Acton Free Press.

LUME XXXIII.---NO. 44.

Mvery Subscription Fald in Advance.

ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 30, 1908.

Bulmeritellon Price, \$1.00 Per Annum.

SINGLE COPIES---THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press

IN PUBLISHED CVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT THE Free Press Steam Printing Office, ACTON, ONT. AILL BYRKET.

Forms of Subscription—On 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 adlress label. Advertising Major—Transient adverlisements, 10 cents per Nonperell line
for first insertion, 3-cents per line for
each subsequent insertion.
Advertisements, without specific directions, will be inserted till forbid
and charged secondingly. 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 Ture-

Accounts payable monthly. English office. 10 Plast Street, Lon-don, M. C., where Mesers. M. and J. Hardy & Co. will receive for us news subscriptions and advertisements, and where our renders can, free of charge, H. P. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

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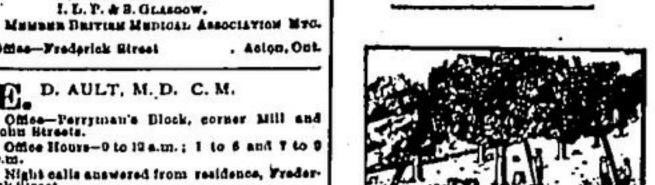
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Poetry. HER OLADNESS.

My darling wont Unto the seaside long ago. Content I stayed at home, for O'l I was so glad Of all the little outings that she had

I know she needed rest. I loved to At home awhile that she might go The music of the waves! No care, an-Hor pleasures," thought I. . "Of it That who can rost awhile. I wish she

Stay till the autumn leaves are turn-"Stay longer, elster," all my lettera If you are growing atronger overy day. I am so very glad to have you stay." My darling went

To be even long ago. Am I content

To afry at home! Why can I not ! Of all the glaries that she there has She newled change. Why am I lo And do her work, and let her go The land is lovely where her feet have Why do I not rejoice that she has seen its hearties first? That she will show

The City Beautiful? It is so hard to wearer as to take out his Happy that she is happy? Hard to She learns so much each day that helps her so? "I am so glad that she is glad to-day?" .- The Christian Advocate

Belect Family Reading

The Story of

a Re-union

Merchenenenghenenenenenen UTSIDE the wind blow shrilly, sending the flakes of snow with biting florconessinto the

faces of pedestrians. Inside, the cold winter air was not felt by the tired girls behind the counters of one of the large shops. Rather did the crowd of changing, throughng shoppers cause heated atmosphere that gave a throlibing headache to more than one of the tired shop girls. At last came the full of early afternoon. The girly, in scattered groups

were making the best of an opportunity for a chat when the street door was flung open to admit a gentleman who at once attracted their attention. He was a man of middle age, in full health and vigor; tall, well-formed, with a slight aprinkling of white in his brown halr and moustache; clear-cut catures and kindly, dark-blue eyes He bore the marks of a man of woulth

and refinement. He halted at the glove counter, unfastened his great coat, took his hat in hand, and then glanced up pleasant ly into the face of the assistant-a roung, stender girl, with a tired look to her evas and a foverish flush on her

He had opened his lips to speak, bu auddenly he checked bimself, and his dark eyes dilated. Then, recovering his solf-possession, he asked for ladies' gloves for evening wear.

"I do not know the number, butbut I judge about the size you wear If you will be so good as to show me thom, perhaps I can judge," he sald gazing first at the pretty, flushed face, and then at the slim white hand. unadurned save for one strange little

That face -that hand-that ring Was he dreaming, and would it vanish probently, as something of the same vision had so often done during these long years since one so very like this girl had stond bouldo him in the happy

days of youth? The gloves were brought, a spotless pair of white; but, instead of taking them up, the man continued to game into the face of the girl, who flushed deeply. He was about to speak, when another young girl come up and ad dressed the first.

The gloves fell. Margaret! It was the same sweet name! He felt that he could not leave without some further information as to this girl's identity, This girl must be the child of the other Margaret. Hut would her child behore! Wore they so reduced ?

Would that proud, stately woman his vonth have voluntarily returned to her native town, and allowed her child to be thus employed? Perhaps she was a widow, poor and struggling, while he-the fires of the old love were kindling anow, and, half dreaming and with an excited flush on bluface, he re-

tained his west. "Will you take the gloves, sir !" gentle volce neked. And again he etarted,-with-a-auddon-shamo-at his old manner.

"Yos, yos!" he answered quickly 'And a pair of the same number for street wear, please. Any color the ladler like best. They are for a little nelce who enight me dozing and enn sequently I must pay the punalty," he added, emiling. The girl gave a responsive smile, wondering who the lucky girl was.

The gloves were wrapped up and handed to him. He could decently remain no longer. What could be do? When calnily entering the shop a short time ago he little thought to find himself in such state of unrest.

-"Thunk you," he murmured absent ly, and buttoning up the great coat and replacing his list he reluctantly At the door a daring thought atruck

him the shop walker. "I should like to dining room, she found two happy know the young lady at the glove faces, looking yours younger and handcounter where Linet made a purchase." somer in the blessings of being re-unit-"I promine you have gold reason for ' vd.

such an inquiry?" was the reply. "Huch questions are rather unusual.

Her mame is Margaret Russell-her ad dress I cannot give you." "The listener's face became pallid

He took a card from his pocket and handed It to the man. "This, sir, is my name," he said. think the young lady's mother was dear friend of mine. There is a strik-"How beautiful the sea ! How she on. lng, resemblance. Will you kindly hand her the card and tell her that If (his voice trembled slightly)-if her mother is living, I slightd like to meet hor again? Ask her to take the card home and explain the incident. I shall come in to morrow," and with a bow

he departed.

Mr. Jones, the floor-walker, gazed upon the piece of cardinard and read engraved thereon, "Mr. Phillp J. Hunter." The address guaranteed wealth, and the name was one of which he had frequently heald in connection with philanthropic deeds and much that was good, so, to the vast antileement and universal interest of all the girls near by, he fulfilled the odd-request.

bright and cozy, with a small table laid with a protty white cloth and places lly a little side table, on which was a small lamp, sat a woman, no longer young, but still pleasant to look upon

It was a pleasant little dining re

anve that the checks were a triffe hollow and the face pale. She was budly at work upon some fine embroldery. Other finished pleces lying about spake of the work she did to a slet the income brought in by her A step sounded outside the door.

end a moment later the young girl of the glove counter eplands ontered. The woman looked up with a sweet smile and rose, laying aside the work and greating the child with a careas. When her hat and cout had been re-

moved, Margaret, with a mischievous look on her face, drew the card from her purse, and, stopping her mother as she placed the teapot upon the table hold it before her eyes. "Did you know this person, mamma? Have you over even that name before? she asked her, half playfully, half

"Philip!" the mother exclaimed, with catch in the breath almost painful. "Why-why, Margaret, child, where did you got that card ?" and, nervously putting out her hand for it, the mother uddenly sat down. Then, in a few words, the girl told

all she knew of the incident, and de

corlbed in glowing terms the handsome gentleman's appearance. "And so, dear mainma, you do know ilm. Please tel me something about him-and if to-morrow when he comes I may permit blin to call to see you, as

he wishes?" "You! No! I hardly know what to av. darling. I do not know if it were better or not that we meet again. is a yery commonplace story dear, but will tell you. "We were once devoted to one

other. Both were jealous and very proud. He said some unkind words which I resented, and refused to forgive. Later I left for the North. There mot your father, whom I respected very much, and who soon persuaded me to marry him. Then, of course dared not think of my carller love,

and soon rumors reached me of his your mother to death. "After carrying out your father's dying request and burying him in his native city, I could not spare the little means I had to go back to the North. In Margarot Russell only a few dear friends recognized and sought the Margaret Young of earlier days.

"I knew Philip had grown to whalth and position in his own town, but did not expect to most him in our humble sphere. I know, too, that he never married. What do you say, darling? hould we be ashamed of our bumble iome, a simple flat, with a room which serves as dining room, sittingroom and drawing-room?" she concluded, glancing about her and con-

Margaret was silent. She had been o much to her mother and she to her. and If he came—only too well Margaret foresaw the inevitable.

She recalled the emotion of the man, and now waw a now light in her mbther's soft, brown eyes. Could she be se selfish as theay one word to prevent the meeting? And If -well-her dear mother would be reliaved of all further cares and trials and be restored to her former position. It was characteristic of her sweet, unselfish little heart that she saw no future

bonefit just then for horself. "Let him come, mamma, dearest. I am sura it will be best," she said. striving to keep down a sigh that would come. Little supper was caten that night, and the talk was all of Mr.

So, when the tall, handsome man sought the glove counter on the morrow, Margaret gracefully offered him her hand and told him how well her mother remembered her old friend. and that she would be pleased to see him again at their home. He responded with a look of intense

atisfaction and a warm clasp, saying Imply "I will be there to-night." Margaret was dreadfully upset all lay, and undoolded as to her part in this protty romance. Should she go home from the shop or go to a friend's first, to leave them uninterrupted? After much pendering and some little heartache and steelthy tears, too,

she decided to let her mother think it

was she entering, when it would actually be her old friend and lover! It would, perhaps, make it easier for both, and later Margaret's friend could see her home, when matters had been and apon entering the cosy room, "I beg your pardon, sir," he said to now bearing no resembelance to a

PORTUNATE MUMPS.

Marriages are important in the study of genealogy, but courtables count for nothing. In a recently discovered bundle of old family manuscripts, however, the quaint love story of the original emigrant ancestor was found duly recorded along with his birth, marriage, landing, purchase of the old bomeatond, and death. He was a unique lover, enrely, in one respect ; he fell

was afflicted with the mumps, He was the youngest of three sons. The family was gentle but impoverished, and his father, on his death-bed, bould give blin no other patrimony than a single fine dlamond ring, and of interest. the advice to will it and with the procoads not out for the colonies.

A wook later he took the stage conch their own teathing. Mr. D. McDonald Though deep in mire, wring not your for London. His purse was lean and I holds the ribbons over them. . wore his jowel instead of carrying it here. concealed. There were other passen- In Milton it appears the Town Coun-

ng a sudly swollen countenanceswathed thickly in handages. with platels. Instinctively the young any two years the Act was in force. man began to pull off his ring in the instant of confusion, while horses were | Mr. Patrick Kelly, the premises occuatili plunging and men protesting ; but | pled by Mr. F. R. Webber. He is enlooking in the door as he held it in his in a stock of boots and shoes.

palm. How could be conceal it? Just then Mistress Marjory, his next neighbor, leaned sgainst him as if faint | Mothodist Church this week on "To with fright, and at the same time and Fro in London," and "Hits and throw her hand abroad and touched Misses." From first to has his ad his, from which she dexterously ex- drouses were full of interest. tracted the ring. She recovered herself and sat up again, but lifted her hand to her swollen face as if it pained old burial ground in the rear of the follow the course of some wayward her, and popped the precious object Presbyterian Church with a substantial neatly into her month. She had noted fence, and appoint a committee to take They appreciate the majesty of the

t early in the day, and guessed Ite | charge of the same. The men were forced to descend and ed to hand over their purses and ornaments; but no one suspected Marjory's hiding-place, even though she dared not open her mouth to speak, "lest she should swallow the ring, and lose that she would have saved, and might not

make amends for, being poor.' When the coach went forward she returned it; but it was again returned to her, shortly after, a betrothal ring, which she were until the marriage band replaced it after a courtehip of scarcely a fortnight. When it was finally sold, the proceeds were suffic lent to take two emigrants instead of

one to the chores of New England. THE SPIRIT OF THE SUGAR BUS Yesterday, superbly, over the edge of the world rose a rosy sun. It rose

softly, noiselessly-I have often wor dered, when the big sun hit an insolont cloud, why their wasn't a "Boom !" But there wasn't a noise, not a little bit of noise, for the sun does not trave with a brage band. If you want to be great, you've go to be great to start with.

Do we pluck figs from thistles ? Greatness is not required. You get it in your baby days, and it worrlow I would rather be a basswood. Aunt Lucy folds her crochet work

and looks at me over her giasses. "Doar heart, would you be a base "You; I wish to be a basswood they don't tap basswoods; they tap the maples, and the maples are dying

Who heard it first, the "Spirit of the

Sugar Bush" or the robin ? "Sure, I heard it," said the robin "but I saw some of your stuff in grocery store the other day-" "My otuff?" "You, your stuff," said the robin. guess you'd better make good." "But all the real stuff I've made

"was six pounds, and it was real nice." "These folks come from the country, grinned the shipping clork. "We have ten tone for export." The maple tree is a doorkeener in the House of God. Every day he is insult-

said the Spirit of the Maple Bust

ed, every day he is slapped in the

If you don't know that someone bath | can give expression to such legitimate | places one or the other, or both. robbed you, you are not robbed. You control." never miss it. And if you don't know that you have been robbed-why, you haven't been robbed. So when you get your maple syrup

WAITING FOR DE ANGEL

A new sottlement worker was going the rounds of her district one bright spring morning. . In a crowded tonegirls gazed inquiringly at her as she ontored.

and water P" "Wo are waiting for de angel, mum," replied Tommy Tuff.

last week and give one of de kide a

nickel to wash his face." BUNKOED.

Lazy Lowis-I was told dat de farmnot, so I went an' hired t' him. Tired Thomas-Den youse played off | water.

alek, I reckon. Lany Lawle-Yop, an' at the ond

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

May 3rd, 1885. Dren. - At the Centenary Church Hamnel J. Hunter, aged 40 years. May was ushared in with a snow storm of considerable dimensions.

There will be no swimming allowed in the pond incide the Driving Park this summer.

in love with his sweethourt willo she of the Salvation Arrhy on Munday. Stove always regelves a hearty wel como to Acton. The song service last Sunday oven-

> Ing in the Methodist Church was ful Mesers. Beardinoro & Co. linve purchased a flue team and are now doing

his attire modest; except that, with . Friday and Saturday were the warmthe natural vanity of youth and the est days every experienced by the consciousness of a shapely hand, he "Oldest inhabitant" 87' in the shade

gers in the ceach, and among them an cil refuses to close ditches they have old man and his daughter Marjery -- in | dug, unless property owners adjoining figure a graceful allp of a girl, but hav- | will pay for the tile. There has been more evidence on the streets in Acton of the consump-That night, on a lonely hit of road, I tion of intoxicating liquor since the the coach was held up by masked men | defeat of the Heatt Act than during

Mr. Thos. Agnew has purchased from

the moment was over by the time it larging the shop and will arrange a was removed, and a highwayman was residence above. He intends putting John R. Clarke, the "Hoot-black Orator," gave two lectures in the

A meeting is called for Saturday evening to devise means to enclose the

were searched; the women were oblige | their residence on the homestead. Our | citizens cordially welcome them home. Joseph and Miss Joselo Porkins loave next week for a trip to England. Mr. J. W. Kannawin has succeeded Mr. Proctor Dean as assistant to Dr.

McGarvin's Drug Store. His genial face and obliging manners are appre cinted by the Dr's customers. The Rockwood Advance appears or

APRIL SCHOOL EXAMS.

1st Dept. T. T. Moore, toacher. Hen. IV .- Thos. Ryder, Bam Laird, John Rameay. Int. IV .- Thos. Mc-Phail, Herb Henderson, John Perkins. Son. III. - Bolla Stephenson, Anson Smith, Mamie Masalas. Jun. III .-Lewis Orr, Milton Honderson, Ernest Ebbage, Bertha Ryder.

the scene this week.

2nd Dont .-- Cassie McPhail, toucher. Bon.-Goo. McLonnan, James Moore, John Nicklin. Int.-Bessle Cameron, Fred Ross, Frank Clark. Jun .- Allic Henderson, Edna Thurston, Maggle

find Dept. - D. Corrigan, tencher. Son. - Jennie Brennan, Minnie Edwards, Goo, Mann. Int. - Nellie Stauffer, Ada Francis, John Edwards. Hottle McCann. . Jun.-Mahel Cook, Rollie Perryman, Nettle Cobban.

4th Dept .- Lona Dorland, tonoher. Son.-Ella Anderson, Minnie Holmes, Lona Holmes, Dufferin Bingham. Int .- Maggie Laird, Charlle Loveys, Edwin Francis. Jun.-Eddie Moore, Lizzie Creech, John Moore.

WORKING WOMEN AND THE BALLOT.

"But if, both for their own sakes and for the good of the republic, women of property and women of education should be enfranchised." wiften Jane Adams in the April Woman's Home Companion, "far more is the ballot needed by the working woman, whose stake in the country is represonted by her life, her health, her virtue, and the safety and happiness of irritating, perplexing occurrences to her children. The ballot is not demanded for her because she is good or wise, or because she will make no mistakes in its use. Neither goodness nor wisdom is the sole possession of one drinking of intexicating liquors on class, and freedom from mistakes is trains moving through her territory the privilege of none. Working and it is said to be working well. women need the ballot because they But he le the maple tree all right, must possess some control over the that is moral sussion. Keep the What boots it that they make maple conditions of their lives and those of saloon away from men; that is legal syrup yonder? Why cry because they their children; and, in this twentieth sussion. The same result in both make maple syrup in a canning fac century world, the ballot box offers cases-separation. Apply in every the only channel through which they place the more feasible; apply in all

DON'T BUY BOOKS UNLESS YOU

REALLY WANT THEM. A library is something more than a next work-if you think it is maple collection of books. An imposing syrup - what's the difference ?-The array of sumptuous-and untouchedvolumes does not make one. Your blood in which there is a lack either in buoks should express your own indi- quantity or quality of the little red 'viduality, says a writer in The Delinentor. Do not let anyone persuade It may result from any cause that you to buy a book you know is not serves to deplete the general system your kind of book. Do not be lured | and is recognized by a pale and hagment some five or six little boys and into buying a handsome library gard face-colorious line, poor circuedition of some author that you do listion and short breath, and the avewant, if the library edition is heavy tem is at such a low obb that more "Wolf, well, children," she said, "I and uncomfortable to hold and your serious diseases are easily contracted. never saw so many solled faces in my lown preference is a comfortable pocket | Ansemie people should cat plenty of Why don't you use some soap edition with flexible covers. And fruit, eggs, milk, most, vogetables. above all, if you are building up a good butter and cream and whole home library, to which the whole whoat bread, and as for a medicine family is to have free access, do not | nothing excels our delicious cod liver "What angel?" asked the young choose hindings of such delicate colors preparation, Vinol, which is made by or expensive textures as to destroy all a scientific extractive and concentrat-"Why, de lady dat come frue here the comfort of reading.

FOR AN ACHING TOOTH.

Most mothers know what it is to have a child screaming with tooth sche, oil. Vinol is not a patent medicine. The next time your ears are so tortur. You know what you are taking as all or wot lives on dat hill paid his hands ad try putting a little baking sods in it contains is named on the label." the cavity, if there is one. The mouth should first have been rinsed with bot Acton who will follow the above sug-

Even simpler and almost certain to health and strength in a short time. give relief is hot witch hazel, used to We will return your money if Vinol de month I found dat he never paid times the mouth. Repeat every little falls to give satisfaction. W. A. Robwhile until the giale is cased. ertem, Druggist, Auton.

OPPORTUNITY. Reproduced from Our Columns of They do me wrong who say I come no When once I knock and fall to find 'arsonage, Hamilton, April 30th, Rov. For every day I stand outside your

> And bld you wake, and ride to fight Wall not for preclose chances passed

Weep not for golden ages on the D. O. Marshall visited Acton corps | Each night I burn the records of the At sunries overy soul is born again. Laugh like a hoy at aplendors that.

have sped;
To variebed joys be blind and deaf
and dumb; My judgments seal the dead past will ite dond. But never blade a moment yet to

I lend my arm to all who say "I No shamofaced outcast ever sank But yet might rive and be again,

Doet thou behold thy lost youth all aghast P Dost reel from rightcous retribution's blow?

Then turn from blotted archives of And find the future's pages white as Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from

thy spall; Art thou a sinner? Sine may be for-Each morning gives thee wings to flee from bell. Each night a star to guide thy feet

-By Walter Malone.

to heaven I

THE ART OF BEEING BEAUTY. There are some people who possess the art of seeing beauty overywhere. Their polses thrill as they watch the downpour at Niegara, but they are charmed just as truly when they little brook, hiding behind the ferns. mountains, but they see, too, some-Mr. Aun Hall has returned to Acton thing of sublimity in the level plain with his family. They have taken up stretching away to the distant horizon. They yield to no one in their admiration for the castles on the Mr. and Mrs. Harry Blake and Mr. Rhine, but the weather-heaten farmhouse, with its elanting roof, and porch overgrown with honeysuckles, likewise appeals to their some of beauty. One of the greatest mistakes is to fancy that we must travel far and seek scenes famous in song and story to satisfy our laborn craving for the beautiful. Instead, God has filled the earth so full of heauty that we may

see it, look where we will.

A YOUNG FINANCIER. A little lady of twelve years, who is known to a writer in the Washington Post, has in her the genius of a promoter and organizer. Not long ago she asked permission of her nunt to draw out all the money she has in the bank and give it to the club of little girls of which she is president. The money

was to be devoted to the poor. Her aunt was touched by the child's generosity, and asked: "Do you really want to give all your money to the

"I want to put it all in the treasury,

roplied the child, "but I'm not going to

let them keep it all. I'll leave it there long enough to encourage the other girls to give something, and then I'll

take it out." A GOOD TIME FOR SMILES If you can laugh over your little vexation and tell it so as to make others laugh, you have mustered a most desirable accomplishment. There are neonle who take the little bothers of the day and turn them into fun. Whatever comes, they find its humorous side, and force it to contribute to the amusement of their friends. In this age a great many useful articles are manufactured out of what our fathers considered waste and refuse. but the most triumphant illustration of this art is when one uses the little.

make emiles of.

THE DRINK PROBLEM.

Texas has a law forbidding the Keep men away from the saloon;

Don't Wait Too Long to Correct It-As it Often Leads to Something Worse, Anaemia is a defective state of the

ANAEMIA OR POOR BLOOD.

ing process from freels code' livers. which is a needful constituent for the blood, all the medicinal, healing, bodybuilding elements of cod liver, but no

Any angemie or run-down person in gestions 'is sure to be restored to