The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXXIII.---NO. 32. Every Subscription Paid in Advance. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 6, 1908. Subscription Price, $1.00 Per Annum. SINGLE COPIES---THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT THE Free Press Steam Printing Office, GILL STREET. ACTON, ONT.

Terms of Subscription—One dollar per year strictly in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

Advertising Rates—Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.

Advertisements will be changed once each month, if desired. For changes oftener than above mentioned the composition must be paid for at regular rates.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

Accounts payable monthly.

English office, 10 Fleet Street, London, E. C., where Messrs. E. and J. Hardy & Co. will receive for us news subscriptions and advertisements, and where our readers can, free of charge, see our paper when in England.

H. P. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL. L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH. L. L. P. & S. GLASGOW. MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION ETC. Office—Frederick Street Acton, Ont.

E. D. AULT, M. D. C. M. Office—Ferryman's Block, corner Mill and John Streets. Office Hours—9 to 10 a.m.; 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 p.m. Night calls answered from residence, Frederick Street. ACTON - - ONT.

ARTHUR L. HORE, M. D., Graduate of University of Toronto SUCCESSOR TO DR. JOHN M. MACDONALD. Office at residence, on Willow Street, at rear of Merchant's Bank. Office Hours—9 to 10 a. m., 1 to 3 p. m., and 7 to 8 p. m.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M.D. C.M. Proprietor and Superintendent MASSEY HOSPITAL Diseases of women. For particulars as to accomodation, etc., Address Box 74 Massey, P.O. Ont.

DR. DRYDEN, EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE. Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets. GUELPH. OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to 4 p.m. and 8 to 8 p.m SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m

LEGAL.

A. J. MacKINNON BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER. OFFICE—Mill Street, in Stovels' Block, Georgetown Branch—Main Street, open Wednesdays and Saturdays.

R. J. McNABB, Clerk, Fourth Division Court, County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Real Estate Agent Money to loan, etc. OFFICE—Ferryman's Block ACTON ONT.

DENTAL.

DR. J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S. DENTIST. ACTON. Office at Residence, Corner Mill and Frederick streets. HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY. The latest anaesthetic used if desired. At Rockwood Tuesdays.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST, GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. AND J. HARDY & CO., ADVERTISING CONTRACTORS AND NEWS CORRESPONDENTS. 30 Fleet Street, London, E. C., England.

A File of this Paper can be seen free of charge by visitors to London, to whom advice gratis will be given if required.

FRANCIS NUNAN BOOKBINDER, Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontark. (Over Williams Store.)

Account Books of all kinds made to order Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done

MARRIAGE LICENSES. H. P. MOORE ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening. Free Press Office, ACTON

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

Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

W. HULL, LICENSED AUCTIONEER Erin, Ontario Orders left with the FREE PRESS, Acton, will receive immediate attention.

JAMES McDONALD LICENSED AUCTIONEER For the counties of Wellington, Halton, Waterloo, Wentworth and the City of Guelph. Sales conducted on reasonable terms and satisfaction guaranteed in every case. For terms, dates, etc., apply to Box 276. HARTINGTON—Cor. McTague St. and Moore Road, GUELPH, Ont. Telephone 547, Guelph. Sales may be arranged at FREE PRESS office, Acton.

R. J. KERR LICENSED AUCTIONEER For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms. Orders by letter to Milmoe P. O., telephone to Milmoe or Georgetown, or left at FREE PRESS office, Acton, will receive immediate attention.

Nassagaweya Lumber Mills

Lumber, Lath and Shingles always on hand, cheap. Bill stuff cut to order.

P. SAYERS & SONS NASSAGAWEYA P. O.

Charles J. Western

Eyesight Specialist, of Toronto

Visits Acton every month. For date of next visit enquire at Brown's Drug Store.

Your chopping will be done quickly and well, on either plates or stones, if taken to the—

ROCKWOOD Chopping Mills

Flour - Oatmeal
Bran - Shorts

The best at lowest prices.

HARRIS & CO. Limited

Excelsior Bakery

We are headquarters in Acton for Bread, Cakes, Pastry, etc., of first-class quality.

We also carry a splendid stock of Groceries and Confectionery.

T. Statham & Son

Mill Street, Acton

ACTON PUMP AND TILE WORKS

C. B. EBBAGE, - Proprietor

Our premises are now fully equipped with all the latest machinery and appliances for manufacturing—

Pumps and Pump Supplies
Tile for wells, cisterns, culverts, etc
Steam Pipe Fitting Tools and Pipe Supplies.

Orders promptly filled. MAIN STREET, ACTON

Fur Bargains

We undoubtedly give you the best bargains. Ours are regular furrier's own make — our regular stock — reliable and up-to date. We are offering the balance of our stock at a sacrifice. Now the excitement is over, you can surely find the place. 93 Quebec St. opposite the Herald office. We do more than we could say in space. If you have the money—this is your chance. We need the cash at

LaFontaine's Fur Establishment

93 Quebec Street GUELPH - Ont.

NICE TURNOUTS

To have a nice Turnout in the spring when the roads are good you should send your Buggies to O'NEILL'S CARRIAGE WORKS, Georgetown, and have them painted now, when you do not need them. You can leave them here until the roads are good.

SLEIGHS AND CUTTERS

A few set of Pleasure Sleighs on hand yet. Also a few good second-hand Cutters and heavy Bob Sleighs. Will sell cheap to clear.

J. N. O'NEILL'S

CARRIAGE WORKS. GEORGETOWN - ONT.

HARDWARE

And Right Up To Standard

"Everything in Hardware." "Prices Right."

The Bond Hardware Co., Ltd., use these two mottoes as their foundation for success. What we have not got in Hardware we can get.

If you want Hardware, Linoleum, Oilcloth, Tinware, Graniteware or Sporting Goods, see our stock and get our prices. We know we can please.

The BOND HARDWARE Co. Limited

Retail Phone 97 - GUELPH.

Save Time and Money

by coming here for your optical needs.

Headaches and all reflex troubles a specialty.

Your money back if our glasses are not satisfactory in every way.

We recommend Shuron mountings and toric lenses.

We Grind Our Own Lenses.

A. D. Savage

Guelph's Only Exclusive Optician

ENTRANCE WITH

SAVAGE & CO.

GUELPH'S RELIABLE JEWELLERS

NOW OPEN ENTER ANY DAY

Winter Term in all departments of the Central Business College, Toronto, offers splendid chances for spending a few months pleasantly and profitably. Twenty-five teachers. Catalogue free. Write for it. W. H. Shaw, Principal. H. B. Shaw, Secretary, Yonge and Gerrard Sts., Toronto.

Norval Flour

Is the product of a lifetime experience in the proper blending of wheat for flour. It contains a larger percentage of Manitoba wheat than any other blend offered for sale in this district. It gives satisfaction every time.

Orders taken for LAND SALT at

Acton Flour, Feed and Seed Store

R. NOBLE, Proprietor.

N. P. MOORE, Manager.

GEORGETOWN FLORAL CO., Limited, GEORGETOWN.

CUT FLOWER GROWERS.

Funeral and Wedding Orders a Specialty.

All orders placed with Mr. E. A. Robertson, Druggist, Acton, will receive prompt attention.

SHORT LINE to Muskoka and Parry Sound

WINTER TIME TABLE

NORTHBOUND	No. 1	No. 3
Toronto	10 00 a.m.	15 30 p.m.
Washago	12.45 a.m.	9 00 p.m.
Parry Sound	3.10 p.m.	

SOUTHBOUND	No. 2	No. 4
Parry Sound	10.00 a.m.	.....
Washago	11.75 a.m.	6.45 a.m.
Toronto	3.00 p.m.	10.10 a.m.

Daily except Sunday.

Observation Dining Parlor Cars between Toronto and Parry Sound, serving meals a la carte.

Offices: All stations, also corner King and Toronto Sts., and Union Station. Phone, Main 5179.

Telegraphy

THE PATHWAY TO SUCCESS

The Canadian Telegraph and Business College

of St. Thomas, Ont., and Alymer, Ont.

Have the regular Grand Trunk dispatchers' wire running through their class rooms and guarantee to place every young man graduate of the Telegraph Department with a railroad company or refund tuition fees. New term opens Thursday, January 2nd, 1908. Call or write for particulars.

E. H. HUNT, Manager.

Poetry.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I Pray Thee Lord, my soul to keep."
So the baby learned her prayer,
Kneeling by her mother's chair
In her little bed-gown white;
Said it over every night,
Learning in her childish way
How a little child could pray.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
Said the child, a maiden grown;
Thinking with a backward glance,
How the happy past had flown
Since beside her mother's knee,
With a child's humility,
She had said her simple prayer,
Feeling safe in Jesus' care.

"I pray Thee Lord, my soul to keep"—
Yet the words were careless said;
Lightly had the hand of time
Laid his fingers on her head;
In life's golden afternoon
Gay the bells and sweet the tune,
And upon her wedding day
She had half forgot to pray.

"Now I lay me down to sleep"—
How the words come back again,
With a measure that was born
Half of pleasure, half of pain;
Kneeling by her cradle bed,
With a hand upon each head,
Rose the old prayer soft and low
As a brooklet in its flow.

All alone with bended head,
She had nothing but her dead;
Yet with heart so full of care,
Still her lips repeat the prayer,
Rest at last, O storm-tossed soul,
Safe beyond the breakers' roll;
He, the Lord, her soul shall keep;
Now she says lay her down to sleep.

Select Family Reading

The Onion Brigade

By Mrs. A. S. Hardy

"THAD Polaski is getting well, after all, mother! The doctor says he'll have to go on crutches for a year or so, but after a while he can let the crutches go," said Harry Gould, talking very fast in his excitement.

His mother looked up with a glad smile as she replied, "That is good news, indeed; I am as glad as you are, Harry. How did you hear?"

But the excited Harry was half way to the street before his mother's words were spoken. He had caught sight of two of the high-school boys, and raced down the street to tell them the good news about Thad.

"Who is this Thad Polaski?" asked Mrs. Gould's visitor. "His name tells that he is a foreigner, but why is Harry so interested?"

"Oh, Harry is Thad's friend, though so is every boy in town," Harry's mother answered. "Thad is a young Polish lad who came here four years ago," she explained. "And in his brave heart the fires of independance burn as strong as they ever burned in Kosciusko's heart."

"He came to America alone. How he ever got here I cannot tell, only, if Thad resolves to do a thing, he does it!

"He left a mother and a little sister in Poland, and it has been his ambition to earn enough to bring them to live with him in this country, in which he has found friends and a chance.

"You should see his face glow when he tells of his mother and the little sister. He has toiled for them early and late, and his dreams, I venture to say, are of them every night.

"In coming to America, he drifted to this place, though I should not say 'drifted,' for I believe that One guides all who are willing to be guided.

"His bright, brave face won him friends on the start; and although he could speak our tongue but very brokenly, he began going to school at once, finding a home with kind people whom he served when out of school.

"He proved so apt, and was so anxious to learn, that soon he was not seeking work, but was sought after.

"Thad was a scholar in his own country, and when he began school here, he plunged into Latin, though English was yet unconquered. Nothing seemed to daunt or discourage him. Harry used to tell me of Thad's funny blunders in wrestling with the two new tongues. But every scholar in school admired Thad, for all could see that he was a hero.

"Several months ago an opportunity opened for Thad in the city. There he was to receive wages which seemed fabulous to the boy, and he was to attend school evenings. He wrote to his mother and little sister, 'I can send for you now before another summer.'

"But poor Thad's budding hopes met with a terribly, sudden blight. As he was going to his work one day, an auto with a drunken chauffeur came tearing down the street, and a little child running across the street, Thad saw, was right in the track of the oncoming car. The boy darted like an arrow into the street and rescued the little one, but word came to his friends here that Thad was killed. 'He'd better have been killed outright,' was the next word brought us from the hospital to which he was taken.

"A little later we heard, 'The boy has a fighting chance; he has constitution and pluck, but he's in a bad plight.' And so we have heard from time to time of his critical condition, but ever there came the story of his courage, his patience, and his determination to get well. 'I must!' he said, 'for I'm going to send for mother and little Thaekla.'

"So weeks have gone by, and even months, and this is the first news from Thad that has the ring of certainty in it, that he will recover. The whole town will rejoice."

While this conversation was going on in Mrs. Gould's sitting-room, there was a little scene being enacted down in a field three-quarters of a mile away, which would have interested both Thad and Harry if they had known anything about it.

Both boys, as well as most of the town, would have been surprised to see the high-school professor in a pair of overalls hoeing and weeding a field of onions.

As it was, nobody saw, and the professor kept his own counsel, and the onions laughed and grew, until it seemed as if their shiny silver skins could never hold them.

So all the summer through, sunshine and rain and the professor did their best by that onion patch; and one day in September, when the trees were just beginning to wear their glory of crimson and gold, and the air was crisp with a hint of frost, Harry came from school like a young whirlwind. He dashed up the steps two at a time, and rushed into the room where his mother was sitting, almost too much out of breath to say what he had hurried home to tell. "I'm going to-morrow to pull Thad's onions! — everybody's going!—and to cut off their heads—their tops, I mean,—and Mr. Benjamin is going to buy 'em, and pay a dollar and a quarter apiece—a bushel, I mean. And Thad won't know a thing about it—it's a surprise,—and it's all Professor Van Fleet's doing!"

Harry poured out his words vehemently, and his face glowed with the interest he felt in what he had attempted to tell.

His mother laid her sewing down in her lap, looking more and more puzzled as Harry went through his story like a cyclone.

As he stopped to take breath, she said: "What is it you are trying to tell? Do begin again, and talk more slowly. It is something about Thad and onions, but I can't understand what one has to do with the other. Do please explain."

"Why, mother," said Harry, trying to speak connectedly, "you see, Mr. Smith had a field of onions, and in the spring there was so much rain it overflowed the low field where they grew, and Mr. Smith couldn't do a thing with them. One day in the spring, when the water was nearly gone, he told Thad if he could find any onions among the weeds, he might have them. Thad went to work and got the onion patch in pretty good shape before he went away. He meant to run down and work on a little more, on the First of July and some other times when he could get away, but, you know, mother, he couldn't." And Harry's voice grew soft with the thought of what happened to Thad.

"But mother," he resumed, with a ring of triumph in his voice, "Professor Van Fleet knew about it, and he has worked that patch all summer, and nobody knew it but Mr. Smith.

"Mr. Smith is President of our School Board, you know, and, to-day he came up to the school, and told us about the onions, and he said they are the best crop in the town, and that prices are way up now. He got us all interested in Thad's onions. Then he told how someone had worked, weeding and hoeing them all summer, and finally he told us who it was—that it was Professor Van Fleet.

"You should have seen the school! All the scholars were on their feet in a minute, and we cheered till the old 'High' rang.

"As soon as the President of the Board could get us still enough to listen, he said, 'To-morrow is Saturday, and I have come up here to invite you scholars to come over—all of you, girls as well as boys; it will need you all—and to pull and top that field of onions. Mr. Benjamin will buy them and pay the top figure. What do you say? How many will come?'

"Every one—boys and girls—were on their feet again in less than a minute, and everybody's going! Won't it be splendid? And you better believe we boys will stand by Professor Van Fleet after this!"

On Saturday a merry crowd gathered bright and early in Thad's onion patch. It was a glorious autumn day, as if made on purpose for the "onion pull." The trees flung out their gayest banners, and an occasional yellow leaf floated down into the onion field, "a sign of the gold dollars there are in this field for Thad!" agreed the boys and girls whose fingers flew at their work.

The field looked almost as gay as did the autumnal forest not far away, as the gay costumes of the girls and the red sweaters of the boys dotted the patch.

Merry laughter, bits of song and bright repartee gave zest to the work, and helped to shorten the long rows to be pulled.

"Rah, Rah, Rah, keep in the shade,
Rah, make room for the Onion Brigade!
Rah, Rah, for the Onion Brigade!"

was the new yell that heralded the reaching of the end of a row.

The onions piled up more than even the President of the School Board had guessed when he had pronounced this the best field in town.

While scores were busy pulling, others worked noiseless hurriedly cutting away the tops of the fine, large onions, and in the afternoon wagons carried load after load to the car.

Night came, and still the work was not done.

Lanterns were brought, and the place with its flashing lights, and with its merry clatter and song, seemed more like the scene of a gay lawn fete than a field of toil.

At ten o'clock the last onion was pulled, the last top cut, and the last wagon piled with round silvery trophies, rolled out of the lot.

It was followed by a procession of weary but happy-hearted workers.

"We never had such a good time in our lives!" said Harry to his mother that night. "And won't Thad feel like a king! It has been a good lesson for us. Jerry Hawley said he had learned it was healthy work for body and soul—to help other people. Jay Leyton, who never has a lesson in the world, we had a chance to find, is a first-rate worker.

"The girls must be awful tired, for I tell you they worked like nailers, and many of them never did such a thing before.

"That little Angelina Tate that I told you the other day wasn't anything but a little dressed up doll baby, she beat every girl who was there! She's as quick as a flash to work. I won't make fun of her again, since I've seen her work to day."

And Harry went, weary but whistling, off to bed, and just as his light went out his mother heard:

"Rah, Rah, Rah, for the Onion Brigade!"

The following Saturday was scarcely less busy and full of excitement to the boys and girls of Thad's high school class than had been the day on which the "Onion Brigade" did such effectual work.

At the city hospital where Thad lay while among his pillows, a crowd of boys and girls waited impatiently for two o'clock to come—the hour when visitors were admitted.

"You are so well to day, we are going to let you have company," said his nurse, by way of preparing Thad for what was coming.

His face brightened at her words, for brave and patient though he was, the eager, restless heart of the boy who had been so full of work, grew lonely and weary very often, and when visitors came to see friends in his ward he thought how good it must be to have someone to come and see a fellow.

But who was there to be coming to see him, he wondered.

The nurse propped him up among the pillows so that he could watch the entrance to the ward. He had not long to wait before in filed all his class with Professor Van Fleet at the head.

"You may stay half an hour," said the nurse, as she withdrew.

What a full, happy half hour it was! It was one that would shine in Thad's memory—and not in his alone—like a star on life's horizon.

When Thad was told of the success of his field of onions, and of the work of the Onion Brigade, how his eyes shone!

But when Professor Van Fleet told him of the check placed in the bank to his name, to help the fund for bringing the mother and sister across the sea, Thad was not the only one who broke down and cried for love and gladness.

When Harry reported their visit at home that night, he added, "Thad says when he gets well he is going to work harder than ever. He is going to be a surgeon. And if he does, he'll be a great one, you can count on that, for you know whatever Thad sets out to do, he does well. He says he wants to be able to help other poor fellows who get used up as he was.

YOUR RAILROAD STATION IS THE DOOR TO YOUR TOWN.

Have you not many times judged a town by its railroad station? asks a writer in The Dalhousie for February. Dump heaps, scum-covered pools of water, dingy warehouses, poorly paved streets, the back yards of shanty-towns,—how often these pictures from the traveler's only recollection of a city or a town? "So-and-so? Oh, yes, I passed through there once—wretched town, from what I saw of it!" Have you not heard this scathing judgement pronounced scores of times? How different would have been the traveler's impressions if he had found himself entering the town through a well-lighted viaduct and emerging into a station where blossoming plants and grass plots occupied every available bit of ground!

A great many of our railroads are doing splendid work in making their stations and grounds around them beautiful. Where the architecture of the country is distinctive in character, the station is often built to conform with that style.

Some railroads maintain greenhouses and nurseries to supply their station parks with plants and shrubs. For, even if it is not expedient to build a new station, much may be done by utilizing the waste spaces and the unused corners for flower-beds and green grass.

A MOTHER'S SONG.

Some years ago a company of Indians was captured on a western frontier. Among them were a number of stolen children. They had been with the savages for years. Word was sent through the region inviting all who had lost children to come and see if among the little captives they could recognize their own.

A long way off was a woman who had been robbed of a little boy and girl. With mingled hope and fear she came with throbbing heart. She approached the group. They were strange to her. She came nearer, and with eyes filled with mother-love she peered into their faces, one after another, but there was nothing in any she could claim, nor was there anything in her to light up those cold faces.

With a dull pain of despair at her heart, she was turning away when she paused, choked back the tears, and in soft, clear notes began a simple song she used to sing to her little ones of Jesus and Heaven. Before a line was completed, a boy and a girl left the group and ran up to her, exclaiming, "Mama, Mama," and she folded her lost darlings to her bosom, and took them home rejoicing. So lives a mother's earthly influence in the hearts of her children.

THE WORLD ON YOUR SIDE.

The world is on the side of the earnest and industrious. It is only against the idle and indifferent. You want work and the world wants workers. You are eager for advancement. The world needs those who are capable of filling the higher places. Your promotion, if desired, is just as great an advantage to your employer as to you, for it means new efficiency and faithfulness. Never take the ground that the world is against you. If you are what you should be, it is on your side.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Condensed from Our Issue of Feb. 9th, 1888.

Five years ago the FREE PRESS introduced the first cylinder press ever used in Halton County, and we have now put in a new press with the latest improvements, from Walker & Co., of Madison, Wis. We have also introduced some new type. Advancement has always been our motto and always will be, while we receive such hearty, liberal, and unsolicited support from our patrons.

David Henderson, M. P., majority, 148. Great interest and excitement in the leading centres of the county. At Milton, Mr. Henderson was escorted to the town hall, where he said he was overcome with the great victory. He would go to Ottawa not as a Conservative, but as representing all Halton. In Acton the crowd dispersed, as Mr. Henderson was late returning from Milton, but many gave personal congratulations next morning.

"One who attends" complains of the improper ventilation of churches between services, quoting "atmosphere minus oxygen, sermon minus energy, congregation minus profit." The devil being "Prince of the power of the air," a good part of his business is manufacturing bad air for church uses. He gives scientific illustration of the evil by alluding to the presence of animalcula being in condensed breath accumulating on window panes, etc.

One good thing about wire fence—it cannot hold patent medicine advertisements.

Mr. Joseph Fyfe removed to Barrie last week. He grew up here from boyhood, and was associated with every enterprise which was calculated to advance the interests and improve the character of the place.

At the Methodist quarterly sacramental services on Sunday, Mr. Cockburn, the blind preacher, delivered impressive sermons. He also superintended the evangelistic meetings on Monday and Tuesday evenings.

Mr. F. Jacobi, of Toronto, a gentleman of large capital has purchased the cordovan works, and it will be run on a large scale by Mr. William Smith, late manager of the Toronto Tanning Co., a former Acton boy. Five new families will move to Acton. Where they will get houses? is the problem.

Election visitors included D. Williamson, N. Evans, Guelph; J. M. Fernley, Brantford; T. Juans and Jos. Howe, Glenwilliams; Adam Stewart, Georgetown; C. B. Griffin, Dunnville; H. B. McCarthy, Port Hope; Thos. McMackon, Highgate; Percy Secord, St. Catharines; G. Wilson, Allendale; John Brown, Wm. Carroll, and Thos. Worsnop, Toronto. Of course all voted correctly, but all did not go home satisfied.

An old country game keeper spending his first winter in Canada, boasted about Christmas that he could stand any kind of weather Canada could produce, but has been nursing an enormous ear since the recent cold snap. He'll leave this "blasted" country and return to old England as soon as possible.

Died — In Toronto, Jan. 31, Rev. Enoch wood, D.D., in his 85th year.

Died—In Nassagaweya, Feb. 2, Mrs. Janet Carmichan, aged 90 years, and 4 months.

RELY ON YOURSELF.

Nothing better could happen to the young man, who has the right kind of grit, than to be thrown on the world and his resources. A well-to-do judge once gave his son $1000, and told him to go to college and graduate. The son returned at the end of the first year, his money all gone, and with several extravagant habits. At the close of the vacation the judge said to his son:

"Well, William are you going to college this year?"

"I have no money, father."

"But I gave you $1000 to graduate on."

"It is all gone, father."

"Very well, my son, it is all I could give you; you can't stay here: you must now pay your own way in the world."

A new light broke in upon the vision of the young man. He accommodated himself to the situation; again left home, made his way through college, graduated at the head of his class, studied law, became Governor of the State of New York, entered the Cabinet of the President of the United States, and has made a record that will not soon die, for he was none other than William H. Seward.—Self-Help.

A PRETTY NAME.

A Nottingham clergyman, in baptising a baby, paused in the midst of the service to inquire the name of the infant, to which the mother, with a profound curtsey, replied:

"Shady, sir, if you please."

"Shady!" replied the minister. "Then it's a boy and you mean Shadrach, eh?"

"No, please your reverence, it's a girl."

"And pray," asked the inquisitive pastor, "how happened you to call the child such a strange name?"

"Why, sir," responed the woman, "if you must know, our name is Bower, and my husband said as now he should like her to be called Shady, because Shady Bower sounds so pretty!"

DIET FOR EVERY MAN.

Jam—for car conductors.
Cereals—for novelists.
Mince-meat—for autolats.
Beats—for policemen.
Saratoga chips—for gamblers.
Pi—for printers.
Corn—for chiropodists.
Starch—for henpecked husbands.
Gum drops—for dentists.
Taffy—for after-dinner speakers.
Dough—for insurance presidents.

—From the Hobbyist.

WHEN PRISCILLA SKATES.

"I skate quite well," Priscilla said,
And then she tossed her little head
And slid out gaily on the ice,
While Bobby followed in a trice.
For he was filled with fear and dread.
"I'll go alone," Priscilla said,
But sat down very hard instead.
Then Bobby helped her up again,
And held her so she could explain.
"My skates were firm as they could be.
The ice is slippery, you see.
Why it won't stick, I cannot tell,
But when it does, I skate quite well."

MOVED BY THE SPIRIT.

"Who's there?" shouted the occupant of a hotel bedroom, as he heard a noise in the corner of his room.

There was no answer, and the queer noise stopped.

"Anybody there?"

"No answer."

"It must have been a spirit," he said to himself. "I must be a medium. I will try." (Aloud.) "If there is a spirit in the room it will signify the same by saying aye—no, that's not what I mean. If there is a spirit in the room it will please rap three times."

Three very distinct raps were given in the direction of the bureau.

"Is it the spirit of my sister?"

No answer.

"Is it the spirit of my mother-in-law?"

Three very distinct raps.

"Are you happy?"

Nine raps.

"Do you want anything?"

A succession of very loud raps.

"Will you give me any comunication if I get up?"

No answer.

"Shall I hear from you to-morrow?"

Raps are very loud in the direction of the door.

"Shall I ever see you?"

He waited long for his answer, but none came, and he turned over and fell asleep.

Next morning he found the "spirit" of his mother-in-law had carried off his watch and purse, his trousers, and rain-coat.

A HERO WITHOUT HEALTH.

Yesterday I was conversing with a genuine hero. He stood as erect as a cripple could—on two crutches. He had been injured in a runaway, and the accident had left him paralyzed and deformed. A large medical practice had been interrupted, and a terrific struggle for health and strength had ensued. But he stood there with a smile on his face. He talked about the pain which would fly from nerve to nerve in his body, but ended every remark with a smile and a laugh. "I tell you friend," he said, "I am not going to whine about it." So I crowned him a hero, and classed him with Robert Louis Stevenson, who says concerning himself: "For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed, and written out of it; written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness; and for so long, it seems to me I have won my wager and recovered my glove."

BAITED THE WRONG FISH.

It sometimes happens that the cure is worse than the disease. It was in the case of the mother who tried to break her little Theodore off the habit of taking sweets off the sideboard.

"We often have bonbons when there are guests to luncheon," she said, "and although Theodore promises not to touch them he always does."

"You might do as I did in the same circumstances," suggested the neighbors, smiling reminiscently.

"What did you do?"

"I carefully removed the inside filling from a chocolate drop and stuffed the shell with red pepper."

"Did it work?"

It might have worked," replied the neighbor, "if Johnny had happened to spy it. As it was, I forgot all about it in the press of other matters, and at dinner-time the guest of the evening got it."

THE BEST TIME.

The best time to put your kind thought into words is now. The best time to begin the conquest of your besetting sin is the present moment. The best time to wipe that old grudge out of your heart, is before the clock has ticked again. "Trust no future." Now is the best time, and it may be your only time.

A LONG LIFE.

How to Conserve Energy and Prolong Life.

The time comes to every one when the life forces begin to fail. It is a little harder to climb a hill or walk up stairs. Exercise is taken less vigorously or abandoned, and we feel that the end of active service is drawing near.

It is more than probable that we have been over-driving the machine of the body which will give out like any machine if overtaxed, and we should immediately take steps to change the gear, build up the strength and restore the life forces. To this end nothing equals our delicious cod liver and iron preparation, Vinol, which is far superior to all other tonics and cod liver preparations because it is made by a scientific, extractive, concentrating process from fresh cods' livers, combining with peptonate of iron all the medicinal, healing, body-building elements of cod liver oil, but no oil.

As a body builder and strength creator for old people, delicate children, weak, run-down persons, after sickness, and for chronic coughs, colds, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles, Vinol is unexcelled.

Try it on our offer to return your money if it fails. E. A. Robertson, Druggist, Acton, Ont.