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All accounts collected monthly.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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Bread will be delivered to customers as heretofore.

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Established 1848
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The old and Reliable Watchmakers and Jewellers

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Name your farm and have the name on your stationery.

ACTON FREE PRESS
ACTON, ONT.

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Mechanic, Farmer, and Householder

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NOW

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Presents the Chance to Buy Christmas Goods While in Guelph

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WE ARE OPTICAL SPECIALISTS. The fact that we do nothing else but examine eyes and manufacture glasses is guarantee of our ability.

A. D. SAVAGE
OPTOMETRIST & MFG. OPTICIAN
"Right at the Post Office"
Phone 637K GUELPH

WINTER TERM OPENS JAN. 4TH
Decide now to Enter the Famous
ELLIOTT Business College
TORONTO, ONTARIO
This School stands without a superior in Canada. Write for Catalogue.
W. J. ELLIOTT, PRINCIPAL
784 Yonge Street - Toronto

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A Piano—not only with a reputation, but with all the qualities to back—is

MADE IN GUELPH

By the largest manufacturers under the British flag and by the most skilled workmen known and is

SOLD IN ACTON

Purely on its merits, because it has given hundreds of people perfect satisfaction, because it possesses the sweetest tone and it stays in tune the longest.

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We Suggest that We do Your Plumbing

It's a good suggestion and one we can fully qualify on.

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are all standard makes, while the work we do is superior in every particular.

Estimates given.

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Plumbers, Steamfitters & Electricians
Masonic Building - Quebec St.
GUELPH, ONT.

Poetry.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY

The following is one of the most remarkable compositions. It evinces an ingenuity of arrangement peculiarly its own.

Explanation: The initial capitals spell, "My boast is in the glorious cross of Christ." The words in *italic*, when read from top to bottom and bottom to top, form the Lord's prayer complete:

Make known the gospel truths *our* father King,
Yield us thy graces, *Father*, from above,
Bless us with hearts *which* feelingly can sing,
"Our life thou *art* for *ever*, God of love!"
Assuage our grief *in* love *for* Christ, we pray,
Since the bright Prince of *Heaven* and *glory* died.
Took all our sins and *hallowed the* display,
In being first a man *and* then was crucified.
Stupendous God! *Thy* grace and *power* make known;
In Jesus' *name* lab all *the* world rejoice,
Now, labor in *Thy* heavenly *kingdom* own;
That blessed *Kingdom*, for Thy saints *the* choice.
How vile to *come* to Thee *is* all our cry,
Enemies to *Thyself* and all that's *Thine*;
Graceless our *will*; we live *for* vanity.
Loathing our *being evil* in design,
O God, Thy will be *done from* earth to Heaven.
Reclining on the gospel let *us* live,
In *earth* from sin *deliver*-ed and forgiven.
Oh! *as* Thyself *but* touch us to forgive,
Unless *the* power *temptation* doth destroy,
Sure *is* our fall *into* the depths of woe.
Carnal *in* mind, we've *not* a glimpse of joy
Raised against *Heaven*; to *us* hope cannot flow.
O *give* us grace and *lead* us on Thy way;
Shine on *us* with Thy love and give *us* peace.
Self and *this* sin that rise *against* us slay.
O, grant each *day* our *trespass*-es may cease.
Forgive *our* evil deeds *that oft* we do,
Convince us *daily* of *them* to our shame,
Help us with Heavenly *bread*; *forgive* us, too,
Recurrent lusts, *and* we'll adore Thy name;
In Thy *forgiv*-ness we *as* saints can die,
Since for *us* our *trespasses* so high,
Thy Son *our* Saviour, bled on Calvary.

Select Family Reading

THE LOST WEDDING RING

EVELYN BARRIE BOOD

ON the old red brick house under the granite hills all was excited activity. Thanksgiving was very near, and the preparations must be hurried forward to be in time for the great day. Aunt Martha and her niece, pretty Katie, were making things hum. The whole house was filled with sweet aromas from the big country kitchen, the cookies were crisp and brown, the great turkey was majestic yet very tempting, and the pumpkin pies (Aunt Martha's specialty and pride) were golden and beautiful. All was at last done to perfection and put in the cool white pantry for the coming feast.

Yes, they were tired, a most wholesome fatigue which neither would admit as they sank limply down into the restful depths of two large rocking-chairs and discussed the anticipated event with childlike simplicity.

"I invited Aaron Brown to come and bring his sister Jane," Aunt Martha remarked timidly.

"O, I am so sorry of that, they are such dull people, so—not congenial, I think," Katie said heatily.

"I know you preferred John Whitfield, and he is coming too; but I tell you, Katie, Aaron Brown, though he is ugly to look at, is a real business man. He now owns the general store and has made it pay, the first one ever to succeed in it. He is really thrifty. I tell you his wife won't have to work hard. She will have the best sewing machine, the best washing machine and wringer, and the best patent! chairs that's a-going," said Aunt Martha triumphantly.

"Succeeded! No wonder when he is as hard as flint and as close as the bark on a tree. I saw little Jim trying to sweep the store with only the old handle of a worn-out broom, and the poor child told me that Mr. Brown said he must just keep at it and the dirt would fly, and Mrs. Jenkins scrubbing for him with an old brush with about three hairs left in it and he telling her a little more elbow grease would be better than a new brush. No Mr. Aaron Brown for me! He doesn't want a wife; he only wants a slave."

Aunt Martha discreetly did not respond to this outburst of what she already knew, perhaps herself, but said: "John Whitfield now don't seem to be one bit of account. He is a regular idler; don't seem ever to be able to do anything; but girls are always looking for handsome men with soft voices and fancy bowing to everybody."

Katie's dark eyes flashed as she exclaimed: "Well, we thought we never could forget when he saved you, dear aunt, from being torn to pieces by that furious dog, when his only pay was a terrible wound in his right hand instead of a Carnegie medal. Yes, John is an idler if being an idler means one who seems always on hand at the right moment to help somebody out of trouble."

* * *

Thanksgiving Day dawned bright and crisp. The guests arrived early, cheerful and happy, John Whitfield being the last. He greeted all with his customary grace and good humor; but when he came to Aunt Martha he grasped her hand warmly and shook it heartily. Just as he dropped it her eyes fell upon her hand, and instantly a look of sorrow spread over her face. "O, my wedding ring. You must have wrung it off my finger," she cried.

All the company eagerly engaged in a hunt for the dim little band of gold Aunt Martha had worn so long and tenderly, now doubly dear since he who had placed it there was gone. But it was not found up to the delayed dinner hour; indeed, the feast had well nigh been forgotten so great was the anxiety to find the missing ring.

"Where can it be? What has become of it?" was heard on all sides.

"One thing is certain," said John Whitfield. "It is somewhere in this room. It could not have gotten out. But I am sure I did not feel it when I shook your hand, Aunt Martha. Are you certain you had it on your finger?"

"Why, yes. I never take it off, it has worn so thin that I don't feel it on my finger and seldom notice it at all."

"I move that the company be searched, seeing it ain't on the floor," exclaimed Aaron Brown in a loud, significant voice. "All people we may think honest may surprise you'ly being just the other thing."

The company seemed dazed at this malicious proposition. The hot blood leaped to the face of John Whitefield, then quickly fled, leaving it deadly pale. Aunt Martha had left the room to attend to the dinner, the habit of years not permitting her to forget her domestic duties in the present distress.

Impulsively Katie, recovering from the shock of amazement, sprang to her feet and said: "Mr. Brown, you have insulted all of us by your base proposition. How dare you suggest such a thing? I shall have to ask that you—"

"Ding, dong!" clanged the old gong, drowning the girl's voice voice as Aunt Martha entered the room to lead hers guests out to the Thanksgiving dinner so tempting and delicious.

The meal was progressing most happily when Aaron Brown suddenly jumped from his chair choking and groaning in an awful manner. At once John Whitefield sprang to his assistance, as he was in danger of strangling. Then realizing that he could not relieve the sufferer, he quickly left to summon a physician. Fortunately, he had not gone far when he saw Dr. Bliss driving rapidly down the road. In stentorian tones he called to him to stop, explaining the urgency of his summons.

"John, drive to Mrs. Bryant's cottage with this medicine for her boy. She will understand. Then return for me."

So saying the doctor hastened in with his case of instruments some too soon, for Aaron was struggling for breath in a most frantic style. The doctor saw at once what the trouble was and, skillfully inserting his instruments, soon brought to view a small band of shining gold, none other than the lost wedding ring, which, with a cry of delight, Aunt Martha soon possessed herself of.

"Now," said Dr. Bliss, "thank your stars for your deliverance."

"You had better say from the infernal carelessness of cooks. That ring was in the turkey stuffing," replied Aaron smartly under the pain.

Aunt Martha heard the stinging words and treasured them in her heart with set determined lips. John Whitefield now appeared, and being joined by the doctor, all returned to the table to partake of the delightful desserts. When the meal was finally finished Aunt Martha arose from her seat at the table and in a dignified and impressive manner said:

"Friends, I wish to take this occasion to announce to you the engagement of my niece, Katie Irving, to Mr. John Whitefield. And this is the answer to my request, John, that I promised to give you to-day; also my answer to you Mr. Brown."

Long and loud and happy were the congratulations showered upon the young couple. Aaron Brown alone was rude and sullen.

"Just as the shades of night began to fall a horseman dashed up to the red brick house as the guests were leaving together. They halted to hear the news as the man bore a telegraphic message for Mr. John Whitefield who, with his usual frankness, read aloud: "Have struck oil in tremendous quantities. Come at once. You are a rich man. Congratulations."

Aaron Brown never wholly recovered from his plight at the memorable feast, as many of the villagers were skeptical about the ring being in the turkey dressing, confident that the sly Aaron had found the ring on the floor himself and sought to conceal it effectually in his mouth even while he ate, thereby nearly causing his own destruction. He sold out and left the village soon afterwards, unloved and unwept.

FIFTY POUNDS FOR A KICK

Mr. Winston Churchill who issued a message of thanks the other day to the men of the Naval Brigade who took part in the famous defence of Antwerp, is one of the most witty members of the Cabinet. One of the best stories about him relates to the days of the South African war, when as all the world knows, he distinguished himself as a war correspondent.

One evening at dinner he was seated next to a very conceited officer, whose blatant observations made the future First Lord of the Admiralty itch to pay him back.

"Do you know," said Winston at last, "I met a man to-day who would willingly forfeit fifty pounds for the pleasure of being able to kick you."

"To kick me sir," exclaimed the officer, boiling with rage. "To kick me. I must ask you to tell me his name at once."

"Oh," replied Winston, "I don't think I ought to do that."

"But I insist upon knowing," demanded the officer hotly.

"Well then, I suppose I must tell you," was the answer. "It was a poor young fellow in the hospital who has lost both his legs by the bursting of a shell."

WORSE THAN WOUNDS

Of brave deeds done upon the battlefields, amid the thunder of cannon, of the cries of wounded and dying, of heroes of the V. C., and great generals who rose from small beginnings, the teacher told her class, filing them with enthusiasm for their Mother Country. "Please miss," cried one girl excitedly, "my father was in the Boer War."

"And did he fight in any of the battles?" enquired the mistress.

"Oh, yes," answered the little maid, "e was at Graspan and Modder river an' Pardyberg an'—"

"And was he wounded in any of them?" pursued the teacher.

The girl's face fell.

"No, miss; he wasn't wounded," she replied. And then she brightened again. "But please, miss 'e 'ad an awful 'cold-sobe!"

STAYING OUT LATE AT NIGHT

The young man who unnecessarily stays out until late endangers his good name. What sort of persons do you generally find out late at night? Thieves, libertines, evildoers. "Every one that doeth evil hateth the light that his works may not be reproved." Is it very creditable to young men to haunt the streets at a time when such persons are astir? Certainly not; it is, on the contrary, a disgrace to be found in such company. Besides, being out late nights brings young men into all sorts of dangerous temptations to sin.

Health is endangered. Exposure to the night air and a consequent loss of necessary sleep are by all medical men considered injurious to health. Persons out late meet with drunken men and often get into quarrels; they are sometimes roughly handled and even seriously injured. But the principal danger is to the virtue of the young man who makes a practice of being out late at night. His associates are generally people of dissolute habits who know nothing of the fear of God, and to whom uprightness of character is a term without meaning. Their lips overflow with boasting, their conversation is vulgar and low, their jokes are coarse and improper.

"They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent, the venom of asps is under their lips." (Ps. CXXXIX 4.) "The mouth of the fool babbleth out folly." (Prov. XV. 2.) What can be learned from such companions? Their example is bad, and unfortunately, influences many a Christian young man for evil.

It is further an immoral habit, because it is against the order which God has established. God appointed the night for rest. No sooner has the sun set than a delightful quiet comes over nature, the birds repair to their nests, the flowers close the calyces and droop, man who has worked all day feels the need of rest. The person who prepares to go out at this time separates himself from the order of nature. He who has worked during the day is entitled to rest during the night. But the principal objection to wandering about at night from a moral standpoint is that it gives occasions to sins which young people would be ashamed to commit in the day time. Young men go about from place to place drinking and carousing; they frequent places of doubtful character, are found in company in which they should be ashamed to be seen. Much that is profane and infamous goes under the mantle of darkness. Language is heard that should bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of the Canadian youth. They do not stop at words, they proceed to deeds, "rioting, chambering and impurities," of which the apostle speaks.

LAW AND FREEDOM

To the Editor:

The defenders of the liquor evil have one stock argument which they are fond of using: They say that people cannot be made good by Act of Parliament and seem to think that puts an end to controversy on the subject.

The fact is that no one outside of an asylum ever said or thought that anything but the power of God could make people good. Law can and often does remove the cause of a great deal of evil and thus makes this world a better place to live in. No intelligent physician thinks that medicine cures disease but it often does remove the cause of disease and allow nature to effect a cure and change a life of suffering into one of happiness and usefulness.

Law can and often does prevent, to a great extent, the use of intoxicating liquors, and thus remove the cause of a great deal of crime, poverty and suffering. Just at present we have an example in Russia showing the marvelous benefits that follow prohibition of the liquor traffic. The Editor of the Outlook says that Russia, in prohibition of the use of intoxicants, has already conquered a greater foe than the Germans and that this is practically a teetotal war.

But we have examples nearer home. Maine, Kansas and N. Dakota which show that after prohibition has been enforced for for a length of time insanity and many other diseases become much less frequent, many jails and poorhouses become vacant, wealth increases, taxes decrease and the country becomes prosperous as never before.

Law can give liberty. At present the tyrant of one social custom compels thousands to drink to their hurt who would welcome a law that would set them free. Even prisoners in several jails are combining to beg the Government to stop the use of intoxicants. Law can and does prevent many causes of, and it could, to a great extent, prevent this greatest of all causes of disease.

Law cannot make people good but it can make it easier for people to be good by preventing the use of a poisonous drug which makes men ten times more liable to do wrong.

H. Arnott, M. D., M. C. P. S.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE NIGHT

Recently a resident of an inland town in the United States went on a trip that included an all-night voyage on a steamboat. Accompanying him was a nephew more accustomed to the ways of travel.

"Well, uncle," asked the nephew, meeting the old man on deck the following morning, "did you have a good night?"

"Can't say that I did," answered the uncle wearily. "When I went to my room, I seen that cord which tells ye how to put on a life preserver, and after that I didn't git much rest."

"I don't get you, uncle," wonderingly returned the young man. "What had that to do with it?"

"Everything," answered the uncle, "I couldn't sleep with the derned thing on."

A TOUCHING EPITAPH

An English lady home from India on furlough told a good story recently. The native converts, she explained, are very proud of their knowledge of colloquial and idiomatic English, and of course there are many pitfalls for the unwary. The wife of one of the missionaries died recently, and at the funeral service a native pastor spoke feelingly of the loss they had sustained. "The hand that rocked the cradle," he said, "has kicked the bucket."

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, December 6th, 1894

Henry Duffield, of Everton, shipped last week 330 lambs to the Buffalo market. Their combined weight was 30,720 pounds, and he received for them on the Buffalo market $962.80.

A beautiful plant in full bloom in Miss Lizzie Grant's collection has been much admired by numerous callers the past week. It is known as the ghost plant, with bell-shaped flowers, 8 to 10 inches in length, and when fully expanded at night about six inches in diameter at the opening.

NOVEMBER SCHOOL REPORT

MR. T. T. MOORE'S ROOM—Ida Francis, Maggie Wallace, Mabel Cooke, Maggie Laird, William Stuart, Laura Holmes, Annie Wallace, John Moore, Clara Colhan, Daisy Nicklin, Mabel Rae.

MISS C. MCPHAIL'S ROOM—Jane Gurney, Eva Perryman, Mabel Lambert, Minnie Arthurs, Harry Loveys, Ethel Anthony, Robina Wallace, Edith Warwick, Irvine Wright, Arthur McDonald, John Arthurs, Lottie Mason.

MISS B. PEYERS' ROOM—Wesley Bingham, George Arnold, George Orans, Ettie McDonald, Bella Loveys, Mabel Soper, Ida Laird, Frank Mason, Minnie McPherson.

MISS M. E. NELSON'S ROOM—Myrtle Matthews, Alice Beecoby, Tillie Bingham, Flossie Murray, Lottie Rae, Jennie Smith, Ina Pearson, Elmina Huddick, Alice Lewis, Maud Chambers, Howland Brown, Janey Campbell, Pearl Stewart, Ethel Coleman, Annie Brennen.

BIRD

McMAHON—At her father's house, corner Church and Wilbur streets, on December 3rd, Jessie Carson, daughter of Archibald McMahon, aged 28 years, 9 months.

SHIP LANGUAGE

It may seem strange to you to learn that ships talk to one another. They do, however, by their flags. A ship can say "How do you do?" to another ship; also "Be careful," "Look out," "I am coming," and a thousand and one other things.

The way ship talk to one another usually is through their flags, though whistles and bells have their place; also ship language. There is an international code which any one can read who has learned the meaning of the flags. By means of that code German ships can talk to French ships or to American ships or to any other ships that know what the flags say.

Groups of flags mean certain things—that is, one string of three different flags means, "Will you take a letter?" another group of two flags means, "Need food, we are starving," and still another says "I am on fire," and so on. Any ship anywhere in the world could read those signals at once. When you study the flags that ships fly you will soon learn that there are many kinds of flags not only in color but in shape. When a seaman speaks of a flag he means one that is rectangular in shape like our Union Jack flag. A pointed flag is called a pennant, but a triangular flag with the end notched is called a burgee. A flag proper with its end notched is called a broad pennant, and a long narrow flag, like a ribbon, is called a coach whip pennant.

By the flags on a ship you can tell where the ship has come from, where it is going, the line it belongs to, whether it carries mail, and many other things too numerous to mention. This little account can only give you a hint of the fun you will have if you learn what flags mean and how to read "ship talk."

SEA PRIZES

During the Civil War in the United States privateering became such a successful business that the commerce carrying business of the nation which was just recovering from the war of 1812, was swept off the seas, and has never been of importance since. Possibly the destruction of German sea-borne commerce by the British navy will have the same result in Germany.

Ships taken at sea, theoretically belong to the nation capturing them, and they are either retained by that nation or sold and the profits derived therefrom divided among the officers and the crews of the ships responsible for their seizure.

In Great Britain, vessels that are seized become the property of the Crown, and it is the custom for the men on board the frigates that capture them to be given a sum equal to £5 for each person on board the "prisoners."

A good many years ago, however, our sailors fared better when ships were captured. Between the years 1740-7 Admiral Anson seized two vessels, one having on board £400,000 and the other £300,000. The whole of this money was divided among Anson's crew.

It is interesting to know that the private individual is a lawful object of attack at sea if that individual is helping, in some way or other, the nations that are at war. The great powers have acknowledged that any trading ship smuggling coal, or rations, or ammunition can be seized, or sunk if she refuses to surrender. In a neutral country's waters private ships cannot be interfered with, but on the high seas, off the coasts, and in the harbors of the enemy they can be seized.

MY BRITISH

$1,400,000,000—That is the value of Canada's manufactures for one year—in money. But what of their value measured in the comfort, the happiness and the well-being of the whole country?

To produce these gives employment to over six hundred thousand workpeople, whose wages amount to $288,000,000 each year.

These workers with their families and those who benefit by their purchasing power, number nearly one-third the population of Canada—supported by Canadian manufacturers.

How readily it is apparent that the prosperity and happiness of every Canadian—of yourself—depend on the continuous employment of these people—on the consumption of goods "Made in Canada."

Canadian factories support one-third of our population. Are you helping to support Canadian factories?

Employ your own dollar to employ our own workmen.

Many a man gets all broken up over every girl he meets, but some girls can break a fellow quicker than others.

INDIAN SUMMER

Sweet sumptuous days of mellow perfectness,
As if fair summer, loitering down the way,
Turned back to give the year a long caress
To ease her heart of aching ecstasy.
Now hills and vales and woods bask in the spell
Of dreamy loveliness and restful days;
And nature's voices murmur all is well
In all her changes and her mysteries.
Oh joy to wander in the whispering woods,
To talk with Nature in her own sweet ways,
For feasts of pleasure in her tranquil moods
She gives her lovers on these golden days.

—Charles L. Patterson.

THE WHITE FLAG.

I sent my love two roses—one
As white as driven snow
And one as blushing royal red,
A flaming Jacqueminot.

I meant to touch and test my fate.
That night I should divine
The moment I should see my love
If her true heart were mine.

For if she holds me dear, I said,
She'll wear my blushing rose;
If not she'll wear my cold Lamarque,
As white as winter's snows.

My heart sank when I met her.
Sure,
I've been overbold,
For on her breast my pale rose lay
In virgin whiteness cold.

Yet with low words she greeted me.
With smiles divinely tender.
Upon her cheek the red rose dawned—
The white rose meant surrender.

—John Hay.

INDORSING FOR "BOBS"

Among the many good stories told of Lord Roberts is one relating to a "character" which was once naively written for him by a certain soldier servant. "Bobs" had sent the man over to the bank to cash a cheque for £30. The clerk wanted it endorsed before he could hand over the money.

"What for?" demanded the soldier.

"Well, it's the rule, and I can't pay you the money until you endorse it," he was told.

"Oh, all right," grumbled the messenger taking back the cheque and biting the end of a pen in strained meditation for a minute or two. Having cudgelled his brains, he wrote, and this is what the astonished clerk read on the back of the cheque when it was pushed over to him again.

"I hag to say that I have known Lord Roberts for several years, and he has proved himself time without number to be as brave as a lion, but always kindly and considerate to those who serve under him. And I have, therefore, pleasure in respectfully endorsing his cheque."

JOFFRE LIKE KITCHENER

There is a striking similarity between General Joffre and Lord Kitchener, especially as regards disciplinary methods. Thus it is related of the French Commander-in-Chief that he once asked an officer in Madagascar how soon he could bring up certain supplies from the base. The officer said: "I don't know. Perhaps in two weeks; perhaps in a month." Joffre replied: "They will be here in a week or you will return to France."

As an instance of the taciturnity of General Joffre, an old college friend relates that when at the College of Perpignan he passed his examinations as a Bachelor of Science at the early age of sixteen, and though he received a special mention and led his class in mathematics, he did not even notify his parents of his honors.

HE ENVIED BILLY

"I wish," sighed Freddie plaintively, "I wish I was Billy Smith."

"Why, Freddie!" said his astonished mother. "Billy Smith has none of the nice things you have. He doesn't get any pocket money, and he isn't as big as you, and he's not so strong. His father never buys him presents or"—

"I know all about that, mamma," said Freddie, "but"—

"And think what nice books you have. And you never have to go out in the cold and wet to carry papers and"—

"I know," grumbled Freddie, annoyed by his mother's strange lack of understanding. "But Billy his wiggle his ears!"

HIS SILK HAT

"Liza," expostulated a coal heaver, "don't I always tell you I won't 'ave the kids bringin' in the coal from the shed in my best 'at?"

"Oh, just 'ave sense," replied his wife. "You've spoiled the shape of that 'at already, and what can a little heavin coal dust do to 'urn yer 'at?"

"You don't see the point," protested the husband with dignity. "I only wears that 'at in the seventh; and if while I'm lout I takes it orf my 'ead it leaves a bloomin' black band round my forehead. Wot's the consequence? Why, I gets accused of washin' my face with my 'at on, and it ain't nice, Liza! It ain't nice!"

Worms are encouraged by morbid conditions of the stomach and bowels, and so subsist. Miller's Worm Powders will alter these conditions almost immediately and will sweep the worms away. No destructive parasite can live in contact with this medicine, which is not only a worm destroyer, but a health-giving medicine most beneficial to the young constitution, and as such it has no superior.

Asthma Doesn't Wear Off Alone—Do not make the mistake of waiting for asthma to wear away by itself. While you are waiting the disease is surely gathering a stronger foothold and you live in danger of stronger and yet stronger attacks. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy taken early, will prevent incipient conditions from becoming chronic and saves hours of awful suffering.