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H. P. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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WE are manufacturers and direct importers of all kinds of Monumental and Residence work. We sell direct to our customers at wholesale prices, thus saving our customers 40 per cent. We have the best appliances and the only machinery in the Dominion who can operate pneumatic tools properly. We can give references from hundreds of our customers in Toronto and other places, where others have to stand law suits in order to collect. We have the largest and best stock of Granite in the Dominion, or more than any three dealers in the West. We are legitimate dealers and employ no agents, and do not annoy or pest our customers by sending out ignorant agents to solicit orders—we employ mechanics only and defy competition.

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Select Your **Xmas Gifts** EARLY

and save all the "worry" and weariness" which the holiday rush bring.

Selections made now will be put aside until Christmas. Our stock is at its fullest — which makes satisfactory choosing a most pleasant task.

SAVAGE & Co.

Guelph's Oldest Jewellers

GUELPH - ONT.

Na-dru-co TOOTH PASTE

Arrests Decay

perfumes the breath, and leaves a delightful after taste in the mouth.

The daily use of Na-Dru-Co tooth paste will impart to the teeth a pearly white lustre, unattainable by any other means.

Sold in a collapsible tube with a ribbon mouth.

25c. A. T. BROWN

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HALLOWE'EN PRANKS

THE BOYS started my Fence Wire moving and I intend to keep it moving at 20% less than regular prices until it is all out of the boys' reach.

Would it not pay you to put up that road fence this fall and prevent the snow from filling the road next winter?

Mill Street Acton - Ont.

Agents Wanted

in every town and township in Ontario to take orders for

NORTHERN CROWN NURSERY STOCK

Pay weekly. Use of handsome outfit free. Exclusive territory. We guarantee strictly first class stock delivered in prime condition. It pays to sell for a reliable firm. Established 30 years. Write for particulars.

PORT ELGIN NURSERY PORT ELGIN ONTARIO

EVERTON AND EDEN MILLS

The Best Quality of

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Family and Pastry

FLOUR

For Sale at Lowest Prices

Our Own Make

Chopping Done and Oats Rolled daily.

Feed For Sale.

Cash for Wheat and Oats.

HENRY HORTOP

Seasonable Suggestions

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DOOR CHECKS, COCOA MATTING, RUBBER MATTING, WIRE MATS, WHISKS, BROOMS.

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MANY DECEIVE THEMSELVES

By thinking their eyesight is good, when all the while a slight, scarcely noticeable strain is injuring the optic nerve. The results are expressed in headaches, nervousness, and other ailments. Prevention is better than cure.

LET US DO THE PREVENTING.

A. D. SAVAGE Optometrist and Optician "RIGHT AT THE POST OFFICE" PHONE 627 - GUELPH, ONT.

WANTED NOW.

For ACTON and surrounding district for fall and winter months an energetic reliable agent to take orders for nursery stock. Good Pay Weekly. Outfit Free. Exclusive Territory.

600 ACRES under cultivation. We guarantee to deliver stock in good condition and up to contract grade. We can show that there is good money in representing a well-known reliable firm at this time. Established over 30 years. Write for particulars.

Pelham Nursery Co. TORONTO, ONT.

GEORGETOWN FLORAL CO., Limited, GEORGETOWN.

CUT FLOWER GROWERS Funeral and Wedding Orders a Specialty.

EYES Tested Free!

We do accurate work and guarantee results.

Our Prices are very MODERATE.

See our new *HAND BAGS* before buying a Xmas Present for your wife.

E. J. Hassard DRUGGIST and OPTICIAN Mill St. - Acton

A WORD TO THE WISE ---ON---

FURS

Now is the time to order your Furs. See that our label is on the lining. It means Quality and a guarantee that you get the best for your money.

$15,000 is invested in this stock of Reliable Furs. All these goods were bought before the big advance, as we are one year ahead in buying our stock of Raw Furs. We are the only house in Guelph that handles Furs from the trapper to the wearer. We, therefore, have an advantage over dealers and middlemen. This is why we can sell you Better Furs for less money. We buy for cash and sell for cash also, therefore don't have to charge you two prices.

Join the army of pleased customers. Come early and avoid the rush.

We Remodel Furs to the Latest style at moderate cost.

L. N. E. LAFONTAINE FUR MANUFACTURER 95 Quebec St. E., opposite Heard's office GUELPH - ONT.

Poetry.

THE LITTLE PINK PIGS

The little pink pigs have been rooting around,
Rooting around all night,
Though I warned them well they must slumber sound
Till the blink of the morning light;
I warned them well, as the owner I gowned
And snuggled them warm and tight.
But though I told them they mustn't peep out,
The little pink pigs have been rooting about;
I warned them one and I warned them ten,
So now they must go in the sock-and-shoe pen,
The pen of the sock and shoe.

First the sock and then the shoe; It's nearly eight o'clock!
Lock the little pigs in the sack,
Shoo the little pigs in the shoe,
Pen the little pigs in the pen,
The pen of the shoe and sock.

The little pink pigs with a wriggle and dive,
All under the gown they run;
While the owner watches me coax and drive,
And giggles a gale at the fun,
And squeals as I sweep on a group of five
And capture the five in one.
O, the little pink pigs have been rooting about,
Though I warned them well they mustn't peep out;
So I capture five and I capture ten
And drive them into the sock-and-shoe pen,
The pen of the sock and shoe.

First the sock and then the shoe, and then the shoe and sock.
Lock the little pigs in the sack,
Shoo the little pigs in the shoe,
Pen the little pigs in the pen—
It's almost eight o'clock!

—Edward Vanne Cooke.

Select Family Reading

AN IRISH LAD'S VICTORY

BY ROSE B. WAKEFIELD

THE night was typical of everything that was dreary and cold. A dull beating March rain, with a slush underfoot, made each man and beast shiveringly long for shelter. At No. 18 Howland Avenue, a parcel had been anxiously expected all day, but when the clock struck ten-thirty, Miss Graham settled down in front of her cosy grate fire to enjoy a favorite book. Just at that very moment there resounded through the house a sharp, impatient peal of the bell.

"Surely," exclaimed Miss Graham, "that cannot be my suit at this hour."

But, sure enough, it was just that very suit, and the bedraggled messenger boy who brought it was in no mood for even one word of complaint.

"It's not my fault, Miss, that I'm so late," he said gloomily. "I waited a good hour for the suits to-night, and then I had two for North Parkdale, and one for Wychwood, before ever I had a chance to deliver yours."

Miss Graham noted, as she stood at her open door, that this very late messenger boy had a cigarette in his mouth, and she noted too that while pulling the parcel from his bag his hands shook in a miserably nervous fashion. Now Miss Graham disliked tobacco in every form, and at first she was tempted to invite this rough looking boy into her immaculate home, but another look at his drenched clothes and blue, chilled face decided her to play the role of good Samaritan at all hazards.

"Come inside to the fire while I sign your book," she said heartily. "You look cold."

"I am wet through, but that's no matter," the boy replied gloomily; and then, seemingly changing his mind, he stepped into Miss Graham's hall and began to warm himself at the cheery fire.

The book duly signed, Miss Graham had an inspiration.

"Sit down a moment," she said. "I want to bring you something."

Ten minutes later she returned with a steaming jug of cocoa and a plate of cold buttered muffins.

"Sometimes I have a night lunch," she explained, "and to-night I thought you would share it with me. See, I have brought two cups, and we will have a nice little time together."

All this time the messenger boy had been standing before the fire, with his cap in one hand, and his cigarette in the other. Now he dropped the cap hastily, and after a moment's hesitation, tossed the cigarette into the fire. "Thank you," he stammered, but—I'm not fit to sit down."

For answer, Miss Graham pulled a couple of chairs to the fire, and pouring out the fragrant cocoa, she and her late visitor were soon in friendly conversation.

"Yours is not very pleasant work on a rainy night," she said sympathetically.

"No," the boy replied; and then looking around the cosy apartment he exclaimed, "I say, I wish I were you!"

"Yes? Well, I would not care to be you," Miss Graham replied, and her tones were so plain and yet kindly that the boy, after his first start, returned fearlessly to the attack.

"Why not?" he asked, with quite inconsistent indignation; "are you afraid of my long, late rides, and my wet nights?"

"No," Miss Graham replied, emphatically, "I am not afraid of hard work, I am a teacher, you know, on the East Side, and between my regular school hours and my visiting and my study at home, I generally work ten straight hours of every day. And I like it, too, for I believe hard work is good for most folks. But," she added, "I should not care to have to take your cigarettes into my life."

The boy was silent for a moment, then he said in an explanatory sort of fashion:

"I have smoked ever since I was twelve years old, and I am sixteen now."

"I should not have guessed you were more than fourteen," Miss Graham remarked.

"No, cigarette smokers don't grow fast," the boy replied in a matter-of-fact tone.

Miss Graham refilled her guest's cup before she asked:

"Why don't you give it up?"

"Can't," the boy replied, laconically, and then he added, "I will tell you all about it, Miss. My name is Patrick Fagan, and I came out from Ireland when I was twelve years old. I don't know just how I came to smoke. I suppose it was the other boys at first, darling me to just try one, but now I spend always one dollar a week, and for the life of me I can't keep a position. They all say I'm not stupid, but what good does that do me? One man dismisses me because I forget so many things, and another because I am irritable, and another one says I forget to be a gentleman, and the last one said I wasted too much money to be a safe employee."

"And I suppose all these complaints really spell cigarettes," said Miss Graham, quietly.

"Yes," said Patrick, frankly. "I suppose they do. I heard a man say once that a cigarette fiend was generally selfish and irritable and nervous and wasteful, and he said his memory was sure to be like a sieve. And I'm sure I have proved that every word is true."

Miss Graham was silent for a moment, and then she said gravely:

"Patrick, you ought to be a man. I am going up next week to see my brother, who is a doctor in the country. I know he needs a boy to take care of his horses and the office; would you like to be that boy?"

For answer, Patrick only said dearily:

"It is no use, Miss. I've tried so often to quit smoking, and I'm always beaten."

"A boy with your fine Irish name ought never to breathe the word 'beaten,'" said Miss Graham with fine pride. "You and I belong to a nation that breeds conquerors. I think you will go with me on Tuesday."

And that is exactly what Patrick did.

Dr. Graham was a big, breezy man, and under his wise, kindly leadership there came to this young Irish fighter a hard-won victory. There came also a desire to find and fill his place among men. After a year of faithful service in Dr. Graham's employ, one morning Patrick Fagan started to school.

It was a case of push and plan and plod, but with a clear head and a steady hand, Patrick was ready for hard things. He pluckily and daringly worked his way through high-school and college, and Dr. Graham was right when he affirmed that no man should dare affront such courage by offering even one shred of help.

At last there came the night when college degrees were marking the close of the race, and the President handed to Patrick Fagan a finely engraved M. D. parchment. Turning straightway to Miss Graham and her brother, this very young doctor said quietly:

"If you two had not helped me to fling away those baneful cigarettes there would have been no degree this night for Patrick Fagan."

CROMWELL'S CANNON-BALLS

An interesting discovery has been made on the Varteg Mountain, near Ystalyfera. Laborers employed at cutting away the mountain side, preliminary to building operations, unearthed two or three cannon-balls. They are from four to six inches in diameter and much interest is aroused as to their history. It is a well-known fact that the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, during his campaign in Wales, passed across this valley on his way to Swansea. It is generally supposed that Cromwell did not go down this valley, but travelled through the locality where now lies Brynammon. According to the Cardiff Mail, however, a local historian asserts that he lodged at the Varteg Farm, where now resides Mr. Moses Flood Williams. It is certainly possible that these cannon-balls are remains of Cromwell's spent ammunition. It is an historical fact that Cromwell's forces, headed by the Protector himself, demolished Oystermouth Castle. He also brought heavy cannon to finish the siege of Pembroke, where the Royalists made their last stand.

SUCCESS MUST BE PAID FOR

Do not be surprised if the course you have chosen presents some difficulties. Do not lose heart because the path you have decided upon has some rough places. The people who are ready to change as soon as they encounter something hard and trying will never make a success of anything, for all real success must be paid for in precious coin. To change location, or occupation, in the hope of avoiding difficulties, is labor thrown away.

The Ladies of Acton May Now Grow Beautiful Hair

Mr. Hassard, backed up by the manufacturers of SALVIA, the Great Hair Grower, guarantees it to grow hair.

SALVIA destroys Dandruff in ten days.

The roots of the hair are so nourished and feed that a new crop of hair springs up, to the amazement and delight of the user. The hair is made soft and fluffy. Like all American preparations SALVIA is daintily perfumed. It is hard to find an actress who does not use SALVIA continually. A large bottle for 50c.

THE MARKET FOR IDEAS

There is a clerk in a dry-goods emporium in an Eastern city who adds not a little to his regular income by a truly original "side-line"—that of selling ideas. Some years ago he began writing in an ambitious way for some of the better-paying periodicals. Invariably his articles were returned to him. But one day a discerning editor tacked a postscript comment to his printed form of rejection:

"Your article is not well written. But you have an idea in it. We will pay you for the idea.

The check which accompanied this curt acceptance salved the would-be author's feelings. Soon he began to send out other articles to this same paper, suggesting that he would gladly repeat the former experience. This time came a note saying that anything sent would be cordially considered, and again a check was sent for the use of his article "as material" to be re-written in the office. Since that time the young man has found it feasible to collaborate with a skilled writer, who puts his work into shape before sending. But his experience proves that the world wants and will pay for ideas.

The market for ideas is an open one. The tiniest real thought, provided it has the live spark of originality in it, finds hands grasping for it almost before it has left the brain. Fortunes are not made by imitators. The inventors are men who have found, if not some new thing, at least some new way of doing an old thing. The secret of mediocrity, if not the whole secret of failure, in the life-career of many a young person, is that he started out with the notion of doing like someone else, content with being a more or less imperfect copy of someone who had already achieved success. Remember, no one admires the imitator; no one pays for imitation; and on one improves or developes his own character in any other way than through self-expression.

So, young people, set your wits to work. You need not aim to be inventors, though that is a profitable and praiseworthy business. But keep your thinking machinery at work. Use your mind in your work. Notice what goes on about you. Think about it. If things go wrong, instead of fretting, find out some remedy. If it is nothing but a door squeaking, see why and stop it. Find out short cuts of doing things. Don't talk about it. Think about it. You may think yourself into a fortune.

Two or three years ago a hardware dealer in a country town advertised for a boy to grow up with the business. Several presented themselves, were examined, and we returned away. A freckled, stubby little fellow came at last, who announced briefly that he had "come for that job."

Something about his cool blue eyes and his steady mouth and chin made the junior partner look twice at him.

"We use brains in our business!" he said, a little gruffly.

The boy had nothing to say to that, but he did not look abashed, and kept his steady gaze on the man who was talking to him.

"Where do you keep your wits in working-time, youngster?" asked the man.

"Handy!" flashed the boy, with a red flush showing through his freckles. "I use them in my business!"

The man dropped off his tall book-keeper's stool and extended his hand with an admiring exclamation.

"Good for you, boy! You needn't mind the way I spoke to you! I'm sick and tired of the folks that don't, that's all. You can have the job till you outgrow it; if that's your style, and we'll soon find out whether 'tis or not."

A GIRL'S SONG

At the time of the terrible accident, two or three years ago at the coal mines near Scranton, Pa., several men were buried for three days, and all efforts to rescue them proved unsuccessful.

The majority of the miners were Germans. They were in a state of intense excitement, caused by sympathy for the wives and children of the buried men, and despair at their own balked efforts.

A great mob of ignorant men and women assembled at the mouth of the mine on the evening of the third day in a condition of high nervous tension which fitted them for any mad act. A sullen murmur arose that it was folly to dig farther—that the men were dead. And this was followed by cries of rage at the rich mine owners.

A hasty word or gesture might have produced an outbreak of fury. Standing near me was a little German girl, perhaps eleven years old. Her pale face and frightened glances from side to side showed that she fully understood the danger of the moment. Suddenly, with a great effort, she began to sing in a hoarse whisper which could not be heard. Then she gained courage, and her sweet, childish voice rang out in Luther's grand old hymn, familiar to every German from his cradle, "A mighty fortress is our God."

There was silence like death. Then one voice joined the girl's and presently another and another, until from the whole great multitude rose the solemn cry:

With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon are we o'erridden,
But for us fights the godly Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye his name?
Christ Jesus is his name.

A great quiet seemed to fall upon their hearts. They resumed their work with fresh zeal, and before morning the joyful cry came up from the pit that the men were found—alive. Never was a word more in season than that child's hymn.—Our Young Folks.

A jealous woman with a handsome husband is entitled to a lot of sympathy.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes From the Free Press of 4th December, 1890

Winter seems to have settled down in real earnest.

Mr. W. L. Worden, Jr., has opened a shop in connection with his bakery next door to William's shoe store.

Revs. G. R. Turk, Guelph, and W. M. Patton, Georgetown, have been assisting in the special services in the Methodist Church during the week.

Mr. Chas. Taylor, Crowsons Corners, has purchased from Mr. James Brown the house and lot on Main Street lately vacated by him, and has moved thereto. Previous to leaving Crowsons Corners the friends of the family gathered at their home and a very pleasant evening was spent.

Mr. James Brown has his new saw mill in operation and it gives complete satisfaction.

On Monday afternoon an event was enacted in the home of Mr. Luther Lyman which will never be repeated in that family, when his only daughter, Miss Mary, was united in marriage, to Mr. John Walker, of Stratford. This closed a rather romantic courtship, extending over a period of some ten years. Acton friends wish the happy pair abundance of blessings.

At Markham, on Nov. 26th Miss Gussie Speight, daughter of Mr. Michael Speight, formerly of Acton, was married to Mr. B. R. Brown, of Lansing. At 6.30 p. m. the bride was led into the parlor, supported by her brother, Mr. C. C. Speight, of Acton, and was attended by her sister, Miss Nellie, and her neice, little Miss Bertie Speight, Acton. Rev. N. Hill, pronounced the solemn words which made them man and wife. The bride is a native of Acton and spent her girlhood days here, where she was much esteemed.

Mrs. Oliver Lasby, Sr., one of the old settlers here, passed away on the 29th of November. She was born in Scotland, but at seven years of age went with her parents to South America, whence, two years later, they came to Canada. Her father, Alex. McTavish, was one of Guelph's pioneers, and settled within the present limits of the city. She was married in 1831 to Mr. Lasby, of Nichol, whence about ten years later, there was quite an exodus of families to Acton vicinity, Messrs. Abram Matthews, Thos. Moore, John Nicklin and Oliver Lasby, with their families settling here. The Lasbys settled on the farm on the boundry line of the corporation and the family has been there for forty-five years. Four sons and six daughters are still living of a family of twelve, viz: Joseph, Oliver, and Alexander, of this vicinity; John and Mrs. Hanson, of Bowmanville; Mrs. Wm. Crawson, Huntsville; Mrs. Mrs. B. W. Nicklin, Acton; Mrs. J. Flanagan, Gore Bay; Mrs. R. Flanagan and Mrs. Jas. Nicklin, Lowell, Mich.

In the Municipal Council the resignation of Mr. Luther Lyman as lamplighter, was accepted, and the Streets and Walks Committee reported that W. P. Campbell had been appointed, and that 41 lamps were in working order. The committee re drill shed removal reported that they had secured right of way through the properties necessary to be crossed on route to the park.

An exchange says that Rev. Dr. J. K. Smith, formerly pastor of Knox Church, Galt, the largest Presbyterian congregation in Canada, has resigned from St. John's Church, San Francisco, being charged with preaching "Christ and Him crucified" too strongly to "draw", the congregation being heavily in debt before he took charge.

MARRIED—In Acton, on Dec. 1st, by Rev. Dr. Gilford, Mr. John Walker, of the G. T. R., Stratford, to Miss Mary, only daughter of Mr. Luther Lyman, Acton.

MARRIED—In Markham, on Nov. 26th, by Rev. N. Hill, Benj. R. Brown, merchant, Lansing, son of Mr. John Brown, of Richmond Hill, to Gussie, second daughter of the late Michael Speight, formerly of Acton.

DIED—At Eden Mills, on Nov. 27th, Mrs. Wm. Hardwell, aged 91 years.

DIED—At Palermo, on Nov. 28th Amy, daughter of Mr. Edward K. Cook, son of Rev. R. H. Cook, Acton, aged 10 years.

DIED—At Acton, on Nov. 29th, Mary McTavish, relict of the late Oliver Lasby, Sr., aged 73 years.

DIED—At Niagara Falls South, on Dec. 1st, Mary, relict of the late John Ker, and sister of the late Alex. Brown, Sr., Acton, aged 80 years.

"LOVE ME, TOO!"

"Love me, too!" The speaker was a little dark-haired maiden, and her big brown eyes were welling up with tears. She was one of the deserted child-wives of India's shadowed households. Lame and helpless from a diseased knee-joint, and so, useless as a slave to him, her husband had turned her out upon the roadside to die. The pitiable little crouching figure drew the attention of a police officer, who brought her to the nearest Christian mission hospital, where now she is being tenderly nursed back to health.

It was the hour of evening prayer, and the doctor had lifted upon her knee the baby of the ward, also a deserted girl. The little child-wife hungrily watched the gentle caresses of the white hand on the wee brown head that nestled confidingly on the missionary's shoulder, and slipping off the hospital bed she crept up to the pair. Taking the good doctor's hand in hers, she laid it on her own bare head, and uttered the wistful cry, "Love me, too!"

"Love me, too!" It is the cry, uttered or unexpressed, of each little sufferer who enters the wards.

There is no pleasure beyond the rules of righteousness toward others; there is no pleasure in what injures another.—Watkinson.

OUT IN THE FIELDS

The little cares that fretted me, I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields above the sea, among the waves at play!
Among the lowing of the herds, the rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds, the humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what may happen, I cast them all away,
Among the clover-scented grass, among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn, where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born—out in the fields with God.

—E. R. Browning.

FLIES BY THE TON

When the government of Mexico decided to drain Lake Texcoco, just east of the city, in order to lessen the danger of floods during the rainy season, and also to get at the rich soda deposits in the bed of the lake, it sounded the doom of one of the queerest and most interesting industries in the new world, that of catching flies for market.

Since the days of the Aztec lords of Mexico a small band of natives has made a comfortable living out of the business of supplying the canaries and other pet birds and fine poultry of the United States and Mexico with the delicacy of dry, salted flies.

Now the lake is drying up, the flies have disappeared and the birds are to go hungry and the fly-catchers have abandoned their pleasant vocation for the drudgery of digging soda from the bottom of a smelly lake.

Until recent years the annual production of dried insects was measured in tons and until this year was sufficient to afford a mean of livelihood to a small colony of native fly-catchers.

These market flies are a little smaller than the ordinary house-fly. Preserved in the natural salts they were found to be an excellent food for caged birds and chickens, and hundreds of sacks were shipped annually to bird dealers in the United States and Germany.

The insects are caught in nets as they swarm near the lake's surface, killed by drowning in the water and immediately spread out on sheets to dry. After this simple curing process they are sacked up and are then ready for market.

During the year 1909 more than 810,000 worth were shipped to Europe alone.

JEFFERSON'S RULES

Do not sit up late at night; study and work in the daytime.

Rise early and go to bed early.

Avoid novel-reading, and cultivate the companionship of good books.

Never tell a lie or stoop to a mean act.

Be kind to every living creature.

Speak no evil of any one.

Be good, adore God, be loyal to friends, and love your country better than yourself.

Take hold of things by the smooth handle; avoid disputes, do not turn pleasant conversation into heated argument.

Too much speaking is not best.

Never spend your money before you have it.

Never buy what you do not need because it is cheap.

Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.

We never repent of having eaten too little.

Never borrow trouble.

FATHER AND SON

The professional humorist was having his boots blackened. "And is your father a bootblack, too?" he asked the boy. "No, sir!" replied the bootblack; "my father is a farmer." "Ah!" said the professional humorist, reaching for his notebook, "he believes in making hay while the sun shines."

CALAIS AND ITS LIGHTHOUSE

Calais is rather an untidy place for a French town. The Place d'Armes, where the tower of the Hotel de Ville has remained since the fifteenth century, is the center spot. Here Calais meets its friends and has its cafe noir. In the square, towering out of the roofs of surrounding houses and dwarfing them, is the old watchtower. Since 1848 it has been superseded as a lighthouse by the magnificent one at present in use. Never shall I forget the effect of this lighthouse as I stood under it that night. The revolving spokes of light cast away into filmy space in all directions, looked like the ribs of a huge umbrella being turned by the white handle, which was the lighthouse tower. So tall is this that its revolving light can be seen from a distance of twenty miles at sea.—Wide World.

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 tranquillizing 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. Northrop & 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.