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H. P. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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WATER AND WEATHER PROOF SHOES

They are not the big and clumsy kind you have been used to seeing. They are snug, warm and watertight, and yet are smart enough in appearance to wear in any kind of weather.

W. WILLIAMS Mill Street Acton.

Poetry.

HOW HE WAKENED GRANDMOTHER

Mamma said: "Little one, go and see
If grandmother's ready to come to tea."
I knew I mustn't disturb her, so
I stepped as gently along tiptoe,
And stood a moment to take a peep—
And there was grandmother, fast asleep.
I knew it was time for her to wake;
I thought I'd give her a little shake;
Or tap at her door, or softly call:
But I hadn't the heart for that at all—
She looked so sweet and so quiet there
Lying back in her high armchair,
With her dear white hair and a little smile
That means she's loving you all the while.
I didn't make a speck of noise;
I knew she was dreaming of little boys
And girls who lived with her long ago,
And then went to heaven—she had told me so.
I went up close, and I didn't speak
One word, but I gave her, on her cheek,
The softest bit of a little kiss,
Just in a whisper, and then said this:
"Grandma, dear, it's time for tea."
She opened her eyes, and looked at me,
And said: "Why, pet, I have just now dreamed
Of a little angel who came, and seemed
To kiss me lovingly on my face"—
She pointed right at the very place,
I never told her 'twas only me;
I took her hand, and we went to tea.
—Sydney Dare.

Select Family Reading

Jack's Good Name

"AND I can't do anything for him—not one single thing!" Jack shook his head mournfully as he arrived at this sorrowful conclusion. "I can't go and see him and sit with him because I haven't got the time. I can't send him fruit and books and things, like well-off folks does when their folks has to go to the hospital, because I haven't got the money. I can't earn a cent more'n mother and the young ones need. No help for Billy from me."

Billy was an orphan boy younger than Jack. He had recently, with some relatives with whom he made his home, moved into Jack's neighborhood. Going on an errand, he had fallen from a street car and broken his leg.

As we have seen, all Jack's sympathy went out toward the boy to whom life seemed to have turned its harder, rougher side. Jack was office boy in a place which made large demands on his time and, indeed, on every other thing which might be said to belong with a growing boy. His duties were many, and his master exacting. But it never occurred to Jack to question the reasonableness or otherwise of anything which was required of him. He was nothing more than a good, plodding boy, having very fixed notions on the subject of his duty which notions were expressed in few words: "I'm going to do the best I can." And Jack's best was a very wide best. A great many words might be written on the true meaning of it. Indeed, it may be said that many large books have been written without exhausting the subject. If Jack had enlarged on it, he might have seen that his best meant something like this: "Always tell what's so, no matter what; never touch what ain't mine; always be on time or a little ahead; always go quick when you're sent, and remember what you're sent for; sweep clean, and keep things fixed up; keep myself clean, and my hair brushed; take my hat off and speak polite." Which, take it altogether, was a very good code for an office boy, or, perhaps, a good many other boys.

There came a day when Jack stood face to face with a hard question. Stealing a moment on his way home to run in and see how Billy was getting along he found him with a cloud over his unusually cheerful face.

"What's the matter, Billy?"

"They've been telling me"—Billy shook his head despairingly—"but I won't get well till no telling when, unless I go to some place in the country when I go away from here.

"Phew, Billy!" said Jack in dismay.

"I thought, you know," said Billy "that I could get to work right off. I ain't any right to be a burden on the folks. But the folks here are telling me of a real nice place where I could go for twenty-five dollars, where I'd get good treatment and stay as long as I needed. They think that's awfully cheap, but"—poor Billy sighed wearily—"twenty-five dollars is a lot of money, ain't it, Jack?"

"It is that!"

"So I'll be back near you the beginning of the week, and then I'll be with you evenings. And"—hopefully—"I guess I'll get well without any twenty-five dollars."

Jack talked about it with his mother. "I wish the poor boy could go," she said. "It might be the settling of his health for years to come."

"But how can he?" said Jack in a discouraged tone.

"If it could be paid a dollar at a time"—she said, half questioningly, "you might be able to put by a dollar a week for it."

"I don't see how you will spare it, mother?"

"We might pinch a little closer."

After a little more talk Jack made his plans.

He went the next morning to his employer and asked if he could advance the twenty-five dollars, deducting a dollar each week from his pay until the amount was made up.

Mr. Strong looked keenly at the boy as with much hesitation he pressed his request, telling of Billy and his needs. "How do I really know you'll work it out?" asked Mr. Strong. "You can't give me any security, can you."

"No, sir," and Jack dropped his head forlornly.

"You might, you know, leave me before the twenty-five weeks were up."

"I'd promise not to," said Jack earnestly. "But I haven't a thing to give for security."

"Your promise will be enough." Mr. Strong's manner changed as he went on: "I'd take your word, Jack, for more than twenty five dollars. You have worked for me a good while, and I know what you are. Your good name makes your promise all the security I want." As Jack was turning away, his face crimsoned with gratification at the kind words, Mr. Strong added: "I'll speak more about it to-morrow."

"If—if"—Jack strove to stammer out his thanks—"if there's a thing more about the place that I can do that—I don't do, I'd be glad, sir"—

"There isn't," said Mr. Strong kindly. "You are honest and faithful in everything. Such a reputation is a valuable thing to start on in life.

Mr. Strong on going home that evening spoke to his grown-up daughter: "Bertha, haven't you to do with some of these fresh-air businesses?"

"Yes, father; you have given me money for them."

"Where they send poor little lads into the country and feed them up and brace them up and return them as good as new?"

"Exactly that kind of thing," said Bertha, smiling.

"Well, I have a boy for you—one for whom I want a top seat."

So Billy went out to one of the places provided by some of the Master's faithful followers who strive to follow in His footsteps in showing loving kindness to His little ones. Jack's heart gave a bound when he learned that Miss Bertha Strong was to see to Billy's outing, for surely it must be something better than could be offered by anyone else. Looking into his pay envelope at the end of the week, he turned back with it to Mr. Strong. "You've given me a dollar too much, sir. There's the expense for Billy, you remember."

"I remember; but that goes on the account of your good name. There's nothing more to pay. And there will be a vacancy in the office next door by the time Billy comes back; if he is your kind of boy, he can have the place."—Youth's Companion.

A BOY WHO KNEW HOW

An American boy, nineteen years of age, once found himself in London, where he was under the necessity of earning his bread. He was not like many other young men who are "willing to do anything," because they know how to do nothing; but he had learned how to do something, and knew just where to go to find something to do; so he went straight to a printing office and inquired whether help was needed.

"Where are you from?" inquired the foreman.

"America," was the answer.

"Ah," said the foreman, "from America. Can you set type?"

The young man stepped up to one of the cases, and in a brief time set up this passage from the first chapter of John: "Nathaniel said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip said unto him, Come and see."

It was done so quickly, so accurately, that it at once gave him an influence and standing with all in the office. He worked diligently at his trade, refused to drink beer, saved his money, returned to America, became a printer, publisher, author, postmaster-general, member of Congress, signer of Declaration of Independence, ambassador to royal courts, and finally died at Philadelphia, at the age of eighty-four. There are more than one hundred and fifty counties, towns and villages in America named after this same printer boy—Benjamin Franklin.

SOMETHING ABOUT CUT GLASS

"An accident to cut glass invariably plunges the owner of it into clouds of gloom, but often those clouds have silver linings. Before throwing the pieces away, examine each piece separately, and see if it could be cut down into anything smaller. Shops which deal in cut glass usually have a cutter on the premises," says Woman's Home Companion for March.

"A case is told of a bride who, upon entering the dining-room, arrived in time to see, but not prevent, her maid from pulling, instead of pushing, the extension table, and as it separated in the middle several pieces of valuable cut glass, which had been placed there during the cleaning time, fell through with a crash to the floor. It seemed a hopeless accident, but a rose-bowl was cut down from a decanter, following the pattern near the neck which had broken off, a small violet-holder was cut down from a tall vase, a tiny sugar-bowl from a vinegar cruet, and a small bonbon-dish was saved from a larger cut glass bowl."

UNLUCKY

"That horse of yours looks poor, Patsy," said the stranger as he slowly mounted a jaunting-car, in dear, dirty Dublin.

"Arrah, yer honor, not poor, but unlucky he is."

"Unlucky! How's that?"

"'Tis like this, yer honor. Ev'ry mornin' I toss whether he has a feed o' corn or I have a glass o' whisky. An' begob 'tis he has lost for five mornin's runnin'!"

HIS VERY LEVEL BEST

It's a mystery to most people how Donald Leckie comes to own his own farm, when he's scarcely more than a boy. They say he isn't specially clever, and they're right. No teacher ever thought him more than just a good, plodding average student. Then they also say, these mystified folks, that he hasn't had half as good a chance as lots of other boys, and there is no denying the truth of this plain statement.

Donald Leckie's father was just a simple, every day cobbler, and there were seven brothers and sisters to claim a share of whatever was going in this plain, workaday home. A thrifty, stirring little mother did her best to stretch the meagre income across the needs of all these boys and girls; but, of course, it stood to reason that there could be nothing in the way of leavings to make a start for even the most fortunate child.

But these people who wonder at young Donald's success don't take into account one bit of a sturdy characteristic, that must surely be reckoned among this boy's assets. I mean his ambitious determination to make the very best of himself.

One winter's day, when the lure of the sunshine drew me into the kitchen with my work, I had a little chat with Donald. I was tucked up close to a warm, bright southern window, and my typewriter was clicking out such a swiftly moving story, that I scarcely noticed the entrance of a certain small grocery boy. Finally, I became conscious that he was watching me very closely, and as I looked up, he said quite earnestly:

"I like to see it work. My sister uses a typewriter, and I'm always watching her."

"Has your sister a good position?" I asked, for someway this boy's eager face demanded that I show some interest in the family fortunes.

"Yes," he answered, proudly, "it's good for a girl. She gets seven dollars a week, then she addresses envelopes nights at home, and that's two dollars a week more."

"And what are you going to do when you grow up?" I asked.

By this time I had pushed back my chair, and my swiftly moving story had come to a standstill. I was expecting to hear that our grocery boy was going to do some grand, fine work, like boys so often like to weave into their air castles; but not a bit of it. He only said with a cheery little smile, "I'm going to do my very level best."

At first, I believe, I was a trifle disappointed. The outlines of this boy's success were so very indefinite that I couldn't be supposed to fill in the picture of a builder or a merchant or a manufacturer. But, as he shut the kitchen door, and I went back to my typewriter, I began to see that the primary elements for life success were all wrapped up in the terse reply, "I'm going to do my very level best."

A builder or a manufacturer or a merchant might stand for little more than mediocrity; but "my very level best" was very apt to mean a place far up among the men who climb.

And thus it was that I began to watch Donald Leckie. When he had had several years at school, generally delivering groceries after four, he made a bold strike for Moore & Fenton's big manufacturing concern. They were sure they didn't need a boy, but Donald Leckie was importunate in his plea for good, hard work of any kind, and finally he found his place. Five years later with a tidy wad of money in his pocket and a deal of pluck in his heart, he made straight for our big, breezy Canadian West. There he homesteaded a path to success, and now, as I've said, people are wondering how it is that a young chap, without special talent or chance, should manage to be the owner of his own broad acres. I think I can the secret unfold.

Donald Leckie hasn't leaned too hard on either talent or chance. He has just done "his very level best"; and of course that means that he has put push and plod in full measure into life, and back has come the answer—Success.

PROHIBITION EVERYWHERE

Gen Frederick Dent Grant discussing the army canteen question with a Washington correspondent, said:

"At any rate, canteen or no canteen, we should all remember that there's one public house at least that we can all close. Yes, even in New York or Paris we can have prohibition.

And Gen. Grant quoted with a smile the couplet:

"There is a little public house which every one may close—
It is the little public house just underneath the nose."

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.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

A Small Selection From Our Issue of March 12th, 1891

John Graham, of Fergus, and Anson Smith, of Acton, skated a five mile race at Fergus for a $20 purse. Graham won by about half a lap.

Sleighing continued fine until yesterday.

Wm. J. Brown, son of Robt. Brown, Crewsons Corners, left for Brandon, Man., on Tuesday with Mr. John Royce, of Eramosa, who is returning to the west with an outfit of stock and implements, also a wife.

On Friday evening a successful social was given under the auspices of the Baptist Church, at the home of Mr. John Warren, Cedar Creek Farm. A large company was present.

Rev. Robt. Boyle, of Brampton, preached missionary sermons in the Methodist Church on Sunday, from "He that winneth souls is wise," and Daniel's vision of the wonderful march of Christianity through the earth. Results, 35 per cent. in advance of last year's givings.

Two or three voters travelled from Calgary to Kingston to vote for Sir John A. McDonald, and through delays did not reach Kingston until the day after the election.

Messrs. Wm. and Duncan MacGregor returned to Brandon on Tuesday. They took a car load of stock with them.

Miss Annie Boomer, who has been visiting for some months with friends at Doydtown, is now spending a few weeks in Acton.

DIED—In Erin, on March 5th, John McNaughton, painter, of Acton, aged 46 years.

DIED—In Nassagaweya, on March 6th, Harriet Darby, wife of Mr. Geo. Kitching, aged 37 years, 8 months.

DIED—At Oak Lake, Manitoba, on March 7th, John Horsman, formerly hardware merchant of Guelph, aged 61 years.

DIED—In Hamilton, on March 4th, Andrew Kennedy, aged 61 years.

FEBRUARY SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS (Omitted last week.)

1st Dept.—Sr. 4—Wm. Gifford, J. J. Pearson, Ernest Ebbage. Jr. 4—Nellie Kelly, Chas. Moore, Kirby Gifford, John Nicklin, Wm. McNabb, Christina McPherson. Sr. 3—John McGill, Arthur Pearson, Chas. Lowry, Thos. T. Moore, Teacher.

2nd Dept.—Jr. 3—Minnie Edwards, James Tovell, Charlie McCann, John Edwards, Wilbert Tovell, May Ryder. Sr. 2—Jennie Lambert, Maggie Wallace, Minnie Holmes, Nellie McPherson, Annie Hynds, Nettie Cobban, Edna Miller, Cassie McPhail, Teacher.

3rd Dept.—Jr. 2—Eddie Moore, Effie McKeown, Leona Holmes, Mary Taylor. Sr. Pt. 2—Nellie Holmes, Maude Ryder, Edwin Francis. Inter. Pt. 2—Johnnie Moore, Edith Edwards, Eddie Gamble. Jr. Pt. 2—Tommy Henderson, May Prentice, Minnie Harding, Clifton Gifford. J. K. Cleveland, Teacher.

4th Dept.—Sr.—Daisy Nicklin, Edith Thomas, Clara Cobban. Inter.—Ernest Black, Teddie Mann, Nettie Robson. Jr.—Orville Miller, Bertie Smith, Harry Reid, Bertie Speight, Minnie Nelson, Teacher.

ONE THING FORGOTTEN

When Jenkins, returning from his club, went to his bedroom at half-past one, it was with the determination of going to sleep without first submitting to a cross-examination by his better half. So, as soon as he had entered the room, and placed his candle upon the dressing-table, he began: "I locked the front door. I put the chain up. The dog is in. The cat is out. The cook took the silver to bed with her. I put the fastenings over the bathroom windows. I put the cake box back in the larder. I did not drink all the milk. It is not going to snow. Nobody gave me any message for you. I posted your letter as soon as I got to town. Your mother did not call at the office. I did not hear of a marriage or engagement. I want an egg for breakfast. I think that is all and I will now put out the light." Jenkins felt that he had prevented all possible inquiry, and smiled triumphantly. His triumph was short-lived, however, for Mrs. Jenkins asked, "Why didn't you take off your hat?"

THE PRINTER'S MISTAKE

It was not a Missouri editor, but a printer's devil who was going through his first experience on "making up" forms. The paper was late and the boy got the galleys mixed. The first part of the obituary notice of a pecunious citizen had been dumped in the forms and the next handful of type came off a galley describing a recent fire. It read like this: "The pall bearers lowered the body to the grave and as it was consigned to the flames there were few, if any, regrets, for the old wreck had been an eyesore to the town for years. Of course there was individual loss, but that was fully covered by insurance." The widow thinks the editor wrote the obituary that way because the lamented partner of her joys and sorrows owed him five years' subscription.

SCOTCH MEDICINE

A stranger came to a Scotch provincial town one day. He looked somewhat of an invalid, and he asked one of the inhabitants to direct him to the chemist's shop.

"The what, sir?"

"The chemist's shop."

"Ay, an' what kin' o' shop is that, na?"

"Why, the place where you can buy medicine."

"Eh, sir, we've nae sic shop as that here!"

"No? What do you do then, when anyone falls ill? Do you take no medicine?"

"Deed'no, not a drap. We've just whisky for the folk and tar for the sheep, an' that's a' the feesick we deal in."

ONLY A BABY

Something to live for came to the place,
Something to die for, maybe;
Something to give even sorrow a grace,
And yet it was only a baby!
Cooing and laughter and gurgles and cries,
Dimples for tenderest kisses,
Chaos of hope and of raptures and sighs,
Chaos of fears and of blisses.
Last year, like all years, the rose and the thorn;
This year a wilderness, maybe;
But heaven stooped under the roof on the morn
That it brought there only a baby.
—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

"ONE MORE CHANCE"

An amusing story, which has the merit of being true, is told of a gentleman well known in a town not far from Birmingham. He had entered into festivities with such zest that he found himself strangely drowsy when he boarded his motor-car. Telling the chauffeur to drive on, he lay down on the floor of the car, and soon was fast asleep. The car sped away on its journey, and the chauffeur, peering ahead, thought he saw an unusual glare in the sky in the direction of his master's house. As he approached nearer he saw that the glare was caused by a big fire. There were crowds of curious sightseers, and a posse of police blocked the further progress of the car.

It was at this point that the slumbering gentleman awoke. The flames, ascending through the Stygian night, shadowy forms dodging in and out amidst the smoke, and the confused murmur of many tongues broke in upon his dazed consciousness. He moaned, and then, kneeling down in an attitude of entreaty, was heard to say: "O, Lord, give me one more chance!"

SIN A JOKE

You can't live up to the Golden Rule and be in business? Then you'd better not be in business. It is fashionable these days to sneer at goodness and make "liberal" allowance for divergence from the straight and narrow path. When you find yourself making fun of the "goody-goody" and "peculiar" put the straight-edge on your own life and see if it is because you are "waney." When a man begins to make light of virtue and mock at sin he is on a fair way to become a rascal. "Fools make a mock at sin." Sin is no joke, and the man who thinks it is has an empty head. The man who wrote "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," put into words the most cold-blooded worldly philosophy. There is no man with brains who does not admit its truth. The man who makes light of wrong-doing proclaims his shallowness.

IN THE CLOUDS

Taking advantage of the brilliant light furnished for a gigantic illuminated fountain recently erected in Vienna, scientists there have made some interesting calculations as to the height of the clouds. By means of a projector it was found that a beam of light could be sent up to the clouds, producing upon them a luminous spot capable of being observed simultaneously from points on the earth two or three miles apart. By such observations the height of certain clouds of the cirrus variety was found to be nearly 33,000 feet, or 6½ miles.

A LITTLE OVERDONE

"Dolan," said he, "what does thean letters MDCCCXCVII mean?"

"They mean 1897."

"Dolan," came the query, after a thoughtful pause, "don't yez think they're overdoin' this spellin' reform a bit?"

FAMOUS BRITISH ADMIRAL

Tells What Zam-Buk Did For Him

Many famous persons have testified to the great value of Zam-Buk, and amongst the most recent is Admiral Rodney M. Lloyd. Writing from the Royal Naval Club, Portsmouth, England, Admiral Lloyd says:

"I have found Zam-Buk most reliable for healing cuts and abrasions; while for the relief of skin irritation it is invaluable."

Another famous user of Zam-Buk is Mr. Frank Scudamore, the War Correspondent, who supplied Canadian papers with their dispatches during the Boer War. Mr. Scudamore says: "Some poisonous dye on my underclothing came in contact with a small ulcer on my leg, and blood-poisoning set in. Inflammation, pain and swelling followed. My medical man's treatment did not seem to do any good, as ulcer after ulcer broke out, until my left leg from knee to foot was one mass of sores. I had seventeen deep ulcers at one time. I could not put my foot to the ground, and was really in a pitiful state. A friend advised Zam-Buk, and I applied this herbal balm. It was really wonderful how it soothed the pain and aching and gave me ease.

"I continued with it, leaving off all other treatment, and at the end of a week's treatment my leg was not like the same. A few boxes of Zam-Buk healed all the sores, and bit by bit new healthy skin covered the places which had been so deeply pitted and scarred by ulceration and blood poison. The limb is now perfectly healthy, and with no marks of the old ulcers. For this splendid result I have only Zam-Buk to thank."

Zam-Buk is a cure for piles, eczema, cold cracks or chaps, ulcers, ringworm, poison, cuts, abscesses, burns, children's rashes, abrasions, and for all skin injuries and diseases. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse imitations and substitutes.