The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXXIV.---NO. 20. Every Subscription Paid in Advance. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 12, 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, HILL 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, 4 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 12 a.m.; 1 to 6 and 7 to 9 p.m.

Night calls answered from residence, Frederick Street.

ACTON - - ONT.

DR. A. L. HORE,

Graduate of University of Toronto.

Office at residence, on Willow Street,—between Merchant's Bank and Town Hall.

Phone No. 20. ACTON - - ONT.

LEGAL.

A. J. MacKINNON

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.

OFFICE—Mill Street, in Hoyle's 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 and 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, Ontario. (Over Williams Store.)

Account Books of all kinds made to order Periodicals of every description neatly 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 sums, 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. RESIDENCE—Cor. McTague St. and River Road, GUELPH, Ont. Telephone 147, 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 Mimosa P. O., telephone to Mimosa or Cheltenham, or left at FREE PRESS Mimosa or Cheltenham, or left at FREE PRESS office, Acton, will receive immediate attention.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL, $125,000.00

THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY. Established 1840.

Head Office - - GUELPH, ONT

INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any insurance required will be promptly attended to.

W. H. DENNY, Agent, Young St., Acton

Also agent for The Union Insurance Co. England.

The Old and Reliable Granite and Marble Dealers

WE are manufacturers and direct importers of all kinds of Monumental and Headstone work. We sell direct to our customers at wholesale prices, thus saving our customers 40 per cent. We have the best appliances and the only mechanics in the Dominion who can operate pneumatic tools properly. We can give references from hundreds of our customers in Toronto and other places, where others have to stand law suits in order to collect. We have the largest and best stock of Granite in the Dominion, or more than any three dealers in the West. We are legitimate dealers and employ no agents, and do not annoy or pester customers by sending out ignorant agents to solicit orders—we employ mechanics only and defy competition.

HAMILTON & SONS

Cor. Norfolk and Woolwich Sts., GUELPH

SAVAGE EXPERT WATCH REPAIRING GUELPH - ONTARIO

..PAPER.. MAKERS

GEORGETOWN, ONT.

BOOK, NEWS AND COLORED PAPERS

JNO. R. BARBER

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

OLD BROWN'S CHEMIST & STATIONER ACTON, ONT.

BIG BARGAINS IN Wall Paper AT A. T. Brown's MILL ST., ACTON.

Nassagaweya Lumber Mills

Lumber, Lath and Shingles always on hand, cheap.

Mill stuff cut to order.

P. SAYERS & SONS NASSAGAWEYA. P O

WOOD ENGRAVING PHOTO ENGRAVING HALF TONES OR ANY CLASS OF ENGRAVING FOR ADVERTISING PURPOSES, CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES, &C

J. L. Jones Engr. Co. LIMITED GUELPH

ACTON GRAIN ELEVATOR AND FEED STORE

We buy all kinds of Grain, and sell all kinds of Feed as well as

Norval Flour

Meals, Etc.

R. NOBLE, Proprietor.

N. F. MOORE, Manager

Sale of Mauser Repeating Rifles IS WITHDRAWN

Why? They're all Sold.

More are ordered, and we will advertise them on arrival.

We are headquarters for Guns, Ammunition, etc.

Our Prices are Always Right

The BOND HARDWARE Co. Limited

Retail Phone 97 - - GUELPH

TOWN HALL ACTON Monday, November 16th, 1908

GRAND CONCERT by THE KOZIK CONCERT CO. OF TORONTO

PROGRAMME

PART I

"The Deathless Army" ... ... Mr. Kozik
"The Bean Story" ... ... Miss Constance Rook
"The Village Blacksmith" ... Mr. Newcomb
Comic Song (selected) ... ... Mr. Hewer
"Thy Sentinel Am I" ... ... Mr. J. Crooks
"A Railway Matinee" ... Miss Constance Rook
"The Death of Nelson" ... ... Mr. Kozik
Comic Song (selected) ... ... Mr. Hewer
"Jack's at Home at Sea" ... ... Mr. Crooks
"The Pantos of Seville" ... Miss Constance Rook

PART II

"The Veteran's Song" ... ... Mr. Kozik
Comic Song (selected) ... ... Mr. Hewer
"The Maiden of Morven" ... Mr. Newcomb
"The Romance of a Hammock" ... Miss Rook
"Creole Love Song" ... ... Mr. Crooks
Comic Song (selected) ... ... Mr. Hewer
"The Admiral's Broom" ... ... Mr. Kozik
"The Friar of Orders Grey" ... ... Mr. Crooks

Solo Pianists ... ... Mr. Hockey

GOD SAVE THE KING

Admission ... ... 25 cents

CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE

Of Toronto, has started thousands of young men and women on the easy way to independence and success. Let us give you the right start. Write for Catalogue, and plan to spend the next six months with us. Enter any time. Address W. H. Shaw, Principal, Yonge and Gerrard Streets, Toronto.

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

The Berlin Steam Granite and Marble Works

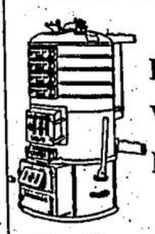
CASPER BRAUN - Proprietor

Designers and Builders of Statues, Mausoleums, Monuments, Markers and Headstones, and all kinds of

Artistic Cemetery Work

William Heuistreet Agent, Acton.

THE UNAPPROACHABLE "SOVEREIGN"



HOT WATER BOILER

The "Sovereign" construction is the only type of boiler made that can be repaired, if necessary, without taking down the whole furnace. Its life will be as long as that of the most substantial building in which it may be installed.

The "Sovereign" Hot Water Boiler never grows old. It is made up of separate parts and sections and any injured part or section may be readily replaced without unnecessary expense.

Be Posted. Write for our Booklet.

THE TAYLOR-FORBES Company Limited GUELPH, ONT.

BRANCHES: 1088 King Street West, Toronto. 122 Craig Street West, Montreal.

Poetry.

BIRTHDAY WISHES OF A MOTHER

I called to the Zephyrs this morning,
Ho! pause as you hurry along;
I've a message to send o'er the prairie,
I have woven it into a song.

And thy breath can so sweetly convey it,
I'll sing it thee all in this hour,
And I'll trust thee, that tenderly, truly,
You'll repeat the same words to my Flower.

The morrow will dawn on her birthday,
The day she was given to me,
And I send my greetings and blessings,
And voice them, good Zephyrs, through thee.

You must rouse her with kisses, like these are,
And whisper the words in her ear,
And carry her scents from the roses,
For the happiest day of the year.

Will you touch her dear cheek at the sunrise,
And kiss her, just there — on the brow,
And as she inhales the rose odors,
Repeat her the words I say now.

Many happy returns, dearest Daisy,
For mother is thinking of thee,
And praying that all earthly pleasures,
Will crowd in this day, and will be,

The first, of so many glad birthdays,
Each fuller of joy than the last,
That prosperity, health, and affection
May evermore round thee be cast.

That thy friends may be many and true ones,
No skeleton darken thy home,
And sorrows, and crosses vexatious,
May never near thy dwelling come.

That thy days may be bright as the sunlight,
Life smooth as the calm summer sea,
And I end with repeated good wishes,
And infinite love, Trix, to thee.

—Anya McDonald.

Select Family Reading

A Leap Year Inspiration

ABBY Saylow was worried.

She sat at the front bedroom window impatiently tapping the arm of her wicker rocker with one hand and using a finger of the other to keep place in the book that hung the length of a listless arm on the other side of the chair.

The attitude of the two hands was a fine index to her disposition. She was listless and bored by the monotony of her life, but there was a strongly combative element in her nature that made it impossible for her to accept it with the placidity shown by the other women she knew.

She was tired of teas. She had amused herself calculating just how many gallons she had drunk in the ten years of her social career. At twenty it had seemed highly elating to put on her newest gown and drink tea with a crowd of people. She could even remember that the addition of a bunch of violets to her costume had at one time given a decided pleasure.

But at thirty she forgot to pin on the violets even when there was a huge bunch in front of her on the dresser, unless her maid suggested that it would improve madam's toilet.

She sighed in recognition of the fact that real life doesn't work out like novels.

The book was a new one and in its second edition, and her look of interest in it proved conclusively to Miss Saylow's mind that her trouble was real and deep-rooted.

Some of her energy finally communicated itself to the other hand. She threw the book on the table near and commenced an energetic rocking that kept pace with her thoughts.

"Money is the root of all evil, and I've always had too much of it. I wonder which is the worst, a deficit or an excess. I believe as a child it was a pleasanter feeling to want more candy than to have eaten too much.

"The worst feature of this money is that it has always attracted a crowd of flatterers and worthless friends and has caused so many that I really cared for to let their pride come between me and them. I have known John Carrington for five years and would catalogue his possessions—one estate in Virginia, yielding an uncertain income; one fine tenor voice and enough proud reticence to supply all the F. F. V's ever heard of."

When she mentioned Carrington's name, the hero of the discarded novel gracefully acknowledged the better man and accepted her lack of interest in blue with a humility uncommon to a star of a second edition.

Miss Saylow's restless glance took in the novel.

"That fool in the novel had a tenor voice, too, but he wasn't handicapped by a lack of self appreciation.

"If I had asked him to sing 'For you it is a rose; for me—it is a heart,' at least 200 times in the last three years, if I had played his accompaniment and put in it all the feeling a longing heart could possibly show when supplemented by my poor technique, that hero would have forgotten all about my money and asked me to marry him.

"I know that he loves me, but I don't believe he will ever muster enough courage to tell me so unless I donate all my money to a hospital or do the proposing myself."

There was a tap at the door, and Miss Saylow's young niece came rushing in.

Esther always rushed, so her immediate family were never much startled by her sudden entrances and exits.

"Auntie"—she tried to make her request and explain her plan all at once—"may I write and ask Tom Carrington to take me to the the party to-morrow night? The girls are all going to ask, and I wanted to know if I might."

"What's the cause of Mr. Carter's sudden popularity?" her aunt asked, with a decided amount of astonishment in her eyes.

"Now, auntie, you know we are not all going to ask him, but any one we would like to take. It's a leap year party you know."

"I see," returned Miss Saylow slowly, "and you simply want me to understand that one Mr. Thomas Carter is the very nicest boy among your acquaintances, eh?"

"He's really nice and the very nicest," Esther answered, a red flush spreading to the roots of her fair hair. "May I, auntie, please?"

"If all the other girls are of the same opinion, perhaps you would be wise to get your note written at once, teased her aunt."

The girl gave her an impulsive kiss and then looked at her with a twinkle in her eye.

"I would like awfully to write it on a sheet of your best paper," she coaxed.

After her sixteen-year-old niece had disappeared, having taken some of the best paper and the sealing wax to match, Miss Saylow went back to the window and stood gazing abstractedly at the house across the street.

The house had been there for years, but she seemed to study it with intense interest.

"I know he loves me," she murmured, and she may or may not have referred to the grocery boy that was just then ringing the bell of the house opposite.

She went to her writing desk and cut a very creditable looking heart out of a piece of the best paper that had been the object of Esther's admiration. Across the face of the heart she printed in faint scrawling letters, "To you it is a rose," then rang for her maid to get out her street dress and tell James to have the carriage at the door in twenty minutes.

When John Carrington reached home after a trying day in his downtown law office, he found that his landlady had put a long florist's box on the window ledge where it would keep cool. He opened the box with an expression of curiosity that the masculine countenance often wears when its owner is sure there is no one to see it. There was one long stemmed American Beauty, and Carrington's sensitive face turned crimson when he saw that its stem was thrust through a hastily cut paper heart.

That night Miss Saylow's listless mood seemed to have passed away, and she showed an unusual amount of interest every time the doorbell rang.

When she had almost decided that it was too late to expect a caller Carrington walked into the room. He had let himself in without ringing and stood before her, still in his overcoat, his hat in his hand. On the lapel of his coat was the half blown American beauty.

"Frances, I have never had the cheek necessary to ask if you could care for so unsuccessful a lawyer as I have proved," he said slowly, "but I would like better than anything on earth to know that you sent me this rose."

She drew a paper from the folds of her dress and showed him the sheet from which the heart had been cut.

A second later she rubbed her slender patrician nose against the rough shoulder of his overcoat.

"I think it would be pleasanter if you would hang this rough coat on the hall rack for an hour or so, John. I wish I had told you three years ago that I never had much regard for law."

SHARP RETORTS

A man who was offering gratuitous information at a county fair was disparaging the show of cattle.

"Call these here prize cattle?" he scornfully said. "Why, they ain't nothin' to what our folks raised. You may not think it, but my father raised the biggest calf of any man round our parts."

"I can very well believe it," observed a bystander, surveying him from head to foot.

It is not every one who enjoys a joke at his own expense. The judge who pointed with his cane and exclaimed: "There is a great rogue at the end of my cane," was intensely enraged when the man looked hard at him and asked coolly:

"At which end your honor?"

A friend of Curran's was bragging of his attachment to the jury system and said:

"With a trial by jury I have lived and by the blessing of God with trial by jury I will die."

"Oh," said Curran in much amazement, "then you've made up your mind to be hanged, Dick?"—London Tit Bits.

TO THE PUBLIC

We are Agents for Parisian Sage, and We Know the Guarantee is Genuine

Parisian Sage, the quick-acting hair restorer, is guaranteed—

To stop falling hair.
To cure dandruff.
To cure itching of the scalp.
To put life into faded hair.
To make harsh hair soft and luxuriant.
To make hair grow, or money back.

It is the most delightful hair dressing made, and is a great favorite with ladies who desire beautiful and luxuriant hair. Price 50 cents a large bottle at A. T. Brown's, or by express all charges prepaid, from Giroux Mfg. Co., Fort Erie, Ont.

The soul of every great enterprise is self-denial.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A MALAY

One day a Malay knocked at my door. What business a Malay could have to transact among English mountains, I can not conjecture; but possibly he was on his road to a seaport, about forty miles distant.

The servant who opened the door to him was a young girl, born and bred among the mountains, who had never seen an Asiatic dress of any sort; his turban, therefore, confounded her not a little; and, as it turned out that his attainments in English were exactly of the same extent as hers in the Malay, there seemed to be an impassible gulf fixed between all communication of ideas, if either party had happened to possess any.

In this dilemma, the girl recollecting the reputed learning of her master (and, doubtless, giving me credit for a knowledge of all the languages of the earth, beside, perhaps, a few of the lunar ones), came and gave me to understand that there was a sort of demon below, whom she clearly imagined that my art could exorcise from the house.

I did not immediately go down; but when I did, the group which presented itself, arranged as it was by accident, though not very elaborate, took hold of my fancy and my eye in a way that none of the statuesque attitudes exhibited in the ballets at the opera-house, though so ostentatiously complex, had never done.

In a cottage-kitchen, but paneled on the wall with dark wood, that from age and rubbing resembled oak, and looking more like a rustic hall of entrance than a kitchen, stood the Malay—his turban and loose trowsers of dingy white relieved upon the dark paneling; he had placed himself nearer to the girl than she seemed to relish, though her native spirit of mountain intrepidity contended with the feelings of simple awe which her countenance expressed as she gazed upon the tiger-cat before her.

And a more striking picture there could not be imagined, than the beautiful English face of the girl, and its exquisite fairness, together with her erect and independent attitude, contrasted with the sallow and bilious skin of the Malay, enameled or veneered with mahogany by marine air; his small, fierce, restless eyes, thin lips, slavish gestures and adorations. Half hidden by the ferocious-looking Malay was a little child from a neighboring cottage, who had crept in after him, and was now in the act of reverting its head and gazing upward at the turban and the fiery eyes beneath it, while with one hand he caught at the dress of the young woman for protection.

My knowledge of the Oriental tongues is not remarkably extensive, being, indeed, confined to two words—the Arabic word for barley, and the Turkish for opium, which I have learned from Anastasius. And as I had neither a Malay dictionary, nor even Adelung's Mithridates, which might have helped me to a few words, I addressed him in some lines from the Iliad, considering that, of such languages as I possessed, Greek, in point of longitude, came geographically nearest to an Oriental one.

He worshiped me in a most devout manner, and replied in what I suppose was Malay. In this way I saved my reputation with my neighbors, for the Malay had no means of betraying the secret. He lay down upon the floor for about an hour, and then pursued his journey.

On his departure, I presented him with a piece of opium. To him as an Orientalist, I concluded that opium must be familiar; and the expression of his face convinced me that it was. Nevertheless, I was struck with some consternation when I saw him suddenly raise his hand to his mouth, and (in the school-boy phrase) bolt the whole, divided into three pieces, at one mouthful.

The quantity was enough to kill three dragoons and their horses, and I felt some alarm for the poor creature; but what could be done? I had given him the opium in compassion for his solitary life, on recollecting that, if he had travelled on foot from near London, it must be nearly three weeks since he could have exchanged a thought with any human being.

I could not think of violating the laws of hospitality by having him purged and drenched with an emetic, and thus frightening him into a notion that we were going to sacrifice him to some English idol. No, there clearly no help for it: he took his leave, and for some days I felt anxious; but, as I never heard of any Malay being found dead, I became convinced that I must have done him the service I designed, by giving him one night of respite from the pains of wandering.

There never was and never will be a universal panacea in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir. What would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the others. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtained in a sound, unadulterated state a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves those to whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquillizing the nerves disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which being stimulated, courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy, animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result strengthening the frame and giving life to the digestive organs which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine by the opinion of scientists, the wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

A Fund of Facts, Fancies and Fun, Ferreted from Free Press Columns of November 15, 1888

A column and a half is a collection of opinions of Halton residents by a Globe representative as to the condition of things in this County since the license act came into force; concludes with the paragraph: "From these interviews and from other facts which I am not at liberty to publish, I am satisfied that the weight of opinion among the citizens of this County is that there has been a great increase of drunkenness since the Scott Act was repealed."

The quarterly meeting of Rockwood circuit was held at Crewsons Corners, and Rev. James Walker, superintendent minister, preached an impressive sermon from "Look unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth."

An old inhabitant says: "Know ye and don't forget it, that Indian summer never comes until after the first snowfall, and until after the 10th of November." If 1888 has any Indian summer, then, it has yet to come.

In addition to October being the coldest October since 1876, the number of rainy days was the largest since the observervations were begun in the province except in 1861, when 22 rainy days were recorded. The rainfall was not much above the average, however.

Speaking of the new High School in course of erection the Georgetown Herald says: "It promises to be one of the finest High School buildings in western Ontario."

A number of youthful gamblers have been making Dyres' ashery their rendezvous during the past week or so. Raffling for fowls, throwing dice for small sums, and other gambling devices, are on the programme, and both the authorities and the boys' parents should be on the alert.

Of the eight places in Halton reported in the Bible Societies report, the total givings of which were $600.50, Acton was the highest,—$112.50—except Milton, which was $211.50.

Rev. Dr. Gifford and bride were serenaded by the Band on Monday evening. Of course, as at other places, the boys were invited in, "and of course all felt at home in such a familiar place as a parsonage." They declare that their entertainers did their whole duty by them.

A calm, blue-eyed, self-composed young lady in town received a long call the other day from a prying old spinster, who at last came to the main point: "I've been asked a good many times if you were engaged to Mr. ——. Now, if folks inquire again whether you be or not, what shall I tell 'em I think?" "Tell them," looking the inquisitor calmly in the face; "Tell them that you think you don't know, and that you are sure it is none of your business."

John Hagg, dry goods merchant of Guelph, and well-known in Acton and vicinity, died at the General Hospital, on the 13th. He commenced business on the Market Square in 1833. Later, he did business at the "Lion," and still later on Upper Wyndham Street. He was born in Perth County in 1823.

Rev. Malcolm R. Gordon, B. A., son of the late John and Ann Gordon, of "Gordon Hall," east of Acton, has just been appointed to the principalship of a college in Dakota. He has had a very successful career. His boyhood was spent on the farm in the busy season, and at school on his father's farm. Later, he attended Rockwood Academy, Waterdown High School, and Hamilton Collegiate Institute. He taught school for a time, and spent a season surveying in Manitoba. He took a full collegiate and theological course in Manitoba College, afterwards going to Princeton, N. J., for special subjects. He then took charge of the congregation at Groton, Dakota, where his superior qualifications were noted, which led to his recent appointment.

Councillor Ismond, last week, returning from his Erin farm, let his horse get away from him, and it came at a furious pace to Acton, not stopping at its own corner, but came down town, smashing the lamp at the Mill and Willow Street corner, tore down Main Street, and into Speight's pond, its head getting under water by the lines becoming entangled in the wheel. Mr. Ismond arrived soon, and fearing the horse would drown, constructed a raft to release it, but unfortunately "got in" himself. The chilling plunge was not made any more pleasant by the huzzas of the by standers who "had to laugh!" However, in a few minutes ready hands released the Councillor and the horse, neither being much the worse.

Mr. John Towers, of Hamilton, and family have come to live in Acton.

Mr. Joseph Coleman, of Strabane, has been visiting his sons in this vicinity.

A reception was tendered Rev. D. B. Gordon, the new Baptist minister, and family, at the residence of Mr. John Warren, last evening.

Miss Alice Vanatter, for the past five years a much respected resident of Acton, bade farewell to her friends here yesterday. She will now reside in Erin, of which our readers will no doubt hear more particulars bye and bye.

BORN—In Nassagaweya, on Oct. 11, to Mr. and Mrs. James Sayers, a daughter.

BORN—In Acton, on Oct. 8, to Mr and Mrs. Henry Bauer, a son.

DIED — At Lowville, on Oct. 7, Featherston Colling, brother Rev's Thos. and Joseph S. Colling, aged 55 years.

HE WAS NERVOUS

'Ida—So, Harry proposed to you while strolling through the park. Was he nervous?

May—Nervous? Well, I should say so. He thought a firefly was the headlight of an automobile and jumped ten feet.

A BOY AND A GIRL

He learned to play at tennis,
He had won full many a match;
On the ball ground he was famous,
He could pitch and bat and catch;
He could box and throw the hammer,
And at wrestling he was good;
He was thoroughly athletic—
But his father chopped the wood.

She was well informed on ethics,
She could formulate a plan
Which would show us all our duty
To our struggling fellow-man.
She could write on household topics
In a manner hard to beat;
She embroidered fancy pillows—
But her mother cooked the meat.

DID IT SERVE HER RIGHT?

Her hat was a regular stunner and no mistake. It looked something like a miniature tropical garden, but nature never produced anything half so gorgeous. A couple of artificial butterflies, whose wings presented a dazzling assortment of colors, were poised upon invisible wires over two imitation orchids. They were obviously designed to supply the crowning touch of realism. When she entered the "L" car she knew that that hat would create a sensation. There were plenty of vacant seats around, but she walked nearly the whole length of the car before taking one, and when she sat down it was with the proud consciousness that all eyes were fixed upon her—or rather upon her hat.

But nobody stared at that hat half as hard as a bright, chubby little youngster, who was sitting alongside of his mother, right opposite the owner of the triumph of millinery.

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" exclaimed the little fellow gleefully, "I see two butterflies on that lady's hat."

"Hush, hush, Willie," said the mother; "you mustn't make remarks."

But Willie was at that age when the mind refuses to be satisfied with dogmatic assertions, and demands reasons.

"Why must I hush? Will the butterflies hear me and fly away?"

The people in Willie's immediate vicinity began to snicker, and the proprietor of the hat began to look uncomfortable.

"Willie, you must be quiet," said the mother; and then, with the view of allaying his curiosity, she added, "The butterflies ain't alive."

"Did she stick pins through them and kill them?"

"Hush—no; they are made up butterflies."

Willie meditated upon this for a minute, and then, to the intense delight of every body within earshot, excepting, of course, his mother and the proprietor of the wondrous hat, he broke out afresh.

"Did you ever see any live butterflies like those butterflies, mamma? I never did."

"Do be quiet; don't ask foolish questions."

But Willie was not to be suppressed in that fashion.

"Mamma, why is it that other ladies don't put butterflies in their hats?"

"I don't know. Do be quiet."

"Mamma, if you put butterflies on your hat, would you put butterflies on your hat like that?"

By this time the snicker had developed into an audible titter, and threatened to become a downright laugh soon.

The conductor suddenly opened the door and shouted out something that sounded like "Dronthonth Street!"

Whatever the street might be it seemed suddenly to occur to the proprietor of the hat that it was the street she wanted, and she rushed precipitately out of the car, her undignified exit contrasting strangely with her stately entrance a few minutes before.

And what do you think I overheard the woman who sat next to me say?—

"It just serves her right!"

Why it served her right I don't pretend to know.—New York Herald.

By loving whatever is lovable in those around us, love will flow back from them to us; and life will become a pleasure instead of pain. — Dean Stanley.

SCALDED BY BOILING FAT

Couldn't Use Hand for a Month

ZAM-BUK GAVE INSTANT RELIEF

An accident in a Toronto home might have had very serious consequences had it not been for Zam-Buk. Miss Martha Green, of 9 Claremont St., in taking a pan of boiling fat from the oven, split it over her right hand. "The boiling fat ran into the palm of my hand," she says, "and over all my fingers. I was almost wild with the pain. The hand became swollen, and large blisters formed all over the palm and along the fingers. For over a month I was unable to use the hand at all. I tried several kinds of salves and liniments, but the wound seemed apparently no better. It was altogether too severe for these preparations to heal.

About this time I was advised to try Zam-Buk. I stopped using all other preparations and applied it instead. The very first application soothed my hand and seemed to draw out the fire and inflammation; and as I kept on using Zam-Buk, the blisters gradually dried up and disappeared. In a very short time the scald was healed completely."

This is but one instance of the uses to which Zam-Buk can be so advantageously applied. It is equally effective for burns, cuts, bruises, abrasions, sprains and stiffness. It also cures eczema, ulcers, sores, blood poisoning, ringworm, scalp sores, chronic wounds, blackheads, pimples, cold sores, chapped hands, and all skin diseases and injuries. Rubbed well on the chest, in cases of cold, it relieves the aching and tightness, and applied as an embrocation it cures rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, etc. All druggists and stores sell it at 50c. a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for receipt of price, 3 boxes for $1.25.