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The Acton Free Press

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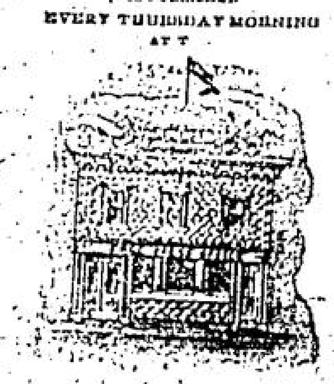

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MILL STREET. ACTON ONT.

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All accounts collected monthly.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

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L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH.
L. R. F. P. & S. GLASGOW.
MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION ETC.
Office—Frederick Street Acton, Ont.

DR. J. A. McNIVEN,
Physician and Surgeon.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: Cor. Mill and John Streets, the former home of the late W. H. Storey, Esq., Acton, Ont.

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Acton VETERINARY SURGEON, Ontario.
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Office at Residence, Corner Mill and Frederick streets.
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FRANCIS NUNAN.
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Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario.
(Over Williams Store.)
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

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H. P. MOORE
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued residence in the evening.
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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 to Orton P. O., or Caledon telephone in residence in connection with the mill, 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.
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Ontario Land Surveyor and Civil Engineer
Surveys, Subdivisions, Plans, Reports, Descriptions, Blueprints, etc. Certificates for purchasers and mortgagees; Surveys for Architects, Builders and Municipal Councils; Drainage Reports, Estimates, etc.
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Names lettered in gold on Bibles, Hymn Books and other Books.
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We are manufacturers and direct importers of all kinds of Monumental and Headstone work. We sell direct to our customers at wholesale prices, the saving our customers 50 per cent. We have the best appliances and the best mechanics 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 sue and 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 people by sending out ignorant agents to solicit orders—we employ mechanics only and defy competition.

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

Savage & Co.
Established 1848
JEWELLER GUELPH

The Old and Reliable
Watchmakers and Jewellers

Savage & Co.
Guelph - - Ont.

PHONE 11
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
—FOR—
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

EVERY ARTICLE IS OF EXCEPTIONAL VALUE

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Mill Street, Acton

NEWSTORE
DRY GOODS GROCERIES AND FURNITURE

L. STARKMAN
Has removed from his former residence on Young Street and has opened a store in Arthurs' Block on Mill Street, Acton

WITH THE ABOVE LINES OF GOODS

The patronage of the general public is invited

L. STARKMAN.

The Mark of Class
Which distinguishes custom tailoring, is built in every garment.

The 24th of May
is just about two weeks away. Let that thought influence you to prepare in ample time. We have probably the greatest selection we have ever displayed in

WORSTEDS, TWEEDS
Guaranteed fast colors in Blues and Blacks, Serges and Cheviots. Made to measure on the premises.

Our showing of smart new spring styles in Hats, Caps, Shirts, Collars, Gloves, etc., is now complete.

R. E. Nelson
MEN'S OUTFITTER
Guelph - - Ontario

General Hardware
Mill Supplies
Builders' Hardware
Agents for Yale and Peterboro Lock Co.
Louden Machinery Supplies
Dairy Supplies

The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Phone 1012 - - GUELPH

The BELL Pianos
The main essentials in a piano are tonal quality, high-class workmanship and durability.
These are comprised in
BELL PIANOS
as a result of patented improvements unique in piano manufacture.
Sold only by

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.

We relieve these Troubles
by means of glasses which remove the strain from the eyes and nervous sytem. Your eyes will be fitted here to remove any trouble which they may cause.

WE GRIND OUR OWN LENSES

A. D. SAVAGE
OPTOMETRIST AND MFG. OPTICIAN
RIGHT AT THE POST OFFICE
PHONE 1034 GUELPH, ONT.

$10 Saved Every Month
for ten years will amount to $1,399.13 if deposited in this bank at 3% per annum interest compounded twice a year. Open a Savings Account with us and watch your money grow.

The Bank of NovaScotia
PAID-UP CAPITAL - $ 6,500,000
RESERVE FUND - 12,000,000
TOTAL RESOURCES over 110,000,000

BRANCHES AT
Acton, Guelph, Norval, Milton and Streetsville

ELLIOTT Business College
Yonge and Charles Streets
TORONTO, ONTARIO
Has a national reputation for thorough, progressive and advanced educational work. The keen demand for our graduates is proof that it pays to attend our school. Enter any time. Catalogue free.
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
Mill St. - - Acton

THE WORLD WOULD BE THE BETTER FOR IT

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battlefields and glory,
If writ in human hearts a name
Seemed better than in song and story,
If men, instead of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate it and abhor it,
If more relied
On Love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal,
If Love's work had more willing hands
To link this world with the supernal,
If men stored up Love's oil and wine,
And on bruised human hearts would pour it,
If "yours" and "mine"
Would once combine,
The world would be the better for it.

If more would act the play of life
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal,
If bigotry would sheathe its knife
Till good became more universal,
If custom, gray with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it,
If talent shone
In truth alone,
The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things—
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindly feelings,
If men when wrong beats down the right
Would strike together to restore it,
If right made might
In every fight,
The world would be the better for it.

—Selected.

"Unto One of Least"

HARRIET CONNOR STEVENS

"GET off the piazza, little Beggar! To think that I should have to leave my painting to open the door for you—just for nobody but you!"

"But ma was hungry, so hungry, Miss, and—"

"Never mind 'ands'. We don't keep alms houses on Wayland Avenue." The heavy door closed with a sharp bang and pretty Miriam Renfroe returned to her easel. Bending over to pick up the brush which had fallen to the floor, she noticed that it was lying directly across a small white card upon which was printed a text. Her teacher had given it to her but yesterday, and Miriam's face grew scarlet as those words in the midst of the text stared at her and seemed so big and so black just now. "Unto one of the least of these, my brethren," the card said to her over and over. As though wishing to get away from it's silent rebuke, she snatched it up and threw it into the fire, but the flames rolling over it flashed to her eyes again and yet again: "Unto one of the least of these." From their tiny heap of pale gray, the very ashes themselves were mocking her with those words: "Unto one of the least of these."

And she! she had done nothing! Her opportunity had come to her, had sought her out even on her own threshold and she had impatiently thrust it aside. How selfish, thoughtless and unkind she had been! Miriam covered her face with her hand and the tears came into her eyes.

"I shall do it yet!" she cried as she rushed to the door. "I shall find her and bring her back and tell her how sorry I am. I shall tell her I am ashamed and I shall ask her forgiveness."

A short distance down the Avenue the penitent Miriam espied a queer little combination of torn shawl and calico trudging along half carrying, half dragging a large bag filled with some soft material.

"Come back little girl," she cried as she ran down the street and as the child turned to obey, Miriam noticed that the bare feet were blue with cold and the ragged dress beneath the shawl was very thin.

"I was mean and cross to you and I am so sorry, and I want you to forgive me and come into the house and let me give you something to eat." For a moment the little girl stood still and stared at Miriam in a doubtful manner as though after having been turned away from the house she could hardly believe what she heard.

"Don't look at me like that; O don't," cried Miriam. "You make me feel meaner than ever. Come into the house." Then without a word the "little beggar girl" crossed the threshold from which she had so recently been turned away and followed the banker's daughter into the cosy library.

Miriam left her alone, returning after a few moments with some bread and butter and hot tea. "Here, sit down by the fire and eat this—it will do you good."

To Miriam's astonishment the child burst into tears.

"I can't eat it, Miss, I can't. But I will take it to ma if you will let me. She ain't had nothin' to eat since yesterday mornin'. I am hungry, but I can't eat till she's had some."

"You are right, she shall have some soon. Put these shoes and stockings on and tell me all about it." But first, what is your name and how old are you?"

"My name is Alice Wayne, miss, and I am thirteen years old, and I picks up over to Reynolds' dumping grounds. It's so far away you know and ma, she was so sick with the lung fever I could not leave her long, and—and I thought maybe I might fin' some rags as people in these big houses wanted to throw away or burn. You see I sells 'em over to Norwood's and buy bread for ma. She won't never be well no more, ma won't, 'cause we ain't got no money to buy a doctor. I didn't mean no harm when I come, miss, but I knowed if the rich folks had any rags they'd be clean and I wouldn't have to take so much time to wash 'em and dry 'em like I do them as I gits in the dumping grounds, and I could have more time to wait on ma. And then if the rags is clean, Norwood gives me a cent per pound. When they ain't he gives me half a cent—and they gits so dirty in the thrash cart you know. It takes a powerful washin' to git 'em clean.

Miriam ran back to her room and as she ransacked the closets and chests for rags, she was thinking as she had never thought before in all the fourteen years of her existence. For the first time she realized how many things she had to be thankful for, and how little good she had done in the world. And then she thought of that poor little girl in the next room, of how she trudged three miles to the dumping grounds, of how hard she must work to pick the rags one by one from the trash, trudge home with them, wash them, dry them, and after it all receive perhaps a half a cent a pound. A half cent! and she who sat at ease in her cosy room, day after day, with all the leisure she wished at her command, all the money she could spend in her purse, everything that heart could wish around her, she had grown angry and turned the poor waif away from the door, before even giving her a chance to ask for help.

How the resolutions crowded one upon the other as the large basket grew and grew until it was filled and heaped as high as she could heap it—with scraps and rags and bits of cotton cloth.

"Here are some rags that won't have to be washed, Alice," she said as she returned to the library and began making them into a bundle. I don't see for the life of me, however, how you will manage them, there are so many, and—"

Miriam stopped short as the conflicting thoughts came rushing to her mind. Could she do it? What would her friends say? Then the carriage was out, and she would have to walk. At that moment, in the heap of ashes there on the hearthstone, she seemed to see quite plainly the words, "Unto one of the least of these," and her mind was made up.

"Put on this heavy coat, Alice," she said, "and we shall go straight to your mother. I am going with you and help you carry the rags."

"You, miss, you going with me—me, and you such a high lady and I such—"

"I am nothing but a plain girl," broke in Miriam, "a plain girl who has been ugly and rude and is sorry—so sorry for it. Come let us be off."

A ragged sleeve sought the eyes of the little beggar girl and her voice trembled when she spoke.

"I—I—I think you be one of the Lord's, you be."

Down the avenue, each bearing a large coarse bundle, Miriam Renfroe, the banker's daughter, and the little rag picker trudged side by side. In the heart of the city Miriam disappeared in a grocery store only to reappear in a few moments with several packages which she added to her bundle of rags.

Down one street and up another Alice Wayne led her companion. Finally, pausing in front of a shabby old building—the very shabbiest in the row of shabby buildings which adorned the dismal alley—she turned and said simply. "This is home, miss," and began to climb the rickety stairs.

What a bare and cheerless room they found at the top! No wonder the poor woman lying in the corner looked so pale and ill. There was no fire on the desolate hearth; there was scant covering on the heap of straw which formed the sick bed and to keep out the cold newspapers were stuffed in the sash of the one window which served to light the room. Everything looked cold and bare. Miriam quickly set her bundle down and from its depths she took a small flask. Then kneeling down by the straw bed in the corner, she bent over the invalid and held some sweet wine to her lips.

"Here, drink this," she whispered, "it will make you better." The eyes opened wearily and the patient was conscious of her surroundings and drank but did not speak. The woman was indeed very weak and ill and Miriam realized there was no time to lose. Tearing off a bit of wrapping paper she took a short pencil from her purse and wrote a short message. She then ran down the long stairs in such haste that she almost upset a small dirty-faced urchin who was peering at her from below.

"Do you know Dr. Wiley?" she asked.

"Yes sir—ree—bob—held his horses many a time. He vacci—"

"I will give you a dollar if you will get him here inside of an hour," interrupted Miriam.

"A whole dollar! Jehosephat, Joseph! but I'll do it," and away like the wind sped the dirty-faced urchin on his mission.

Up the alley a man was carting a load of short wood. How lucky! A word from Miriam and the wood was soon heaped in a corner of the long dingy hall upstairs.

Then, quietly, so as not to disturb the invalid, the two girls went to work with a will and in a short time a bright cheery fire was blazing upon the hearth and Alice's mother had been strengthened and refreshed by a cup of hot tea.

To Miriam's delight Dr. Wiley found the patient's condition less serious than she had thought. With proper care and nourishment she would live, he said. He would come back to see her every day and she should lack nothing that would aid in her recovery. "Had she not had medical attention to day, however," he added, "it would have been too late."

Proper care and nourishment and she would live!

Alice threw herself upon her mother's pallet of straw and sobbed for sheer joy. Between her sobs she prayed: O God bless the kind high-lady—bless the kind high-lady!" And then "O ma, ma, you're goin' ter git well. You're goin' ter git well. You're goin' ter git well, and the high-lady did it!"

What a day it was! It is impossible to say just how many journeys the dirty-faced urchin made to different parts of the city, but when the afternoon came, the sick woman was resting quietly in a soft clean bed with plenty of good warm clothing. The window panes had been put in and everything Miriam could think of had been done to relieve Alice and her mother and to provide for them until they could provide for themselves.

In the west the sun went down. "I shall come back to-morrow," said Miriam as she bent low over the sick woman. "And I hope I shall find you much better." A feeble emaciated hand stirred on the coverlet and in a whisper came the words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least—"

"Stop, stop," cried Miriam. "I can't bear it. I can't. All my life I have been thoughtless and selfish. Until to-day I never knew what life means, but I have found out now! I have found out now! and from to-day I shall live!"

During all those years that followed, while the banker's daughter was spending her life in the noble work of helping the poor, comforting the sick, Miriam Renfroe never forgot that moment which she always regarded as the happiest moment she had ever known; that moment in the dismal attic when the ragged little beggar girl had thrown herself down by her starving mother's side and buried her face in the straw and between convulsive sobs asked God's blessing upon the kind "high-lady" who had come and saved that mother.—The Helper.

MARRIAGE

THERE are mighty few young people who go into marriage with any real idea of what it means. They get their notion of it from among the clouds where they lived until they were engaged, and naturally about all they find up there is wind and moonshine or from novels which always end before the real trouble begins; or they keep on, leaving out the chapters that tell how the husband finds the rent and the wife the hired girl. But, if there's one thing in the world about which it's possible to get all the facts, it's matrimony. Part of these are right in the house where you were born, and the neighbors have the rest.

NEAR BEER

We thought we were going to be delivered from the temptation of the open bar and the treating evil, but men and boys can still be seen standing up at the old bar and drinking what looks like and smells like the old beer and which contains enough alcohol to feed the old craving and keep up the old treating custom which causes men to drink a great deal more than they really want.

As a school for teaching boys and young men to drink I regard it as more dangerous than the old beer because it is believed not to be intoxicating. To say that it is not intoxicating is incorrect, unfair and misleading. It does not make men so noisily drunk but I have watched them and seen the tongue get thick, the face flushed and the expressions stupid. Some are more easily affected than others and these find difficulty in getting home after two or three glasses of this so-called "temperance beer." It is more properly called "near-beer" - too near for the good of those who are unwise enough to drink it.

One hot day a gentleman went into a bar-room and called for a glass of temperance beer, saying that he was very thirsty. The proprietor, who was a friend of his, told him that it "was not fit to put into a man's stomach" and advised him to have a glass of buttermilk. And yet this stuff that the seller admits is not fit to drink is allowed to be sold publicly to all comers young or old, at all hours and without having to pay a license fee. It is no wonder that many of the hotels say that they are doing as well as before prohibition came into force! It is all the worse that boys and young men have governmental authority for believing it to be harmless. With the equivalent of more than half an ounce of strong whiskey in each glass, together with the lupulin and hop acids and the preservatives necessary to keep it from spoiling there can be no doubt that it is a serious menance to public health.

And so the process of drunkard-making goes on even under prohibition. Several States have tried this "near beer" compromise with the liquor traffic and have found it necessary to prohibit the sale of all imitations of beer which afford such an easy way of evading the law.

The names of the noble man who gave us this prohibitory law will go down in history as our greatest statesman and I have confidence that they will correct this and other weak points in the law as soon as possible.

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

TEACH THE BABIES TO BREATHE PROPERLY

"Babies," says Kathleen E. Stacey, in "Everywoman's World", "should be taught to breathe properly—through the nose, and not through the mouth.

"The air, when it passes through the nose before reaching the lungs, is moistened and warmed to the proper temperature, and thus colds are prevented.

"When you lay your baby down to sleep, see that his mouth is closed; if it is not, close it gently, and then watch to see that it remains closed. Breathing through the mouth causes the throat to become dry and rough, which may be the means of enlarging the tonsils; and it is also one reason why people snore.

"If baby keeps his mouth open and seems unable to breathe through the nose, then there is an obstruction to the free passage of air, due to enlarged tonsils, adenoids, or a condition of catarrh.

"If the child does not get enough air into the lungs, it often results in malnutrition and a consequent non-development of the chest, which curtails his activities and decreases the supply of good, pure blood.

"It is your duty to see that your child is as fully equipped for the battle of life as possible, and if he cannot breathe through his nose, freely easily, consult a doctor or write me for information, stating the case in detail."

"SWIPED"

An Arkansas newspaper once printed some cloth hand bills for a traveling show. The show went broke and these bills were never called for, so the thrifty wife of the editor used the cloth to line little Johnny's pants. As months rolled by, the pantaloons grew threadbare; and, at school one day, little Johnny accidentally tore the seat out, leaving about one foot of the lining in sight, and the boys were surprised to read the following words, standing out in plain type: "Doors open at 7.30; performance begins at 8.00."

Love is a wonderful thing, yet there are people who would rather marry for money.

Many a poor man might acquire wealth by utilising the time he wasted in bemoaning his luck.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, May 20th, 1897

"What's a fishing rod?" "It's a handsome jointed arrangement your father holds over the water. "What's a fishing pole?" "It's a long wooden stick your Uncle Bill catches fish with."

The Guelph District meeting of the Methodist Church was held in Acton on Tuesday.

The vote on the Sunday Car By-law in Toronto on Saturday carried the By-law by a small majority. The large aggregate of 32,423 votes was cast. Both sides worked hard all day and the weather being fine a very full vote was polled. The Anti-Sunday car committee are taking steps to test the legality of Sunday cars in Toronto.

The concluding lecture of the course arranged by the Epworth League was delivered on Tuesday evening by Rev. G. A. Mitchell, of Georgetown. The subject was "Men Wanted". The Choir sang several anthems and Miss Carrique, of Georgetown, gave two readings.

Messrs. Beardmore & Company are rebuilding the road-bed on John St. from the north approach of their bridge to Church St. A liberal supply of broken stone and gravel is being used.

Now keep the stray animals off the street, please. Officer Graham has a splendid pound down on Lake Avenue.

Fireworks are not saleable in Acton. The fire by-law prohibits them. How will the boys make a noise suitable to the occasion on the Twenty-fourth if firecrackers are to be denied them?

The Governor General has received a letter of thanks from the Viceroy of India, in which it is stated that Canada stood next to Great Britain in her contributions to the India famine fund.

Hon. E. J. Davis, Provincial Secretary, has inserted a notice in the Ontario Gazette asking the people to give all the assistance possible to the explorers who are to be sent out by the King of Sweden and Norway on a balloon exploration to the North Pole.

MARRIED

BROLEY-POTTER—In Elora, on Tuesday, 18th May, by Rev. John McInnis, Mr. Warner E. Broley, to Miss Potter, daughter of D. M. Potter, Esq., all of Elora.

DIED

TROTTER—In Acton, on Tuesday, 18th May, Mary M. Warren, wife of William Trotter, aged 73.

GENTLE HITS

The mo welcome caller at the average front door is the postman.

Pianos are cheap in these days, even the music is sold by the chord.

One of the great facts of life is that every man must wait for a street car. He can't get his friends to do his waiting.

If you don't raise anything in your garden this summer it will do you no good to raise Cain at the grocery store next winter.

Sometimes a man is not satisfied with building a house on the sand but goes on and builds a garage on credit.

When the customer asked the grocer if the eggs were strictly fresh he replied that the farmer from whom he got them affirmed that his hens did not lay any other kind. That is a hen-couraging fact.

DOUBLE-ENDED EDUCATION

Jimmy had not come up to his father's expectations in regard to his studies at school and an explanation was demanded.

"Why is it," inquired the irate parent, "that you are at the bottom of the class?"

"I can't see that it makes any difference whether I am at the top or the bottom," replied Jimmy pacifically. "You know they teach just the same at both ends."

WHEN THE TEST COMES

Most young people like to try their hand at anything that is new. Mothers know how quickly the small boys and girls tire of the familiar tasks, and how eager they are to attempt something different. A teacher who has had experience with the ways of pupils never let her hopes rise too high because the new study starts off with a swing. "Wait till the middle of the term," she tells herself. "Then we'll see how it goes."

After the new has worn off comes the test. There are plenty of people who are attracted by anything a little unusual, plenty who will try almost any kind of work to which they are unaccustomed. And there is a small minority of real young people who do not have to be coaxed by novelty to do what ought to be done. Month in and month out they can be found in just the place where they are needed. And let us say of these that no matter how humbly they start, they do not long remain hidden. For everywhere in the business and religious worlds, men are on the watch for helpers who can be depended on after the new wears off.

Some feminine complexions resemble small boys; they don't wash.

Don't think that by being miserable here on earth you will be any happier in heaven—if you happen to get there.

THE CRAZY QUILT

Patch, patch, patch and patch,
Did you ever see the match?
Flora's treasures round us spilt
Are no match for a crazy quilt.
Scraps that fall from scissor blade
When fancy frocks are being made.
Bits that drop from trimming hats,
Corners clipped from gents' cravats.
Any size, and any hue,
Any living shape will do.

Triangle, circle, oblong, square,
Enough to make old Euclid stare,
To fix their origin and name
Might lift some scientist to fame.
Busy brain and nimble finger,
O'er the dainty fabric linger.
Moments snatched away from duty
Settle on this thing of beauty.

Moments snatched from social union
Moments snatched from soul communion,
Moments snatched from forward movement,
Moments snatched from mind improvement.
Moments snatched from letter sending,
Moments snatched from prayer-knee bending,
Moments snatched from eating, sleeping,
Moments snatched from promise keeping;
When the thing is fairly built,
These form the soul of the crazy quilt.

"Kensington" and "feather stitches,"
"Buttonhole" and to fill niches.
Hieroglyphics past our reading,
Butterflies on flowers a-feeding,
Bugs and spiders not exempted
Such as nature ne'er attempted.

When the stock of skill's expended,
When the dainty work is ended,
Let no vulgar eye behold it,
Let no common fingers fold it,
Like a jewel in its casket
Hide it in a fancy basket,
There exposed to fading never,
Let it be a joy forever.

When in the drowsy night I feel
The slumber goddess round me steal,
Let me wrap my shoulders tight
In a blanket soft and light,
In a "double Irish chain,"
"Old maid's tramp," or a counterpane.
Or in a dear old "nine spot block,"
Called from many a family frock,
Or fold me in a Union Jack,
Or in the sail of some fishing smack.
A good night's rest I am sure to win
No matter what you tuck me in,
Since I am free from the awful guilt
Of wasting my life on a crazy quilt.

—Phoebe L. Haney.

GETTING EVEN

A young man and a young woman leaned on the front gate. They were lovers. It was moonlight. He was loath to leave, as the parting was the last. He was about to go away.

"I'll never forget you," he said, "and if death should claim me, my last thought would be of you."

"I'll be true to you," she sobbed. "I'll never love anybody else as long as I live."

They parted. Six years later he returned. His sweetheart of former years was married. They met at a party. She had changed greatly. Between dances recognition took place.

"Let me see," she mused, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?"

"Neither," he replied. "Probably my father."

HUMOROUS

Gentleman—"But I am afraid he wouldn't make a good watch dog."

Man—"Not a good watch dog! Why, Lor' bless your 'art, it was only last week that this very animal held a burglar down by the throat and beat his brains out with his tail."

Editor—How's the new society reporter
I told him to condense as much as possible.

Assistant—He did. Here's his account of a yesterday afternoon tea: "Mrs. Lovely poured, Mrs. Jabber roared. Mrs. Duller bored, Mrs. Rasping gorged and Mrs Embonpoint snored."

An old Scotch farmer, who had been henpecked all his life, was about to die. His wife felt it her duty to offer him such consolation as she might and said:

"Sandy you are about to go, but I will follow you."

"I suppose so," said the man weakly, "but as far as I am concerned you needna be in any extraordinary hurry about it."

VERY AWKWARD

The son of the well-to-do family had recently joined up as a private, and was spending the Christmas leave at home.

Returning from a walk, his mother espied a figure in the kitchen with the housemaid.

"Clarence," she called to her son, "Mary's got someone in the kitchen. She knows perfectly well that I don't allow followers. I wish you'd go out and tell the man to leave the house at once."

Clarence duly departed to the kitchen, but returned in about half a minute.

"Sorry, mother, but I can't turn him out."

"Can't turn him out? Why on earth not?"

"He's my sergeant!"

MYSTIFYING

"I don't understand this game of golf."
"What's hard about it?"
"Why do they hit the ball?"
"That's the game."
"So it seems. But why can't they just as well carry it along?" They are going that way anyway, and it would save them all the trouble of looking for it."

Wise and experienced mothers know when their children are troubled with worms and lose no time in applying Miller's Worm Powders, the most effective vermifuge that can be used. It is absolute in clearing the system of worms and restoring those healthy conditions without which there can be no comfort for the child, or hope of robust growth. It is the most trustworthy of worm exterminators.

It is a Liver Pill—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver which is a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to the disturbances that come from irregular habits or lack of care in eating and drinking. This accounts for a great many liver regulators now pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Their operation though gentle is effective, and the most delicate can use them.