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Begs to inform the ladies of
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The undersigned respectfully
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can always be secured at his
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Will Last You Your
Life Time
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the complete equipment of every
home and you might just as well
have the best, for the Bell can be
purchased for the same price as
is charged for many inferior
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a revelation in piano values both
new and second hand.
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er nor better than we
are offering to our cus-
tomers every day.
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We have a full stock of Winter weight
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and Children in all the newest shapes; also
a splendid line of Men's Waterproof Shoes.
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Get stock of these goods in very complete,
including Rubbers, Wood Lined Rubbers,
Overboots and Rubber Boots.
Let Us Supply Your Winter
Footwear Needs
W. WILLIAMS
Mill Street, Acton.

THE CALL
"Gee," said a voice in a post, as he
sought an elusive rhyme,
"One night when the world was sleeping
in the heart of the sweet May
blue;
"Oh, how can I come?" he answered,
"For the very which I am now weaving
the hearts of men will wail."
"Come," said the voice to a stranger,
"as he stood in the moonlight ball,
And men moved on at his bidding like
troops at a bugle call;
"I will come," he answered "my
sun at the fourth stands—
Before it sets forth any name shall
be known in the land."
"Come," said the voice to a mother
with her children at her knee,
"Blessing how safe and happy their
life at her side."
"Oh, I cannot come," she answered,
"I pray you, let me stay—
For I have my very darling to
wander far away."
"Other word was spoken, but the
ghost left his pen.
The stranger's name he heard no
more upon the lips of men,
And the children found no mother,
though they called with sobbing
weath.
For the voice which spoke all must
obey—it was the voice of Death."
NINNETTE M. LOWMYER.
Rock Elm, Wis.

Select Family Reading
A Fair
Rivalry
"By the way," Mr. Harrington
repeated, "I forgot to
mention that you will have
to postpone your vacation for a week
or two. Mr. Gordon has decided
to be away myself during the next
two weeks, at least."
"I am sorry if it will cause you any
inconvenience," Gordon replied, "but
my arrangements are already made."
"But I shall be away during the
next two weeks, Mr. Gordon. I can
not go until my return."
Gordon's manner was respectful,
but his words firm. "I regret that I
cannot see discharging, Mr. Harrington,
but it is too late to change my ar-
rangements."
There was no misunderstanding
possible. Mr. Harrington saw he had
a problem on his hands. The clerks in
the office were all agog with curiosity
and awaited the outcome with a
suspense that showed the variety of
opinion against the head of the office.
"Obliged by coming into my private
office," Mr. Harrington remarked,
Gordon followed and waited in silence
until his employer was compelled to
speak.
"Mr. Gordon," said he, "we might as
well understand one another. I learned
only yesterday that the Ladies go
Monday to Nantucket. I had thought
until then that they would first make
a trip to the mountains and con-
sequently I meant to postpone my
vacation. Your vacation must of
course be governed by mine, and I
choose to take the earlier date. I
make myself clear."
"Oh, Mr. Harrington," Gordon re-
plied, "And if you permit me I
will be equally frank. I have already
engaged my room at Nantucket and I
expect to make my stay there during
the 'Lovers' visit. I really prefer not
to make any change."
There was a pause as the two men
faced each other without a word.
Then Mr. Harrington spoke:
"I see. You certainly are entirely
frank. I will therefore go further. I
will therefore go further. I should be
very glad to overlook this presumption
if it were possible. I have no
complaint to make of your work in
my office, and should be glad to retain
you in my employ under ordinary cir-
cumstances, but of course you must
choose between your interests and
mine. I have heard something of a
boyish romance between—or rather,
on your part, toward Miss Lorne, and
it can do no harm to tell you that you
had better think no more of it. I have
spoken to Mr. Lorne myself in regard
to his daughter, and—come Mr. Gor-
don, I have always liked you. Your
future is certain if you behave your-
self, and are too stupid to throw your
chance away on account of a fancied
girl."
Gordon made no reply. So, after a
reasonable interval his employer went
on to another tone.
"We have all had our boyish fancies,
I think the more of you for your pre-
servation of a charming girl but you
can see how it is. You have your
position to make; mine is made. I
have decided to marry and my choice
does not happen to please you. I am
sorry of course, but equally of course, I
cannot wait to select a wife no one else
cares for. Miss Lorne is a sensible
young woman, and—"
Here Gordon broke in:
"Mr. Harrington, you have been
good enough to advise me; I now let
me advise you. Don't prepare your-
self a disappointment. Don't imagine
you can win a woman's heart as you
would win a law case. You are a good
business man, and an able attorney,
and a wise counsellor; but do you think
you have gained all that without some
loss? If I didn't care for Miss Lorne
any more than you care for her, I
would go back to my desk this minute
and leave her to your own capable of
winning her. But what do you think
you have gained all that without some
loss? Compared to the tattered brown cut
that roasts against her neck?
"Poetical, truly," Mr. Harrington re-
marked, smiling.
"Do you read novels?" Mr. Harrington
asked.
"Yes, and so does she," said Gordon.

WHAT WILL MAKE YOU GLAD?
When the years have slipped by and
memory runs back over the path you
have trod you will be glad that you
stopped to speak to your friend you
met, and left them with a warm
feeling in their hearts because you did so.
You will be glad that you were
happy when doing the small, every-
day things of life; that you served
the best you could in life's lonely
round.
You will be glad that you have
all along your way: "I know that I
can trust him. He is as true as steel."
You will be glad that there have
been some rainy days in your life. If
there were no storms the foundations
would dry up, the sky would be filled
with poisonous vapors and life would
cease.
You will be glad that you stopped
long enough every day to read care-
fully and with a prayer in your heart
some part of God's message to his
love.
You will be glad that you shut your
eyes tight against the evil things men
said about one another, and tried the
best you could to stay the words winged
with poison.
You will be glad that you brought
smaller men and not sorrow.
You will be glad that you have met
with a hearty handshake all the hard-
ships which have come to you, never
dodging out of them, but turning
them all to the best possible account.
—The Presbyterian.

GLORIOUSLY FALSE
"That man's object is to serve his
country with a sword," he boasted
Lord Brougham, speaking of the
Duke of Wellington, "but he would do
it with a pickaxe."
The Duke's sense of duty to his
country was not unfrequently made him
deal with George IV. in a blunt,
straightforward way, and even to evade
obedience to the king's orders. An
interesting anecdote, told in "Gossip of
the Century," exhibits the Duke
disobeying the king that he might
serve the nation.
The Duke owned a regiment having
fallen vacant, King George said to
Wellington, then the prime minister:
"Arthur, there is a regiment vacant,
Gazette Lord—to the vacancy."
"It is impossible, please your
majesty; there are generals who have
seen much service more advanced in
life, whose turn should be first served."
"Never mind that, Arthur. Gazette
Lord," replied the king.
The Duke bowed, went straight from
Wellington to London, and posted Sir
Ronald Ferguson, whose services en-
titled him to the vacancy. The king
had the discretion to wink at Wellin-
ton's disobedience, whose conduct
illustrated the meaning of the Latin
proverb, "Hinc est splendor, hinc est
fama," which may be translated, "Gloriously
false" or "False in a good cause."
KNOW WHAT HE WANTED
This is a tale told by the Baltimore
News for the benefit of the overzealous
salesmen or saleswomen who think
they know better than their customers
what their customers want to buy.
A man walked into a haberdasher's
shop and bowed politely to the clerk.
"I should like to look at some black
gloves stitched with white," he said.
"Black gloves stitched with white are
not fashionable now," replied the
clerk.
"I beg your pardon," said the polite
customer. "You evidently misunder-
stood me. I said I should like to look
at some black gloves, stitched with
white."
"They are no longer fashionable,"
reiterated the clerk, with impatient
superiority.
"I find I must apologise again," said
the other. "I have thought that it
was a haberdasher's I find it is
a bureau of information. It's sorry to
have troubled you with so unimportant
a matter, for I really didn't care
to know whether the gloves I wanted
were stylish or not. Perhaps I can
buy a pair of some sort at the place
across the street," and he went out.
SHAWING CHESTERFIELD
It may be merely human to fall-
from a bicycle—but it certainly
approaches the divine to rise again
with a complacent on his lips. This
is the story, from the New York
Tribune, of a Western senator who
easily accomplished both feats.
Although the senator rides a wheel,
he is not yet an expert. Recently he
was wheeling in Washington through
the agricultural grounds where he met
two women whose he knew.
Quite properly, the senator reined one
hand from his wheel to lift his hat, and
the next minute he had tumbled into
a bed of flowers.
"You did that very gracefully,
senator," was the comment of the trio
of bicyclists.
"Always dismount in the presence
of ladies," instantly replied the senator.
A POLYEMAN
The Golden Penny tells an amusing
story—some may think it improbable
—concerning the examination of a
young man who desired to be appoint-
ed a member of the Hampshire County
(England) police.
He put in an appearance one morn-
ing, accompanied by his mother, and
was taken in hand for examination by
the inspector. This progressed satis-
factorily until the inspector observed:
"Of course you're aware you'll have
a lot of light work to do? You are
not afraid of being out late, I sup-
pose?"
"I have the candidate could reply,
his mother electrified the amused
official with the statement:
"That'll be all right, sir; his grand-
father's going round with him the
first two or three nights until he gets
used to it!"

EXTINGUISHED
"The boy stood on the burning deck
whence all but he had fled—
When Tommy Gibble stood up to
speak he laid it in his head
But when he saw a school room full
of those he knew
From his weak knees and parching
tongue words had all fled too.
"The boy stood on the burning deck"
But he forgot about the boy or if he
lived or died.
He only knew the burning deck was
something nice and cool
Beside the cot room where he stood
that swifd day in school.
"The boy stood on the burning deck"
He felt the flames and smoke,
His tongue was thick, his mouth was
dry he felt that he would choke,
And from the far, back seats he heard
A whisper run about,
"Come back, Tom, and take your seat.
They've put the fire out!"

CAUTION.
For he who fights and runs
away
May live to fight another day,
Can never rise to fight again.
—Oliver Goldsmith
THE MAIN CHANCE
A Lancashire commercial traveller
while on one of his journeys through
Scotland, was one morning chatting
with local matters with a grocer in a
small town. A sudden idea evidently
came to the grocer, and he said to the
knight of the road, "Dae ye tak' any
interest in golf?"
"Well, yes," replied the traveller, "I
myself play a little."
"Well, maybe ye wadna mind if ye
gied us a haun' o' yer local tourna-
ment fund?"
The traveller, having an eye to
other orders, thought this an oppor-
tunity not to be missed, and asked if
five shillings would be acceptable.
"An' muckle obliged ye," said the
grocer, "it's real kind o' ye," and
he forthwith proceeded to give an
acknowledgment for the subscrip-
tion.
"Now that I have an interest in this
tournament of yours, perhaps you will
let me know in due course when it is
to be played off?" said the traveller.
"Oh," was the reply, "it was played
off last Tuesday night."
"Indeed," said the knightman, "and
who won it?"
"Man," said Sandy, "as tell you
the truth, I won it myself."
WHAT IT MEANT
A witness giving his testimony as to
the details of a fight, was obliged to
give frequent explanations of language
which the judge and the lawyers were
unable to comprehend.
"Well, your honor," he said glibly
in response to an inquiry as to the
occupation of one Dennis Malloy while
the fight was in progress, "Dennis, he
was just sloshin' round."
"What do you mean by 'sloshin'
round?" demanded the judge.
"Well, your honor," said the witness,
after a pause for reflection, "you see
Sano Floggiarty and his second cousin,
James Langin, they clobbered and
paired off, 's' it that left your honor?"
"I understand what you mean," said
the judge impatiently, "go on."
"Well, now," proceeded the witness,
"Pat Doonan and Mokie Hanlon they
did that same, and so did the Hincsey
twins; but Dennis, d'ye mind, was in
an arm's reach of the crowd, and whinver
he caught a man on him, he'd be up and
out with his two fists, and cleared the
way, and so on wint! That's what he
call sloshin' round, your honor. It's
just knockin' down loose men as ye
come to 'em."
DECIDEDLY NOT
A young wife came to her mother
one day, with fire in her eyes and in-
dignation in her voice.
"Heavy told me a little while ago,
said that there was no use callin'
my hair Auburn. He said it was
several stations beyond Auburn, on
the road to Reading!"
"I wouldn't mind that, Clara," said
her mother. "It was merely one of his
pleasantries."
"No, it wasn't!" exclaimed the young
wife, with a waving gleam of humor.
"It was an Englishwoman's LOVE LET-
TER."
Berlie—"I've been having a lovely
game with this post office as you
gave me, Auntie. I've taken a real
letter to 'How nice is the road.'
Auntie—"How nice! And where did
you get all the letters?"
Berlie—"Oh, I found a big bundle
died up with pink ribbon in your
desk."
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, how-
ever, in Quinine Wine, when obtained
in a sound, unadulterated state, a
remedy for many and grievous ills.
By its gradual and judicious use the
feebler systems are led into conval-
escence and strength by the influence
which Quinine exerts on Nature's own
restorative. It relieves those to
whom a chronic state of morbid
depression and lack of interest in
life is a disease, and by tranquillizing
the nervous system 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 actively 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 wise
approach nearest perfection of any
bit of medicine. All improved will fit.

TWENTY YEARS AGO
Home From Our Issue of Thursday,
February 20th, 1902
Eggs are down to fifteen cents.
Mr. D. Henderson, M. P., is moving
into his new residence on Howe
Avenue. Its construction reflects
great credit on the designer and build-
er, Mr. John Cameron.
Mr. James Cumming, son of the
late John Cumming, was for years an
esteemed resident of the community.
He went with his brother, Alexander,
to Dakota, but his health failing, went
to Arkansas. His trip was of no avail
and consumption having taken a firm
hold on his system he decided to get
back to the home in Canada. Arriving
at Georgetown, when he died at the
house of his sister, Mrs. Wilson, on
Wednesday.
In the Municipal Council the Collec-
tor's bill was returned, with only \$600
uncollected. Messrs. Harvey and
Hickman moved that no action be taken
on the request of the School Board for
permission to enclose the place of land
in the street allowance adjacent to the
school grounds, as the same is private
property, and beyond the control of
this body. Mr. J. F. Walker was
spokesman for a deputation who asked
to have a shoaling range on the west
side of the park. Granted on motion
of Messrs. Pearson and Hicord, on con-
dition that Council may recall permis-
sion if necessary.
In the School Board Mr. John Cam-
eron presented plans for a four-roomed
school, and Trustees Harding and
Wallace moved that tenders addressed
to George Hynds, chairman, be adver-
tised for in the Globe, Mail, Kingston,
Guelph, Mercury and Acton Free
Presses.
The Auditor's report of school fin-
ances by Messrs. A. K. Nicklin, and L.
G. Matthews shows total receipts
\$3,250.00 of which \$1,000 is municipal
aid, and to be closed, and asked if
five shillings would be acceptable.
"An' muckle obliged ye," said the
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bit of medicine. All improved will fit.

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KNOW WHAT HE WANTED
This is a tale told by the Baltimore
News for the benefit of the overzealous
salesmen or saleswomen who think
they know better than their customers
what their customers want to buy.
A man walked into a haberdasher's
shop and bowed politely to the clerk.
"I should like to look at some black
gloves stitched with white," he said.
"Black gloves stitched with white are
not fashionable now," replied the
clerk.
"I beg your pardon," said the polite
customer. "You evidently misunder-
stood me. I said I should like to look
at some black gloves, stitched with
white."
"They are no longer fashionable,"
reiterated the clerk, with impatient
superiority.
"I find I must apologise again," said
the other. "I have thought that it
was a haberdasher's I find it is
a bureau of information. It's sorry to
have troubled you with so unimportant
a matter, for I really didn't care
to know whether the gloves I wanted
were stylish or not. Perhaps I can
buy a pair of some sort at the place
across the street," and he went out.
SHAWING CHESTERFIELD
It may be merely human to fall-
from a bicycle—but it certainly
approaches the divine to rise again
with a complacent on his lips. This
is the story, from the New York
Tribune, of a Western senator who
easily accomplished both feats.
Although the senator rides a wheel,
he is not yet an expert. Recently he
was wheeling in Washington through
the agricultural grounds where he met
two women whose he knew.
Quite properly, the senator reined one
hand from his wheel to lift his hat, and
the next minute he had tumbled into
a bed of flowers.
"You did that very gracefully,
senator," was the comment of the trio
of bicyclists.
"Always dismount in the presence
of ladies," instantly replied the senator.
A POLYEMAN
The Golden Penny tells an amusing
story—some may think it improbable
—concerning the examination of a
young man who desired to be appoint-
ed a member of the Hampshire County
(England) police.
He put in an appearance one morn-
ing, accompanied by his mother, and
was taken in hand for examination by
the inspector. This progressed satis-
factorily until the inspector observed:
"Of course you're aware you'll have
a lot of light work to do? You are
not afraid of being out late, I sup-
pose?"
"I have the candidate could reply,
his mother electrified the amused
official with the statement:
"That'll be all right, sir; his grand-
father's going round with him the
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