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—ON—
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Sash Doors and all kinds of interior work.

THOS. WREN, Foreman.

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ACTON and GEORGETOWN

Poetry.

FINNIGAN TO FLANNIGAN

Superintendent wuz Flannigan;
Boss av the station wuz Finnigan:
Whiniver the kyars got offen the track
An' muddled up things t' th' divil an' back,
Finnigan writ it to Flannigan,
Afther the wreck wuz all on again:
Reported to Flannigan.

Whin Finnigan first writ to Flannigan,
He writed tin pages—did Finnigan,
An' he tould jist how the smash to cure;
Full minny a tayjus, blunderin' word
Did Finnigan write to Flannigan
Afther the cars had gon on agin,
That wuz how Finnigan
Reported to Flannigan.

Now Flannigan knowed more than Finnigan—
He'd more injucation—had Flannigan;
An' it wor'n plane an' completely out
To tell what Finnigan writ about,
In his writin' to Muster Flannigan.
So he writed back to Finnigan:
"Don't do sich a sin agin;
Make 'em brief, Finnigin!"

Whin Finnigan got this from Flannigan,
He blushed rosy red—did Finnigan:
An' he said: "I'll gamble a whole month's pa-ay
That it will be minny an' minny a da-ay
Before Superintendent, that's Flannigan,
Gits a whack at this very same sin agin.
From Finnigan to Flannigan
Reports won't be long agin."

Wan day on the station av Finnigin
On the road sup'rintinded by Flannigan,
A rail give way on a bit av a curve
An' some kyars went off as they made the swerve.
"There's nobody hurted," sez Flannigan.
But reports must be made to Flannigan."
An' he winked at McGorrigan,
As married a Finnigan.

He wux shan't'in' thin, wux Finnigan,
As minny a railroader's been agin.
An' the shinsky of lamp was burnin' bright
In Finnigan's shanty all that night—
Billin' down his report was Finnigan!
An' he writed this here: "Muster Flannigan:
Off agin, on agin,
Gone agin.—Finnigan."

—S. W. Gillilan.

Select Family Reading

"DID YOU SEE WATKINS?"

By Harriet Lummis Smith

PETER had been in the employ of Hickman & Webb a little less than six months. When he had presented himself asking for work, the office manager had told him shortly that they were full. Turning away, Peter almost fell over Mr. Hickman, the senior partner.

"Well, young man!" Mr. Hickman, who was short and rotund, looked up with a twinkle at the broad-shouldered young giant looming over him. "You need to be careful whom you run down. What are you looking for?"

"A job," Peter replied succinctly, and returned Mr. Hickman's smile. The senior partner was indeed, far less formidable than his office manager.

"And they don't want you? That's a pity." Mr. Hickman studied the clear-cut young face with the sharp attention of a man who has won his success in part through his ability to judge other men. "What kind of work do you want?"

"Any kind I can get."

"How much do you want for it?"

"Whatever you pay."

"Russell," shouted Mr. Hickman, "make a place for this fellow somewhere—anywhere." He went on to his private office, while Russell said something about the difficulty of maintaining discipline when people kept interfering. But Peter was started.

There was nothing unusual about those first six months. Peter did his work satisfactorily, and that was all, as far as the majority of his fellow-workers knew. But one day Mr. Hickman opened their eyes. He had asked one of the men for some information concerning the business which he was unable to give. The man next higher up was appealed to. He "wasn't sure, but would look the matter up."

"No time for that; call Cole," snapped Mr. Hickman.

Peter appeared, and being appealed to, gave the information needed, quite unconscious of the dramatic element in the situation.

It was a fortnight after this episode that Mr. Hickman lost his temper over his morning's mail. The report of one of his salesmen was on the desk before him, and accounted for the sudden disappearance of his customary good nature. After indulging himself in several savage and uncharacteristic speeches, he said to his stenographer, "Call that young Cole."

Peter appeared, with his genial air of being ready for anything, and Mr. Hickman looked him over. "Ever sell goods?" he demanded.

"I canvassed for a campaign life of McKinley," Peter replied.

"Sit down, Cole, and listen. There is a country merchant up in the state here, whose trade we are anxious to get. He isn't even on the railroad, but he does a good business, and if the S. & M. run a branch line through that country next year, as looks likely, he'll do better yet. I gave McNally directions to see him this trip without fail, for we've got a line that will appeal particularly to country buyers. This morning, McNally's report comes in, and he says, 'Unable to see Watkins.' " Mr. Hickman frowned again. "'Unable' is a word I've very little use for, Cole."

"Yes, sir," said Peter. It was a word he himself had lost respect for.

"By this time McNally is two hundred miles further on, with an important deal that will take him some time to close up. Now if I trust you with this, Cole, will you be 'unable to see Watkins,' do you think?"

"I'll see Watkins," said Peter quietly. So unexpectedly, at ten o'clock that morning, Peter found himself starting on the career of travelling salesman, money in his pocket, sample case in hand, and joy in his heart.

He left the train at Elderberry, one the communities for which his experience as a canvasser had prepared him. Beside the station a store was in evidence, and a saloon, and two or three houses seemed to hold themselves aloof with an air of exclusiveness which their appearance hardly justified. Peter walked briskly to the store, and instituted inquiries.

"Watkins? Yes, he is ten miles east of here," said the proprietor, looking him over. "There was a fellow here three days ago. But he gave it up when he heard it would be a ten mile drive."

"Where can I get a team?" said Peter cheerfully.

"You'd better let me drive you," said the proprietor. "The undertaker's got horses, but he'll charge you a robber's price. I'll do it for two dollars, and send my boy along to drive you."

"That'll do. Bring on your boy."

"He's out delivering just at this minute. But he'll be back in no time. Just you sit down and take things easy."

This part of the programme did not greatly appeal to Peter. The work of waiting was the hardest he ever attempted. But he took a chair, pulled a book from his pocket, and soon had forgotten his surroundings in absorption in his reading. Peter's educational advantages had not measured up to his ambition. He tried to make up for this deficiency by utilizing every minute of his scant leisure.

The storekeeper's boy drove up at last, and his father gave him his directions. Then he approached Peter unwillingly. "All ready."

Peter stared. "Why, can't you give me anything better than one of your wagons for a twenty-mile drive?"

"It's all I've got," said the storekeeper in an injured tone, "and there's plenty of rigs not as comfortable as a grocer's wagon."

Peter shrugged his shoulders. "Well, the thing I want most is to get there," and he picked up his grip.

The lean, nervous horse covered the ground at a rate of speed which helped to dissipate Peter's lingering regret that he had not patronized the undertaker. But after about two miles it balted with an abruptness that came near dislodging Peter from his seat. He looked inquiringly at his freckled companion who returned his gaze calmly. "Reckon old Lute's going to have one of her spells," he explained.

"Spells! What kind of spells?"

"Balks," said the boy uncompromisingly. "She's a bad one for that. There's nothing to do, pa says, but to set and wait till she gets over it."

"Well, I haven't got time to wait. Give me the lines."

But Peter's horsemanship was not equal to the task of starting the obstinate Lute upon her way, and the grocer's boy was plainly triumphant over his failure. "I told you so!" he said with satisfaction. "The only thing to do is to wait."

"But how long is it likely to be before she starts?"

"No telling. Sometimes she'll start in half an hour. Once she balked six hours running. It'll be all the longer because you used the whip on her."

The rattle of wheels aroused Peter from his melancholy reflections. He looked over his shoulder. An old farmer was pulling up his team, and regarding the scene with smiling approbation.

"Balking again, is she?" said the farmer. "She's a cute one, old Lute is. I'll warrant you paid in advance," he added, contemplating Peter with a knowing smile.

"I did, worse luck," sighed Peter.

"They generally do," the farmer chuckled, "and then after a mile two they're very glad to get a lift from anybody going this way. "Where is it you want to go?"

"Watkins' store."

"I go within a mile of there. You're welcome to ride with me if you like."

Peter accepted the invitation with alacrity, and they rattled off, leaving Lute with her four legs planted far apart, as if defying dislodgement. The farm wagon was a shade less comfortable than the grocer's, but Peter found his companion a shrewd old fellow whose comments on men and things were sufficiently entertaining to make the time pass pleasantly. He left Peter a mile from his destination, but by this time the young fellow was glad to stretch his limbs, and even the combined weight of the sample case and suit case did not appal him.

He walked into Watkins' store at last with a triumphant sense of having scored. His sympathy for McNally had increased decidedly since he left home, and he no longer was disposed to be contemptuous of his predecessor's failure to "see Watkins." But he had accomplished the feat in which the other had failed, and his mood was congratulatory.

"I'd like to see Mr. Watkins," he said to the buxom young woman who came forward with an interrogative air.

"I'm sorry, but father's not at home."

"When do you expect him back?"

"Why, I'm not sure." The girl studied Peter's disappointed face. "You're a salesman, aren't you?"

"Yes ma'am," Peter replied, hardly certain of his right to claim the honor.

"I'm afraid you won't have much chance to talk business to father for a week yet. You see the circus are running." She laughed at his blank look. "They're a kind of fish, you know."

"Never heard of them."

"They say there are only two or three places in the United States where they can be caught, and that only for a week or ten days, in the spring, when a certain kind of fly is to be had. Father sticks to business all the year, till it comes time for circus fishing. Then he's off, and we don't see him again till the season's over."

Peter was reflecting. By this time a strong sympathy for McNally had taken the place of his former lofty contempt. But he was not ready to give up.

"Where does he go to fish?"

"Lake Augusta. It's twelve miles north of here. He's got a place on the shore. I'm sorry," she added, and turned from Peter to give her attention to a customer. As for Peter, he sat down and began to map out a plan of operation. He had come to see Watkins, and he still intended to see him.

The following morning, a gray-bearded fisherman, the sole occupant of a small boat, looked up impatiently at the sound of a paddle. The other boat came into view, propelled by a broad-shouldered young fellow who seemed to be thinking solely of the sport awaiting him. Without so much as a glance in the direction of the other boat, Peter came to a halt, and took up his fishing rod.

Mr. Watkins was not so absorbed as to fail to recognize that Peter was an amateur. Presently he felt it incumbent to offer some advice. Peter was grateful, and teachable, and Mr. Watkins' heart warmed toward him. In the course of the morning, he offered considerable counsel, all of which Peter accepted and acted upon. Mr. Watkins felt a not unnatural pride in his improvement.

At noon the older man looked at his watch and sighed. "Feeding time," he said. "A fellow hates to stop when they're biting so pretty."

"There isn't any use for both of us to stop, quite yet," suggested Peter. "I've got some bread and cheese along and if you've got a frying pan, I'll fry fish enough for both of us."

"You'll find a frying pan and a pail for making coffee in that shack, just beyond the big birch tree. But be careful how you fry the fish, young man. I'm particular about fish-frying."

"So am I," returned Peter, and paddled ashore. In half an hour he summoned his companion to dinner. Mr. Watkins, after tasting the cheese cautiously, bestowed upon Peter a glance of approval.

"You can cook better'n you can fish," he said.

"I've done more of it," Peter replied. He had, indeed, done himself credit, and the simple meal would have tempted appetites not sharpened by the fresh outdoor air. Mr. Watkins ate with a relish, and when the frying pan was empty, rose and turned again toward the lake. "Coming along?" he asked over his shoulder.

"As soon as I get things cleaned up a bit. When mother taught me to cook, she taught me to wash the dishes, too," he explained.

Mr. Watkins was beginning to think a youth with these gifts would make a desirable camp-mate. "Look here," he said, "Go'nt you want to spend the night with me? My shack has two bunks, and you're welcome."

Peter accepted gravely, and went to get some sand with which to scour the frying pan.

That night, after another satisfying meal they sat by the fire and talked. Presently Mr. Watkins' gaze wandered to Peter's belongings, piled up by the door of the shack. "Sample case?" he questioned.

"Yes, sir."

"So you're a drummer? What's your line?"

"I show you." Peter brought out his sample case and opened it. The two heads met over its contents, and the leaping flames gave light enough for inspection.

Late the next afternoon Peter walked into the office of Hickman & Webb. Mr. Hickman looked up from his desk, and demanded, "Seen Watkins?"

"I saw Watkins." Peter took a folded paper from his pocket and handed it over for the senior partner's inspection. Mr. Hickman studied it with little change of expression.

"You go on the travelling force the first of the month, Cole," he said. "Seventy-five dollars and expenses to begin with. And the sooner you make us raise it to a hundred and fifty, the better we'll like it."

That is the story of Peter's first promotion. And the others — and there are others—came in quick succession. Each was earned in a similar way to his first one. And ingenuity and persistence, conquering circumstances, play the chief part.

THE REASONS

A teacher in one of the public schools asked the pupils one day if any of them know how many seasons there were, and what they were called. A small Jewish girl raised her hand and said:

"Two."

"Two!" exclaimed the teacher. "What are they?"

"The busy and the slack," was the prompt reply.

WILL MAKE HAIR GROW

Every up-to-date woman should have beautiful hair.

There are thousands of women with harsh, faded, characterless hair, who do not try to improve it.

In England and Paris women take pride in having beautiful hair. Every Canadian woman can have lustrous and luxuriant hair by using SALVIA, the Great American Sage Hair Tonic. Mr. Hassard sells a large bottle for 50 cents, and guarantees it to banish Dandruff, stop falling hair and itching scalp in ten days, or money back.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes From the Free Press of 11th December, 1890

Below zero Sunday night.

Mr. Joseph Lasby has the foundation completed for a fine new bank barn to be erected next spring.

At the auction sale of Mrs. McCann's property, the shop and residence failed to secure a purchaser, but the vacant lot on Mill Street was purchased by Mr. Thos. T. Moore, whose property joined it, for $92. Mr. Moore has a fine block of four lots there with two corner lots.

On Saturday, Mrs. Joseph Cripps, of Nassagaweya, while walking up Main Street, slipped and fell, and had to be carried into Mrs. Adams' store. On examination it was found that her hip joint was so injured that she will require several weeks rest for recovery.

On Saturday the Campbell House, the hotel property of the late James Campbell, was sold by Auctioneer Hemstreet to Mr. G. O. Clark for $3,125. Under Mr. Clark's management the Campbell House has been in favor with the travelling public.

Rev. A. H. Drumm, of Georgetown, preached at the Knox Church pre-communion service on Friday. Rev. J. W. Rae preached on Sunday.

Mr. David Swackhamer, 8th line, Esquesing, was hauling logs home for firewood on Wednesday last week when one of them of peculiar shape, turned over after the starting of the load, and crushed Mr. Swackhamer's left leg, breaking both bones below the knee. Mr. Swackhamer was about starting on a job of work which was to keep him fully engaged all winter.

Rev. D. V. Lucas, of Montreal, recently returned from Australia, preached on Sunday in the Methodist Church and at Knox Church in the evening. At the close of the evening service he spoke again on "The Wines of the Bible." on Monday evening he lectured on "Queer Things I saw in Australia" in the Methodist Church, and on Tuesday evening, on "Thumbs up or Thumbs Down" in the town hall.

Mr. A. F. Smith has received the following letter from his little daughter, Maggie, who last September entered the Ontario Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville:

Belleville, Dec. 3rd, 1890.

Dear Father:—I am well and happy and I hope you and all at home are the same. Best love to you all. Your loving daughter, MAGGIE SMITH.

The writing would be a credit to a child of her age with all her faculties and exhibits marvellous progress for so short a term.

The special services in the Methodist Church closed on Friday night. The meetings though of a quiet character were pervaded with a strong spiritual influence. A reception service was held on the closing night, when twenty-eight persons were received, Rev. Dr. Gifford addressed them earnestly on their privileges and responsibilities.

Mr. Thomas Blair and Miss Mary, of Kilbride, visited friends here during the week.

Miss Jessie Nicklin now occupies a place in the office of the Canada Glove Works.

Rev. A. H. Drumm's resignation of the charge of the Georgetown and Limehouse Presbyterian congregations was accepted by the Toronto Presbytery.

BORN—In Nassagaweya, on December 6th, to Mr. and Mrs. John McKinnon, a son.

BORN—In Acton, on December 10th, to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rutledge, a daughter.

PEOPLE VERSUS THINGS

It was a fresh, glad Sunday in June, and Ned and I walked straight two miles to hear Dr. Bright preach. Among the many finely helpful things that were said, there was one that fairly gripped me.

Dr. Bright was talking about making our everyday work throb with life, and he put it something after this fashion:

"When a tradesman ceases to deal with his material, sugar and in itself, and lifting his eyes to the man who is to use it, fashions it so that it may be a faithful aid to its unknown future owner, he lifts his trade out of the realm of dead commercialism, into the region of living service."

As we were walking home, who should overtake us, but hospitable Mrs. O'Neil, and nothing would do but that we should slip into her cosy shop parlor for a cup of tea.

"You've got a fine preacher, Mrs. O'Neil!" Ned exclaimed.

"True, that he is," the Irishwoman gladly agreed, "I'm always proud to think he's fed on my groceries."

"Then you know him before, about looking away from material things, to the men and women who are to be helped by them?" I questioned.

"Sure I did. It's never sugar and bacon with me, but the people who are to be made strong by my sweet, pure, honest goods; and this for twenty years has been my business, a joy instead of a grind."

Ned and I elaborated this new doctrine as we strolled homeward through the leafy summer sunshine.

"Why," said Ned, "it would take the writing of an insurance, and the selling of nails and steaks, clean out of the region of drudgery."

"And just remembering it would make baking pies, and sewing garments, and waiting on crusty customers, a regular snap," I added.

And then we both remembered Dr. Bright's closing words: "The young man or woman who gets this blessed viewpoint, need never fear the grind of life. Life can't grind the folk who traffic not in things, but in people."

Men say they are not responsible for the actions of their brethren, but they are so far as their example has been contributary to the misfortune or downfall of their brethren. — Jean Smith.

IF THE HEART IS RIGHT

It doesn't so much matter
What path our feet may tread,
Or whether the cheering hopes we knew
In youth are vanished—dead.
We shall find a gleam in the darkness
To guide in the dreary night,
And a joyful song, as we journey along,
If we go with a heart that's right.

We slip from the cup the sweetness
And then the bitter gall:
Blossoms and friends are swept away,
Dreams are forgotten—all.
And you who have known the tugging
That comes to the heart-strings tight,
Known of the balm, the peace and calm
That comes from a heart that's right.

The thorns that beset the causeway,
May fester and wound the feet,
The cup you drink may end with gall,
Drowning the cherished sweet;
But the nectar for which you hunger,
The roses that suffered blight,
Will be yours to taste and smell again
If you go with a heart that's right.

WORTH THE MONEY

Lawyer Flatterby, finding himself troubled with frequent palpitations of the heart and an accompanying short ness of breath, consulted a gruff old physician of his acquaintance.

"H'm!" ejaculated the doctor, after a brief examination. "Do you use tobacco?"

"Do I use tobacco? Well, rather! I've chewed and smoked for the last twenty-five years. When I am not doing one I'm doing the other."

"Well," said the doctor, turning again to his desk, "I can't do anything for you, Flatterby. The only thing that would relieve you of your ailment would be sudden and permanent swearing-off from your tobacco habit, and you couldn't break yourself of that to save your life."

"I can't, hey!" snorted the lawyer. "I'll show you!"

He took a pipe, a sack of smoking tobacco and a package of "fine-cut" from the pockets of his coat, threw them into the doctor's stove, and stalked out of the office.

Two months later he called on the physician again.

"Doctor," he said, "I want to see if there is any change in the condition of my heart."

The doctor made another examination.

"There doesn't seem to be anything at all the matter with it!" he growled. "What have you been doing to it?"

"I've been doing what you said I couldn't do to save my life. I've sworn off from the tobacco habit, and I've stayed sworn off. I have come to settle my bill."

"You don't owe me a cent." "I didn't give you any advice."

"I say you did, and I am going to pay you! You won't take it? I'll show you about that, too!"

He opened the door of the doctor's stove, which fortunately had no fire in it this time, threw a ten-dollar bill inside, and stamped out of the office with the air of a man who has asserted himself and relieved his mind—Youth's Companion.

TWO CHEERFUL LIARS

Two Americans were disputing as to which had experienced the greatest cold in winter. Said one: "In the part of Iceland where I was last summer the ground is frozen so hard all the year round that when they want to bury a man they just sharpen his feet and drive him in with a pile hammer."

The other replied: "Yes, I know that place. Didn't stay there long—found it not quite bracing enough for me. Went on to a small town farther north. The hotel where I was staying caught fire. My room was on the top story. No fire escapes or ladders in that primitive settlement. Staircases burnt away. Luckily, kept my presence of mind. Emptied my bath out of the window and slid down the icicle."—Truth.

MAGNIFYING DIFFICULTIES

Our difficulties are big enough without magnifying them artificially. Worry is one of these undesirable magnifying glasses. To the habitual worrier, any little obstacle which optimism would brush aside with a flirt of his handkerchief, assumes mountainous proportions. Laziness is a great magnifier. To a lazy person anything he is called upon to do looks bigger and weighs heavier than another's task. Selfishness is a magnifying glass. Selfish people use their own sacrifices exaggerated out of all recognition.

Don't use the magnifying glasses which make your difficulties look enormous and which enlarge your sacrifices to colossal proportions. Depend on your own eyes. See things as they are.

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.