The Georgetown Herald.

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Publisher.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Georgetown, Ont.

W. A. F. CAMPBELL,
(Successor to J. B. McLeod).
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, &c. Office: McKinley's Block, Main st., Georgetown. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections a specialty.

MEDICAL.

DR. WEBSTER & NIXON,
PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS AND ACCOUCHEURS
OFFICE and residence: Norval and Georgetown.

DR. A. S. ELLIOTT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. (Successor to Dr. Sutherland). Office and residence, first door south of Baptist church.

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FRANK H. WATSON, D.D.S., L.D.S.
DENTIST.
Georgetown, Ont. Hours: 8.30 a.m. to 6 p.m. Mondays: 10 to 1 p.m., 2.15 to 6.45 p.m. Dentistry in all its branches.

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(Successor to H. O. Hood, V. S.)
OFFICE AND INFIRMARY, Mr Hood's old stand. Cattle dehorned.

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LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the Counties of Peel and Halton. Real estate bought and sold. Farm stock a specialty. Orders left at the HERALD office will receive prompt attention.

J. A. BELL,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Halton, Peel and Wellington Residence, Church St., Georgetown. Sales conducted at reasonable rates. Real Estate bought and sold. Satisfaction guaranteed.

SOCIETIES.

A. F. & A. M.
CREDIT LODGE, No 219, A. F. & A. M., meets on Friday on or before full moon, in the Masonic Hall, McLeod Block. Visitors cordially welcomed.
J. C. MCCULLOUGH W.M. T. H. EARNSHAW, Sec.

HOME CIRCLE.
GEORGETOWN BRANCH, No. 61, meets in the Oddfellows Hall, 2nd Tuesday in each month. Any informa ion regarding the Society will be furnished by the following:—
J. HARRIS, J. ALLEN,
L. GRANT, R. HARPER.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.
COURT CREDIT, Georgetown, meets in the I.O.O.F. Hall, on the 4th Tuesday of every month. Particulars regarding rates of insurance, &c., may be had from any of the members, or from R. D. Warren C.R. H. C. Adams R.S., J. Wakinshaw F.S.

BARBERS.

O. K. BARBER SHOP.
DAVID GAY, Clark's Block, Georgetown. Children's hair-cutting, 10c. A call solicited.

A. NEVINS
(Successor to R. Gollop)
BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER. Shop Main st., next Hollis'. Best of satisfaction guaranteed. Agency Holton Steam Laundry. Your patronage solicited. Also agent for Hunts and all kinds of musical instruments. Harps.

E. H. DOOLITTLE.
No. 1, Roe Block, Georgetown.
SHAVING, HAIR-CUTTING, &c., done with the highest satisfaction by first-class workmen. Agent Herlin Steam Laundry.

MISCELLANEOUS.

G. S. GOODWILLIE,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES, Georgetown, Ont.

J. B. McLEOD.
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES, Georgetown, Ont.

WM. HARPER & BROS.,
PAPER MANUFACTURERS, Georgetown, Ont. Printing and Wrapping Paper constantly on hand and made to order.

Wm. Drinkwater

—The Leading Dealer in—

Fruit, Fish, Confectionery, Vegetables, &c.

(Wholesale and Retail.)

Special facilities for giving satisfaction.

FISH
REGULARLY DELIVERED.

OYSTERS
when in season by the Dish or Quart.

W. Drinkwater
MILL STREET.

W. H. Willson
Jeweler and Optician,

Has now in stock an attractive line of

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware

All the latest Novelties in Jewelry and Silverware.

Repairing Promptly Executed.

PRICES ALWAYS REASONABLE.

W. H. WILLSON

In J. G. Willson's Furniture Warerooms.

COLIN - MITCHELL

STEWARTTOWN,

—DEALER IN—

Groceries, Staple Dry Goods, Crockery, Glassware, Boots and Shoes, Etc.

Also a full line of Farm Implements, Wagons and Carriages.

Colin Mitchell,
Stewarttown.

Your Friend

wants a photograph of you, and you owe it to your friend and to yourself to have the photograph a good one. Come to our studio for it. We'll make as many negatives as are necessary to secure the best result, and I won't be satisfied unless you are.

WILL KAY, Art Photographer,

Studio next door to Crechman Bros' factory,
Main St., GEORGETOWN

Insurance!

Life and Accident.

DISTRICT AGENT FOR THE NAVAL LIFE.

L. Georgetown

Buggies! Buggies!

JUST PACKED in my showroom a fine assortment of buggies, the product of my own make. Don't buy until you see them. No trouble to show them.

Don't forget my shop is Headquarters for general repairing of buggies and carriages, such as Painting, Trimming and Repairing, Woodworking.

Having only first-class Horseshoer, I am in a position to guarantee satisfaction in that line and also in the line of general blacksmithing.

J. O'NEILL,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.

Lawson Bros.,
GEORGETOWN

Planing Mill

Are prepared to do all kinds of planing, including Mash, Doors, Mouldings, &c., on short notice. A complete stock of

LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES, &c.

Always on hand.

Bill Stuff a Specialty

LAWSON BROS.

Old Men feel young when they start the day WITH

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

A teaspoonful of Abbeys Salt in a glass of water shortly after rising will keep you in perfect health.

It purifies the blood, keeps the head clear and stomach sweet.

A positive cure for chronic constipation.

Recommended by the Medical Profession.

C. W. Pickrell

THE OLD EXPERIENCED
BLACKSMITH

Having been in business for the last six months in Donald McKinnon's old stand, he wishes to thank the people of the surrounding country and town for their liberal patronage. Having had experience in all kinds of general blacksmithing, I will guarantee satisfaction. Horseshoeing a specialty. Wood work, new work and all kinds of carriage repairing.

Manufacturer of the Savage Diamond Harrow, the best harrow made to save time and labor. Best of references from leading farmers in this neighborhood.

Come and see us. Give us a trial, and we will endeavor to please you in all kinds of work.

C. W. PICKRELL.

New Bakery

W. H. McCullough

begs to announce that he has purchased the Bakery and Confectionery Business for some time carried on by W. A. Hill, is prepared to give customers every satisfaction, and solicits a liberal share of your trade.

A complete supply of BREAD, CAKES, PASTRY, CONFECTIONERY, &c., always in stock.

SHOP—Next Willson's Furniture Store.

After Work or Exercise

POND'S EXTRACT

prevents lameness and muscular soreness. Prevents inflammation and stiffness. Relieves sunburn, scalds, bruises, wounds, piles, sprains, sore throat, coughs, colds, and many other ailments. Accept only a genuine Pond's Extract. Cautions: Pond's Extract is never sold in bulk or by measure, never spelled phonetically, never dangerous to life or limb, never a substitute, never a cure-all, never a poison.

Lee Sing LAUNDRY!

ROE BLOCK, NO. 1.

Best Workmanship. Prices Reasonable

Are You Interested?

—THE—

Blacksmith Shop!

at GLENWILLIAMS, which has been closed since last October, was re-opened this week by

J. K. ROBERTSON,

HORSE SHOER AND GENERAL BLACKSMITH, who has had a large experience in the business. All work done promptly and satisfactorily.

Your Patronage Solicited.

FLORAL VIEW
GREENHOUSES,
Telephone Connection.

The Newest and Choicest Plants and Cut Flowers Wholesale and Retail. Funeral and Wedding Designs prepared on shortest notice and shipped safely any weather.

POETRY.

THE FALLING LEAF.

Why should I weep, or tremble at myself
Or tremble at the world
Which sends the leaves to fall?
And life (love whispers) calls to me,
And saddle hearts go out to me
And gladness and joy were food to me,
And heaven is great all.

The lighter of Earth's heart is
Towards every thrilling note;
I feel my life full to the brim;
And from my window comes
Sweet Eglantine's perfume, to the
Of joyousness I give to me.
A wonderful calm.

The rain has been my minister,
To have my dusky face,
To wash the troubles all away
And give my bloom in place.

The whole world has been given to me,
And beauty ever given to me,
The sky is very queen to me,
And mirth to every place.

The wind has sung his gravest songs
In zephyr and in gale,
In little flutes or mighty harps
That thrill when stars grew pale;
The tiny breeze has crooned to me,
The tempest wished no wound to me,
And vagrant gusts have roared to me
From distant hill and vale.

The sun has been my devotee,
I languished to his gaze
I felt his kisses on my cheek
Through many summer days.
He came in garments to me,
He rustled and he hurried to me,
In garments many-hued to me,
With a chaplet of haze.

The moon has been my princess, too,
With magic silver wand,
Enjewelling the breast of night
And gemming all the land,
And strangest sights have chanced to me
Of elves who came and danced to me,
All gloriously enhanced to me,
A radiant, fairy band.

To me has been the joy of life,
A sinless, swift delight,
And now I seek my mother Earth
As a soul the Infinite.
Sweet Summer never blind to me,
Dear Earth that was so kind to me,
Great God that had a mind to me,
Have pity on my flight!

H. F. G.

TO-DAY'S STORY.

The Parson's Place.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

The girl's eyes followed the train wistfully, until only a film of smoke was left hanging in the still air. Then she turned and faced the desolate little station.

"I believe I'm marooned!" she groaned. "There isn't a soul in—yes, here's a boy. Have I got to ask him for help?"

The boy was brown—very brown. His trousers were crammed carelessly into big top-boots, and the boots were muddy. The boy was big and awkward and bashful. He sidled away down the deserted platform, as if to escape as soon as possible. He did not look up once. Of joy, "Oh, wait! I'm waiting for my trunk! I'm waiting for my trunk!" The girl cried hastily. "There's no cab also to ask. Won't you please tell me if this is Cutler? I'm afraid I got off at the wrong place." The boy nodded.

The boy's abrupt nod and the girl's impetuous chase had brought them close together—too close for all Africa for their skirts. The girl was far distant, when them away from the big muddy boots. She did not see the blood rush to the boy's tanned face, staining it a rich mahogany hue.

"Have I made a mistake? Oh, I hope I have—no, I guess I don't mean that, but it's—so dreadful here."

"This is Cutler!" the boy muttered, stilly. "But it's not the village. That's over there four miles." He pointed with his thumb.

"Four miles! Then there must be a stage. I don't see any. Oh, it hasn't gone has—?"

"There isn't any stage that meets this train. There's one in the morning."

"Not any stage!"

The girl's voice showed distress. A trail of muddy roadway stretched away before her, and her eyes followed it despairingly.

Terry Quinn's heart melted. "How far are you calculating to go? I don't know but I could take you a piece," he said suddenly. "I live this side of the village a little way."

"I am going to the Parsons place. Do you know where it is?"

"The Parsons place! A picture of the abandoned and forlorn, rose before the boy and he contrasted it mentally with the beautiful, delicate girl before him.

"Yes, I know where it is," he said. "You can go along with me if you want to. I've got a load of grain, so I shall have to go slow."

"Oh, I don't mind going slow!" the girl cried, gratefully. "You are very kind."

An old farm-wagon loaded with grain-bags stood near. She had hard work to clamber up to its high seat.

They rattled away down the muddy road, lurching into the ruts and swaying over stones. The girl's eyes grew wide with alarm.

Terry Quinn sat on the edge of his seat and gazed straight ahead in an agony of bashfulness. At intervals he slipped a little farther away from the dainty figure beside him, until the vacant space in the seat was widened thereby.

He was sure she was laughing at him. He was sure she was afraid of him, and he was sure she was right. Suppose she got hurt by his fault? Suppose she got hurt by his fault? Suppose she wanted to ride?

The girl looking down the road, her sweet face grew rigid when every jolting, filling the kind of hurt mother and sister said, "Oh, Dennis, Dennis, place. At that she's old, but it's no longer.

"Is it—are?" she asked suddenly, raveling the edge into the boy's brown face. "The Parsons place, I mean?"

Terry had the dismal picture still in his mind. The Parsons place was unrepaired, untenanted. He remembered the tall weeds and grass in the dooryard, and the broken windows and the gate that sagged on its hinges. For ten years the Parsons place had been abandoned.

"Is it painted white with green blinds?" the girl persisted. "Are there beautiful trees? And rose-bushes? Is there a view? I shall be so glad, if there's a place! We'd old wheel mother's couch out of it, and she could lie there all the pleasant days and get well. That's what we're coming here for. The doctors said she could not be any better in the city. It's awful in the city in the summer."

The boy made no answer, and attributing his silence to bashfulness, she continued:

"This place—the Parsons place—was left to us a year ago in a will. Now that mother is sick, we are very glad of it, because the doctors say she must be in the country. I've come to see about getting the house opened and aired. Then I'm going back for them all."

"Where were you expecting to stop tonight?" questioned the boy, awkwardly. She turned upon him in puzzled wonder at the question.

"Why, at the hotel, I suppose. I hadn't thought, but that's where I shall go of course. Is it near the the Parsons place?"

Terry Quinn felt a wild desire to laugh. The idea of a hotel near the Parsons place was too much for him. But a side glance at the wistful, girlish face sobered him.

"There isn't any hotel hereabouts," he said.

"No hotel? Why I thought of course—Oh, I don't—I don't know what I am going to do!"

"Mother'll take you in, I guess," interrupted Terry, hurriedly. "We live close by. She'll see to you. Mother's great."

In the instant of thinking the girl the hospitality of his own home, another idea had occurred to Terry Quinn. He sat on the edge of his seat, driving the old white mare at a snail's pace, and thought it all out to his satisfaction.

It was growing late. The soft June dusk was settling lightly over the land. The girl's impatience nearly asserted itself when he said he so late to see the Parsons trouble, but who thought of trouble?

"Williams! Here's the key at our house," Terry announced, with abruptness. "We've always kept it. You'd better not try to go down to the house till tomorrow. It—it needs daylight to see it anyways well. Mother'll go along with you in the morning. Mother's great."

He had said that before. The girl smiled to hear it wearily.

They were jogging by a little unpainted uninhabited house set in weeds and neglect. The girl shuddered.

"Oh, I hope it won't look like that! That's dreadful!" she said. "If it looks like that I think I shall—cry!"

Terry whipped up the old white mare hastily, and drove away from the dreary place. In another five minutes he had stopped in front of a cheerful little house hugged by vines and roses. His mother was in the doorway.

"Oh yes, she's great!" the girl thought as she lay upstairs in a big, soft bed. "She's beautiful. She helps out the Parsons place, no matter what it's like. And that boy—well, he's pretty nice, even if he is muddy outside."

Downstairs Terry and his mother were talking things over. Mrs. Quinn approved of the plan, but was not three o'clock earlier than need be?

"I'll need all that time," the boy said. "I guess you haven't been down to the Parsons place very lately, mother. It's a sight."

"Yes, I know. Poor dear, it was a mercy she did not know it to-night!"

At three o'clock the next morning the boy and the birds were up. Terry went straight to the Parsons place, encumbered with a scythe and a rake and various other tools.

He whistled under his breath till he got past the house; then he broke out into clear, shrill melody. The birds answered jubilantly.

For an hour, two hours, the boy toiled. Gradually the unkempt little front yard took on a kind of trimness. The tall weeds and grassblades fell before the sturdy swing of the scythe, and the straggling bushes began to look more neat. There were left untouched only the flaunting hollyhocks and bouncing-bets.

"They're too pretty to cut down," thought Terry. "Maybe she'll like 'em. I do."

The pronoun thus used by the boy had made his plans carefully. He righted the sagging gate. He raked in the grass and concealed it beneath the bushes. He even had time to mend some of the broken windows.

And as a finishing touch he fastened back the porch blinds, a marvellous, artistic thing! That was his final triumph. He stood back and gazed entranced at the work of his hands.

"It looks great," he muttered. "But I hope she won't mind—Mrs. Quinn's been kind of drawn to it, but it was a day as quick as that. There's another blessing the boy! I've got to hurry, hope to breakfast."

Mrs. Quinn went with the girl to the Parsons place. In her clean-starched sunbonnet and print dress, she plodded heavily beside the slender girlish figure.

All things were favorable this morning. Nature abetted the boy in his kind little plan. What had looked dreary and unattractive the previous night looked bright and pleasant under the spell of the clear, new day. And the girl did not recognize the Parsons place in its cow dress. She thought she had never seen it before.

"What a queer little place!" she said as they approached it. "But it looks as if somebody cared for it. I rather like it."

"This is the Parsons place," said Mrs. Quinn.

"The Parsons place? Fine—Oh! Oh! I thought it would be—different! I didn't know it was going to be little and—and—queer."

She gazed about her almost in horror. But gradually the neat yard and trimmed bushes—the bouncing-bets and the nodding hollyhocks—appealed to her. The little place grew pleasantor to her, and she nodded slowly.

"But I rather like it," she said. "It looks as if somebody cared—not lonely and neglected like one I saw last night. Oh, I couldn't have borne that! Yes, I like the flowers and the bushes—there's a shady place for mother's couch. Molly could keep house over there, and get the think bushes. There could be soft, soft curtains at the windows and chairs set round in the yard, and the air is wonderfully sweet."

But oh! but oh, the pump! Was anything over bloor? The girl went cautiously up to the brilliant apparition, but Mrs. Quinn called her back in a panic.

"Look out!" she warned. "Terry's just—I mean somebody's just been painting that. You'll get all blued up, my dear!"

Terry had just—somebody had just been painting the pump! Queer! Queer anybody should take pains to paint an abandoned pump!

"But it isn't so queer as the pump itself," the girl thought. "I don't wonder that somebody took pains! I wonder if it could have been—I believe it was! And the grass, of course he cut that. That's why it's so short." She wheeled about and faced Mrs. Quinn with shining eyes.

"I believe somebody has done all this!" she cried. "I believe it was your boy!"

"Terry's a good boy," murmured his mother, smiling.

"He's great," the girl, with an unsteady little laugh, "but I don't believe he'd want me thank him—"

"No!" Mrs. Quinn cried with gentle emphasis. "Dear heart, no, Terry wouldn't!"

"Then you must do it for me. Tell him it has made all the difference in the world. Tell him I like the Parsons place—and the pump is beautiful! I never know what the country was like before, or a country boy. I'm glad I know now!"

The sweet June days filed by in their tender, lingering way. Before they were quite gone the invalid mother was at the Parsons place, and already her thin cheeks were taking a faint hint of color from the wonderful country air. Molly was housekeeping under the syringas, and the girl was housekeeping indoors. The Parsons place was alive again.

Down the road a little way Terry whistled cheerfully about his homely work, and grew browner still. He had forgotten that he had ever done anything to help anybody, but the girl did not forget it. Youth's Companion.

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

That logical reasonableness which children so often display in their imitative games was recently shown most amusingly by a conversation overheard in the children's ward of a hospital. The Pacific Rural Press tells the story.

A little girl whose role was that of nurse rang an imaginary telephone on the wall to talk to her companion at the farther end of the room, who was playing the part of doctor.

"Hello!" said the nurse. "Is that the doctor?"

"Yes," answered her companion, in a deep voice, "This is the doctor."

"This lady is very sick," he was informed.

"Well, what seems to be the matter?"

"She has swallowed a whole bottle of ink," said the nurse.

The doctor, with great gravity, inquired what had been done for the patient.

"I gave her two pads of blotting-paper," said the nurse.

NOT YET.

Although Horatio Kitchener, now Lord Kitchener, the victorious English general, is forty-eight years old, still remains a bachelor and has often been that unfortunate thing, he has yet to be an object of pity. He has no lady, but one of every lift minded to face his cooing, he hopes, by brain behind. He says the right lady is yet to be found. He is a man who has a position and mind of a hero. He is, never in a hurry. Sometimes people think he has too many irons in the fire of his machine wheels. A writer in the London Mail says:

The man, Herbert Kitchener, owned the affection of private friends in England and of old comrades of fifteen years' standing; for the rest of the world there is no man Herbert Kitchener, but only the sirdar, neither asking affection nor giving it.

His officers and men are wheels in the machine; he feeds them enough to make them efficient, and works them as mercilessly as he works himself. He will have no married officers in his army; marriage interferes with work. Any officer who breaks down with the climate goes on sick leave once; next time he goes and the Egyptian army bears him on its strength no more.

And if you suppose, therefore, that the sirdar is unpopular, he knows. No general is unpopular who always beats the enemy. When the column move out of camp in the evening to march all night through the dark, they know not whither, and fight at dawn with an enemy they have never seen, every man goes forth with a tranquil mind.

He may personally come back, and he may not; but about the general result there is not a doubt. You let your boots the sirdar knows; he wouldn't fight if he weren't going to win. Other generals have been better loved; none was ever better trusted.

DUBLIN DROLLERY.

Stories of Irish wit and humor are mostly of doubtful freshness, but the following examples from Dublin tongues may be accounted as good as new:

A military officer, who passed through the Afridi campaign, was recently on a visit to the Irish metropolis, says the Spectator. He engaged a car to drive him from the Richmond barracks to the Kildare Street Club, and on arriving at his destination presented the driver with a shilling.

Pat fixed his eye attentively on the coin, and ejaculated viciously, "Wisha, had luck to the Afradays!"

"Why?" asked the officer.

"Because, thin, they've killed all the gintlemen that fought agin 'em."

The officer was so tickled by the remark that he promptly doubled the fare.

They can be very sarcastic at times, these Dublin car men. An English traveller found fault with the unevenness of the roads over which he was being driven.

"Arrah, sure, if they wor anny better y'd import thim to England," was the ready response.

They can be audacious, too. Some years ago the Lord Mayor of Dublin happened to be a very superior and fidgety person, who was enormously impressed by the dignity of the office to which he had been elected for a year. One day his carriage was stopped by an ancient "four-wheeler," which impudently turned round in Dawson Street, under the very shadow of the Mansion House, and thus checked the civic dignitary's horses in their fiery career.

An altercation took place between the footman and the driver of the cab, and the lord mayor, putting his head out of the window, cried:

"Mahony, take his number and have him summoned."

The driver promptly retorted, "Arrah, go in out o' that, yo ould twelve-months' aristocrat," and drove off.

TALKING WITH A NATIVE.

Dr. Frederick J. Bliss, the well-known Palestine explorer, was once deceived by a native of the Holy Land, who no doubt intended to be honest. Mr. Bliss was travelling up the gorge from a village of the Lebanon toward Shib'a, which he supposed to be about an hour's journey away. As he tells the story in the Independent, he travelled for some time without seeing any signs of his destination.

We rode on in the gathering dusk, straining our eyes at every turn in the valley for a light ahead. Presently we heard a cry. It seemed to come from over the stream, and to say, in Arabic, "Come back, come back!" We drew up.

"Is it the muleteers?" I exclaimed.

"Call to them," said my "aide."

I called, "Come and show us the way! We can't cross the river!"

"Come back, come back!" said the voice, in the same tone. Again I shouted. Again the voice answered, and still again, and always the same thing, till at last I detected a slight quaver in it.

For a second my father and I gazed toward each other through the darkness; then we burst into a laugh. For five minutes I had been pleading and arguing with an owl!

WILL MORE SERIOUS.

Every one who has tried to hire an apartment in the city has encountered the same question, "Have you any children?" If one is forced to own to that bearing, he is two other, oddly interested that the landlord's son Eric.

One prospective tenant, upon the question was put to him, looked at his wife appealingly which looked at him. They seemed to consult in the situation.

"Well," said the man, "we have three children."

"Then, then, let you have the flat," encouraged the agent.

"But there are extenuating circumstances."

"In the real estate and renting business," said the agent, "there are no extenuating circumstances in regard to children. We simply cannot admit them."

"But our children don't live with us."

"Don't live with you?"

"No."

"But they come to see you?"

"Oh yes, frequently."

"Worse and worse!" asserted the agent. "When children merely come to visit, they are permitted to tear things loose. We have discovered by experience that when parents see their children only occasionally they are ten times as indulgent. The romping they'd do in a three days' visit would ruin the reputation of the building."

Again the prospective tenants looked at each other and laughed.

"Our children won't romp," said the man.

"Children are all alike," returned the agent.

"But our children are married!"

"Oho, married! That alters it." And the agent prepared to go to work on the lease.

"Yes, married," repeated the man, "and have children of their own."

The agent dropped his pen.

"Grandparents!" he cried. "The most indulgent creatures on earth! Your children bring their children with them, and you have family gatherings, and all that. What an escape! In another minute you'd have had the flat!"

BIRDS THAT CAN TALK.

Professor Scott of Princeton says that wild birds sometimes introduce variations into their songs, and again more rarely imitate not only the songs of other birds, but the barking [illegible] mechanical sounds, like the [illegible] the filing of a saw. A writer in Bird-Lore [illegible] authenticated incident.

One morning while [illegible] my back steps I heard [illegible] "You are a pretty bird, [illegible] you?"

I wondered how any parrot could talk loudly enough to be heard at that distance, for the houses on the street behind us are not near. Presently the voice came again, clear musical and strong: "You are a pretty bird. Where are you?"

For several days I endured the suspense of waiting for time to investigate. Then I chased him up. There he was in the top of a walnut-tree, and his gorgeous attire told me immediately that he was a rose-breasted grosbeak.

At the end of a week he was saying, "Pretty, pretty bird, where are you?" He and his mate stayed near us all last summer, and this spring they came again. He is making the same remark, as plainly as ever a bird can speak.

BRIGHT BABIES

Are a Joy to Mothers and a Treasure in the Home.

All baby's should be bright, good natured and well. If you have a child that is sickly, fretful, nervous, restless at night, or suffers from stomach or bowel troubles of any sort, give it Baby's Own Tablets and it will soon be well. There is no other medicine in the world will so safely and speedily cure indigestion, sour stomach, colic, constipation, diarrhoea and teething troubles. Thousands of grateful mothers speak of this medicine in words of warmest praise. Mrs. Fred Power, 18 Scollard street Toronto, says: "My baby suffered greatly from indigestion. She was pale and very thin and would cry with pain in the stomach, and sometimes would not sleep either day or night. I got a box of Baby's Own Tablets and they have made a great change in my little one. She now digests her food readily; is not troubled with the pain in the stomach, and has grown quite plump. I do not know of any medicine that can equal Baby's Own Tablets for little ones."

This medicine is guaranteed to contain neither opiate nor other harmful drugs. Children take the tablets as readily as candy and crushed to a powder they can be given to the smallest, weakest baby. Sold at all drug stores or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. or Schenectady, N. Y.

"Brother, don't you know if you swear at those mules you won't get to Paradise?" "Yes pawson; but if I don't swear at them I won't get to the end of the row, and that's the important thing at present."