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H. F. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

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And a lot of other People Is Described In The HOME PAPER

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Ladies' Fur-Lined Coats, worth $85 00 for	50 00
Mink Muffs, natural color, worth $50 00 for	26 00
Mink Muffs, Imperial style, worth $35 00 for	18 00
Raccoon Coats, gents', worth $65.00 for	35 00
1 Gents' Fur-Lined Persian Coller, worth $35 00 for	15 00
Ladies' Throw Furs, worth $15 00 for	6 50
Cub Bear Collars, worth $25 00 for	10 00
Latest style Black Felt Hats, worth $3 00 for	2 00

For Gentlemen—The best Gloves in the city at Half-Price. It will pay you to come here at once.

L. N. E. LAFONTAINE FUR MANUFACTURER

95 Quebec St. E., opposite Heard's office GUELPH - ONT.

Poetry.

WHEN THE ICE GOES OUT

There's a roaring up the river,
The water rises high,
The bridges shake and quiver
As mammoth blocks go by;
And giant trees are breaking,
There are noises all about,
You'd think the earth was shaking
When
the
ice
goes
out.

O'er woodland, field and fences
The foaming waters boil,
Earth has no vain pretences
When ice-blocks plough the soil,
And from the schoolhouse fleeting
The children gaily shout
To every one they're meeting:
See!
the
ice
goes
out.

On bank of stream and river
It piles among the trees,
That, bending, shake and quiver
Before the icy breeze;
It's long we have been wishing
For spring, and without doubt,
It makes a way for fishing
When
the
ice
goes
out.

—Annie L. Jack.

Select Family Reading

THE SAME OLD STORY

AFTER the lamp had been lighted in the cosy little sitting room of the old farmhouse, Farmer Shelton leaned back in his arm chair and buried himself behind the pages of his newspaper. Usually, at this time the worthy man might as well have been in some distant land, so deep he went into the latest items of interest; but to-night, his eyes ran aimlessly down the column and wandered inevitably to the closed parlor door. Several times he looked at his wife but she was so intent upon her knitting that she did not notice his questioning glances. Once he coughed to attract Mrs. Shelton's attention, and the clatter made by the hired girl, who was washing dishes in an adjoining room, entirely smothered the sound of his voice. Finally he folded the paper and tucked it carefully away in his pocket; then he leaned forward and touched his wife gently on the arm.

"Amy," he whispered, nodding towards the parlor, "they're mighty quiet in there. It must be awful hard for a girl to entertain a fellow like him."

Mrs. Shelton looked up, smiling, from her needles.

"Margaret cares for him, John," she answered; "and that makes a lot of difference."

"Well, he'll have a hard time getting her, as shy as he is," Shelton grunted. "Or rather," he corrected, "she'll have a hard time getting him."

His wife laid her knitting in her lap and began stroking gently the hand he had laid on the arm of her chair. Her own hand was soft and smooth and, with her bright unwrinkled face, bore eloquent testimony to the loving care of her husband.

"I believe you're afraid of losing Margaret," she smiled.

"Well, not exactly," Shelton said, hesitatingly, looking earnestly at the flickering flames of the open fireplace; "but the fact is he is so eternally bashful. Why, imagine him sitting in there holding hands, like we are now."

"That comes easy after living together twenty-five years," Mrs. Shelton laughed back. "And I remember that you were a little backward when you first knew me. When you called at the house you always asked for one of my brothers."

"Yes, but that galoot doesn't ask for anybody," Shelton defended himself.

"When I opened the door for him to night he just stood there and fingered his hat, and grinned. And when I showed him into the parlor, he put his new derby in a chair, folded his gloves carefully beside it, and then sat down on top of it all. I could hardly keep from laughing at the way his face turned red when he found what he had done.

Mrs. Shelton leaned back in her chair and laughed until the tears came; then she rubbed her eyes on one corner of her white apron and proceeded with her knitting.

"But after all, Jim, it doesn't make much difference how he acts, just so he's honest and true. It's the same old story. Those two are dreaming, now, the same dream we dreamed, years ago. Margaret knows he loves her truly, in spite of the fact that he says but little. And"—she leaned closer and dropped her voice to a whisper—"did you know he was going away to-morrow?"

Shelton sat up in his chair with an exclamation of surprise. "No!" he cried.

"Yes; he leaves to-morrow; he told Margaret last night. His father gave him charge of the other farm. Robert has splendid opportunities for a young man. I wish he could get up his courage to ask Margaret to marry him; it means so much to her. You can't guess, John, how dearly she loves him. Only a woman understands such things."

"I believe she does care," sighed Shelton; "but he hasn't got sense enough to see it. It seems strange to me that a big, strong man like Robert, who wouldn't hesitate to risk his life to save another, is afraid to propose to the slip of a girl. Several times that I know of he has been on the very verge of asking her by saying, 'I came over to-night to tell you'—and he has always finished up by expressing his opinion on the wheat crop—or giving her the interesting information that his mother had a new hatching of chickens."

He threw back his head and gradually as the fatigue of the day's hard work spread over him, he was lulled by the clicking of his wife's needles. When his labored breathing sounded, at regular intervals, through the room, Mrs. Shelton rose, and taking a shawl from the lounge, spread it over the sleeper's knees. Then she folded her knitting, and laying it away in the table drawer, opened a book to read, but often her eyes drifted over the edge of the pages and rested on her husband's face.

"Poor man!" she murmured once; "I bet he wishes that Margaret was a little child again, and he could keep her forever."

The wind howled around the house, and rattled a shutter that had been left unfastened. The hired girl finished her work and labored wearily upstairs to bed; but the man dreamed on unconscious of the flight of time. It was only when the monotonous voice of the old clock began groaning out the hour that he awoke, with a start from his sleep. He glanced at his wife and looked questioningly at the parlor door.

"Still here," Mrs. Shelton nodded. Shelton rose to his feet and there was a light in his eyes that had been long one day, years ago, when he found that he was to have a companion on life's road. "Amy," he said wistfully, "I had such a strange sweet dream. I thought you and I were young again, and were planning for the future. Every hope I had seemed to spring from you; all my ambition was centred in you. It made me know that I had been a selfish man in wanting to have Margaret near me all my days. It taught me how barren a thing life is where love is not."

He folded the shawl tenderly and laid it down upon the table; then he took a step towards the parlor. His wife looked at him with wondering eyes.

"I am going," he exclaimed, "to hint to Robert how lonely he will be when he puts 40 miles between him and here."

He crossed the room, and throwing open the door, stopped short upon the threshold. Robert was preparing to leave. He had been making a frantic search for his gloves, and had just discovered they were on his hands. He stood in the middle of the room, unconscious of Shelton's presence, shuffling from one foot to the other. He had made two attempts to speak that had ended in only downcast eyes and brilliant blushes.

"I came here, to-night," he finally blurted out, "to tell—to tell you that I—that I'm going away to-morrow."

Margaret's face went pale; then the blood surged into it and dyed it crimson. The little hands clenched and unclenched in the intensity of her emotion; but suddenly she beat down her womanly soul.

"No, Robert," she cried, "you did not come to say that—you told me that last night. You came to say you loved me, to ask me to be your wife. I love you, and if,—"

A bashful young man became a very bold one and crossed the room with extended arms; and the confession was finished against his heart.

Shelton closed the door noiselessly and stole away, coughing hoarsely to make believe that the mist of tears in his eyes had been caused by a sudden cold. He knelt down by his wife's chair, and bowed his head in her lap.

"You are right, Amy," he whispered, "it is the same old story, after all."

DOING YOUR BEST

"I did the best I knew!" protested the dressmaker's apprentice sullenly, when she was sharply reprimanded for a piece of work that ruined a valuable customer. "I don't see what she's blaming me for!"

"I'm not blaming you for doing the best you know how!" said the employer, overhearing and turning on her crisply; "I'm blaming you for not knowing any better! You ought to—you've been here long enough. You mean well, but good intentions aren't enough to carry on the dressmaking business.

They aren't enough in any business. It is an old proverb that good intentions pave a place of very disputable character. "He meant well" is about the poorest thing one can say of a person, short of actual detraction; unless we expect that other phrase of mild apology: "He did the best he knew how." Whenever you hear either of these you know at once that it is a case of failure on somebody's part to do the right thing at the right moment, and usually, if you look closely enough, there was fault behind the failure. To do the best we know is not enough when we might know better.—Selected.

DESCRIPTION NOT COMPLETE

The little village could not boast of having many entertainments, and a concert was an event which was looked forward to with great delight by the inhabitants. It was at one of these "musical feasts" that a stranger sang, with great feeling, "The Village Blacksmith." In response to a vociferous encore, the singer was about to start "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" when the chairman tugged his coat tail.

"Better sing the owd un over again, mister," he whispered. "I 'appen to be the chap you've been singing about—the village blacksmith—and I reckon it'd only be fair to me if you was to sing it all over again, and pop in another verse seyin' as 'ow I let out blazes."

EXPERIMENTS WITH FARM CROPS

The members of the Ontario Agricultural and Experimental Union are pleased to state that for 1911 they are prepared to distribute into every township of Ontario material of high quality for experiments with grains, fodder crops, roots, grasses and clovers, as follows:

No.	Experiments	Plots
1.	Testing three varieties of Oats	3
2a	Testing three varieties of six-rowed Barley	3
2b	Testing two varieties of two-rowed Barley	2
3.	Testing two varieties of hulless Barley	2
4a	Testing two varieties of spring Wheat	2
4b	Testing two varieties of spring Rye	2
5.	Testing two varieties of Buckwheat	2
6.	Testing two varieties of field Peas	2
7.	Testing Emmer and Spelt	2
8.	Testing two varieties of Soy Bean, or Japanese Beans	2
9.	Testing three varieties of husking Corn	3
10.	Testing three varieties of Mangels	3
11.	Testing two varieties of Sugar Beets for feeding purposes	2
12.	Testing three varieties of Swedish Turnips	2
13.	Testing two varieties of fall Turnips	2
14.	Testing two varieties of Carrots	2
15.	Testing three varieties of Fodder and Silage Corn	3
16.	Testing three varieties of Millet	3
17.	Testing two varieties of Sorghum	2
18.	Testing Grass Peas and two varieties of Vetches	3
19.	Testing Rape, Kale and Field Cabbage	3
20.	Testing three varieties of Clover	3
21.	Testing two varieties of Alfalfa (Lucerne)	2
22.	Testing four varieties of Grasses	4
23.	Testing three varieties of field Beans	3
24.	Testing three varieties of sweet Corn	3
25a	Testing two varieties of early Potatoes	2
25b	Testing two varieties of medium ripening Potatoes	2
25c	Testing two varieties of late Potatoes	2
29.	Testing three grain mixtures for grain production	3
30.	Testing three grain mixtures for fodder production	3

Each plot is to be two rods long by one rod wide except No. 28, which is to be one rod square.

Any person in Ontario may choose any ONE of the experiments for 1911 and apply for the same. The material will be furnished in the order in which the applications are received while the supply lasts. It might be well for each applicant to make a second choice, for fear the first could not be granted. All material will be furnished entirely free of charge to each applicant, and the produce will, of course become the property of the person of who conducts the experiment.

C. A. ZAVITZ, Director.
Ontario Agricultural College,
Guelph, March, 1911.

Hasaard Has a Preparation That Will Grow Hair Abundantly

This is an age of new discoveries. To grow hair after it has fallen out today is a reality.

SALVIA, the Great Hair Tonic and Dressing, will positively create a new growth of hair.

If you want to have a beautiful head of hair, free from Dandruff, use SALVIA once a day and watch the results.

SALVIA is guaranteed to stop falling hair and restore the hair to its natural color. The greatest Hair Vigor known.

SALVIA is compounded by expert chemists.

Watch your hair if it is falling out. If you don't you will sooner or later be bald.

SALVIA prevents baldness by fastening the hair to the roots.

Ladies will find SALVIA just the hair dressing they are looking for. It makes the hair soft and fluffy, and is not sticky. A large bottle, 50c.

KNEW WHERE JOHN WAS GOING

"I canna' leave you thus, Nancy," a good old Scotchman wailed. "You're too auld to work, an' ye couldna' live in the almshouse. Gin I die, ye maun marry anither man, wha'll keep ye in comfort in yer auld age."

"Nay, nay, Andy," answered the good spouse. "I couldna' wed anither man, for what wad I do wi' twa husbands in Heaven?" Andy pondered long over this, but suddenly his face brightened.

"I has it, Nancy!" he cried. "Ye ken auld John Clemens? He's a kind man, but he is na' a member o' the kirk. He likes ye, Nancy, an' gin ye'll marry him 'twill be all the same in Heaven. John's na' Christian."

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

Notes From Our Issue of Thursday, March 26th, 1891

The reading room is now open to the public from 7 to 10 p. m. A good supply of literature is on hand.

Mr. John Kennedy, Sr., who resides on Young St., while crossing the G. T. R. tracks on Mill Street on Saturday, was knocked down by a shunting locomotive which noiselessly backed down upon him. He fortunately was thrown outside the rails and was not seriously hurt. He got up and walked home without assistance.

Mrs. Wm. Clark, of Guelph, secured a verdict of $750 at the Guelph assizes for the death of her husband, who was killed at the Gordon Street crossing. She sued Halliday Bros., brewers, for whom her husband had worked, claiming that through his being supplied with liquor at their brewery on the night he was killed that he was intoxicated and unable to take care of himself. The only witness who gave direct evidence as to the supply of liquor said that he only gave deceased one or two cups of beer.

The gentleman of the Methodist Church gave an oyster supper last Wednesday evening with gratifying success. Mr. I. Francis presided, and Revs. Rae and Gifford and D. Henderson, M. P., gave addresses; Misses Homstreat and Moore, solos; the choir, choruses; and Miss McKeown and H. P. Moore, readings. All present evidently enjoyed the proceedings. However, it is fair to the public to say, that had not the ladies lent valuable aid and experienced oversight the affair would have resulted differently.

Mr. Patrick Lamb, who death is noted elsewhere, was an early settler in this locality. He was of a very retiring disposition and refused the humblest public offices. But, on the other hand he was a very kind and obliging neighbor, and in the early days in the usual neighborly helpings was always among the first to arrive at his neighbor's farm. He was a native of County Longford, Ireland, and came to Esquesing with his parents 60 years ago, settling between Georgetown and Stewarttown. Later they lived some nine years at Silver creek. About 1851 his parents came to the fifth line, and deceased took up the farm below Acton, where he lived until about a year ago when he moved into Acton. To him one matter of pride was that he never cast a Conservative vote. He was a prominent member of St. Joseph's Church.

Mr. John Robertson, of Nassagaweya, has received the appointment of enumerator for Acton.

At the Municipal Council Mr. Arch. McNabb was present and complained of the great annoyance caused by boys congregating in front of the Salvation Army barracks, especially on Sunday evenings, thereby blockading the sidewalk, and using very improper language. As By-law No. 17 imposes a fine of from 50 cents to $10 for such conduct, Chief Dan was instructed to warn the boys and keep watch of the results.

Messrs. H. H. Worden and John Chisholm applied for a sidewalk on Park Ave., stating that the street at present was almost impassable.

Mr. Wm. Overton, of Haliburton, spent a few days at his old home last week.

Mr. Anson Smith, Sr., has been very ill, but is rapidly convalescing.

Mr. Neil Keith, railway contractor, of Calgary, returned on Tuesday to Acton to spend a few weeks.

Miss Annie Boomer left yesterday for Schomberg, where she has secured a good situation as milliner.

Messrs. J. C. Nelson and H. P. Moore paid a fraternal visit to the Rockwood Epworth League on Monday evening.

Mr. Geo. Williams, who contracted severe lung illness from cold on election day, was out for the first time since, on Sunday.

Rev. Wm. Morton, a superannuated Methodist minister, who spent three years on Georgetown circuit from 1880 until 1883, and whose daughter, Miss Annie Morton, taught in Acton school a term, died in Hamilton on Monday at the age of 71 years.

BORN—In Acton, on March 19th, to Mr. and Mrs. George Hynds, Jeweller, a daughter.

BORN—In Nassagaweya, on March 22nd, to Mr. and Mrs. John Marshall, a daughter.

MARRIED — In Nassagaweya, on March 22nd, by Rev. M. L. Leitch, Mr. Walter McLaughlin, to Miss Hannah Storey, all of Nassagaweya.

DIED—At his late residence, Main Street, Acton, on March 21st, Patrick Lamb, aged 73 years.

FIT YOURSELVES FOR OPPORTUNITIES

Self-improvement increases our opportunities. The boy who drops out of school when his mind is undeveloped, deliberately reduces his chances for the future. The youth in the factory who takes from the public library, books that are hard reading, which develop his intelligence, and increase his information at the same time, is increasing his chances to get on in the world.

Many of us talk as if opportunity were a capricious thing, as uncertain as where the lightning will strike. Instead it works out as definitely as a mathematical formula. Fit yourself for opportunities and you will find them.

HIS GREAT NEED

He had been speaking for one solid hour steadily without a halt and felt tired, and he noticed that his audience grew less and less as the minutes sped. So with a view of ending his oration he said, "Gentlemen, what I want is Housing Reform, Educational Reform, Social Reform and——"

Voice from audience — "Chloroform."

ONE BY ONE

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the longest rent is mended;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

Then do not look disheartened
On the work you have to do,
And say that such a mighty task
You never can get through;
But just endeavor, day by day,
Another point to gain,
And soon the mountain which you feared
Will prove to be a plain.

FORGET

Forget the faults of other people.

Forget as many disagreeable things as you can.

Forget your enemies, and remember your friends.

Forget all gossip as soon as you hear it, or before.

Forget doubts and fears, and remember hopes and faiths.

Forget your own failures, and remember your successes.

Forget the pin-pricks, slights, and trivial offenses incident to all life.

Forget to do anyone an injury, but remember to do everyone a kindness.

Forget the evil people of history, and remember the good ones who have made the world better.

Forget all bitterness, cynicism, misanthropy, and remember kindness, philanthropy and helpfulness.

Forget whatever uncleanness you have read, seen or heard and remember, purity chastity, goodness.

Forget the pains you have suffered, and remember the health and painlessness you have enjoyed for years.

Forget the darker aspect of nature, save in so far as to avoid perils, and remember the harvests and sunshine.

Forget the blasphemies and vulgar words, and remember the clean and splendid words of our noble English language.

Forget the crimes told of in the daily press, and remember the millions of decent people who are honestly doing their duty.

Forget your own gloomy moods, dark hours, pessimism and despair, and remember your brightest hours and your noblest visions. — Spare Moments.

"I DON'T WANT HIM"

"I think I've got a boy for you, sir; a boy who will never need to be told twice to do a thing."

"That is good," said the manager; "who is he?"

Mr. Tracy told the boy's name and where he lived.

"I don't want him," said the manager; "he's got a bad mark."

"A bad mark? What do you mean?"

"Yes, a bad mark. I meet him every day with a cigar in his mouth. I don't want such a boy."

"I did not know of this habit," said Mr. Tracy. "I do not blame you. No good business man wants a boy who smokes."

THE ROYAL ROBE OF TRUTH

It is not necessary to be blunt and disagreeable in order to be frank and truthful. Truth should be garbed in tact and strength in gentleness. These are the royal robes to which loyal hearts have a right.

PUT YOUR PERSONALITY INTO YOUR WORK

Our personality should count in all that we do. We take it for granted that an author of any standing shall have a definite style, not to be mistaken for that of anyone else, and that an artist's touch shall show itself in every picture, so that the critic will not need his signature to identify his work. But the people who succeed in business or in trade or in professional life, rise because they have their own way of doing things. Don't be afraid to put your personality into your work.

WHY DO CHILDREN LIKE ZAM-BUK

A Chat With Mothers.

"Whenever my children have any sore places, cuts, or skin troubles, they ask for Zam-Buk. They can always depend upon it doing what is needed."

So says Mrs. A. Alce, of 170 Chatham Street, Montreal.

A missionary writing from the west coast of Africa says: "One boy who was treated for a bad case of ulcer came back recently and said, 'I like best that green medicine.' The 'green medicine' was Zam-Buk?

Now why should children, all the world over, show such a marked preference for Zam-Buk?

Children like Zam-Buk because as soon as applied to a burn, a cut, or a sore, it stops the pain and then gradually, but surely, it heals. As soon as the pain of a wound or sore is relieved a child can go on with its play and leave Zam-Buk to finish off the healing.

Mothers might look a little more deeply into the action of Zam-Buk. First, it is highly antiseptic. As soon as applied it stops all danger of festering, blood-poisoning and inflammation. Second, it is soothing. It cools the wound or sore; allays the irritation; stops the pain and smarting. Then, thirdly, it stimulates the cells beneath the injured part to healthy action, and causes the speedy creation of new, healthy tissue.

Just try Zam-Buk for cuts, or burns, or cold sores, or eczema, ulcers, rashes, bad leg, piles, varicose ulcers, or any inflammed or diseased condition of the skin. Its effect will highly satisfy you. All druggists and stores 50c box, or free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse harmful imitations and cheap, worthless substitutes.