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H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

LET US BE KIND

Let us be kind;
The way is long and lonely,
And human hearts are asking for this blessing only—
Let us be kind.

We can not know the grief that men may borrow,
We can not see the souls storm-swept by sorrow,
But love can shine on the way to-day, to-morrow—
Let us be kind.

Let us be kind;
This is a wealth that has no measure,
This is of heaven and earth the highest treasure—
Let us be kind.

A tender word, a smile of love in meeting,
A song of hope and victory to those entreating,
A glimpse of God and brotherhood while life is fleeting—
Let us be kind.

Let us be kind;
Around the world the tears of time are falling,
And for the loved and lost these human hearts are calling—
Let us be kind.

To age and youth let gracious words be spoken,
Upon the wheel of pain so many weary lives are broken,
We live in vain who give no tender token—
Let us be kind.

Let us be kind;
The sunset time will soon be in the west,
Too late the flowers are laid then on the quiet breast—
Let us be kind.

And when the angel guides have sought and found us,
Their hands shall link the broken ties of earth that bound us,
And heaven and home shall brighten all around us—
Let us be kind.

Select Family Reading

Playing With Temptation

By Richard Hiller

THE largest hall in the town was packed with voters the polls election was not far off, and an important question was to be decided. For the past three elections the town had voted "dry," but now there seemed danger of a relapse. The new water system had made taxes heavy. The licensing of the saloons would help to meet this large and necessary expense. Many a good citizen was leaning toward the measure, not without regret, to be sure; with a few twinges of conscience, perhaps, yet pushed ahead by what seemed to them the necessities of the case.

No orator of reputation had been invited to address the meeting. The speakers were the citizens of the town, who best had a right to be heard on the question. "If it was a case of spread-eagle, I'd sit down mighty quick!" said the shrewd-faced, wiry man who was the first to address the meeting. "But since it's an occasion for common-sense ideas, I'm not afraid to say what I think." And he said it shrewdly and quaintly, and the votes in the audience showed that his words had carried weight.

The open saloon was such a thing of the past with these people that they had almost forgotten how to estimate its perils. The temperance sentiment was in that quiescent state which is so likely to result when the need for fighting is over. The second speaker took much the same stand as the first. The third protested, but in a half-hearted way which re-acted in favor of his predecessors. There seemed no doubt as to the sentiment of the mass meeting, and there certainly was no question as to its influence on the election the following Tuesday.

As one of the speakers finished and took his seat to the accompaniment of clapping and stamping which shook the old building violently, a young man, sitting in one of the rear seats, rose to his feet and started toward the platform. He was slight of figure and boyish of face, and, as wondering eyes followed him, a hum of recognition ran through the room. "That's Wallace Fulton! What's he after?"

"Maybe he's going to make a speech!" said a youth near the door, and laughed at his own wit. But in another moment an expression of incredulous amazement had banished his smile, for, after exchanging a few words with the chairman, Wallace had stepped to the front of the platform and stood facing the audience. He was very pale, and something appealing in his look hushed his auditors to absolute silence. He was a favorite, this courteous, kindly young man, who had come to them five years before, and who, by diligence and uprightness, had won golden opinions on every hand. But those who knew him best had never fancied him in the capacity in which he was now appearing. Modest and shrinking to a fault, he seemed the last person in town to face a public audience uninvited.

Owing to the strange hush in the room, his tremulous voice was easily heard. "I'm not a speechmaker," he said, unsteadily, "and I don't know enough about the finances of this town to make any answer to what has already been said to-night. But there's one side of this question that has been overlooked so far, and that's the side on which I'm competent to speak."

He paused for a moment, and there was not a man in the building who could not see that he was rallying his courage to continue. Yet, when he spoke again, his voice had a new ring, as if a fresh determination had come to his aid.

"When I came here five years ago, I was running away. It isn't a nice thing to have to admit, but it's true. I was running away from temptation. A love for liquor was born in me, I suppose. I wanted it the first time I ever smelled it. The first time I tasted it, I couldn't get enough. That was when I was eighteen. They took me home to my mother that night—drunk!"

There was a tense silence. The speaker stopped, struggling for self-control, and many a man fumbled for his handkerchief, casting furrowing glances at his neighbor. This was something new at a meeting of this sort, this laying bare a human heart and uncovering a record of shame.

"For two years," the young man at last continued, "things went from bad to worse. I wasn't much more than a boy, you see, and yet nearly every one gave me up as a hopeless case—all but my mother. She had faith that I was going to mend my ways. She kept praying for me. She showed me plainly enough that I was going to mend my ways. She kept praying for me. She showed me plainly enough that I couldn't sink too far for her love to reach after me.

"At last she won. I told her I hated the life I'd been leading, and I wanted to climb back to decency and self-respect, and so I tried. But I couldn't go down town to my work. I couldn't make a call on a friend in the evening, without passing by temptation, and again and again it was too much for me. I almost lost hope, but mother came to my help again. She said that there were places in the world where I wouldn't have temptation thrust upon me at every corner, and that we'd find one of them. We did, and so we came here."

Again the speaker waited, and looked about him appealingly. Something in the grave faces, whose eyes were riveted upon him, encouraged him to go on. Something in the atmosphere of the room was electric with sympathy.

"I've made good friends here," said the young man. "I have done well in a business way. This town has come to be home to me and to my mother. But it depends on the election next Tuesday whether we can stay on not. We've suffered too much to play with temptation."

He turned and left the platform, and there was no applause, only that tense silence which means so much more. And when the chairman, evidently embarrassed, called for the next speaker, a broad-shouldered man on the platform used his handkerchief with vigor before he advanced.

"Fellow-citizens," he said, in ringing tones, "my speech is clean gone from me. The things I was counting on saying have been knocked out of my head by the words we've just listened to. I don't think this town's got to the point where it's got to pay for waterworks with flesh and blood. If it has, we'd better stick to pumps. Fellow-citizens," he roared, thrusting his hands into his pockets with a gesture of defiance, "it won't be my fault if next Tuesday's vote makes this town an unsafe abiding place for Wallace Fulton, or any other tempted man on this continent!"

That was the end of the mass meeting. A thunder of applause interrupted the speaker. Cheer on cheer rattled the windows of the old building. Somebody started the singing of "Glory, glory, hallelujah," and the fiery chorus was never sung in that vicinity as it was sung that night. The men went home keeping step to the stirring music and impatient for the coming of Tuesday. No one was surprised when the town went "dry" by the largest vote in its history.

TWENTY-YEARS AGO

Ancient History From Our Columns of January 9th, 1890

Plowing was done on a neighboring farm both on Christmas and New Year's; such a thing is remarkable for this section.

Such a fall of rain as that on New Year's day and night, 1890, was never before seen by the oldest inhabitant.

The Salvation Army had a farewell for Staff-Capt. Baugh, on Friday night. There were present, Captains Blair, of Ayr; Briggs, of Berlin, and Messacar, of Rockwood.

Rev. D. G. Cameron, of Dundannion, was inducted on Dec. 24th, into the pastoral charge of Strabane and Killbride Presbyterian congregations, at Strabane.

The town hall was crowded on New Year's night at the Knox Church S. S. entertainment. Rev. Mr. Rae presided, and there were choruses, songs, recitations, etc., by the school, or groups of scholars. Solos "The Little Motto," by Maggie Ramsay; and "Hang up the Baby's Stockings" and "The Old Red Cradle," by Flossie Campbell. Also a number of recitations: "Where They Grow," Mabel Rae; "Some Good Advice," Gordon Henderson; "Boys Have No Rights," Willie Swackhamer; "We Little Boys," Tommy Henderson; "The Senses," May Prentice; "A Boy's Remonstrance," Milton Henderson; "What I'd Like to be," Minnie Holmes; "A Guilty Child," Mabel Ross; "I'm Very Small," Alice Lowry; "The Prettiest Thing," Ella Anderson; "Johnnie's Opinion of Grandmother," R. McPherson. Mr. Lowry, Knox College, gave a reading; the opening address by Jennie Waddle, and the valedictory by Jennie Ramsay. Supts. Kennedy and Henderson gave reports of the Knox and Dublin Schools respectively.

At this entertainment Rev. Mr. Rae read a paper prepared by Mr. John Warren, being reminiscences of the early days of the school in connection with Knox Church, from which these are a few extracts: The first Bible teaching was by John Burns, Esq., who lived on the lot adjoining the old log school house on lot 24, 3rd line, Esquesing, in Jan. 1842, at his home. In May it was transferred to the schoolhouse, Mr. Burns and Mr. James Lindsay, senior and junior teachers. In the summer of 1846 it was opened in the New Church in Acton, still unfinished. Soon Mr. Duncan Kennedy was superintendent, remaining such nearly until his death. The first teachers were Jas. Lindsay, Alex. Grant, Alex. McDonald, Lachlan McDonald, Isabella McDonald, Robt. Swan, and later Mr. Kenneth Cameron, public school teacher. The first Bible Class was taught by Mr. John Ross, student—later Rev. Jno. Ross, Brucefield—in 1849. That year he gave the first temperance total abstinence lecture, by a Presbyterian, to the youth, principally of his Bible Class. Few others would listen to it. It led to the first breach for total abstinence in the congregation. Up to that time there was not a total abstainer in the congregation. A library was secured in the early days of the school, the books being eagerly read. In 1857 Messrs. Alex. Warren and Adam Dickson, and in 1859 Mr. Robt. Warren were appointed teachers.

In the Municipal election the list of candidates were narrowed down to Messrs. Dr. Lowry, W. E. Smith, John Kenney, J. A. Speight and William Williams. The first four were elected. If all the promises made by candidates are fulfilled the Council of 1890 will have a busy time, and Acton will shine. Some of those reported are: Waterworks; Town Hall for Sunday services; Electric Lights; Taxes further reduced to 15 mills; New Caretaker for the hall; Fire Brigade with red coats; Block pavements; Crossings at every man's gate on Young St.; New sidewalks—one to extend down Main St. to Archy McPherson's gate; Demonstration in the park every month; G. T. R. sidewalk extention to Mill St.; If street cars and a geological garden are expected there will be disappointments.

Mr. H. J. Hall has been elected to Berlin Council.

Mr. Robt. Denny has retired from farming and is living on Young St.

Mr. Wm. Monro has moved his family to Parkdale. Mr. Moore will operate his shingle mill here until spring.

Mr. H. Jeans and family is moving from Glenwilliams to Gloversville.

BORN—In Acton, on Jan. 5th, to Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Smith, a daughter.

The Suitors Of Serena

By Amelia S. Chapman.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Associated Literary Press.

Nothing could exceed the chilly Mr. Ferris felt for Mr. Davis unless it was the hatred Mr. Davis harbored toward Mr. Ferris.

Until the occupancy of the long unoccupied house across the street by Serena Fairlie and her mother these two men had been close and constant friends. Each night Mr. Ferris went to the house of Mr. Davis or Mr. Davis went to the house of Mr. Ferris to smoke and conversationally regulate the affairs of the nation.

Not even the fact that each of these boasted a particularly well kept lawn in front of his residence was sufficient to cause jealousy between them. So the late bellicose condition was the more deplorable by reason of their former friendship.

Mr. Ferris was a straight, stately and ascetic looking bachelor of forty-eight. His dark brown hair was streaked with gray. His nose was aquiline. His eyes were like blue steel. A sparse mustache drooped over thin and melancholy lips. He was known to have a competence, although he occupied himself with the conduct of a real estate office. He lived alone save for the presence of a deaf old aunt and a still more deaf old servant.

The house was furnished with reference to what was then considered the artistic standard. Mr. Ferris himself was accredited with a pretty taste in poetry and was given to quoting extracts on occasion.

Mr. Davis was a jolly widower of fifty winters that had been, however, like those of Adam, "frosty, but kindly." He was short of stature, round, rosy, amiable, fair haired and bland. His children were married and gone. He bowed to the sway of a housekeeper who had seen better days and who was not averse to frequently proclaiming the fact. His tastes, while less aesthetic than those of his neighbor, were decidedly more conducive to personal comfort.

In fact, he and Ferris were in every way sufficiently unlike to have got on admirably together were it not that with the advent of the Fairlies both began to cast covetous eyes upon one bright particular star.

"THE DEAR YOUNG FOOLS!" HE SAID.

And their mutual dread each lest the other might win the favor of Miss Serena was the real root of the animosity which inspired Mr. Ferris and animated Mr. Davis.

Not that up to the time that the black curtain of silent wrath descended between them either had made confidential mention of his hopes, but certain it was that, the morning after Miss Fairlie had attended the concert with Mr. Ferris, Mr. Davis resented the presence of the dog of Mr. Ferris on his front lawn and sent word to that gentleman to keep his curs at home.

Equally certain it is that, subsequent to the occasion when Miss Fairlie danced twice with Mr. Davis, Mr. Ferris sent due warning that if his neighbor's hens again intruded upon his property they would be promptly decapitated.

Then the deaf aunt and the deafer servant of Mr. Ferris and the housekeeper of Mr. Davis who had seen better days took up the feud, and so from the little acorn of rivalry sprang a lofty and far branching tree.

Perhaps there was no one who stood so absolutely within the shadow cast by this tree as Frank Heatherly, who was the nephew of Mr. Davis and was clerk in the real estate office of Mr. Ferris.

He was a well set up young fellow of about thirty, who had a wonderful knack of knowing what not to say and when not to say it, for both men confided in him, and after it became known that Miss Fairlie had fallen heir to a snug legacy each announced to Frank his decision to bring his matrimonial campaign to a climax.

"The money has nothing to do with my resolution," Mr. Ferris declared. "Apart from this business I possess stocks and other property. What are you smiling at?"

"Did I smile, sir?"

"I don't care a dash for her money!" Mr. Davis informed his nephew. "My rents bring me in quite a sum yearly. What are you grinning about?"

"I shall ask her the night of the spring dance," Mr. Ferris decided. "No girl in her senses would consider that fat old widower when Jim might have me!"

"That skinny old bachelor hasn't the ghost of a show!" Mr. Davis assured Frank. "I'll ask her the night of the spring dance!"

The eventful night came—a resplendent night. The elite of the town streamed into the clubhouse. Lights shone from every window. Merry waltz music set young feet tapping. The sound of joyous voices was everywhere.

And Serena Fairlie, graceful, gracious, good-to look upon, her brown gold hair shining in the light, her eyes gleaming like topazes, her shimmering gown of black just necked with glowing orange, was in herself an enchanting apparition.

Mr. Ferris secured the first dance. Mr. Davis, putting up lighted, eagerly appropriated the second. The rest were already blurred out by cabalistic initials.

"I call this unkind discrimination!" panted Mr. Davis. But Serena Fairlie only laughed. Mr. Ferris whisked her away, and there was a sardonic gleam in his eyes as they rested on the lugubrious countenance of Mr. Davis.

The dance done, Mr. Ferris promptly led his partner to the conservatory.

"Dear Miss Serena," began Mr. Ferris, fervently, "I have long admired that noble sentiment, 'Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide.'"—

"Isn't it warm?" asked Miss Serena, moving toward the window.

"And," continued Ferris, following, "I've always admired that exquisite sentiment, 'Two souls with but a single thought'"—

Serena gave him a smile of exquisite leniency and looked out at the spangled sky. Ah, sweet was comprehension and sympathy! His lyric instinct soared once more.

"I'm leading up to an avowal, dear Miss Serena. I prefer to let the great poets speak for me. It is Owen Meredith who sings:

"'But I will marry my own first love,
With her blush rose face, for old things are best.'"

"If you only knew," murmured Serena, with sweetest reproach, "how much I object to being referred to as an old thing!"

There was a fusillade of panic stricken apologies.

"Miss Serena, our dance, I believe." And Mr. Davis triumphantly led Miss Fairlie out upon the polished floor. As the dance ended he spoke with a directness that almost startled Serena:

"Maybe Frank told you I was going to ask you to marry me. Well, I was—I do—I am. I can't sling poetry like Ferris, but if you'll say the word"—

Miss Fairlie smiled sweetly. "I'm flattered," she said, "but I can't, you see, for I'm going to marry Frank."

That young man came hurrying up. His eager eyes were bent on Serena. His audacious arm encircled her waist. He spoke with ardor.

"Our waltz, dearest," he said.

As Davis started blankly after them a hand gently touched his arm.

"Come, home," counseled Ferris. "Frank has told me just now that he was engaged to the girl before the Fairlies came here to live. I've something madeira in my cellar—can't be beat."

Davis met the extended hand and gripped it hard.

"Good boy! You smoke the same mixture, I dare say. Got a lot from town this morning. O Lord, what a pair of old fools we've been!"

They glanced back as they descended the steps. The illuminated hall was a kaleidoscope of whirling figures.

Ferris spoke, his voice not a little wistful.

"The dear young fools!" he said.

"God bless them!" said Davis.

Cure For Old Age.

The cure for hurry is the cure for old age—to take time every day, maybe several times a day, to become again as a little child, interested in one thing at a time as if that were the only thing. Instead of whirling all the time dizzily on the rim of life, we must take frequent times to get back to the center again, for our bearings—back to the silent center whence we came. At that silent center we find all our child faculties waiting to be recognized and appropriated.

Many cases of failing memory are mistaken ones, due to unreasonable expectations.

How many grownups forget as many times a day as my child does!

The trouble is we expect or try to compel ourselves to remember a great burden of inconsequent and irrelevant things that the brightest child on earth could not remember, and we are so preoccupied trying to carry these things in mind that our minds are half absent at least from the new things that are happening now and that ought to have our full attention, as they would have a child's full attention.—Nautilus.

Why They Swapped Fines.

Travelers in Europe are limited by the railroads to a small amount of baggage carried free. In a train in Belgium two fellow travelers got into conversation, when one asked leave to measure the other's trunk. The result was that the measurer said:

"Your trunk is seven and a half centimeters too long and has no right to be in the compartment of free baggage. I am a railway inspector and must fine you 5 francs. Please give me your name and address."

The proposed victim of misplaced confidence was, however, equal to the occasion.

"Kindly lend me your measure that I may satisfy myself on the subject."

Then, with a polite smile: "I am a director in the royal weights and measures office. To my great regret I notice that your measure is not stamped, as is required by law, so that, firstly, your measuring is not legally valid, and, secondly, it is my painful duty to subject you to a fine of 50 francs. Please give me your name and address."

Old English Fine.

In the past if one Englishman called another a liar there was something to pay. The seventeenth century mayor, sheriff and city grandees generally were keen on this point of etiquette. The direct accusation cost 11s. 8d. ($2.70); the subtle hint 6s. 8d. ($1.60); and there was a reduction on repetitions.

Swearing, too, was promptly suppressed. In 1650 a law was passed laying down the penalty for a first offense. The fines were graduated. That for a lord was 30 shillings ($7.20), for an esquire 10 shillings ($2.40), while all "inferior persons" could have a "few words" for 3s. 4d. (80 cents).

LAST HONOR ROLL FOR 1909

The Pupils Whose Names Go Down in History for Standing

IN HIGH AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The following are the names of the pupils who earned recognition on the honor roll this month:

HIGH SCHOOL REPORT

THE MIDDLE SCHOOL

SENIOR CLASS

Class I—M. Moffat, A. McDonald, F. Mullin, A. O'Brien, A. Kenney, C. Smith, A. Brown, D. Falster.

Class II—R. Nelson, G. Johnstone, B. Mullin.

Class III—M. O'Brien, G. Husband, E. Anderson, H. Hurd.

Class IV—N. Williams, E. Garvie, (Latin exam. only.)

JUNIOR CLASS

Class II—G. Moffat.

Class III—M. Turnbull, E. Cole.

THE LOWER SCHOOL

SENIOR CLASS

Class I—B. Brown, H. Cook, M. Workman, M. Matthews.

Class II—F. Williams, M. Lehman, O. Moffatt.

Highest in Chemistry, A. O'Brien; in Latin, M. Moffatt; in Algebra, M. Moffatt.

JUNIOR CLASS

Class I—T. Henderson, M. McDonald, M. Henderson, V. Coleman, R. Baker, O. Plank, I. McPherson, L. Atkinson, D. Nelson, M. Brown, P. Watson, N. Kenney, R. Cole, L. Reid, H. Mann.

Class III—A. Lehman, O. Lamb.

Highest in English Composition, R. Cole; in Geometry, P. Watson; in French, M. McDonald; in Penmanship, I. McPherson and R. Bauer.

W. H. STEWART, Principal.
MISS B. ROWENA HUMPHRIES, Assistant.

PUBLIC SCHOOL REPORT

FIRST DEPARTMENT

Sr. IV—Isabel Anderson, 391; Edie Hyans, 388; Ethelred White, 379; Helen Warren, 361; Ernie Brown 358; Pauline Salts, 319. Total 400.

Jr. IV—Beatrice Graham, 364; Ida Young, 315; Lettie Scott, 312; Hazel Agnew, 310; John Martin, 295; Ross Swackhamer, 274. Total 400.

MISS A. L. HUDSON, Teacher.

SECOND DEPARTMENT

Sr. III—Violet Thomas, 317; John Smith, 313; Jessie Thompson, 213; Mae Smith, 205; Gordon McLeod, 203, Hartle Cook, 202. Total 250.

Jr. III—Birdie Porter, 190; Jennie Pearson, 188; Irene Young, 185; Gordon Bauer, 183; Clara Brown, 177; Charlie McLeod, 176. Total 250.

MISS M. Z. BENNETT, Teacher.

THIRD DEPARTMENT

Sr. II—Lorna Kennedy, 281; Winnie Pearson, 277; Phyllis Clark, 219; Austin Cutting, 207; Jessie Beattie, 231; Harold Reed, 217. Total 300.

Jr. II—Ida Starkman, 268; Vera Harvey, 252; George Anderson, and Margaret Wilson, 221; Jean Wilson, Marguerite Stewart and Harold Kennedy, 221. Total 300.

MISS EDITH M. NICKLIN, Teacher.

FOURTH DEPARTMENT

Sr. Class—Rose Starkman, 238; Annie Martin, 241; Nellie Masters, 230; Bessie Woodhall, 227; Willie Hyo, 224; Joe Lehman, 220. Total 300.

Jr. Class—Lizzie Moffat, 291; Olive Mowat, 231; Lucy Edwards, 217; Johnnie McGregor, 213; Eli Masters, 209; Lloyd Massie, 201. Total 300.

MISS M. R. HORNER, Teacher.

FIFTH DEPARTMENT

Sr. Primer—George Soper, 198; Johnnie Ritchie, 170; Katie Caswell, 168; Edith Nutley, 167; Harold Workman, 165; Wilfrid Hall, 160. Total 200.

Jr. Primer—Lorne Hamlin, 184; Elwell Hamlin, 173; Ethel Starkman, 165; Nell Gibbons, 161; Stuart Morton Agnes Dobbie, 142. Total 200.

MISS K. Kennedy, Teacher.

IMPROVE THE TIME

Be wise to-day; to-morrow's sun
In brilliant splendor may arise,
And find thee with thy work undone,
With lifeless, cold, unseeing eyes!—
Neglect no duty in the way,
Be wise to-day! Be wise to-day!

Be true to-day; the crooked mind
A labyrinth of mischief makes;
When lost therein, 'tis hard to find
The path of rectitude, whose wakes
The outraged sleeper, Conscience, Nay,
Be wise to-day! Be wise to-day!

Be kind to-day! the flying years
Shall bear dear ones to homes above;
To late may be to-morrow's tears,
To-morrow's tardy words of love;
The moments pass so swift away,
Be kind to-day! Be kind to-day!