoon stretched before him.
He tightened the string, smiling. He
had nothing to do but play and be
happy. His sister, seeing his smile,
turned away and sighed.

Wilbur Burnett had loved music
ever since he could remember. When
a boy of eleven he had taken up the
study of the violin. He had made
such surprising progress that his
teacher at the Conservatory had be-
come deeply interested in him. He
was fifteen when his father's failure in
business made music lessons one of
the expenses to be retrenched, and
had sent Wilbur out into the world to
earn a living. Two years later Mr.
Burnett died. Mrs. Burnett's little
income, together with what Wilbur
could earn, supported the family of
three comfortably if not luxuriously.

Wilbur's music continued to be his
greatest pleasure. He gave as much
as possible of his scant leisure to his
violin. And one day he was surprised
by a letter from a "cousin" informing
him that she was sending him by
express a really valuable instrument
which had belonged to her father.

"It seems a shame, Wilbur," she
wrote, "that it should never be used,
and I don't feel like selling it under
the circumstances. Caroline tells me
that you still retain your love for
music, and I am sure you will ap-
preciate having a good violin to practice
on."

And Wilbur did appreciate it. He
sat with half-closed eyes, listening to
the tones that came from the strings.

fancies of his own, taking shape in
melody. And as he played, a white-
haired figure on one of the porches of
an adjoining flat building listened at-
tentively.

At half past four the bell rang.
"There's a gentleman to see you,"
Caroline said, appearing on the porch.
"I don't believe he knows you,
though. He asked to see the young
violinist."

"Probably wants to sell me the
latest popular songs arranged for the
violin," Wilbur said, rising reluctantly.
But when he faced his caller he men-
tally apologized. The rather shabby
man with the white hair had from the
first glance a peculiar fascination for
him.

"So this is my musical neighbor."
The blue eyes under the whitening
brows studied Wilbur keenly. "I
must plead community of taste as an
excuse for my intrusion. I, too, am a
violinist."

Wilbur made a suitable rejoinder.
The old man continued in a somewhat
formal style, which seemed to belong
to his air of decayed gentility:

"An sprained wrist which secured me
a brief holiday has also given me the
pleasure of listening to your impromptu
concert. Would you mind playing for
me again at closer range?"

The fact that Wilbur found the re-
quest a little embarrassing did not
keep him from prompt compliance.
His sense of constraint wore off as
he played, and his listener nodded ap-
provingly.

"Good! You have the root of the
matter in you, plainly enough. A
little rusty in your practice, aren't
you?"

"I surely am," Wilbur sighed. "You
see, I get very little time for it. I'm a
clerk at Warren and Deal's."

"Did you ever think you would like
to devote your entire time to music?"

Wilbur laughed and sighed in one.
"I try not to think of it. It's too
good to happen, and so I won't stir
myself up by dwelling on it."

"H'm!" the other replied enigmatically.
"Let me see you do a little
sight reading."

With a sense of growing excitement,
Wilbur complied. The stranger broke
in upon him, after two or three min-
utes, with a brusque, "That will do.
Now listen. I am not empowered to
make you an offer, but I think I can
safely promise you a chance to realize
your ambition."

Wilbur's heart began to throb. The
older man continued:

"I am very sure I can get you a
position in the orchestra in which I
play. The pay is small and much of
our music, I must confess, unspeakable
stuff." He shrugged his shoulders.

"But when once you have your time
free for work of this kind, you will
astonish yourself, provided you don't
drop your ambition as most of us do."

Wilbur was trying to falter out his
thanks for this kindness from a
stranger. The other waved them
away.

"Suppose you go to the matinee
with me to-morrow," he said, "and I
will introduce you to the leader of the
orchestra."

"Oh, yes, they work us hard enough.
It's the Troubadour where I play.
Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays and
Sundays. And a performance every
night in the week. I'll call for you at
half past one. Good afternoon."

The door shut behind him. Wilbur
put his violin back in the case, his
hand trembling. His chance had come,
with a distressing uncertainty.

The Troubadour! He knew the
place by reputation—an embodiment
of the worst traditions of its kind. It
occurred to him that when he resigned
his class at the Mission Sunday School
he must not tell his boys where he
was to spend his Sunday afternoons.
Caroline and his mother could never
come to hear him play. His cheeks
burned at thought of their overhear-
ing the unspeakable jests woven into
song and thrown like filth across the
footlights.

A little later, when he was alone in
his room, where it was no longer
necessary to purry Caroline's curiosity,
he told himself, "I've got to take a
common sense view of the matter. I
love music and I've got to put that
first." Automatically he took up his
Bible to read a little before retiring, as
was habit. The leaves fluttered open,
and he found himself staring down at
words which seemed to answer to the
thought in his mind.

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God
and his righteousness."
For a moment he stood like one
stunned. Then he dropped on his
knees, hiding his face in his hands.
And when his white-haired new friend
called the next afternoon Wilbur did
not accompany him to the Troubadour
Theater.

I will be a man first before I seek to
be a musician—a man living up to the
best that is in him," he murmured. "I
did not be-

from about a mile west of Rockwood
to a short distance east of Acton car-
ried destruction in its path. Exhibi-
tion hall with all its offices was utterly
demolished; also the grand stand.
Mr. W. Carroll was working there and
with some boys went into the stand
for safety, but thought wise to leave,
not however, until he was severely
bruised, while Geo. Agnew, the 14-
year-old son of Mr. Robt. Agnew, was
rendered unconscious, and little Fred
Storey, grandson of Reeve Storey, was
blown out of the grand stand into an
oat field 20 or 30 feet away. Mr. John
Williams was waiting at the station
for the 2:27 train and the cover was
lifted off the bus and thrown on the
horses. They started down the track
towards the approaching train and Mr.
Williams was thrown out and knocked
senseless. The horses ran to Froure's
mills. The bus was badly wrecked,
but the horses uninjured. Damage to
barns:—A. McPherson's turned over
bodily; Thos. Cameron's, new roof off
and badly wrecked; John Gamble's
roof off and split in two; his son's at
Orevious Corners, ditto; N. Forbes' at
the corners, unroofed; J. Stephenson's
farther west, ditto; 30 feet gone
off Henry Damper's; L. McMillan's
about as bad as the most of them; one
of Asa Hall's ruined; A. L. Hem-
street's moved about a foot, and the
siding riddled. Trees suffered badly—
Nearly all of Mrs. O. S. Smith's apple
orchard; scores of maples at Alex.
Lushy's; a lot of the old trees at the
park, including the historical tree of
the Acton boys of 30 years ago, with
many names carved thereon; also
many fruit and ornamental trees
throughout the village. The corner
of Harvey's mill shed; the smoke
stacks of McCann's planning mill,
T. O. Moore's factory and Brown's saw
mill, blown down. Along the south
of Mill Street much damage was done.
—A large dry goods box carried from
Kelly Bros. yard over the street
through the window of Wordon Bros.
barber shop; chimneys, windows and
signs blown down. Mr. Geo. Hynds cut
his hand so badly on broken glass
trying to save his goods in the window
that he fainted from loss of blood.
Mrs. McKechnie, of Erin, drove up to
her son's house, and when the horse
was unhitched the buggy overturned
four times. The Brick and Orevious
Corners' church sheds were blown
down; the end of the brick shed at St.
Joseph's Church blown in; and the
brick gable end of the Methodist par-
sonage on Bower Avenue blown in.

A piece of glass about a third of an
inch long, which about eleven years
ago became imbedded in the heel of a
daughter of Mr. R. Wilson, Eden
Mills, was extracted by means of a
poultice a few days ago from the ankle
of Mrs. Jas. Boles, by which name the
young lady in question is now known.

Mr. John Harvey was much sur-
prised and pleased the other day to
receive a present of a fine family
refrigerator from the Bell Ice Co.,
who had last winter stored some 300
or 400 cars of splendid ice on Mr.
Harvey's pond, on the single consider-
ation that the men and teams required
in the cutting and storing should be
hired in Acton. A couple of thousand
dollars were expended for labor, lum-
ber etc.

Mr. T. T. Moore's new house on
Young and Mill Streets is up and en-
closed.

The foundation is about completed
for Mr. J. A. Murray's new house on
Mill Street.

Capt. Shaw's Minorca hens laid
some large eggs last week, five weigh-
ing 10 oz.—just double the weight of
ordinary eggs.

Mr. W. Kannawin, Oreiff, preached
his maiden sermon in Knox Church on
Sunday. Text: "In the day of my
trouble I will call upon Thee, for Thou
wilt answer me," Psalm 87: 7. We
understand he intends entering the
ministry shortly.

MARRIED—In Galt, on July 1st, by
Rev. F. Beattie, Robert J. Lambert to
Miss Maria Peavoy, both of Erin.

BORN—In Acton, on July 6th, to Mr.
and Mrs. A. O. Beardmore, a daughter.

THE MECHANICAL CHOIR

"I hear that your church has install-
ed a phonograph stuffed with sacred
music?"

"Yes. Had to do it. Choir had
struck."

"Now scheme work all right?"

"It's beautiful. Never quarrels with
itself, has no skirts to rustle, doesn't
fret about the angle of its hat, refrains
from giggling or powdering its nose,
and if it gets out of order a mechanic
can repair it."

One Hundred Dollars Reward

The manufacturers of SALVIA, the
new American Hair Grower, offer one
hundred dollars reward to any one
who can prove that SALVIA contains
any injurious ingredient. SALVIA at
once stops the itching of the scalp;

**A Theory the Hotel Manager Re-
fused to Discuss.**

By ARNOLD BENNETT.
The date was the 6th of November.
It was a Friday, and yet there are
people who affect to believe that Fri-
day is not a day singled out from its
six companions for mystery, strange-
ness and disaster. The number of the
room was 222. The hotel I shall call
by the name of the Grand Junction
Terminus hotel.

The Grand Junction is full every
night in the week except Friday, Sat-
urday and Sunday. Every commercial
traveler knows that, except on these
nights, if he wishes to secure a room
he must write or telegraph for it in
advance. And there are 400 bedrooms.

It was somewhat late in the evening
when I arrived in L. On the spur of
the moment I decided to stay at the
Grand Junction if there was space for
me. It is thus that fate works.

I walked into the hall, followed by a
platform porter with my bag. The
place seemed just as usual, the perfec-
tion of the commonplace, the business-
like and the unsprightly.

"Have you a room?" I asked the
young lady in black whose yellow hair
shone gayly at the office window under
the electric light.

She glanced at the ledgers in the im-
passive and detached manner which
hotel young ladies with yellow hair
invariably affect and ejaculated:
"No, 221."

"Pity you couldn't make it all twos,"
I ventured, with timid jocularly. How
could I guess the import of what I
was saying?

She smiled very slightly with a dis-
tant condescension. "Name?" she de-
manded.

"Edge."

In another moment I was in the ele-
vator.

No. 221 was the last door but one at
the end of the eastern corridor of the
fourth floor. It proved to be a double
bedded room, large, exquisitely ugly,
but perfectly appointed in all matters
of comfort. In short, it was character-
istic of the hotel. I knew that every
bedroom in that corridor presented ex-
actly the same aspect. One instinctively
felt the impossibility of anything
weird, anything bizarre, anything ter-
rible, entering the precincts of an
abode so solid, cheerful, orderly and
middle class.

It will be well for me to relate all
that I did that evening. I went down
to the billiard room and played a hun-
dred up with the marker. To show
that my nerves were at least as steady
as usual that night I may mention
that, although the marker gave me fifty,
and beat me, I made a break of
twenty odd which won his generous
approval. The game concluded, I went
into the hall and asked the porter if
there were any telegrams for me.

There were not. I noticed that the
porter—it was the night porter, and he
had just come on duty—seemed to
have a peculiarly honest and attrac-
tive face. Wishing him good night, I
retired to bed.

At 3 o'clock I awoke, not with a
start, but rather gradually. I know it
was exactly 3 o'clock because the
striking of a notoriously noisy church
clock in the neighborhood was the
first thing I heard. But the clock had
not awakened me. I felt sure that
something else, something far more
shister than a church clock, had been
the origin of disturbance.

I listened. Then I heard it again. It
was the sound of a groan in the next
room.

"Some one indisposed either in body
or mind," I thought lightly, and I tried
to go to sleep again. But I could not
sleep. The groans continued and grew
more poignant, more fearsome. At last
I jumped out of bed and turned on the
light.

"That man, whoever he is, is dying."
The idea, as it were, sprang at my
throat. "Only a man who saw Death
by his side and trembled before the
apparition could groan like that."

I put on some clothes and went into
the corridor. It seemed to stretch
away into illimitable distance, and far
off a solitary electric light glimmered.
My end was a haunt of gloomy shad-
ows, except where the open door al-
lowed the light from my bedroom to
illuminate the long, monotonous pat-
tern of the carpet.

I proceeded to the door next my own
—the door of No. 222—and put my ear
against the panel. The sound of groans
was now much more distinct and more
terrifying. I called. No answer.
"What's the matter?" I inquired. No
answer. Then I tried to open the door,
but it was fast.

"Yes," I said to myself, "either he's
dying or he's committed a murder and
is feeling sorry for it. I must fetch the
night porter."

I was compelled to find my way
along endless corridors and down
flights of stairs apparently innumera-
ble. Here and there an electric light
sought with its yellow eye to pierce
the gloom. At length I reached the
hall.

"There's a man either dying or very
ill in No. 222," I said to the night por-
ter.

"Is that so, sir?" he replied.
"Yes," I insisted. "I think he's dy-
ing. Hadn't you better do something?"
"If you think he's dying, sir, I'll call
up the manager, Mr. Thom."

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