The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXXIV.---NO. 13. Every Subscription Paid in Advance. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 24, 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, MILL 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, 5 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.

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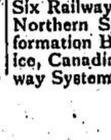

This Summer is by the Lake Shore Expresses of the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway. Write for booklets describing Muskoka, the Maganetawan, and the best country in six provinces for the holiday maker and business man, opened up by the Six Railways of the Canadian Northern System, to the Information Bureau, Head Office, Canadian Northern Railway System, Toronto.

Poetry.

THEM GERM BUGS

Things are lookin' mighty scarcy
when a fellow stops to think
About those germ bugs swallowed
every time he takes a drink,
Every time he eats a mouthful that
his wife hain't cooked just right,
Every time he sleeps on pillows when
he goes to bed at night,
Every time he breathes a breathful, as
he goes his work about—
Well he knows the things'll catch him
if he don't watch out.

Never used ter hear of sech things,
sure they must be something new
Like the automobile, wagon, 'bout
what there is such ado.
And I'll tell yer this old planet's get-
tin' queerer every day
Till a chap begins to wonder, if it's
really safe to stay.
But the worst things is them germ
bugs for they've got so thick
about
That a chap knows sure they'll catch
him if he don't watch out.

If you're tired after working, sleepy
when you go to bed,
Wake up sleepless in the morning,
dizzy when you bump yer head,
If you feel full after dinner, hungry
when it's supper time,
Cross when meals ain't always ready,
or yer wife asks for a dime,
If you've any of these symptoms let
me tell you without doubt
That the germ-bugs sure have got you
'cause you hain't watched out.

—Mabel B. Denison.

Select Family Reading

The Waiter Fellow

"A winter somewhere on the Pacific," the doctor had said, and mother had caught her breath, for there was more to be thought of than the separation, which was bad enough.

"I don't see how it can be managed," said Phil, when he was alone with her.

"It must be," she said, recalling last winter with the weeks of grippe and pneumonia.

"There isn't much money to go on."

"But there is enough for an investment in your health."

"What is the trouble? Uncle Mark, noticing the grave faces, which came near to listen.

"Dr. Brand has been talking nonsense to mother," said Phil, "Telling her I must go to California. As if I couldn't brace up and do very well here."

Uncle Mark looked at the boy's slight frame, unequal, he knew, to the demands upon it of the enthusiastic spirit within, and remembered that there had been consumption in the family only a little way back.

"I'll send him," he said.

"Uncle Mark!—It would be too much."

"Oh, I don't mean that it should be so very much. I'll put him and keep him at a good place till you are able to swing yourself. And you can pay me up when you are able."

"In four months, certainly," said Phil, eagerly. "I ought to be strong enough to come home. The winter will be nearly over then."

"Four months be it then."

A little later Phil Graham, rejoicing in every breath of the sun-blest air, found himself pleasantly located in what was a half sanitarium, half boarding house. A few invalids were there, some old people accompanied by younger ones, among whom Phil found agreeable companionship. All that he had ever heard of the land of the palm and the orange he seemed to more than realize as, wisely setting aside everything except what might tend to the recovery of his health, he gave himself up to the delights which, with least expense came within his reach. He continually sought the beneficent fresh air with its blessed burden of glowing sunshine. Read a little, joined heartily in all sports of the young people, making himself liked by young and old through his genial good fellowship and readiness to be kind and helpful to those about him.

All too soon the months flew by, and Phil was obliged to acknowledge to himself that although his health was much improved he could by no means yet call himself strong.

"You ought not to think of going back yet," said a doctor with whom he had made friends. "It would be perilous for you to encounter all the early springtime changes of the weather in the east."

Phil thought that this was correct, but—what was he to do? Apply to his mother? Never. Apply to his uncle? Never again.

He tried to obtain light work in the near-by town, but found that everything seemed filled by those who were, like himself, striving for a foothold for the sake of the climate.

"Well," he said to himself, as he one day went in to dinner, "we hear much about God's free air, but just here it seems not free to me."

There was some little friction as contrasted with the usual smooth running of things at the table. Mistakes were made and guests waited long to be served. At length the head of the house came and apologized for the short-comings, explaining that two of his waiters had left suddenly and he had not yet been able to fill their places.

As Phil waited with the others a sudden thought came to him.

"I could do that."

He applied for a place and obtained it.

"Now, I wonder what my friends here will think, or say," he thought to himself, as, with his white linen apron on the next morning he took his place in the dining-room. "Well, I don't care much. It's so good to be where I can write to mother and Uncle Mark that I'm earning my living and a little more, that I'm willing to stand a little snubbing."

There was snubbing, not much, but Phil was forced to own to himself that what there was could not be called plen-ant. The older people and some of the younger ones met his services with a matter-of-course friendliness, a few others showed plainly that being now a waiter he was no longer regarded as one of them, and Mr. Frank Percival, a young fellow who was there with his uncle, stared haughtily at the new waiter, as if indignant at his having over presumed to consider himself as his equal and—offered him a tip.

The blood rushed to Phil's face, and he was turning angrily away when with a swift second thought, he checked himself.

"It's a part of it," he said to himself, as he bowed and took the gratuity.

Some of the friendly ones clapped their hands, casting indignant glances at Frank.

"Well, well—how's this?" Mr. Garde, an elderly gentleman, who always read at table, and delayed so long as to tire out the waiters, looked up in kindly inquiry as Phil brought his coffee after the other diners were gone.

"This, I mean," he added, touching the white apron. "A wager, or something of that kind, I suppose. You boys are always up to capers."

"Nothing of that kind at all, sir," said Phil. "I want to stay out in this country. I can't let my relatives support me any longer, and this is all I can get to do."

"That's it, boy? Well, I hope you'll make a good waiter. Be sure you always bring my plates hot."

As there were other things connected with the duties of a waiter, Phil found it easy to keep much out of the way of those with whom he had lately consorted, as was his preference, although there were many of them who felt only admiration for a young fellow who would do what came in his way rather than be a burden on any one.

Mr. Garde appeared to take to the new waiter to judge by a good deal of friendly chaffing and domineering on his part, and, at the end of a month or so, sought an interview with him.

"I think you are pretty capable as a waiter now, and might graduate," he began.

"I don't see my chance for that yet," said Phil.

"I am wanting some one to do a little overseeing on a ranch. Would you like to try it?" asked Mr. Garde.

"You could only expect one answer to that," said Phil the beam in his eyes emphasizing his delight in the proposition.

"A few months of outdoor life might fit you for, say, a place in my bank." And as Phil breathlessly waited to hear more he went on: "I like the kind that will do what they can when they can't do what they would."

"Bank! Bank! What's this they're talking about, a position in a bank?" Frank Percival asked it as some of the house chat came to his ears.

"Mr. Garde's going to take Phil Graham into his bank," he was told.

"That waiter fellow! Why, my father has been trying to get me in there."

"It looks as if some one else was getting in. And that, 'waiter fellow' is going to have a good chance."—Christian Intelligencer.

SOLITUDE AND NOISE ALIKE INJURIOUS

Prof. Rubner of the University of Berlin has just invented a registering apparatus which enables one to calculate the number of noise waves striking upon the ear in any given period.

The new apparatus proves beyond question that the prolonged labor — it is none the less existent, though we are frequently unconscious of it — to which the acoustic nerve is subjected in large cities or large establishments has the effect ultimately of paralyzing its efficiency and consequently of creating a breach in the intellectual central dissolution.

Rubner points the moral of his investigations by showing that insanity is rare among the inhabitants of moderately sized country towns. It is, he says, great in cities and in great solitudes. On the principle of "the identity of contraries," according to Hegel continuous existence in a tomblike silence would have as bad an effect upon the brain as the noises of a vast city.

MOTHER HUMMINGBIRD

Such a tiny, tiny nest was that in which Mother Hummingbird and her two babies lived, hidden away in a bush so carefully that only Betty knew where it was and she kept the secret to herself.

But one day Betty began to think. Suppose it should rain, what could such wee birdies do, for a drop of rain would be almost enough to drown one of them?

Mamma only smiled when Betty told her. "Wait until it rains, little daughter," she said. "Little Mother Hummingbird will know what to do." Sure enough. The next day it rained, and what do you think the mother bird did?

A good sized leaf grew at one side of the little nest. Mother Hummingbird took hold of the tip of the leaf and bent it over the nest. Then she fastened it to the other side to a little twig which happened to be on the nest. There the birdies stayed, quite dry under the leaf roof, until the storm passed. Then Mother Hummingbird unfastened the leaf again.

SAME EFFECTS

Little Bert's mother sent him to bring a small switch with which to chastise his small sister who had been naughty.

After being gone a long time, he came in with his hands full of clods of dirt. "I can't find any switch," he said; "here, throw these at her."

PASTORS' PROBLEMS

Church Attendance and Sabbath Preservation

We have been accustomed, hitherto, to regard the empty church pew as the special property of the United States, but, that we are rapidly coming into its ownership, is not recognized as it should be.

For some time our summer resorts have attracted American tourists, who indulge themselves largely in the pleasures that money will buy. Many show but little regard for the Lord's Day, or the services of the sanctuary. This has influenced Canadian people more than may appear at first sight.

Consequently, in not a few places, the residents have, during the stay of these visitors, accustomed themselves to irregular attendance at the house of God, some cease to attend altogether.

To give variety and rest to unemployed time, the holding of social functions on the Lord's Day, social dinner parties, Sunday at-homes, etc., has become a feature of the social life. Week-end excursions, with hops etc., on Saturday evening, in many cases extending far into the morning of the Lord's Day, have had a demoralizing effect.

The inevitable result is, that, those who have adopted this mode of life for the summer months, are long carry it over into the other months of the year, and pastors in Canada have the American question of non-church attendance just before them.

The resident in a non-infected community may not realize this. But one who has travelled through different provinces cannot fail to be struck by the painful truth, and feel solicitous for the future work of the church.

The underlying problem of Sabbath preservation is still before pastors. Much has been accomplished, a good beginning has been made, but some make the fatal mistake of supposing that the question is settled. Far from it. The forces that seek the obliteration of the rest day are as vigorous and aggressive as ever, and 70,000 in Canada are at this moment seven-day-in-the-week toilers.

The Lord's Day Alliance having obtained laws, is working hard for their enforcement. It is carrying on a campaign of education as to the value of the Lord's Day, and the efficacy of law in securing rest for the toilers of the land. By maintaining and concentrating popular interest in the question, it is giving the church most substantial support, and by securing to the people liberty to rest on the Lord's Day, it is affording the church her golden opportunity of leading them to worship.

It will be seen, therefore, that when pastors accord to the alliance active sympathy and interest themselves in its generous support, they are taking most efficacious means of solving two of the problems that do not become less difficult as the time passes. But should the civil right of rest on the Lord's Day be lost and the empty pew become an established institution in Canada, the consequences will be tragic indeed.

GEORGE GIDDWOOD.
Toronto, 10th Sept., 1908.

BIRDS ROBBED MAIL BOX

A remarkable story of bird intelligence is told by the Lewiston, Me., Journal, about Henry Babb, of Bowdoinham, whose mail box is on the R. F. D. route. One side of this box is broken, and some time ago, Mr. Babb found a bird had built her nest in the box, going in through the hole made by the broken place. The bird set up housekeeping in this novel home, and now there are five young birds and the mother.

Several times the mail carriers have tried to drive the bird away, and at first they took out the nest and threw it away, but every time the bird returned, and after the young ones came they gave up trying to dislodge them. Last week Mr. Babb found the signal set on the box and looked for mail, but found none in the box.

This happened a number of times, so often that he decided that some one had tampered with the box. So he asked the neighbors to watch out. One day when a neighbor, George Hackett, drove by he saw a bird flying from the box with something in its mouth. He followed the bird to a tree some distance away, and there the bird stopped and after dropping the article she carried, flew away.

Mr. Hackett went under the tree and found four letters addressed to Mr. Babb. Each one had been brought apparently by this unusual messenger. Just why the same tree was selected every time seems strange. One theory advanced to account for the removal of the letters is that their presence in the box interfered with the domestic arrangements of the feathered lodger, who took this way to get rid of them.

CLOSING THE SALOONS IN INDIANA.

The city of Gary, Ind., the great industrial community which the United States Steel Corporation is building at the south end of Lake Michigan has won a victory over the liquor interests and closed its 110 saloons. The whole number closed in the township is 130. Indiana's local option law provides that a number of citizens equal to a majority of the votes cast in the township at the last previous general election may, by signing a remonstrance, prevent the licensing of saloons in that township. The last election was held two years ago and 1220 votes were cast, although the population of Gary has vastly increased since then. The remonstrance was signed by 168 citizens, a clear majority, although the saloon men secured a counter petition signed by 1,500 of the present population. The Lake County commissioners upheld the remonstrance and the saloon men appealed to the superior court. If the court sustains the commissioners, as there is good reason to believe, Gary will have no saloons for the following two years at least.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Free Pressings from Our Issue of Sept. 27th, 1888

Four new street lamps are being erected—three at the east end, and one at the corner of Willow and Church.

In an old magazine we find it stated that until 1770 this law was in force in England:—"Whoever shall entice into bonds of matrimony any male subject of Her Majesty's by means of rouge, white paint, Spanish cotton, steel corsets, crinoline, high-heeled shoes or false hips shall be prosecuted for witchcraft, and the marriage declared null and void."

On Saturday, Mr. Robert Kennedy, 1st line, Erin, had the misfortune to fall through a trap door in Mr. J. H. Cripps' barn, where he had gone to return a grain cradle. His back was severely injured, but he was able to be conveyed home that night. Being of good age and a heavy man he escaped well from more serious injury.

The Elora Express says of Rev. Samuel Fear, one of the first Methodist ministers who ever preached in this locality: that to celebrate his 70th birthday, he went on horseback to have his horse shod, half a mile away. Few ministers at 70 show Mr. Fear's vigor.

SPARKLES

The little daughter of a homoepathic physician received a ring with a pearl in it on the Christmas tree. Two days later she poked her head tearfully in at the door of her father's office.

"Papa," she sobbed, "papa, I've lost the little pill out of my ring."

A well-known divine was once reading his Bible in a railway carriage, when a fellow passenger of skeptical proclivities said, "It is time you ceased reading that book which the scientific world has long since repudiated."

"It would be better for you, sir, if you knew more about this old book," replied the clergyman.

"Oh, I know all about that old book; I have studied it from one end to the other."

"Then will you please tell me," inquired the minister, "what you think of the Book of Jehoachim?"

"The Book of Jehoachim, sir, is the best book in your Bible," replied the skeptic; "but it is full of historical inaccuracies."

"There is no such book in the Bible," replied the clergyman.

The skeptic immediately subsided.

A rector and his curate, having endured no end of trouble from an exasperating captious old critter in the parish, resigned and accepted an appointment elsewhere. The rector preached his farewell sermon from the following text: "Abide ye here with the ass, and I and the lad will go yonder and worship."

"The other day I got the politest turndown," said a bond salesman, "that ever happened. I had been talking from 11 o'clock till almost noon to a man I'd known at college, trying to interest him in $10,000 of what I considered very exceptional bonds. Finally he looked at his watch.

"'Bob,' said he, 'it's lunch time.'

"'That's so,' I answered.

"'Bob,' he went on, 'if I buy those bonds will you take me out to lunch?'

"'Of course,' I said. 'Why sure.'

"'Well, Bob,' he concluded, 'you'd better have lunch with me this noon.'"

THE USE OF ALCOHOL

Writing in "Science Progress," Dr. Cushny maintains that "some of the highest functions of the brain are thrown out of action by alcohol administered in quantities which induce the phase of exhilaration. Thus it is found that typesetters do a smaller amount of work and make a much larger number of misprints when even a couple of glasses of beer are allowed than when they perform their work without this drug. Only in one respect was any increased aptitude shown—namely, in the transformation of an idea into movement. And many ergographic experiments appear to show that small quantities of alcohol have the effect of temporarily increasing the capacity of doing muscular work, especially when the subject is fatigued. This augmentation is only transient, and the total work done in the course of the day is considerably reduced by alcohol, as has long been demonstrated in the case of forced marching."

As to the use of alcohol as medicine, Dr. Cushny says: Alcohol is a drug which may be useful in therapeutics, although I think it can hardly be considered indispensable, but which has so often given rise to habit that its use must be curtailed to the utmost limit."

THE CIGARETTE SMOKER

Elbert Hubbard isn't the best authority in the world on all subjects, but he is unquestionably correct in pronouncing against the use of cigarettes, especially by the young. In a late number of the Philistine he says, "As a close observer and employer of labor for over twenty-five years, I give you this: Never advance the pay of a cigarette smoker; never promote him; never trust him to carry a roll to Garcia, unless you do not care for Garcia and are willing to lose the roll. Cigarette smoking begins with an effort to be smart. It soon becomes a pleasure, a satisfaction, and serves to bridge over a moment of nervousness or embarrassment. Next it becomes a necessity of life; a fixed habit. This last stage soon evolves into a third condition, a stage of fever and unrestful, wandering mind, accompanied by loss of moral and mental control." Inevitably cigarette smoking impairs health, lessens usefulness and jeopardizes happiness, and all without compensation worthy of the name. All smokers are not affected to the same degree, but there is none who would not be better off without the habit.

ALL'S WELL

The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep
My weary spirit seeks repose in
thine;
Father! forgive my trespasses, and
keep
This little life of mine.

With loving-kindness curtain thou my
bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim
feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head,
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord,
and thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith
can shake;
All's well! whichever side the grave
for me
The morning light will break.

—Harriet McEwen Kimball.

SHOULD A MAN CONFIDE HIS BUSINESS TO HIS WIFE

Whether a man confides his business to his wife depends entirely upon the wife, says Mabel Potter Daggett, in the October Delineator.

There are women who are capable of sharing responsibilities and wise in discharging them. There are women—dear doll women—who need to have all the difficulties of existence simplified, all the little problems of life smoothed out and solved for them by another. When they are made that kind, they only delightfully decorate bits in the scheme of life. So it sometimes happens that when a man has married a girl because of the sunshine glint in her hair, or the shadowy depths in her eyes, he has not always acquired therewith the clear brain and the steady hand that may help at the helm of his business affairs, and he cannot now expect his wife to share very much the burden of his responsibilities.

But there are other marriages more than beauty deep. Sometimes they are even those rare ideal unions that are soul deep. They happen semi-occasionally when love comes to a man and a woman who are mentally and socially and every way equals. Then it is the woman's right to know and the man's right to share with her every pulse-beat of existence—even to the annoying details of his daily business perplexities. Always she can help him endure them. Sometimes she may help him to solve them. Wherever there is a man's achievement there is always in the background feminine inspiration and feminine sympathy that is the complement of his strength. Somewhere there must always be a woman to whom he can go and say, "I'm tired, dear;" and when she has answered, "Tell me all about it," difficulties that have been as mountains begin to fade away like mist. For every man who succeeds, this woman exists. Think about it, oh, little wife, as you turn the new gold-band on your finger. Hadn't this woman better be you? Inevitably, when she is not, she must be the other woman.

THEY HAD TO WAIT

One afternoon a couple from an adjoining town presented themselves to a Boston divine, and asked to be married, just as he was about to enter the pulpit to conduct an afternoon service. The minister replied that he regretted that he could not, at that moment, comply with their wish; but that, immediately upon the conclusion of the service, he would take pleasure in performing the ceremony. The lovers, after some demurring, seated themselves in the rear of the church. When the minister had finished the service, he made the following announcement: "The parties who are to be joined in matrimony will present themselves at the chancel immediately after the singing of the hymn 413, 'Mistaken souls that dream of heaven!'"

A JUDGE'S INDICTMENT OF THE DRINK TRAFFIC

In charging the Grand Jury at the Glamorgan Assizes at Swansea, Eng., recently, Justice Coleridge said that in 30 out of 73 cases the depositions disclosed crimes which would in all reasonable probability never have happened except for either the prosecutor or prisoner having been under the baneful influence of drink. That afforded much matter for regret, and his Lordship said he would make no comment, but would content himself by stating what was the naked fact.

ECZEMA AGAIN OVERCOME

Zam-Buk Cures a Case which for Two Years had Defied Every Remedy Tried

A FARMER'S GRATEFUL TESTIMONY

No case of eczema, skin disease, or ulceration, should be despaired of until Zam-Buk has been applied. The case of Mr. Francis Benoit, of St. Anne's, Man., is a powerful illustration of Zam-Buk's efficacy. He says: "I suffered from eczema for two years, and tried a great number of remedies. None of them, however, seemed to do me any good.

The ailment was mostly in my legs, and both these were actually raw from the knees down. A small sample box of Zam-Buk was given to me, and even so small a quantity as that did me a little good. I then obtained a proper supply, and by the time I had used a few boxes I was completely cured.'

Zam-Buk differs from ordinary salves and embrocations in containing no animal oil or fat. It is compounded from rich, healing, herbal essences, and is an ideal natural combination of power and purity. It is highly antiseptic, and instantly kills bacilli and disease germs, which settling into wounds and skin diseases set up festering, blood poison, etc.

For cuts, burns, bruises, ulcers, abscesses, pimples, boils, skin eruptions, scalp sores, spreading sores, children's skin troubles, chafing sores, etc., Zam-Buk is unequalled. It also cures piles. All druggists and stores at 50c a box, or from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price, 3 boxes for $1.25.