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The Acton Free Press

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MILL STREET. ACTON, ONT

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All accounts collected monthly.

H. F. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

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Office at Residence, Corner Mill and Frederick streets.
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H. F. MOORE
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued residence in the evening.
Free Press Office, ACTON

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LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton
Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or in my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms Reasonable.

Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $400 and upwards.

R. J. KNOX
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For the Counties of Wellington, Halton, Peel and Dufferin, and the city of Guelph.
Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms.
Orders by letter or telephone P. O., or Caledon telephone in residence in connection with the field, where arrangements as to dates and advertising can be made. Orders left at FREE PRESS office, Acton, will receive immediate attention. Special attention to sales in Acton and vicinity.
FARMS TO SELL OR RENT.

JAMES McDONALD
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the counties of Wellington, Halton, Waterloo, Wentworth and the City of Guelph.
Sales conducted on reasonable terms and satisfaction guaranteed in every case.
For terms, dates, etc., apply to this ofc.
HEADQUARTERS—17 Sydenham St., GUELPH, Ont. Telephone 117, 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 Cemetery work. We sell direct to our customers at wholesale prices thus saving our customers 50 per cent. We have the best appliances and the only machines in the Dominion who can operate pneumatic tools properly. We can give references from hundreds of our customers in Toronto and other places, where others have to plead law suits in order to collect. We have the largest and best stock of Granite in the Dominion, or more than any three dealers in the West. We are legitimate dealers and employ no agents, and do not annoy or pester customers by sending out ignorant agents to solicit orders—we employ mechanics only and defy competition.

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Savage & Co.
Established 1840
JEWELLER - GUELPH

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O. A. C. AND School Supplies FOR
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Wellington St. - - Acton
Is open for contracts of all kinds for Cement Walks, Bridges, Culverts, Floors, Cisterns and Cement Blocks.
Cement on hand at $2.50 a barrel.
Orders either by mail or at residence will receive prompt attention.

Something Entirely New!
Sanitary Household Brushes
The Fuller Brushes are made to give the longest service possible, may be washed without any damage, and are thoroughly sanitary.
Clothes Brushes
Hat Brushes
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Fuller Wonder Mop
Fuller Wonder Duster
Fuller Floor Sweeper
The Latest Goods out. Call and See Them
C. C. SPOIGHT
ACTON

BUSINESS EDUCATION
Are You Still without a Business Education? This question is of prime importance to every young person. Every year that passes until proved to this respect, lessens their and opportunity for achieving success. Don't delay longer. Begin now by registering as a student at the famous
GUELPH BUSINESS COLLEGE
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You Will Reap a rich return, through all your subsequent career, in increased earning power, in ability to undertake, and in skill to successfully manage enterprises that are impossible to you now. Many a man has regretted the lack of Business Education, when rare chances and opportunities came his way, but of which he was unable to avail himself.
Come Direct to the College Office, 167 Upper Wyndham Street, or address
Malcolm MacCormack, B. A., Prin.

Our Ice Cream Parlor
Open for the Season
FRESH FRUITS, Strawberries, Pine Apples, Grapefruit, Oranges, Lemons.
Fresh Vegetables every day.
Fresh Groceries.
Best Candies.
Our Ice Cream is made fresh every morning from pure Cream.
T. STATHAM & SON
Mill St. Opposite New Post Office

Just a word About Garden Hardware
We offer you a
Good Rake at 25 cents
Good Spade at 30 cents
Good Hoe at 25 cents
Good Shovel at 30 cents
To name over our list of Garden Necessaries would take more space than is at our disposal, but for
Spades or Shovels
Hoes or Rakes
Forks or Trowels
Barrows or Sprayers
Lawn Edgers or Rollers.
You cannot do better than drop in with your order, and secure the value in every case as offered by the Big Store.
"We have What You Want"
The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Phone 1012 (Ten Twelve) GUELPH

The Making of GLASSES
For Your Individual Requirements
The Eyes Examined
The Lenses Ground
The Glasses Fitted
All in our Establishment
A. D. SAVAGE
OPTEMETRIST & MFG. OPTICIAN
"Right at the Post Office"
Phone 437k - GUELPH

BOOTS AND SHOES
REPAIRED
BOOTS and shoes repaired promptly. Any work on foot wear. Satisfaction guaranteed.
MORRIS PILLOWSKY
Mill St., Acton Opposite the Livery Stable.

Bell Art Pianos!
Possess an individuality and attractiveness which cannot escape the attention of a musician
In many structural points the "BELL" stands alone as a distinct departure from older methods.
The new points are strong points wherein purchasers of Bell Pianos obtain that measure of satisfaction which enables them to say with pride, "My Piano is a Bell."
Sold only by
C. W. KELLY
133 Upper Wyndham St.
GUELPH - ONT.

Offering a Suggestion
is one thing, but putting it into practice is an entirely different proposition.
We Suggest that We do Your Plumbing
It's a good suggestion and one we can fully qualify on.
Plumbing Supplies Furnished By Us
are all standard makes, while the work we do is superior in every particular.
Estimates given.
STEVENSON & MALCOLM CO.
Plumbers, Steamfitters & Electricians
16 Wyndham St. - - - Phone 143
GUELPH, ONT.

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BOOK BINDER
Quebec St. East - - Guelph, Ont.
Books and Magazines bound in Handsome and Substantial Covers.
Names lettered in gold on Bibles, Hymn Books and other Books.
ALL WORK PROMPTLY EXECUTED

R. NOBLE
LIMITED

Flour, Feed and Seeds
We have just received a fresh stock of Seeds of Red Clover, Timothy, Alsike, Alfalfa, Red Top, Canadian Blue Grass.
All Government standard.
We are paying the highest market price for all kinds of Grain, at our Elevator.
J. L. WARREN
MANAGER

Poetry.

DON'T GIVE UP

If you've tried and have not won
Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

Though young birds, in flying fall,
Still their wings grow stronger;
And the next time they can keep
Up a little longer.

Though the sturdy oak has known
Many a blast that bowed her,
She has risen again and grown
Taller and prouder.

If by easy work you get,
Who the more will prize you?
Gaining victory from defeat,
That's the test that tries you.

—Phoebe Carey.

Select Family Reading

The Taking of Laurella

GRACE McGOWAN COOKE

"PLEASE leave them thar dishes alone, Laurelly, and come and set down."

"Did you want to talk to me?"

The girl turned a face of lovely surprise over her shoulder as she gave a great yellow bowl an extra vigorous shove back upon the high shelf.

Did he want to talk to her? Her lover looked at her in helpless irritation. This was the history of their courtship, when he met her at quarterly or grove meeting he fancied that if he were alone with her he might make headway. When they had the great kitchen all to themselves as tonight, with the firelight making gusty shadow and shine upon its crannied walls he found that she slipped through his fingers like a mist-wreath or a moonbeam evading his ardor by not recognizing it.

"Course I want to talk to you. What do you reckon I come all the way over from the Fur Cove for?"

"I didn't know. I was a wondering. I thought may be you wanted to see pappy or the boys."

The attitude of the mountain girl toward man and matrimony is primitive. She is not seeking the one nor admiring the other. She unhesitatingly upon character lectics purely masculine as defects. Masculine she she professes to consider clumsiness; a base voice is a "great coarse, rough voice." When she is finally wed, the countryside is to understand that it is an event which never entered into her calculations, which has been accomplished only by surprise and superior force.

Jason Busharss sat hypnotized watching how the firelight ran up Laurella's white throat, lingering in her eyelashes, throwing their shadow upward, adding an extra touch of surprised enquiry to her countenance, as she faced him and professed herself ready to hear the business upon which he had come. But was she? Would she listen?

"Don't you remember, Laurelly, when you and me used to go to the hollerin' school together and I was always a writin' notes to you, just as soon as I learned to write—or print, rather?"

"Aw, law! Them days!" laughed Laurella with heightened color, ignoring the significance of his speech. "Didn't the teacher have big foot? I've studied about his feet many a time since, when I ought to have been thinkin' of something sensible. Has your ma put in any o' them dice pattern counterpanes for to weave, Jason?"

The fate of nations might have hung upon Mother Busharss' weaving, if one could judge by the girl's face; but Jason ignored the question.

"Don't you remember when I went down to Varyville and got me a job on the railroad, how I sent you a valentine?" he persisted.

"No," the girl cried with sparkling eyes. "Was it a comic?"

"You know it wasn't. My name was on it, and it said—it said—"

Jason floundered hopelessly before those laughing eyes. He sought desperately in his mind for the exact words that had been in the valentine—they would have served his purpose well.

"Seems to me I do mind about a right pretty valentine that had a name wrote so scratchy on it I couldn't tell who 'twas sent it. I just made it up in my own mind it was Bob Province—he's always up to such foolishness—and let it go at that. Did your folks put up as much most as usual this fall? Looks like our hogs never would fatten, and pappy won't kill till they're fat as."

"Yes," choked Jason, "we killed last week. I guess we've got rather more than usual—or perhaps considerable less."

The girl giggled.

"You ain't thinking a word about what you're sayin'," she commented softly.

"I'm a thinkin' about something I want to say," Jason burst out, and would have gone further; but the girl rose hastily.

"Well, this'll never do no," she began. "If you don't mind, I guess I'll weave a spell, I promised mammy I'd finish the loons for Homer's coat."

Cruel Laurella! Tall and fresh and fair, pink and white as the mountain laurel for which she was named, she had already woven a spell; and Jason could not utter the rebellion that was in him, as she seated herself at the loom whose whirr and hang would be a ready reason for failing to hear anything that she chose not to recognize.

And so for half an hour the tormented swain stood at her shoulder.

"Laurelly, I jes' want you to listen a minute."

"All right, Jason, you holler right good and loud, and I can hear you even when the loom's agoin'."

But what man ever desired to "holler" such speeches right good and loud? Besides if he did so his shouts would be audible in the hill above where the boys slept, and the room across the open porch where the parents and younger children were.

Finally Laurella's weaving came to an end, because she lacked a darning needle, to pull out the unwelcome knot. Jason stood threateningly close.

"You jest get me that there poke off the high shelf, will you?" she asked turning coquettishly over her shoulder.

"Takin here."

"You jest got me that there poke—lift's right beside the yaller bowl. No—no! don't take the yaller bowl down. You, Jate Busharss—I'll never speak to you again."

But she was too late. She sprang up and ran across the room to where Jason Busharss set the yellow bowl upon the table, tilted it over and emptied out all her girlish treasures; the little smudgy printed letter he had first written to her on a dog-eared fly-leaf of his second reader; the 'valentine' she had laughed about and denied knowledge of; a tintype taken at Garyville, and pencilled across in her handwriting, "My own true love."

This last item settled it.

"Ye said ye wouldn't have that picture," Jason murmured, as he caught her in his arms and held her fast. "Ye said it was too ugly. Ye said jest ye wan jes' carryin' it home to give it to your brother."

Laurella looked up with blue eyes drowned in tears, thus permitting the enemy an advantage which he was not slow in taking.

"What do you expect a girl to do?" she finally murmured gently.

"Why, jest like you did," answered her lover happily. "I wouldn't have a single hair o' your head changed—now since I've got ye at last!"

BE KIND TO YOUR MOTHER

Frederick, king of Prussia, one day rang his bell, and no one answering, he opened the door and found his page fast asleep. He advanced to him and was about to wake him when he perceived a letter hanging out of his pocket. Curiosity prompted him to know what it contained so he took it out and read it. It was a letter from the young man's mother in which she thanked him for having sent her part of his money to relieve her misery, and telling him God would reward him for his filial affection. The king after reading it, went softly to his own room, took out a purse full of money and slipped it, along with the letter into the page's pocket. Returning to his room he rang the bell so loudly it wakened the page, who instantly made his appearance. "You have had a sound sleep," said the king.

The page was at a loss how to excuse himself and putting his hand into his pocket by chance, to his utter astonishment found there a purse. He took it out and turned pale when he saw what it was.

"What is that?" said the king. "What is the matter?"

"Ah, sire," said the young man, "someone is trying to ruin me. I know nothing of this money that I have just found in my pocket, nor do I know how it has been put there."

"My young friend," said Frederick, "God often does great things for us even in our sleep. Send that to your good mother salute her on my part, and assure her that I will take care of both her and you."

A SHADOW ON HER LIFE

Somebody once asked a tranquil old resident of Nantucket if her life had always run as smoothly as she could wish; if no great sorrows or disappointments had ever come to mar its serenity.

The old lady sat looking out of the window for a moment, and then turned to her questioner with a little smile on her sweet face.

"I suppose you'll think it's foolish, maybe," she said, "but I did have one great disappointment, and I have never forgotten it. There was a man that came to the island once with a hurdygen and a monkey. He got as far as the corner of our street, and I thought he was coming right this way but he didn't.

"I was housed with a cold and couldn't go out to see him and his monkey, so I only caught just glimpses of them. They played half an hour in the next street.

"Disappointments like that stay by folks all their lives," she added, after a sympathetic ejaculation from her visitor. "It was more than thirty years ago, but I've been wonderfully blessed in every other way, dear; but that organ-grinder never came to the island again, never!"

IN A SCOTCH COURT

In the course of the evidence in a Scottish court the other day a witness remarked that he could not say the accused was drunk, but he had "a good tightener." Magisterial dignity unbent and asked what particular stage of inebriety "a good tightener" indicted. The witness hesitated, grinned, and explained, "It's like this, ye see; if ye could stand five glasses an' had only three I wad say ye had a tightener, bit no' enough tae coup the barrow." The Bench felt greatly enlightened, and the case proceeded

IT DIDN'T WORK

A clergyman in Prince Edward Island some years ago, when preaching on the sweetness of home and duties of husbands, said that old married men should kiss their wives as they did when they were a year or two married. Meeting the preacher the next day an old man said—"It's no good, minister."

"What isn't?" asked the preacher.

"Wool," said the man, "when I went home after the sermon last night and kissed my wife she said: "What's gone wrong with you, you old fool?"

FAT FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS

An Irish laborer who was somewhat new to his work was ploughing one day and the furrows being uneven the farmer told him to look at something at the other end of the field as a guide.

"That cow by the gate," said he, "is right opposite us. Now work straight for her."

"Right you are, sor," said Pat.

Coming back later on the farmer was horrified to find that the plough had been travelling zig-zag all over the field.

"How is this?" said he, "what have you been doing?"

"Shure, sorr," was Pat's reply, "I did what you told me; I worked right straight for the cow, but the crather didn't kape still."

THE OTHER APPLICANTS

"So you've hired little Jimmie Sanders," the visitor observed, flashing a glance of mild amusement at the storekeeper. "When I noticed your ad in the 'Spectator' week before last I said to myself, 'I guess Job Talbot's going in for something a bit extry this time.' But Jimmie's all right. He ain't as handsome as some, but you can't always tell by the looks of a toad how far he'll jump."

"No," Mr. Talbot rubbed his chin, "as though he had suddenly recollected that he needed the services of the barber. "I reckoned that notice in the paper—the way I worded it—would call out quite a crowd, but there wasn't only three—all told. There's a lot of folks in this town that's been hunting hard for a job, ever since I came here, but when there's any chance of catching one, they're most scared to death. No, there wasn't only three, and they all came in from the country.

"I liked the appearance of the big, tall fellow first rate. He was what you'd call good-looking, and he knew how to put on his good clothes; but he hadn't got inside the door hardly, till he began grumbling, till he began grumbling about how sharp the wind was, and what mean nasty walking that last snow made, and what a dead head we had for street commissioner in Farley, not to get all the sidewalks cleared before nine in the morning. I told him I'd take his name, but I knew right off I couldn't take any more of him. Why, 'fore a month, he'd have wanted to make the store over, so he wouldn't have to go upstairs for the salt and downstairs after the molasses, and I couldn't afford that. I've found that a man's got to make light of a good many things in this world that he'd rather have different, or else he'll have an awful load on his shoulders, time he's as old as I am.

"The second boy seemed to have an idea he was the only frog in the swamp, and that I'd be glad to hire him just to sit up on the counter and tell the customers that I'd be in shortly and wait on them. He spent five minutes by the clock telling me the things he wasn't expected to do, and I concluded there wasn't enough left to bother talking about. His ma didn't think he ought to be asked to handle heavy stuff, fear he'd strain himself, and, as near as I could make out, he counted on me to run the delivery waggon, because he thought handling in goods at folks' kitchen doors was too much like peddling, and kind of comedown for a boy 't had been through the high school, and might go to college after a spell provided he could get the money together. I told him plain and straight that I never felt that way about honest work, and that there wasn't any use paying hard money for what you'd have to do yourself.

"The third boy sauntered in at twenty minutes to ten—making him most three-quarters of an hour late. If he'd only come on the jump, jumping like a stage horse, sweat running down both sides of his face, maybe I could have persuaded myself it just happened so that once, and he'd been doing his level best to make good. But he didn't—not a bit of it. He was chewing gum and seemed as unconcerned as a cucumber. If he'd as much as took a squint at the clock, I'd have had some hopes of him, but a fellow who don't ever look at the clock don't know what time's worth. Maybe his sin't worth anything, but that's no reason why I should let him waste mine, so I told him I'd make up my mind not to hire so late in the day. I reckoned he'd take the hint, but it never raised a hair on his head. He said, 'All right, Mr. Talbot,' looking as thankful as is he'd saved his neck in a railroad wreck when 'most everybody else had been killed, and went over to Con Brown's blacksmith shop and set around till noon.

"Jimmie Sanders is homely," Mr. Talbot admitted after a reflective pause, "and he's awkward and backhanded some places you put him, but he's generally on time mornings, he ain't afraid of breaking his back by gripping onto the heavy end of a job, and if anything goes wrong, he's more likely to laugh it off than to swear about it. And for a man in my business, that puts a middling strong case against freckles and red hair."

NO MORE LIQUOR ADVERTISING

One by one the great daily newspapers of the country are swinging into line against the debasing mercenary spirit that accepts liquor advertising.

In Detroit the Times has for an extended period kept itself clean from the taint of such barely earned cash.

In Chicago some time ago the Tribune cut out such reprehensible advertising.

Now comes the Record-Herald of the same city with an announcement that henceforth, or as soon as it can fulfill existing contracts, it will eliminate liquor advertising.

In making this announcement it explains that it wishes to be rightly understood, and then proceeds to deliver itself as follows:

"The manufacture and sale of liquor are sanctioned by law and the advertising is legitimate advertising. However, printing this class of advertising involves social questions that call for emphasis and increased consideration.

"The Record-Herald goes into many thousands of homes. In virtually all of these homes there is an abiding sense of the need of protection against the abuses of the liquor traffic, especially for the young. In a constantly increasing degree there is abstention from the use of liquor for the sake of the young. There is the haunting fear that from the first indulgence the young and unformed character may unconsciously drift into an uncontrolled and destructive habit of excess.

"Liquor advertising does not discriminate between use and abuse. It commends without reserve what the best social sense of the day more and more disapproves as dangerous.

"The Record-Herald does not deny the view that pure alcoholic liquors have their wise and proper use in individual instances but contends that the responsibility for the advocacy of such use should rest with the family physician rather than the family newspaper, and declines henceforth to share this responsibility."—Michigan Advocate.

It keeps the idle rich supplying copy for the sensational journals.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, May 17th, 1894

Such a wealth of bloom as has appeared on all classes of fruit trees the past week is rarely seen.

Messrs. Symon Bros. shipped about 1200 bushels of potatoes to Chicago the past week.

Neatly solded terraces have been arranged at the residence of Councillor Anderson, Bower Avenue.

Bennett Clark, the nine-year-old son of Mr. George Clark, was climbing to the top of a lay window of one of the Bower Avenue houses, and slipped, falling so as to strike his head on the ground, and become unconscious for a time.

On Saturday when butter was selling at 17 cents and eggs at 9 cents in Guelph, Milton and other points in the vicinity, our merchants were paying 18 and 10 cents respectively. Farmers are coming a long way to Acton with produce.

At a meeting held at Knox Church on Monday evening to consider needed repairs, the subject of a new church was mooted, and it was decided to call a meeting of the congregation on the 28th to consider the matter.

A fakir calling himself "Mexican Charlie" garbed in the usual cowboy costume, pistols and all, held forth Saturday evening at the corner of Mill and Main Streets, selling corn salve, catarrh cure, and "California Beans," performing the usual humbugging, and gathering in about $78. The corn cure was lard and buckwheat flour gotten from a nearby grocery; the catarrh cure was equally harmless, and the "California Beans," at six for a dime, were ordinary house beans slightly perfumed.

Mr. John Husband, the Liberal candidate for the Local House, was in town last week and was introduced to many of the electors by Warden Warren and Col. Allan.

BORN

MOORE—In Acton, on May 10th, to Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm F. Moore, a son.

McPHERSON—At Acton, on May 6th, to Mr. and Mrs. Arch. McPherson, a son.

MARRIED

MOYNES-McLEAN—In Georgetown, at the home of the bride's parents, on May 6th, by Rev. J. W. Ball, Wm. Alexander Moynes, of Massachusetts, to Annie, daughter of Mr. John McLean.

JENKYNS-GORDON—At Chalmers' Presbyterian Church, Toronto, on May 6th, by Rev. John Mutch, M. A., Hobt. A. Jenkyns, Acton, to Miss J. Gordon, youngest daughter of late David Gordon, Oshawa.

DIED

WATSON—In Georgetown, on May 11th, John Watson, aged 80 years.

A USEFUL STORY

President McKinley, unlike Lincoln, was not much of a story teller, but he appreciated a good story and would frequently call in Senator Mason to entertain him, especially if he had a touch of the blues.

"One day," says Senator Mason, "he sent for me, and he was more discouraged and down in the mouth than I had ever seen him. 'Mason,' he said, 'cheer me up. I have had to receive two delegations from Ohio headed by men whom I couldn't afford to refuse anything. They are big enough for Cabinet positions, but I simply haven't a thing for them, and I had to tell them so.'"

The Senator told the President a story, which became his favorite one. It was the story of the Irishman who gave a dinner. After the bean soup, a chicken, the piece de resistance, was brought on.

"And what part of the anatomy will ye have, Mrs. McCarthy?" asked the host.

Mrs. McCarthy indicted a preference for a drumstick.

"And you, Mr. O'Callaghan?"

"Sure, I'll take a leg, too."

"Why, I'll take a leg, too," responded Kelly.

"Faith!" exclaimed the host. "What do you think I'm carving—a centipede?"

"The president," says Senator Mason, "often told that story to his office-seekers when he had nothing to offer them—but at least he turned them away feeling that he had done his best."

TREATMENT OF INSOMNIA

The room should be well ventilated, says Dr. Musgrove, in "Nervous Breakdowns." This is of the utmost importance, and an additional benefit can be obtained by pulling the bed away from the wall, if only for a few inches, to allow a free circulation of air all round. An excellent plan is to sip hot water at bedtime, not too much of it, but as hot as it can be taken. It is not advisable to put spirits into it, as in that case the dose has to be increased before long in order to maintain the good effect. A hot bath, or putting the feet into hot water, is of great use in many cases. On lying down it is a good plan to take long, deep, slow breaths for five or ten minutes, continue Dr. Musgrove. At the same time relax the eyes, in the same way as in gazing at the distant horizon or into space, of course keeping the eyelids closed. These two points simulate sleep to a certain extent, and are a valuable means of obtaining it. The best remedy of all is to spend a whole day in the open air. This will often break the sleepless habit, and once a good night's rest has been obtained others will be likely to follow.

WHY POPCORN POPS

Why does popcorn pop? The department of agriculture says popcorn pops by reason of volatilization by heat of the oil contained in the kernel. Field corn does not pop because the outer portion of the kernel is more porous, permitting the escape of the oil as it volatilizes; while in the case of popcorn a great pressure is developed in the kernel by the confined oil, and the kernel is suddenly exploded and turned wrong side out.

"Volatilization" is a pretty big word but it means something quite simple. Find it in the dictionary, so you will be sure to understand why popcorn does pop.

"BATS" AT A BARGAIN

A young man, a porter on the Caledonian Railway, went to Edinburgh with his wife for a holiday lately. Neither of them having been there before, they gazed open-mouthed at everything. Feeling hungry, they paused outside the restaurant, attracted by the sign of "Dinner from 9 a. m. till 5 p. m., 2s. 6d." "Gosh! Mary," said the porter, "this is just the place for us—eight hours' steady eating for half a crown."

BY A MANX POET

Thomas Edward Brown, who was born at Douglas, Isle of Man, in 1830, and died at Clinton, Oct. 30, 1897, wrote one of the briefest great poems in the language, as follows:

A garden is a lovesome thing God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Fernel grot,
The verbal school
Of Peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

SAYINGS OF PROMINENT MEN

THE HOPE OF OUR COUNTRY.—When we educate a boy we develope an individual, but when we educate a girl we teach and initiate a nation.—C. W. ROWLEY, WINNIPEG.

ASSET OF THE NATION.—Young men are the greatest asset of the country. Either there will be the biggest smash in history, or the greatest exhibition in manhood and nation building the world has ever known. REV. R. B. MCELHERAN, WINNIPEG.

GREAT NOVA SCOTIANS.—The history of Dalhousie is the history in Nova Scotia of the fight for an unhampered system of development, which culminated with the success of the principles of which Johnstone and Howe and Tupper wrought.—DR. S. MCKENZIE, HALIFAX, N. S.

LOYALTY TO EMPIRE.—Whether we feel red blood flowing through our veins or not, there are those who have been taught loyalty by our mothers from infancy. I am but one of thousands who were brought up by such mothers.—A. A. GILROY, (Eaton's) WINNIPEG.

SIR JOHN'S VISION.—A marvellous vision had Sir John Macdonald to see a great empire beyond the great lakes. Regarded as a madman when he ran his ribbon of steel through the wilderness, yet but for him there would have been no united Canada from ocean to ocean.—MISS BOYLTON, TORONTO.

EFFECTS OF WAR.—War would result in the song of prosperity being silenced, finances shattered, commerce disorganized, industries paralyzed, women vainly telling to sow our plains and reap mighty harvests, mines idle and unworked, fisheries and forests neglected, and never again would the country unite in a great national anthem of abounding prosperity.—REV. DR. G. B. WILSON, WINNIPEG.

A DREAM OF 1978.—I dreamed of a land covered with golden grain, of happy homes, of a contented, prosperous population, of cities, towns and villages where the busy hum of machinery could be heard in the manufacture of articles that would be sent to all parts of the world, of an industrious people converting the illimitable prairie into a great Dominion soon to become the brightest star in the empire.—C. J. WHITLEN, WINNIPEG.

STORY OF ADMIRAL HOWE

Admiral Lord Howe, when captain, was hastily awakened in the middle of the night by the lieutenant of the watch, who informed him with great agitation that the ship was on fire near the magazine.

"If that be the case," said he, rising leisurely to put on his clothes, "we shall soon know it."

The lieutenant flew back to the scene of danger, and, almost instantly returning exclaimed:—

"You need not, sir, be afraid; the fire is extinguished."

"Afraid!" exclaimed Howe. "What do you mean by that, sir? I never was afraid in my life." Then he added, looking the lieutenant full in the face, "Pray how does a man feel when he is afraid? I need not ask how he looks."

THE SCOT WAS NETTLED

A Scottish farmer recently paid a visit to a South of England cattle show, and while walking around got talking with a native farmer. Neither could well understand what the other said. The Scotsman got a little nettled at this and put it down to the Englishman's stupidity. "Man," he said at last, "yer cows moo a' right, and yer cocks craw quite plain, but I'm hanged if I can mak' you out."

HIS ENGAGEMENT

Civilian—Hev' yo ever bin in an engagement?

Tommy—Yuss, Hi should bloomin' well think so.

Civilian—Did it last long?

Tommy—Three months, and then she wouldn't return me presents.

FAT AND HOME RULE

Tourist—Well, Pat, I suppose that if you get Home Rule it will be a blessing to you, won't it?

Pat—Sure, on' Oi don't know, sorr. May be to the sheys, but O'm gettin' too old to folght now.

KEEPING IT TO THEMSELVES

The late Judge Silas Bryan, the father of William J. Bryan, once had several hams stolen from his smoke house. He mixed them at once, but said nothing about it to any one. A few days later a neighbor came to him.

"Say, Judge," he said, "I heard yow had some hams stole t'other night."

"Yes," replied the judge, very confidentially, "but don't tell any one. You and I are the only ones who know it."

Conquers Asthma.—To be relieved from the terrible suffocating due to asthma is a great thing, but to be safe-guarded for the future is even greater. Not only does Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy bring prompt relief, but it introduces a new era of life for the afflicted. Systematic inhaling of smoke or fumes from the remedy prevents re-attacks and often effects a permanent cure.

Small but Potent.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are small, but they are effective in action. Their true qualities as a corrector of stomach troubles are known to thousands and they are in constant demand everywhere by those who know what a safe and simple remedy they are. They need no introduction to those acquainted with them, but to those who may not know them they are presented as the best preparation on the market for disorders of the stomach.