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LADIES' WOOL SWEATER COATS

R. E. NELSON, MEN'S OUTFITTERS

MILLINERY

MISSES COOPER

Savage & Co.

Established 1840
JEWELLER GUELPH

The Old and Reliable Watchmakers and Jewellers

Savage & Co.

Guelph Ont.

General Hardware

Mill Supplies
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Agents for Yale and Peterboro Lock Co.
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The BOND HARDWARE Co.

Limited GUELPH

The BELL Pianos

The main essentials in a piano are tonal quality, high-class workmanship and durability.

C. W. Kelly & Son

33 Lower Wyndham St GUELPH ONT.

HEADACHE, NERVOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, INDIGESTION

and many other disorders are symptoms of trouble caused by weak or defective eyes.

AD SAVAGE

Optician and Dispensing Optician

PHONE

If you have any guests at your home, are going out of town for a visit, or know of any interesting news, let us hear from you. We always appreciate such favors. Phone 11.

C. C. Speight

UP-TO-DATE GOODS

Silverware in Tableware—Fine Variety
Also Fine Cutlery
Hardware, Tinware, and Graniteware—in Variety
Pandora Stoves and Ranges
Famous Heaters
Small Stoves, Oil Stoves

C. C. Speight

Mill Street, Acton

JUDGE OUR Spring Stock

AS CRITICALLY AS YOU WILL

You needn't take anything you buy on faith—examine every piece you buy as critically as you will.

Kenney Bros.

Acton Ontario

Ladies' Wool Sweater Coats

A large variety of colors to choose from in plain shades and striped patterns. They are the very newest designs with detachable collars and sashes to match. Very smart for street wear. Reasonably priced... \$7.00

R. E. Nelson

MEN'S OUTFITTERS Guelph Ontario

The Bank of Nova Scotia

PAID-UP CAPITAL - \$ 5,000,000
RESERVE FUND - \$ 1,000,000
TOTAL RESOURCES - \$ 11,000,000

ELLIOTT Business College

W. J. ELLIOTT, PRINCIPAL

Millinery

Our attractive assortment of latest designs in shapes and trimmings should interest you. Call and inspect our display.

MISSES COOPER

Millinery

THE WHITE CARNATION

Here's to the white carnation,
Stately and spicy and sweet,
Waiting a breath of perfume
On the airy way of the street,
Bringing a breath of gladness
Wherever it passes the street,
Here's to the white carnation,
Pure as the virgin snow.

It is the flower for mother,
Wear it on Mother's Day,
Flowers for rain and sunshine,
Wine, gallant and gay,
Wear it in Mother's honor,
Placed to four cast lapel;
Wear it in love and adoration,
For her that you love so well.

For mother in lowly cot,
Or mother in palace hall,
Is ever the truest and dearest,
In to the white carnation,
In travel and pain, here we are,
In laughter and love, here we are,
And to mother—most of all,
Is of all mankind accorded.

Tired and wan, and old,
Weary and weak at times,
But always full of courage,
That thrill when the future shines,
With hands that hold life,
Mother in love and adoration,
The light of heaven's beauty,
Shine in her tender face.

So here's to the white carnation,
Wear it on Mother's Day,
Flower that blooms for mother,
Flower of wine and gallant and gay,
Flower for love and adoration,
Wear it on Mother's Day,
And to mother—most of all,
Is of all mankind accorded.

—Margaret E. Spangler.

THE LADY OF THE CARNATIONS

A Mother's Day Story

Northwest.

Elizabeth Kirk in her place by the window of the crowded tourist car examined the little watch at her belt. The way was stretching out interminably to Elizabeth. The last resting period in Winnipeg, some long ago, and her mother, at Montreal, had just returned there were those back in the more luxurious car who congratulated themselves on the quickness with which the journey was being made.

Elizabeth closed her eyes and tried to rest. "Story-story lady! Good-night of baby hands upon her dress.

"Then came a quiet tone as the hand was raised. "Story lady tried—very tired."

Without opening her eyes, Elizabeth could see the protesting attitude of four-year-old toward the curly-headed four-year-sister.

"But baby wants story," camp in grievous tone. And head-ly them, the head against the seat was lifted, and Elizabeth shaking back the tendrils of hair from her face, laughingly said:

"Bring Bony and Blossom, then. They shall have a good-night story."

All weariness was gone from Elizabeth's face. She was beaming, beautiful self Elizabeth that was her mother's helper, and who had once been her father's stay. Pushed into the background were Elizabeth's thoughts of home, and now she saw only little Nim's blue eyes as they were fixed in eager watchfulness upon the "Story Lady." Bony and Blossom and Elizabeth, with Elizabeth's story, were the entrance to the cot. And these children came crowding up and Elizabeth stepped back to give them place. The conductor, looking down upon the little group of children, smiled. He and Elizabeth had become very good friends. But all on the train were friends of Conductor Cameron.

"A real school of little fish waiting to be caught," he said, looking at Elizabeth. "What little fish best use, Conductor Cameron?"

"The first that comes to hand—it's all good that you carry." And with a wave to the children, the door shut with a snap. And over the train the train was making its way through long stretching rows from the sun dropping below the horizon. The air of homesickness, as Elizabeth opened her arms and the children settled around her, reached to more than one there in that train. Elizabeth's eyes were fixed on the children who were not to be parted from her. Elizabeth's eyes were fixed on the children who were not to be parted from her. Elizabeth's eyes were fixed on the children who were not to be parted from her.

WHAT WE OWE OUR MOTHERS

Suppose all the mothers were to render bills to the sons, how, in one brief life, would the bills ever be paid?

EVERY SON, Dr.

TO HIS MOTHER, Dr.

"For the best years of my youth and beauty and strength given in all good order to me."
"For the tears I have shed over my trials."
"For the ache in my back as I bent in his service."
"For the stiff, tired fingers worn out with the darning of little socks and the mending of little shirts."
"For the sleepless nights when he tossed with fever and called brokenly for 'Mumver.'"
"For the heartaches he caused me before he grew into the sober man of affairs."

THE WHITE CARNATION

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O LITTLE MOTHER OF MINE

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When the shadows creep from the West,
I think of the twilight when you sang,
And the boy you lulled to rest;
That long, long ago was this;
I wonder if sometimes you longed for that boy.

O little mother of mine!
And now he has come to man's estate,
Grown stalwart in body and strong,
And you'll hardly know that he was the lad
Whom you lulled with your slumber
—Walter H. Brown.

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