The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXXV.—NO. 33. Every Subscription Paid in Advance. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 10, 1910. 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, 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, 30 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.

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L. F. P. & S. Glasgow.
Member British Medical Association Etc.
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Office at residence, on Willow Street,—between Merchant's Bank and Town Hall.
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Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms.
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A Good Reliable Local Salesman wanted to represent
Canada's Oldest and Greatest Nurseries
In ACTON and adjoining country.
The demand for Nursery Stock is increasing yearly, and if you become one of our salesmen you will realize there is good money in the business for you.
Write at once for particulars.
Pay weekly. Free Outfit
Stone & Wellington
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A Great Many complicated watches pass through our hands for repairing.

Our workmen are thoroughly competent to handle your most delicate timepiece, and to adjust it perfectly for exact timekeeping.

The Grand Trunk Railway selected our workmen as the best in this division.

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The Best Quality of
Manitoba
Family and Pastry
Flour
For sale at lowest prices
Our Own Make
***
Chopping Done and Oats Rolled every day.
Feed for sale.
Cash for Wheat and Oats.
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HENRY HORTOP

Feed Corn
WHOLE, CRACKED OR GROUND
GREAT TO MIX WITH OTHER GRAIN
MAKES IT SPIN OUT
Acton Flour
—AND—
Feed Store
R. NOBLE Prop.

Milligan & Coxon
Dealers in Fresh and Salt Meats, Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Etc.
We wish to thank our many customers for their past patronage, and beg to state that there is no truth in the rumor that we intend closing this store. We are here to stay, to supply finest quality goods at lowest possible prices.
We wish to advise farmers that we pay highest prices for Hides, Fowl, Butter, Eggs, etc.
A TRIAL SOLICITED.
MILLIGAN & COXON
BUTCHERS
Agnew's Block - Acton

Reliable Footwear!

With the whole market before us it is good shoes only that we consider—such as we can thoroughly recommend for style and quality and service. The success of our trade in
FIRST-CLASS SHOES
is encouragement enough to give them still larger prominence this year, based on the absolute certainty of good value. We want you to come and let the new styles do their own talking.
W. WILLIAMS
Mill Street Acton.

We are making a Special Show This Week of
GOOD TOOLS
What is more annoying to a good mechanic than poor Tools?
Then why buy them?
STARRETT
GOODELL-PRATT
STANLEY
KEEN CUTTER and
YANKEE TOOLS
are perfect in quality and accuracy and are standard of workmanship.
BURR'S MOULDER SLICKS
are Particularly popular. No trouble to show these goods.
OUR PRICES ARE ALWAYS RIGHT
The BOND HARDWARE Co. Limited
Retail Phone 97 - GUELPH

SOME EYE POINTERS
When eyes smart, pain and begin to water, when they feel hot and heavy beware of
GRAVE CONSEQUENCES
Chronic headaches, nervousness, partial or total loss of sight—you can avoid them by securing
RIGHT GLASSES NOW!
A. D. SAVAGE
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FLAT CUTLERY
POCKET KNIVES
New designs in SILVER TRAYS
A line of Tools, any one of which would make the eyes of a boy of a mechanical turn of mind sparkle.
CARVING SETS, ETC.
C. C. Speight
Mill St. Acton

Poetry.

A SONG OF SNOW-TIME

Sing a song of snow-time,
Now it's passing by,
Million little fleecy flakes
Falling from the sky;
When the ground is covered,
And the hedge and trees,
There will be a gay time
For the chickadees.

Boys are in the schoolhouse,
Drawing on their slates
Pictures of the coasting-place,
And thinking of their skates;
Girls are nodding knowingly,
Smiling about,
Thinking of a gay time,
When the school is out.

Three-o'clock, four-o'clock,
Bang! goes the bell;
Get your hats and coats and wraps,
Hurry off, pell-mell!
Bring along the coasters all,
If you want some fun;
Up to the hilltop,
Jump and slide and run!

Steady now! Ready now!
Each in his place!
Here we go, there we go,
Down on a race!
Sing a song of snow-time,
When the flakes fall;
Coast-time, skate-time,
Best time of all!

—The Angelus.

Select Family Reading

NOT THE SAINT'S FAULT

BY VIOLA ROSEBORO'

"DON'T play with me any more, Imogene! I know now that you care nothing for me. You have amused yourself with me; it has been the game of the cat and the mouse—your pleasure, my life and death—and may God forgive the deviltry of it. I never can!"

The young man stood with his arms folded as he had folded them when Imogene Varney, sweeping softly up to him, had put out both hands to greet him. Now she listened with a white face each instant growing stonier.

"How dare you speak to me like that?" she demanded in tones low and even and cutting like a lash, and then without waiting for an answer, "What do you want here?"

"I want my letters, Imogene. They have amused you enough to make you preserve them. I prefer your memory alone should serve you with records of my folly henceforth."

"I don't know what madness has struck you, Mr. Ainsley, but one thing I do know—you have come here to insult me needlessly. I want no explanations!"

She raised a white hand with a gesture of command to silence him.

"Any explanation would only be another insult. I ask what I have every right to ask, and that is that you leave this house at once. You could have sent for your letters, and I give you my word they shall be returned to you within an hour."

So Henry Ainsley had to turn and leave the room under the steeliest blue eyes that were flashing on the globe at that moment.

It was a well conceived stroke for putting him in a humiliating position and, it seemed, deserved, for, as she had said, he could have sent for his letters instead of presenting himself to a lady in such an inexcusably maddened frame of mind. But of all madness the lover's has the most method in it, for who is so inexperienced as not to know that an enraged lover who wants to quarrel face to face with "her" has hopes that this cause for quarrel will be taken away from him?

Of course that was what Ainsley hoped, but he did not quite admit it to himself, for the case seemed so plain that it looked as if he could only be pacified by being made a fool of.

He had not been pacified, and there had been no effort to pacify him, but he and the woman he loved had quarrelled bitterly, swiftly, finally; it certainly seemed.

When his tall figure had passed out of the drawing-room, Imogene sank down on a sofa and stared blankly at the door for a minute. If Ainsley had seen her strange expression, it would have convinced him of one thing—that she did not know and could not guess what had brought this storm upon her head. If he had seen her after she had risen and slowly groped her way upstairs, like one blinded, and thrown herself upon her bed and begun to weep with slow sobs that seemed to tear her heart, he would have been convinced of another—that she loved him—and that was really all the poor fellow wanted to know.

Imogene had been pleading for months that she did not know her mind, but only yesterday, the day before St. Valentine's day, she had confessed to herself that her heart was his, and she had gone down to meet her lover to-day ready in St. Valentine's name to confess her love to him,—determined at last to make him happy, after having teased him with a half uncertainty, a half pretended resistance, for months.

"Oh, what is it? What has happened?" she moaned. Someone knocked at the door. "It's Kitty! Do let me in, Gene. I want to show you a valentine I've just received."

"I'll be out in ten minutes," said Imogene in an unnaturally gay and lightsome voice, and she got up and began to bathe her face. "That man has insulted me. He has put me where I can make no defense. Maybe he simply wanted to break with me," she said to herself as she stood looking at her pale image in the glass, and at the last words she drew herself up and her breath came quickly. Then she said to the woman in the glass, as if she were another person: "No, no! He did love you. He did think you were beautiful. He did, but that is all over now, and you are not to make yourself contemptible and ridiculous wailing for any man. Do you hear?" And the woman in the glass—she had always been a girl before, but was a woman now—looked back at her with eyes as hard as her words.

Kitty was a young cousin, who was spending the winter with Imogene, a pretty, gay girl who perhaps was a trifle too audacious and rattle headed, but, as she said, "I have to do something to keep people in mind of me or I'd be completely overshadowed by Imogene."

Imogene started to Kitty's room to see the last valentine, but she did not get there. She met a maid on the stairway coming to tell her that Herbert Hughes was in the drawing-room, and asked to see her.

Imogene was in the mood to spare herself nothing or she would have escaped Mr. Hughes. He had been hanging about her for months and boring her.

She went to meet him. He stood awaiting her, just as Ainsley had done two hours before, but now it was he who extended both hands, almost as if he were going to embrace her. She drew back with a little start.

"Oh, Imogene," said Hughes in a strange, agitated, deep voice, "don't play with me. You know I love you. You have not deceived me, have you, in making me think you love me?"

Imogene stared at him and dropped into a chair. "Sit down," she said. "I don't know whether I'm losing my mind or every one else is mad, but it must be one way or the other."

Poor Hughes turned very pale and seated himself without a word. Imogene had a pang of pity for him. "Mr. Hughes," she said, "I don't want to appear heartless, but you must admit that you have given your declaration a strange form."

"Miss Varney," said the young man, "forgive me if my feelings have carried me too far; but, indeed, I seemed to have a kind of warrant for my expectations. Don't tell me they are baseless. Is not this yours? It must be." And he drew from the breast pocket of his coat a dark blue envelope, the very stationery that Imogene affected, and handed a sheet of paper he drew forth to her.

She crimsoned at the sight of it, even before her eyes perused it, and as she looked closer her expression of bewilderment returned, mingled with consternation. On the paper in a peculiar kind of dainty printed lettering were these verses:

O heart of mine,
I prithee write a valentine
For me to send away
Upon love's letter day!
What can I send to thee
Since thou hast all of me;
Thou art my valentine,
And I am thine!

"Where did you get this?" said she.

"It came to me by post this morning. Don't tell me you did not send it," said he.

"Mr. Hughes, I did not, and I had no thought of you in writing it. I can't forgive you for thinking I would do such an unwomanly, childish thing."

"Don't be cruel. What else could I think, when I wanted to think it so passionately? But did you write it to someone? Tell me that, Miss Varney. Is it hopeless for me?"

"Yes, it's hopeless for you. I am sorry this outrageous incident should have misled you. Let me see the envelope. I want to get to the bottom of this mystery."

He handed it to her and at the same time rose to go. She abstracted her mind from the envelope with difficulty and rose also. Then, suddenly, with a sharp change of expression, she said; "Tell me, Mr. Hughes, has any one seen this nonsense? Did you make any one a confidant of your delusions?"

"Miss Varney, how can you ask me? Of course I made no confidant, no one—yes, someone did see it for an instant. I was breakfasting this morning with Farley, when I took it out of the envelope and it fell on the floor, and he picked it up."

The verses were on an unfolded sheet of paper, the printing was uncommonly plain. Farley was Ainsley's bosom friend.

"Goodby, I'm sorry," said Imogene, holding out her hand, but speaking like a person in a dream. Her thoughts were busy with other things than Mr. Hughes and his sufferings.

When he was gone, she went to Kitty, who was eating candy and crocheting, surrounded by the trophies of the day.

"Did you send that to Herbert Hughes?" said Imogene, pale as an avenging spirit, holding forth the blue sheet.

Kitty crimsoned and her face confessed, though her lips were silent.

"You've ruined my life! What fiend possessed you?"

"I—oh, Gene, what is it? I found the sheet slipped down behind your writing-desk, and it wasn't written in your hand. I didn't suppose any one would know it, and there it was, all ready to send off. I just thought it was a lark to ship it off to the first man I thought of."

"You've ruined my life!" said Imogene, with dull emphasis, and without another word turned and left the room.

Kitty fell to crying, but also to thinking. She was not an unobservant young person. She had got an inkling of a stormy scene in the drawing room early in the afternoon. She had been pursuing knowledge when she knocked at Imogene's door with her valentine and, despite the young lady's acting, had discovered that she was crying.

She did not waste time trying to find out how the fatal blue sheet had been so quickly recognized, but it may be briefly made known to the reader before we follow her next movement. Imogene's beautiful and peculiar lettering was as well known to many as her handwriting, because she was always doing it on fancy articles for her friends and on things put on sale at church fairs and the like. Hughes had a calendar, purchased at three times its worth, lettered by her hand, and it had not taken him ten seconds to recognize the handiwork on it as well as the peculiar stationery.

Kitty now made one boldness pay for another. She soon dried her tears and sallied forth on the unmaidenly errand of hunting up Ainsley. She believed the trouble had to do with him, and she was going to investigate remorselessly.

She went to his apartment house and remaining in the hall, sent up her card in an envelope, with an urgent, crazy message that she must see him.

He came down with a haggard face, hungry with expectation. Of course he had a wild hope that she came on some errand—he could not imagine what—from Imogene.

"Come walk with me in the park," said the imperious Kitty, and there in the cold February twilight, under the bare trees—thanks to the young lady's scorn of conventions and to her directness—the story was soon told.

Ainsley saw her home, went in, and there in the library he wrote an incoherent letter, heavy with remorse and love, to Imogene, praying her to come down and see him.

It was not a polished piece of literature, but its eloquence was effective. With great haughtiness of mien she came, and her haughtiness lasted just eight minutes by the clock.

Then she bent a tender face to the man who knelt at her feet, and he—did what a man should under such circumstances.

After he had explained all about how Farley, with the jealousy of a chum for a chum's happiness, had come to him with the story of the valentine Hughes had received from Miss Varney, the tender phrases he had seen in it and Hughes' asinine and obvious happiness over it and had excused his insane fit of jealousy on the ground of the depth of his love, Imogene said:

"Well, I think St. Valentine has been very mean to us. Think of nearly separating us through some foolish verses really written to you!"

"Ah, that's not the saint's fault," said Ainsley. "If you'd only been true to his traditions and not only written me a valentine and kept it a secret, but had sent it to me as you should, we'd have been saved this terrible day."

"But we couldn't have been any happier than we are now," said the wise young lady, who thought all well that ends well.

S. S. NO. 10, ESQUESING

The January school report is as follows:

Sr. IV—Ida Livingstone 465, Sarah Kerr 281, Jean Macarthur 140. Marks possible 700.

Jr. IV—Harvey Dredge 213, Mary Livingstone 198, Howard Martin 140, Isabell Dredge 107. Marks possible 575.

Jr. II—Maria McMenemy 328, Gordon Bate 210. Marks possible 475.

Sr. I—Joe McMenemy 100, Edith Dillon 151, Nora Winfield 95.

A Class—John McMenemy, Arthur Butler.

Those present every day, Harvey Dredge, Joe McMenemy, John McMenemy.

No. on roll 18.

Average attendance 15.

J. R. CAMPBELL, Teacher

GOOD SUBSTITUTE

A girl from a village not far from Glasgow had gone to London as a general servant. She was away some six months, when she returned home, and, of course, she desired to "show off" as much as possible. Alighting from the train she addressed the porter in her very highest-flown English:

"I say, porter, do you know where I can get a cab to take my luggage home?"

"Oh, weel, no, lassie," said the porter, who knew the girl well, "but yer mither's here wi' the barrow."

BUMP FOR THE LAWYERS

Lawyers stand up in court houses before judges and jurors, in the presence sometimes of large audiences and denounce men as liars, scoundrels, thieves and perjured villians, and when court adjourns the men appear to bear no ill will against them. But let a newspaper only faintly intimate that a man's character is blemished, and he has to confront a horse-pistol, stand a libel suit, or suffer what the people think to be the greatest of all mortifications — lose a subscriber.—Forest Free Press.

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 tranquilizing 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, By the opinion of scientists, the wine approaches nearest perfection of any on the market. All druggists sell it.

THE STAFF OF LIFE

Mr. F. W. Thompson Says That People Should Eat More Bread

CONSUMPTION IS SMALL

"Eat more bread and less of the luxuries, and the health of the nation will be improved both physically and financially," declared Mr. F. W. Thompson, vice president and managing director of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., in an interview today.

"There is no question but that the farmers have been benefitting by the high prices of all agricultural products, and personally I feel that this is well for our country. Agriculture is the fundamental basis of our commercial prosperity. In order for the business interests of Canada to prosper, agriculture must be prosperous, and the greater the prosperity of our farmers the greater will be the development of our commercial and manufacturing interests and the maintenance of good wages.

"From time immemorial bread has been recognized as the staff of life, and when the question of the cost of food is discussed anywhere, the subject of bread is always paramount. Yet how few people there are who realize the astounding fact that in the average family the consumption of bread forms less than five per cent. of the total food supplies. Let every housekeeper analyze their monthly bills, and they will find the small proportion that the consumption of bread bears to the whole. As a matter of fact, the average family spends more in reading matter and amusements in two months than their entire cost of breadstuffs for a whole year.

"It is quite true, generally speaking, that foodstuffs are higher because of the great commercial development which is taking place on this continent, resulting in migration by the younger generation to the industrial centres of population, causing a more closely balanced condition of supply and demand, and which can only be remedied by the greater development of the land.

"When considering the cost of the loaf of bread delivered into the home by the baker in our cities, as compared with foreign markets, it must be borne in mind that the wages in the manufacturing of bread in a city like ours averages from 60 to 70 per cent. higher than abroad.

"In proportion to population, London buys more low grade flour than any other bread eating city in the world. There is no high-grade flour exported from Canada to London, at least the proportion is so small as to be a negligible quantity.

"So far as my investigation goes, the butter bill in the average family in its relation to the cost of bread is double, and in the case of milk nearly treble. Meat, of course, bears a higher relative cost than any of these four items. Examine your home expenditure, and you will find that bread is the cheapest article of food, and always has been. In this connection it must be considered that feeding stuffs of all kinds have been relatively higher during the past three years because of the fact that consumption has closely overtaken production. There has never been a time in the history of our country when the opportunities afforded for the development of our farming lands were more favorable, when we consider that in our three prairie provinces there are over 250 million acres of arable land, of which over 100 million acres are suitable for wheat production and less than seven million acres at present under cultivation.

"The trouble is not that of the high cost of living, but high and extravagant living and the over-indulgence in expensive luxuries.

"The per capita consumption per annum of wheat flour is a little over a barrel per year, and the average per capita consumption of bread per day in Canada is less than three cents.—From the Montreal Gazette, of January 28th, 1910.

ZAM-BUK CURES PILES

Evidence From All Sources

There are so many so-called "remedies" for piles that sufferers are often at a loss what to try. Piles are caused by distention of the hemorrhoid veins, and the tissue becomes highly inflamed, dry and sore. Zam-Buk cools and soothes the inflamed tissue and the healing essences in Zam-Buk penetrate the diseased parts, giving ease quickly and eventually curing the the most obstinate case of piles.

Mrs. George Harris, of Virden, Man., says: "I suffered acutely from piles, but I am glad to say Zam-Buk gave me ease and brought about ultimate cure."

Mrs. S. Cooke, 468 Pacific Ave., Winnipeg, says: "A month ago I was cured by Zam-Buk of a bad attack of bleeding piles, to which I had been subject for a long time."

Mr. William Kenty, of Upper Nine Mile River, Hants Co., N. S., says: "I suffered terribly from piles. The pain from these was at times almost unbearable. I tried various ointments, but everything failed to do me the slightest good. I was tired of trying various remedies, when I heard of Zam-Buk, but thought, as a last resource, I would give this balm a trail. I procured a supply and commenced with the treatment. In a very short time Zam Buk effected what all the other ointments and medicines failed to do—a complete cure."

Wherever there is inflammation or ulceration, there Zam-Buk should be applied. It heals ulcers, abscesses, festering sores, cold cracks, scalp sores, cuts, burns, scalds, bruises and all irritated, inflamed or diseased conditions of the skin and subjacent tissue. All druggists and stores, at 50c a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse harmful substitutes.

COASTING

When the snow lies hard and smooth
'Tis coasting time, you know.
Happy boys and girls with sleds
To the hillside gayly go.

Up they walk, and down they ride,
Oh, 'tis such exciting joy!
And the grownup who looks on
Longs to be a girl or boy.

Cheeks are red, and eyes are bright,
Laughter rings across the land,
As the sleds go gliding down
With the merry coasting band.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Thinned Out and Boiled Down from Our Columns of February 13th, 1890

No more Sunday funerals are to be allowed in Aurora cemetery.

The influenza seems to have about spent itself. Very few cases are now reported.

Mr. Robert Lamb, Nassagaweya, boasts of having chickens a month old.

Six loads of Acton people were at a social at Mr. G. Swackhamer's, Churchill, last Wednesday night.

Mr. John Williams, liveryman, has purchased the lot belonging to the Ryder property, corner Mill and Elgin Streets.

Snow began to fall on Friday afternoon and by Saturday morning sleighs were running in all directions. Since that time everybody has been busy and teaming is being rushed.

The present winter has been a bad one for coal men, fishermen, fur dealers, snow shovellers, sleigh manufacturers, toboggans, skating rinks, ice makers. But a very good winter for bags, burglars, doctors, undertakers, builders, la grippe, druggists, and makers of McGinty jokes.

Much regret is felt at the O. A. C., Guelph, at the departure of Prof. J. W. Robertson, from the College staff.

The Salvation Army services Saturday, Sunday and Monday, were times of great interest. The first evening had a great welcome for Staff-Capt. Sharp, and hossanna meeting. Sunday there was gathering manna, rejoicing in fatness, parade and street firing, a ventilation meeting. On Monday a monster wedding banquet at the barracks, a wedding march, all concluding with a wedding and jubilee in the town hall.

The contracting parties in the S. A. wedding, were Mr. Duncan McDonald, teamster for Beardmore & Co., and Capt. Blain, who had charge of the corps for some time in Acton. Rev. Mr. Rae tied the knot. Capt. Blain is the third Army officer who had charge here, and was subsequently captured by Acton young men.

The missionary services in the Methodist Church on Sunday and Monday were fraught with much interest. Mr. Thos. Hillard, of Waterloo, a lay preacher, preached from Daniel 7; 13, 14. In the evening Dr. Gifford gave much information from the official report, and Mr. W. G. Smith, of Guelph, and Mr. Hilliard, able and earnest addresses on the work before, and duty of, the church. On Monday evening, Rev. J. E. Howell, President of Guelph Conference, and Rev. John Philp, of Brampton, gave addresses, bringing the speakers the reputation of being the strongest missionary deputation ever present at a week-night missionary meeting here. Dr. Gifford referred to Mr. Philp as his first S. S. teacher, and the latter also referred to his own sainted father, Rev. Wm. Philp at one time minister in charge of Acton, when it belonged to Georgetown Circuit.

On Friday, James Gamble had the thumb severed from his right hand in William Moore's shingle mill in the first concession.

Mr. Joseph Anderson is laying down the material for a frame house on Bower Avenue; Mr. W. P. Campbell has the frame up for a brick veneered house in Cook's survey; and Mr. Wm. Lewis is building a house on Peel Street.

Hon. Senator John Macdonald, Toronto, in his will bequeated $60,000 to the proposed Park Hospital, in addition to $40,000 previously granted; $25,000 to Victoria University, for federation purposes; and $1,000 to the Toronto General Hospital. He also remembered all his old employees.

Mr. Thos. C. Moore, who was very ill last week from a relapse of the grippe, is rapidly recovering.

Mr. John Watson, of Glendenning, Man., is home for a few weeks. He looks well, and has still great faith in the North West.

Misses Lottie E. Speight and Mary Brown, and Messrs. A. T. Mann, J. M. Warren and H. P. Moore, attended the District Council R. T. of T. at Milton on Thursday.

CHARACTER BUILDING

The world is full of imitations and imitators; and the world is full of failures. Nearly all the failures in the world, failures even as measured by one false, foolish and superficial standards of failure and success, are due to lack of individuality. A person cannot make a more serious failure, however, than that of not being himself. Even though, because of gaining wealth, or fame or some other possession which the world almost invariably misplaces, we call a man a supreme success, yet, if he has failed to be himself, he is a colossal failure. Success consists in doing our best in the place for which Nature has prepared us.—Physical Culture.

ONLY JOKING

"Ah," sighed the enraptured swain, holding her lily white hand and looking up at the refulgent orb of night, "see yonder moon! And think how often it has looked down upon a scene like this and listened to soft words such as these." "Sir!" she exclaimed, jerking her hand away. "I want you to understand that I was not in earnest with all the others."