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is a watch I have carried for five years without any expense for repairs except when I broke the crystal, said an enthusiastic owner the other day. We did not have to look closely to see rust, lint, hairs and tobacco in the movement. To put that watch in good order cost four dollars and the owner grumbled.

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New Footwear!

We have just received a large shipment of the most up-to-date Footwear from the very latest American lasts—Footwear that will equally delight Men, Women and Children.

Drop in any time and inspect this complete stock of high class Winter Footwear.

W. WILLIAMS
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Poetry.

THE QUESTION

Were the whole wide world good as you—not an atom better—
Were it just as pure and true,
Just as pure and true as you;
Just as strong in faith and works;
Just as free from crafty quirks,
All extortion, all deceit;
Schemes its neighbor to defeat;
Schemes its neighbor to defraud;
Schemes some culprit to applaud—
Would this world be better?

If this whole world followed you—followed to the letter—
Would it be a nobler world,
All deceit and falsehood hurled
From it altogether;
Malice, selfishness and lust
Banished from beneath the crust
Covering human hearts from view—
Tell me, if it followed you,
Would the world be better?

Select Family Reading

A Premature Courtship

By Louise B. Cummings

"Tim," said Norman Fisk to his friend, Timothy Forman, "I wish you would do me a favor. I must be absent from home on business for a month. I don't like to leave an old woman and a little girl in the house alone, and I'd like you to at least sleep there while I'm gone, though if you like you can eat there as well."

Fisk was forty-five and Forman thirty-four. They were chums, Fisk being a widower, Forman an "old bach." Fisk's household consisted, besides himself, of his aunt, an old lady of sixty-five, and his daughter, Maud, still in school.

"Certainly, old man," replied Forman. "I'll sleep there anyway. It won't be necessary for me to spend my evenings there, will it?"

"Not at all. Blanche usually studies her lessons in the evening, and my aunt goes to sleep over her knitting."

"Your house is only a few blocks from the club," said the other, dismayed at the picture.

"Just so, and I'll see that you get a latchkey. You can go in as late as you like."

The first night Mr. Forman went to his friend's house at 9 o'clock. True enough, there was the old lady dozing over her knitting and a girl in short dresses sitting at a table with a globe lamp on it studying her lessons. The girl looked up at Forman with an expression on her face indicating more interest in his coming to spend some time with them than more protection warranted. Her glance told him that it would not be entirely safe to treat her absolutely as a schoolgirl. Her aunt woke up and welcomed the custodian, but the girl said never a word.

The next few evenings Forman spent at his club. Then one morning leaving the house Blanche went out at the same time with a pile of schoolbooks under her arm. They walked on together, but it didn't occur to Forman to offer to carry her books for her till she remarked that they were very heavy. When he left her at a corner and returned them she gave him a look of gratitude.

"DIDN'T YOU ENJOY IT ALL, TOO?"

Blanche at recess informed her bosom friend, a girl about her own age, that she had had a grown man to walk to school with her. She had pretended that her books were heavy because she wished to be treated like a young lady. She was not sure whether she would fall in love with her escort or not. He certainly seemed very nice. True he was a little old for her, but a fortune teller had told her that she would marry a man twice her age.

In the next evening Mr. Forman came in rather early—10 o'clock—being tired and sleepy. He found the schoolgirl with a pack of cards before her playing solitaire. With a pout on her young lips and a knitting of her smooth brows she said:

"Oh, I can't work this out. Won't you help me, Mr. Forman?"

Forman sat down opposite her. From that moment she ceased to be interested in the cards, except for a pretext, prattling to him and endeavoring to appear like a young lady.

"How old would you take me for, Mr. Forman?"

"Fourteen—perhaps a year older."

"Oh, dear, you are far out of the way. I'll be seventeen next month."

"You don't mean it!"

"Are you a believer in platonic affection, Mr. Forman?"

"I never thought about it. Are you?"

"It's dangerous. The least thing is liable to break down the platonic and bring about the true love."

"What do you mean by the least thing?"

"Well, an act of kindness or of sacrifice; a touch of the hand; a kiss."

"Good gracious! You talk very queer for a"—

"Oh, yes; I know you consider me a kid. You forget I'll be seventeen next month, and eighteen is legal age for a woman."

Forman remembered a time when he had considered a girl of eighteen in her prime and one of twenty-two passe. Then he thought how nice it would seem to be back in those youthful days. How much he had lost by coming to middle age. And here was a girl who was plainly indicating that she wished to be considered a companionable person for him. Wouldn't it be fine if he could go back a dozen years and she could go forward a few years, and he could love her and she could love him, and he could get rid of his wretched club life and all that?

The next evening Forman, who had received a letter from Fisk, made a pretext of it to go to the house to tell Blanche that he had heard from her father. "Take good care of my little girl" was the injunction, and Forman made himself believe that it was incumbent upon him to afford her some amusement, so he asked her aunt if he might take Blanche to the theater. Permission was given, and tickets secured for a Friday night, when the girl would not be obliged to go to school the next day and could therefore sleep late.

Blanche wore the dress with the longest skirt in her possession and put on all her finery, including a number of gold and silver bangles. She looked very pretty and, more than that, wore on her face a youthful expectation that was fast fading from her escort. She had been to a theater but once or twice in her life, while the drama was an old story with him. But in his companion's enjoyment he found a new sensation. The theater, the players, many of them "mouthing their words" and overacting, were to her real persons, their joys and sorrows real emotions, while the hero and heroine seemed to be enacting her own feelings.

Forman, blase himself, sat regarding his companion with infinite satisfaction. When he felt her arm against his own a thrill ran through him. When she turned her face toward his, looking for a companionable appreciation of some noble sentiment expressed by one of the actors, he smiled good naturedly and sympathetically. Then when the curtain fell he took her where they could get an ice, which to her was more than a canvasback duck to one who had been satiated. And that night Blanche went to sleep dreaming that Forman was the hero and she the heroine in the play that had been enacted. As for Forman, he sank to slumber thinking about the pretty young thing who had sat beside him at the theater.

Forman passed the next evening at his club. Saturday night is gala night at most clubs and there were plenty of his companions there to keep him company. But somehow the evening dragged. At billiards the face of Blanche was always interposing itself between him and the object ball. At bridge he lost because he couldn't keep his mind on the rubber. And so it was in whatever he did. When he went home to the house he was guarding he felt relieved because he was under the same roof with the girl who had thrust herself unbidden into his thoughts. His club life seemed more unsatisfactory to him than ever.

One morning Forman woke up conscious of the fact that he was drifting into an equivocal position. His friend had asked him to look out for his home and the two people in it during his absence. What had he been doing? Turning the head of that friend's daughter, not quite seventeen years old. In this Forman was wrong. It was not he who was turning the girl's head, but she who was turning his. At any rate there was something very delightful between them. How would he meet his friend when he returned? Then suddenly he was terrified at the thought that Blanche would give the whole matter away to her father.

And this is exactly what she did. She didn't tell him her secret, but when Forman went to the house on the evening of Fisk's arrival to get something he had left there Blanche received him so enthusiastically that her father could not help noticing it. Forman began to stammer something that would help the matter.

"It has been a pleasure to me," he said, "to afford your little girl"—here Blanche gave him a reproachful look—"some amusement during your absence. Her aunt was good enough to let me take her to the theater, and I gave her a drive in the park in my buggy."

"Didn't you enjoy it all, too, Mr. Forman?" interrupted Blanche, with another pronounced reproachful look.

"Very much, very much!" replied Forman, reddening.

"I dare say you've been very kind, old man," said Fisk, and there was something in the familiar appellation of "old man" that for the first time grated on Forman's feelings. "I think I'll stroll over to the club with you tonight for a game of bridge."

That was the last meeting between Forman and the little girl for three years. He was then just passed middle age and she a young lady.

"Blanche is home," said Fisk to his friend one day. "Come round and see us."

"I will with pleasure," replied Forman, and he chose a time for calling when he knew his friend would not be at home.

When Forman called he saw a vision of loveliness advancing to greet him with pleasure in her eye and a smile on her lips. It seemed to him all at once that he had been growing younger as the girl had been growing older. Surely this could not be the little girl whom he had taken to the theater and to whose prattle he had so often listened. That experience now seemed to him like a dream.

The child had passed completely into the woman. Nevertheless she had not recovered from her girlish fancy, and though she endeavored to conceal the fact from Forman she failed. He saw through the disguise at once, and his heart was filled with a great joy.

There was a courtship, but a post facto one. The real courtship had occurred three years before.

A Bullet Stopped the Game.

Alfred de Musset, the poet and dramatist, was almost as fond of chess as of poetry. He played nearly every night at the Cafe de la Regence, and even the revolution of February, 1848, did not divert him from his habit. He turned up as usual and, finding no one there to play with, insisted that the waiter should make a game for him. The waiter did so, though a fusillade was raging in the street outside, and all went well until a musket bullet smashed a mirror in immediate proximity to the board. Musset was anxious to continue in spite of the interruption, but his opponent would not. "With monsieur's permission," he said, "we will adjourn the game until after the republic has been proclaimed."—Paris Gaulois.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from our Issue of Thursday, Nov. 9th, 1891

Dr. Lowry has purchased the property on the north corner of Church and Willow Streets for $900.

Miss Letitia E. Meade, M. D., C. M., daughter of Mr. Robert Meade, Nassagaweya, has opened an office in Hamilton.

The Council has kindly provided a plentiful supply of newspapers and magazines, free to all over fifteen years of age, at the town hall reading room.

No tender has been accepted for the drill shed property, the Council believing it to be worth more than any offer made.

The Conservatives have added to the voters' lists of Nassagaweya and Esquesing, 21 and 51 names, respectively. The Reformers put in all their appeals for the two townships one day too late.

Rev. Armand Parent, a French Canadian convert from Romanism, preached in the Methodist Church on Sunday and lectured on Monday evening. The Rev. gentleman was the first French Canadian ordained to the Methodist ministry.

In the Public School Board tenders were opened for a supply of 35 cords of dry body wood four feet long, tenders being at $3.50, $3.40 and $3.30.

Mr. Henderson has been unseated as member in the Commons for Halton, for bribery by an active worker and delegate to the convention.

Mr. William Darby, of Nassagaweya, who had gone to Dakota last spring to make a home for his wife and family, died of typhoid there on November 1st. Mrs. Darby and family had remained with her father until the new home would be ready.

Special services are being conducted at Ebenezer by Revs. Robinson and Flagg.

Mr. James Scott narrowly escaped serious injury while teaming wood into Georgetown. Going over the bridge the load slid forward and he tried to replace it standing on the tongue, but slipped, when the horses started forward down the hill. Making a sharp turn the load was upset on Mr. Scott, who however escaped serious injury.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Speight are with Markham friends.

Mrs. James Brown and Master Jim visited at Penetang last week.

Mr. and Mrs. James McLam visited friends in Fergus this week.

Mr. George Smyth, who has been ill for some time at the home of Mr. W. T. Smyth, his brother, is recovering.

A visitor to this section was surprised to find so many Highland names among the residents, and, being an ardent lover of the men from the land of the heather, he presents his good wishes in the following effusion:

"Goot luck to Nassagaweys, ant olt Tonalth on the hill, wis hes neighbors McDonalds, McKerrachers, McGregors, McLaughlins, McKinnon, McLeod ant te McTavish; ant long te liv my Kequesing neighbors, the Manns, olt ant young, Allan ant Donald, Duncan and Ronald, wis te McGill, McPhersons, McDougald, McLean, McMillan, McArthur ant te Mollane; goot helce te olt Archy ant his Acton neighbors te McKeown, McNabb, McRae, McIntosh, McLennan, McDonald ant te McEachern, wis our own McIsaac; as for te McGreevy, who was at Ottawa, I've no wish. I sink she no Gaelic. Slanch ma to our parliament member, to make him so strong as a Solomans ant to have a tongue te spoke so wise as a Sampsons, so when he goes to te parliament again he will pe able to put flight to te Connolleys ant Murphys ant that will soon put stop to te unfriendly inroads of te Irish. This is the wish of your

CAMAIN MORE CAMPBELL,
Pabriche Tooch.

We fear the well-wisher has some of the Irish, whose inroads he so fears among his friends of the Macs, and it is rather doubtful whether those who 'spoke the Gaelic' will accept him very much as a Highland scholar.

PRIZE FIGHTS AND POULTRY

"John," said his wife, "why do they quarrel so much about poultry in those disgraceful prize fights?"

"Poultry?" said he laying down his newspaper. "Now my dear, whatever do you mean?"

"Yes," she went on, "it says here that at first the white man was inclined to show his chicken heart, but gave a pretty duck to avoid his colored opponent. Why did he want to avoid him—just because he was a colored man? And then here it says the colored man claimed a foul in the seventh round.' Was that the duck the white man gave him?"—London Mail.

THE HABIT OF SMILING

Form the habit of smiling. Anybody can smile when something excruciatingly funny comes to his attention. Sometimes we see the sourest faces break into a grin when a pedestrian slips on the ice, or has his hat carried away by a high wind. But those smiles which are due to some peculiar, exciting cause are not the sort which express a sunny personality and are magnets to attract others. Those who have formed a habit of smiling are the ones whose smile means something.

CHARACTER, NOT REPUTATION, THE REAL GOAL

Think less of reputation than of self-respect. Give yourself good grounds for believing in yourself, and you will have no need to worry as to the opinion others have formed of your ability. If we were as anxious to stand well in our own eyes as in the eyes of outsiders, if we exalted the crown of self-approval above the commendation of the world, then we should realize that character, and not reputation, is the real goal of life.

AN AUTO THRESHER

"It bates all what they do be gettin' out now-a-days," said our friend Pat as he watched the men unloading an auto-thresher at our loading platform the other day. We certainly had to agree with Pat as we began to look around to see what this auto-thresher really was. It is a combination of an engine and separator all in one as it were. The powerful gasoline engine is located under the front end of the separator, and a platform, not unlike an ordinary auto dray, in front for the pilot to work his way through the stooks.

The machine travels around through the stooks and with pitchers on either side threshes the grain as it goes along.

Plows may also be attached to the rear end of the separator, and by the time the last stook is threshed the field is also plowed. When threshing is done the separator may be removed from the trucks and the outfit used for plowing or harrowing, or is fast for a dozen other things on the farm.

A demonstration of what the machine can do was given on Pedlow's farm, operated by James A. Coleman, formerly of Acton, Ont., just north of town, and after everything was adjusted it did some excellent work.

It certainly is a wonderful piece of machinery and should find a ready market.—Hamiota, Man., Echo.

ESQUIMAUX DWELLINGS

"Furniture is quite unknown in a common Esquimaux house," writes the wife of the Danish Governor of Greenland, Anna Bistrup, in an article on "Esquimaux Women in Greenland," in the Century.

"The houses of the Esquimaux are all built of stone and turf, with the windows opening toward the sun, the one entrance always being on the side that is least exposed to the wind. Along the back wall runs a platform, a pallet of boards, raised about eighteen inches above the floor. It is from six to eight feet deep, and through its whole length it is divided into rooms of from eight to ten feet. Each room is separated from the neighboring room by a partition of board or skin. An open passage runs the whole length of the house along the pallet rooms and serves for the traffic of all the inmates; but each pallet room claims for its own the bit of passageway adjoining.

"Each pallet room is occupied by one family, and there they stay night and day. The best pallet room is the innermost, and is always occupied by the owner of the house, or the oldest if the house has more than one owner."

A NOBLE SON

It was a remark overheard in a street car, but it reminded us that there are honorable men in the world. A young man said: "I am very particular about paying my fare. I took a ticket home once when I was a small boy and showed it to my father, saying that the conductor had not taken it up and I was that much ahead. My father looked at me and said I had sold my honour for a nickel. That put a new face on it. I always think of what he said when I am tempted to repeat the offence." If all fathers were training their sons in this way there would be fewer dishonorable transactions in high places.—Herald and Presbyter.

OXYGEN AND HYDROGEN

Oxygen gas was discovered by Dr. Priestley about Aug. 1, 1771. Turquet de Mayerne discovered the inflammability of hydrogen in 1650. In 1766 Cavendish proved hydrogen to be an elementary body, and in 1781 he and Watt first showed that in the combination of this gas with oxygen, which takes place when it is burnt, water is produced. Later Lavoisir decomposed water with its elements and gave hydrogen its present name, instead of its old one of inflammable air.

Foundation Principles

First: When we undertake to fill your prescriptions, we give them our undivided attention and best care. The patient's welfare is our first consideration.

Second: We guarantee our drugs to be of full strength as well as pure and fresh.

Third: Our customers are supplied with just what they ask for; substituting is never allowed.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.

If you are a sufferer from kidney disease, liver complaint, blood troubles rheumatism, neuralgia or nervous prostration, we confidently recommend the use of Paine's Celery Compound. This reliable and never disappointing medicine is a true disease banisher and system builder. We supply the genuine Paine's Celery Compound. A. T. Brown, Acton, Ont.

GOD'S GOOD PLEASURE

Nature's forces all co-operate in the accomplishment of her great tasks. If only human forces would thus co-operate for the highest ends of human good, how different the world would be! It was the mission of Jesus in this world to bring into harmonious co-operation all human forces, under the direction of the Divine will, for the attainment of man's highest welfare and happiness. "For it was the good pleasure of the Father that in Him should all the fulness dwell; and through Him to reconcile all things upon the earth or things in the heavens."

PART OF OUR EDUCATION

Obstacles are a part of our education. Easy success means an undeveloped nature. The youth who gets what he wants without trying has a hard time of it when he comes up against difficulties that demand effort on his part. The little obstacles which you conquer from day to day are fitting you to overcome the big things by and by.

FATHER LEADS THE WAY

Years and years ago, when I
Was just a little lad,
And after school hours used to work
Around the farm with dad,
I used to be so wearied out
When eventide was come
That I got kinder anxious-like
About the journey home.

But dad, he used to lead the way,
An' once in a while turn 'round an' say,
So cheerin'-like, so tender: "Come!
Come on, my son, you're nearly home!"
That allers used to help me some,
An' so I followed father home.

I'm old an' gray an' feeble now,
An' trembly at the knee;
But life seems just the same to-day
As then it seemed to me.
For I am still so wearied out
When eventide is come,
An' still get kinder anxious-like
About the journey home.

But still my Father leads the way,
An' once in a while I hear him say,
So cheerin'-like, so tender: "Come!
Come on, my son, you're nearly home!"
An', same as then, that helps me some;
An' so I'm follerin' Father home.
—John Talman, in Progressive Printer.

CONSERVATION.

The conservation of our natural resources is clearly necessary for our welfare as a nation now and hereafter. Conservation implies both the development and the protection of resources, the one as much as the other. The idea which underlies it is in harmony with the true spirit of this nation. It expresses a deep seated national conviction, latent until it came, that we have inherited from our forefathers both an opportunity for ourselves and a duty to those who come after us. Conservation demands the use of common prudence and common foresight in dealing with that upon which our present and future welfare depends. The essence of conservation is the application of common sense to the common problems for the common good.—Gifford Pinchot.

JUST FOR FUN

Detective Inspector—I want a description of your missing cashier. How tall was he?

Business Man—Heavens knows—but he is $5,000 short.

"What have you in the shape of cucumbers this morning?" asked the customer of the new clerk.

"Nothing but bananas, ma'am," was the reply.

"Why don't you show a little ambition, Slithers?" asked Binks. "Go in and make a reputation for yourself."

"What's the use?" said Slithers, "I'd no sooner make it than these old ladies on the plazza here would tear it all to pieces."

"Here is more evidence of feminine superiority," said Mrs. Baring Banners.

"What is it?"

"A hen cackles only when she has laid an egg and a rooster crows merely to attract idle attention."

One of the fans in the bleachers at a Montreal-Baltimore baseball game, after a rank play on the part of one of the Montreal players, cried:

"Aw, hang crepe on your nose. Your brains are dead."

At a political meeting a very enthusiastic German made a speech beginning like this:

"My dear fellow citizens and fellow Shermans, I don't vant to say noddings to nobody, but look at dem Irish in the tenth ward; vot have dey got? Paved streets! Und vot have we got? Mut! Mut! Now, my fellow citizens und fellow Shermans, vot I vish to say is dis: Coom, let us put our heads together und make a block pavements."

SWEPT OFF OUR FEET

Many a young man who would feel it a disgrace to be knocked down by a boy half his size, is not afraid to be swept off his feet by a trifling irritation. The youth who comes down to breakfast in a bad humor because his collar button rolled under the rug, and he couldn't find it all in a minute, is certainly defeated by an opponent far from his size.

GOOD AS HER WORD

"Lobella," demanded Mr. McSwat, "where is my pipe?" "It was sailing out through the kitchen window the last time I saw it," answered his wife. "It was hey? You promised me when I got those tickets to the opera you never would touch my pipe again! Have you forgotten that?" "I didn't touch it, Billinger; I took the tongs to it."

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 tranquillising 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. North rop & 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.