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All accounts collected monthly.

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Editor and Proprietor.

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L. R. F. P. & S. GLASGOW.
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Account Books of all kinds made to order. Bookbinding of every description neatly bound, ruled or mended promptly done.

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Private Office, No witnesses required. Issued at residence in evening.
Free Press Office, ACTON

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LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington, Halton, Peel, Waterloo, Wentworth and the City of Guelph.
Sales conducted on reasonable terms and satisfaction guaranteed in every case.
For terms, dates, etc., apply to Box 279, Teeswater—27 Brougham St., GUELPH, Ont. Telephone 187, Guelph.
Sales may be arranged at FREE PRESS office, Acton.

The Old and Reliable
Granite and Marble Dealers

We are manufacturers and direct importers of all kinds of Monumental and Building stone. We have the best equipment and the only monumental plant in Hamilton with an experienced designer from Aberdeen of our customers in Acton, and our prices, when enquiry here is made, will be found as low as any. We have the largest and best stock of Granite in the Hamilton District, and we mean that any three dealers in the West, who are legitimate dealers and employ no agents, and do not annoy or practise deception by buying poor imported granite to palmy off on unsuspecting people, representing it to be our make, can do so. Our prices are the lowest, quality considered.

HAMILTON & SONS
Cor. Hughes and Woolwich Sts., GUELPH

DIAMONDS

No jeweller in Montreal or Toronto has a price advantage over us in the purchase of Diamonds.

We select each inset stone separately, examine it carefully, and have it set in a ring to suit ourselves.

Savage & Co.
ESTABLISHED 1848
Guelph Ont.

Ice Cream Season
Has Come Again

And we are ready to supply you with the best in the land. We have made improvements, and will be in better position to serve you in our Cafe.

We will also be prepared to fill all orders—large or small in bulk or brick.

You will find our store supplied with best Confectionery, Choice and fresh.

Pineapples, Oranges, Bananas and Lemons at right prices, quality considered.

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THE ACTON CAFE - Mill Street

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MANUFACTURER OF
Cement Blocks and Tile
Laying Pavements, Cement Flooring, Well Sinking & Curbing
Pumps and Repairs
SATISFACTION ASSURED
Orders left at residence, Main Street, Acton, or to box 424, will receive prompt attention.

Green Grocer
—AND—
FRUIT MERCHANT
E. K. COOK
Is receiving daily Fresh Vegetables and Fruits and sells them at reasonable prices
FOREIGN FRUITS A SPECIALTY
GOODS DELIVERED
MILL STREET ACTON

Waters Bros.
Guelph
HEADQUARTERS FOR
O. A. C.
AND
School Supplies
FOR
NATURE STUDY
BOTANICAL
ETOMOLOGICAL
DRAWING
PAINTING
41 Wyndham Street
Phone 550

..PAPER..
MAKERS
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
BOOK, NEWS AND COLORED PAPERS
JNO. R. BARBER

EDUCATION FOR SUCCESS
A Large Business Office in a great Canadian city had displayed in quick succession four incompetent stenographers. Just then a smiling boy walked in and answered the manager's stereotyped question, "Sir, I get my training at the
GUELPH BUSINESS COLLEGE
GUELPH ONT.
That Were Twenty Ago, but that boy is still on the job, holding successfully his well-paid position, his responsibility has increased, so has also his salary, for he is frequently in charge of that office. In which other school could he be made good and achieve success.
His Own Explanation, in a courteous letter to Principal MacCormack, is given in the words, "Thanks to your careful training." His happy experience is that of many whom we have educated for SUCCESS, large, honorable and permanent.
No Better Time to enroll than NOW. Come direct to the College Office, 1st Floor, Wyndham Street, or address
Malcolm MacCormack, B. A., Prin.

BREAD BOXES
4 Sizes—50c, 85c, $1.00, $1.25.
FLOUR BOXES
3 Sizes
25 lb. capacity ..... 90c.
50 lb. capacity $1.10
100 lb. capacity $1.65
CAKE BOXES
Regular size ..... 50c.
This is the only way to properly keep bread, flour and cake. The above are metal, air tight boxes, nicely finished and attractive. A nice line is now on display in our window, and in our store.
Attention is also called to our line of BIRD CAGES — TRAYS — BATHS — GARBAGE CANS.
We carry a complete line of Tinware such as is not found elsewhere in Guelph. We have what you want.
The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Retail Phone 97 - GUELPH

ACTON
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be secured at his stables.
A comfortable bus meets all trains between 10.00 a.m. and 6.10 p. m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

GOING AHEAD!
When alterations are completed Guelph will have the Largest and Best Equipped Optical Established in the Dominion.
We are located temporarily with Savage & Co., 21 Wyndham St. Phone 571.
A. D. Savage, Guelph
EXCLUSIVE OPTICIAN

YOUR
Musical Wants
Quickly and Satisfactorily Supplied Here
Violins, Guitars, Mandolins, Banjos, Autoharps, Accordeons, Mouthorgans, Gramophones and Phonographs.
Strings of A1 quality and repair parts for all instruments.
Popular Music, Standard and Secular Songs, Anthems, Quartettes, Choruses and Music Books of all description.
Chas. W. Kelly
113 Upper Wyndham St. GUELPH

Our stock of
Flour & Meals
Is Noted for
Being Bought Right
Freshness
Quality
Cleanliness
Easy Prices
Quick Delivery
Let us prove it to your satisfaction.
R. NOBLE
MERCHANT MILLER
Acton, Ontario

Spring & Summer
SHOES
Choose your shoes from our superb stock where you have so many shapes and sizes. Take a look at the shoes in our windows and get acquainted with the new styles. In our windows we can show but a few of our latest, but those shown will give you an idea of what our stock is like. We now have a large assortment of high grade shoes.
W. WILLIAMS
"The Home of Good Shoes"
Mill Street Acton

Poetry.

TEACHING SCHOOL

"I don't like doing housework,"
Said little Milly Brown;
"I don't like washing dishes,
Or sweeping cobwebs down.
I do not like the ironing,
Or making bread and pie;
I hate to do the scrubbing,
And sewing makes me sigh.

"But there's one thing I do like
In weather hot or cold—
From morning until evening
I just love teaching school.
So, early every morning,
I take my little broom,
And teach him how to hurry
And sweep the sitting-room.

"And then I teach the duster
The furniture to clean,
Till everything is shining
That rooms four walls between.
Each day I teach the dishcloth
To wash the cups and spoons,
And all the time we study
We sing the gayest tunes.

"I teach my little flatiron
To gallop here and there,
And leave the clothes behind him
All shining, smooth and fair.
I teach my little mopstick
To scrub the kitchen floor;
He says his lessons better
Each day than e'er before.

I teach my little needle
To hem, to stitch and run;
And, oh, he smiles so proudly
When well the lessons done!
At night, when school is over,
And lessons are all said,
I teach my feet to carry,
The teacher off to bed."

—Unidentified.

Select Family Reading

PLUCK

"Luck is a Fool, Pluck is a Hero"

BY LAURA K. MICHARDS

"YES," said the iron master, "first honesty, and then pluck—those are the things needful. Speaking of pluck."—He stopped to answer the telephone, and said "yes" and "no," by turns for five minutes and then resumed:

"Speaking of pluck, as you were doing just now, reminds me of a story, the beginning and end of which is that one word."

We settled ourselves in our chairs. We were sitting in the office of the iron-works, and the air was full of the sound of great hammers, crashing and pounding; of the sharp hiss of molten metal, and the clear ring of smitten steel.

"I was sitting here in this very chair," the iron master began, "one day about seven years ago or maybe eight. Time goes so fast, I hardly try to keep count of it in these days. At any rate, here I was sitting, reading the newspaper, when there came a knock at the door.

"'Come in!' I said, and in walked a stranger. He was a young man, about twenty-five years old, dressed like a gentleman, though his clothes had seen a good deal of service. Tall, with his head held up, and grey eyes that met mine fair and square.

"Always look first at a man's eyes, my boy! If he looks you in the eye, he is worth trying. If eyes shift about here and there, as if they didn't know where to look, or were afraid of seeing something they didn't like — have nothing to do with him: That's my experience!"

"Well, this young man came up to my desk, and spoke without waiting for me; yet it was no want of manners, for his manners were good.

"Good morning, sir!" he said; and his voice had a clear ring to it that I liked. 'I want work. Can you give me any?'

"I shook my head. 'We never took strangers in that way and I don't recommend the practice at any time.'

"'No, sir,' I said. 'We have no work here. Sorry I can't accommodate you.' I took up my paper again, and looked to see him go out again without more words; but he stood still. 'I must have work', he said. 'I would try to give you satisfaction, sir, and I tell you I must have it.'

"He spoke as if I had the work in my coat pocket, and as if he was determined to get it from me, yet any coat; yet perfectly respectable, you know, with nothing I could take hold of and get angry about.

"'My good sir,' I said, putting the paper down, 'there is no vacancy in the place. If you give me your name and your references I will make a note of them and some day when we do have a job to dispose of, I will remember you. That is the best I can do for you to-day.'

"The young man shook his head. 'That won't do!' he said. 'Think again, sir. Surely in this great place there must be something a strong, willing man can do. It is useless to talk of waiting till a vacancy occurs. I must have work now, to-day! It is absolutely necessary!'

"'It was on the tip of my tongue to tell him that it was absolutely necessary for him to leave that office and close the door after him; but I looked at him again, and didn't say it.

"I saw that he was telling the truth, and that he must have work. It was not that he looked shabby, or that there was any suspicion of whining or sulvelling about him. If there had been, out he would have gone in pretty quick time. But there was a look in his eye—well, I hardly know how to describe it, but the man was desperate and had some reason for being so.

"'What kind of work do you want?' I said, putting down the paper again.

"'Any kind.'

"'You mean that?'

"'I do. Anything that will put bread in the mouths of—' he choked a little, and stopped. 'Then, I came from Canada two days ago, with my wife and three children, and was robbed on the train of my wallet. I have not a penny!'

"'Come with me!' I said and he followed me out of the works. His story might be true or it might not, but I thought of a way to test the metal of which he was made.

"The Stark Mill, in which I had some interest, had been partly burned a few days before, and I had a gang at work clearing away the rubbish. A dirty job it was; the men were up to their waists half the time in mud and water and the whole place was a muddle of rusty iron and burned timbers and what not—looked like the end of the world and the wrong end at that.

"The gang I had on were mostly Italians—it was too dirty for a Yankee to touch, and even the Irish were shy of it. They were little, dark, monkey-looking fellows, at work, and chattering in their unearthly gibberish. I glanced from them to my gentleman, with his clear white skin and hands that showed that whatever trade he had worked at clearing away wreckage hadn't been part of it—though he looked like one who might have taken a good deal of exercise in athletic sports.

"'Here's a job!' I said. 'The only one I know of. How do you like it?'

"'Well enough,' he said as cool as possible.

"'You'll get a dollar and a half a day,' I told him. 'You'll get your death, too probably. When will you go to work?'

"'In an hour,' he said. Well, off he went, and I hardly expected to see him again. But before the hour was out he was back again, in a flannel undershirt and a pair of old trousers. He took his pickaxe, and down he went into that hole as if it was an evening party, sir.

"Well, I went back to the office. I couldn't be hanging around watching the men, or the boss would have been making trouble; but my new hand stayed on my mind, somehow, and I strolled round by the wreck two or three times in the afternoon, making some errand, you understand, in that direction.

"That man was working, sir—like a house afire. The Italians are good workers, none better as a rule—but his pick axe went in and out three times to their twice, and there was no chattering in his corner of the hole. He had little breath to talk if he had wanted to, for though he was a muscular fellow, you could see with half an eye that he had never done such work in his life before.

"The sweat poured down his face like rain, but he never stopped, never looked up, or knew that I or anyone else was near—just plodded away, swinging that pick as though there were nothing else in the world.

"'That's pluck,' said I to myself. 'If he doesn't die he'll do.'

"For all that I thought he would give out after the first day—didn't think his strength would last. When he came in for his pay at night he was shaky and pretty tired looking; but he never said a word; just took his pay with the rest, and thanked me and went off.

"The next morning I was busy and although I thought of my gentleman once or twice, I didn't manage to get down to the wreck till noon, soon after the whistle had blown for knocking off work.

"When I got there I saw the Italians lying around on the ground or squatting on the fences eating their black bread and sausage and chattering away as usual; but no sight of my gentleman in the flannel shirt.

"Oho, said I to myself, 'one day was enough for him, was it?' And I thought it would have been enough for me, too. When you are not used to the swing of a pick, the way it takes you in the back is something beyond belief. I turned to come away and lo, there he was, sitting off in a corner by himself, all crouched up, with a great hunch of bread in one hand and a book in the other.

"I strolled up behind him and looked over his shoulder at the book. It was an Italian grammar, sir.

"My shadow falling on the book startled him, and he looked up. I suppose I must have looked as astonished as I felt, for he smiled and said, 'I couldn't afford to lose such an opportunity! The boss is very friendly, and I have learned several phrases. Buon giorno signore!'

"'Are you a school master,' I asked, 'and working in that hole?'

"'No,' he said quietly, "I am a bookkeeper. It is a great advantage for a bookkeeper to be able to read and answer foreign letters, and although I have some knowledge of French, it has never come in my way to hear Italian spoken. So now is my chance. I got this grammar for fifteen cents,' he added, turning it over with a smile the book was pretty ragged and one cover was gone, 'and I'm getting on pretty well.'

"'Why, in the name of everything foolish didn't you apply for a position as bookkeeper,' I asked, 'instead of this kind of thing?'

"'Nobody will take a bookkeeper without references; I shouldn't think much of a firm that did, I suppose,' he added, flushing a little. 'My references were in my wallet that was stolen, and it will be a week and more before I get new ones, as my native town is off the main lines and letters take a good while to get there. I've always been fond of open air and exercise,' he added, with a quizzical look at the hole where he had been digging, 'and now I'm getting lots of it.'

"'Look stiff?' I suggested.

"'So? So! I'll manage though, often been worse after a day's rowing, and this is just as good bread as any other, and he took a bite out of his lunch, and looked at his book as much as to say he had talked enough and wanted to be back at his grammar.

"I walked off and didn't see him again till he came for his pay in the evening, shaky again, but smiling as if he had had an excursion down the harbor. So it went on till the fourth day. Every day I looked to see him quit; but his pluck kept him up, and it's my belief he would have worked in that hole and got stronger and stronger—if something hadn't turned up.

"The fourth day I was sitting in the office, when the door opened, and in came Green, from the boilerworks over the way. 'Morning,' he said, 'Do you know of a book-keeper? Our poor fellow who's been sick for so long died yesterday. I have to think about getting another.'

"I shook my head, but an idea came to me.

"'Will you take a man on trial?'

"'What kind of a man?'

"'Well, I hardly know,' said I. 'I think he's pretty good, but I've only known him four days. I can answer for his power of work,' and I told the man's story.

"Green went out with me, saw the young fellow, liked his looks, and engaged him on the spot. He finished his day's work, came out of his hole in the mud, shook hands with me, and the next day found a home for the rest of his life.

"That is seven or eight years ago, and he has been at the boiler works ever since. If he's not to be made a partner soon, I've been misformed today, and that is what put him into my head when you were talking about pluck just now. That man, sir, had the real article; and when a man has the real article and is honest to boot, don't talk to me about his not succeeding in life. Going? Well good morning! Good luck to you in your new venture, and let your watchword be Pluck!"—Youth's Companion.

"OLD LIMPY"

He was a young man, and he had only recently been promoted to the position of conductor; so for both reasons he made the mistake of thinking that a pert, authoritative manner increased his importance.

One day as the train was ready to pull out of the station, and he stood on the platform with hand on the bell rope ready to give the signal to start, he noticed a middle-aged plainly dressed, lame man standing quietly outside and evidently waiting to take the train.

"Get aboard, old limpy," his accent at once pert and condescending, "get aboard, old limpy, or you'll be left."

As he gave the signal the old gentleman quietly stepped aboard and walking into the car took a seat by himself. A little later when the conductor is taking up the tickets came to him with the brusque demand, "Fare," he answered:

"I do not pay fare on this road."

"Then I will put you off at the next station," was the snappy reply. And without giving the old man a chance for an explanation he passed on a little more swelled up with importance than before.

A few seats farther on a passenger who had noticed the incident, as he handed out his ticket said:

"Did you know that old gentleman?"

"No, I did not," with a haughty stare.

"I thought not. Well, he is President of this road."

The young conductor flushed and bit his lips. At once he realized what his mistake meant to him. But it was too late to undo it. In a moment he had undone all the hard and faithful work that had gone before, and as all his hopes and ambitions crashed down around him he grew almost sick. There was, he felt, but one thing for him to do. He went on and finished the task of taking up tickets. When that was done he walked back to the seat that held "old limpy," and said simply.

"Sir, I resign my position as conductor."

The bluster was gone from his manner, the insolence from his tone. The old gentleman looked at him keenly. He was accustomed to reading and judging men and he saw the real mettle in the lad.

"Sit down here, young man," he said kindly, making place for him, "I do not wish to harm you, but you must understand that we run this road for profit, and to accommodate the public. Make it an invariable rule to treat every person with perfect civility whatever clothes he wears or whatever infirmity he suffers. This rule is imperative upon everyone of our employees. I shall not remove you for what you have done, but it must not be repeated."

"Sir," the young conductor's voice was not quite steady, "it never shall be, I have had my lesson."

This is a true incident. The "old limpy," was the Hon. Keturah Corning, of New York, a member of Congress, and at that time one of the leading railroad capitalists of the country.

As for the conductor he had learned the lesson so many boys lack, that to treat the poorest-dressed stranger rudely is not only ungentlemanly, but unsafe.—The Boys' World.

GOING SOME

A Scotchman, a Frenchman and an American happened to meet and during their conversation the American boasted of his beloved "America." He twangled. "I guess we hustle. Well rather. The trains go so fast over there that as you pass the railway stations you think you are going between two rows of houses!"

"Ah," said the Frenchman proudly, "in Paris the trains go so quickly that the telegraph poles on each side of the railway look like one big hedge!"

The Scotchman listened with a contemptuous smile. "Once I was travelling from Glasgow to Edinburgh," he said. "At the station the railway porter clumsily let my valise fall and just as the train started I tried to strike him, and great Scott! I hit the station master in Edinburgh!"

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Items From One Issue of Thursday September 22nd, 1892.

It is reported that the potatoes are beginning to rot again this fall.

Mr. T. H. Harding has been laid up for several days as the result of overlifting.

Fall apples are very cheap. 25 to 35 cents a bag are all they being at present.

A gravel walk is to be put down on Main Street west from Thos. C. Moore's lane to James Brown's.

Rev. J. Edgs is preaching a course of sermons on "The Beatitudes."

An uncanny venture under the train by Mr. C. Quittner's pet dog cost him his life on Saturday evening.

Rev. Mr. Norton preached an impressive sermon in the Baptist Church on Sunday afternoon, and referred specially to the late Charles Lippington.

Rev. C. A. Cook, of the First Baptist Church, Bloomfield, N. J., is publishing "The Worker," a neat little monthly, in connection with the church.

The deck on the roof of the new school is nearly finished and the interior work will now be pushed forward.

About 9,000 barrels of the splendid apple crop in this section have been purchased by a Clinton firm of buyers who are now buying and shipping. A car has already gone from Acton. The entire crop will be shipped to Liverpool.

The canvassers have secured several hundred dollars towards Mr. Harvey's 1,500 dollar roller mill proposition. Over $300 has also been subscribed by Acton citizens.

Mr. Geo. Havill has been given the contract for a new tin roof to be put on the town hall at a cost of $40.

Mr. R. McNabb has gone to visit friends at Kirkfield.

Messrs. Arch. McNabb and W. H. Speight have returned from Bracebridge, where they were engaged making additions at Beardmore's tannery.

Dr. M. Forster, of Palmerston, was in Acton on Saturday and called on a few friends.

Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Moore are visiting at London and Florence.

Miss Sarah Laird has taken a situation at Robcaygeon.

Mrs. Asa Hall has returned from a four weeks' visit to Orillia and Penetanguishene.

Mrs. John Speight has returned from London and is gradually regaining her strength.

Mrs. Andrew Dobble, of Esquesing, Mrs. William Martin, of Hanover, Mr. William Dobble, Esquesing, and his son, Andrew, twelve years of age, comprising representatives of four generations, all took tea at the home of Mr. Chas. Kirkpatrick, Church Street, on Friday. Mrs. Dobble is Mrs. Kirkpatrick's mother and is in her ninety-fourth year.

BORN

STEWART—In Esquesing, on September 10th, to Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Stewart, a son.

STEWART—In Esquesing, on September 9th, to Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart, a son.

SMITH—In Esquesing on September 14th, to Mr. and Mrs. James Sharp a daughter.

KINGSBURY—In Nassagaweya, on September 9th, to Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Kingsbury, a daughter.

MARRIED

LEAHY-ANDERSON—At the Manse, Acton, on the 18th of September, by Rev. J. W. Ross, Mr. Wallace A. Leahy, to Jessie, daughter of Mr. Peter Anderson, all of Acton.

DIED

LAMBERT—In Erin, on September 9th, Charles Lambert, aged 68 years.

STEWART—In Esquesing, on September 9th, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart.

COYNE—In Trafalgar, on September 12th, George Coyne, J. P., in his 72nd year.

BLACK—At Rockwood on September 15th, Mary Munn, widow of Donald Black, of Brampton, aged 84 years.

SALVIA IS A PREPARATION THAT WILL GROW HAIR ABUNDANTLY

This is an age of new discoveries. To grow hair after it has fallen out to-day 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 best 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.

AN INSINUATION

"How old are you?" asked the browbeating lawyer of the lady witness.

"I do not know," she replied sweetly.

"In what year were you born?"

"I don't remember."

"Weren't you there?"

"Yes, but I haven't even a vague recollection of it."

"Was it so long ago?"

ARE YOU GETTING ANYWHERE

A noted Englishman used to tell the story about himself which has a lesson for twentieth century Canadians. He was late to an important engagement and calling a cab, he ordered the driver to drive very fast. The obliging cabman whipped up his horse, and the passenger had been well jolted before it occurred to him that he had not given the man any address. He was going rapidly, but he was not going anywhere.

A great many people experience a great deal of satisfaction out of the idea that they are busy always, hurrying always. But that is not enough. What are you accomplishing by all this driving hurry? Are you getting anywhere?

IT NEEDS YOUR HELP

Do you wish the world were better?
Let me tell you what to do:
Set a watch upon your actions,
Keep them always straight and true;
Rid your mind of selfish motives;
Let your thoughts be clean and high,
You can make a little Eden
Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser?
Well, suppose you make a start,
By accumulating wisdom
In the scrap-book of your heart;
Do not waste one page on folly;
Live to learn, and learn to live,
If you want to give men knowledge
You must get it ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy?
Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness
As you pass along the way;
For the pleasure of the many
May be oftimes traced to one,
As the hand that plants an acorn
Shelters armies from the sun.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

WHAT RECOMMENDED HIM

A gentleman once advertised for a boy to assist him in his office. Nearly fifty applied for the place. Out of the whole number he in a short time chose one, and sent the rest away.

"I should like to know," said a friend who was present, "on what ground you chose that boy. He had not one recommendation with him."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he has a great many."

"He wiped his shoes when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing he was tidy and orderly.

"He gave up his seat instantly to that lame man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful.

"He took off his cap when he came in, answering my questions promptly and repectfully, showing that he was polite.

"He lifted up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor and placed it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it or shoved it aside, showing that he was careful.

"When I talked with him I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk.

"And he waited quietly for his turn instead of pushing the others aside, showing that he was modest.

"When he wrote his name I observed, that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like those of the handsome little fellow in the blue jacket.

"Don't you call these things letters of recommendation? I do, and what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes for ten minutes is worth more than all the fine letters he can bring me."

AN EASY TASK

In his day, Herr Lauterstein had been a busy instructor of many music students: promptness and economy were two of his watchwords. Now that he had grown old and taught but sparingly, his habit of speech often caused a smile.

"What time shall I come for my lesson to-morrow?" asked one of his few pupils.

"You come ven you get ready," said the music-master, "but be prompt, so as not to waste my time nor your own. Understand?"

HIS MOTIVES

Senator McCumber at a dinner in Washington said that all acts should be judged by the motives that inspired them. "That is the only way to avoid going wrong. Jim Bludge, of Wahpeton, was a very bad man, but one Easter he turned up at a church service. Everybody was delighted. Everybody's heart warmed to Jim. But the deacon, accosting him after the service, said cautiously:

"'Well, James, I'm glad to see you at meeting; but how did you happen to come?'

"'Ha, ha, ha!' Jim Bludge chuckled, 'It's like this, deacon. You see, last Thursday morning I found a counterfeit dime. But don't tell nobody.'"

HE KNEW

"Is the master of the house in?" inquired the smooth-tongued book-agent of the little boy who answered his ring.

"Nope," said the boy.

"Little boys should not tell falsehoods," said the book-agent. "Isn't that your father reading the newspaper there by the window?"

"Yep," was the answer, "that's pa all right, but ma is out."

A HINT

"That attendant seems to be hard of hearing."

"I have noticed that a little palm oil often cures deafness."

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.