The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXXV.—NO. 37. Every Subscription Paid in Advance. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 10, 1910. Subscription Price, $1.00 Per Annum. SINGLE COPIES—THREE CENTS

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 compositions 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, 20 Fleet Street, London, E. C., where Messrs. N. 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. R. 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 BRUCE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION ETC.
Office—Frederick Street Acton, Ont.

R. E. HOLMES, M. D. (Lond.)
M. B. B. S. C. O.
Late House Surgeon to St. Joseph's Hospital, Late Chief House Physician to the Victoria Hospital, Surgeon to The Meredith Memorial Maternity Hospital.
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 Storrie' Block.
Georgetown Branch—Main Street, upstairs Wednesdays and Saturdays.

R. J. McNABB,
Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc.
OFFICE—Perryman'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 carefully bound, 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

R. MILLIGAN
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Halton and Peel.
All sales attended to promptly. Farm stock a specialty. Moderate charges.
Apply at store opposite Lehman's Hotel, Acton, or Box 417, Georgetown.

WM HEMBSTREET,
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 terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $200 and upwards.

R. J. KEBB
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington, Halton and Dufferin.
Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms.
Orders by letter to Milton P. O., telephone to Milton or Campbellville, or left at FREE PRESS office or with W. J. Gordon, Harness Maker, Acton, will receive immediate attention. Special attention to sales in Acton and vicinity.

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—17 Sydenham St., GUELPH, Ont. Telephone 187, Guelph.
Sales may be arranged at FREE PRESS office, Acton.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL, $185,000.00
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.

AT ONCE!
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
(Founded 1837) Nurseries, 850 Acres
Toronto - Ont.

RUNNING ON SAVAGE TIME

Our workmen do the cleaning, repairing and adjusting of all the Grand Trunk Watches at this end of the line, and they are very particular.

We give your Watch the same personal attention at the price of ordinary work.

SAVAGE & CO.
G. T. R. Watch Inspectors
GUELPH, ONT.

GUELPH Business College
Masonic Block, Upper Wyndham St. Guelph, Ont.

NINETEEN YEARS of strenuous and enlightened effort, under the same successful management, have firmly established the Guelph Business College in the confidence and favor of the Canadian people.

THE SUPERIORITY of our system of actual business training has been demonstrated, by a long and severe test, in the leading educational cities of America.

SPECIAL COURSES of great practical interest and value, in English, French and German are offered here on most favorable terms, and under most helpful and effective conditions.

MARKED SUCCESS has always distinguished the work of our Stenographic and typewriting department, which fact finds apt and frequent illustration in the high grade of position and remuneration secured by our trained graduates.

ENTER NOW and put yourself in the way to honorable success. Come direct to the College or address

Malcolm McCormick, B. A.
Principal.

EVERTON AND EDEN MILLS

***

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.

***

HENRY HORTOP

Melborne STOCK FOOD
—ASK—
G. A. BLACK
ACTON, or
R. H. NIXON
GEORGETOWN

The EXCELSIOR BAKERY

Having recently installed some of the latest improved machinery for bread making, is now in a better position than ever to supply our customers with Bread, Cakes, etc., of first-class quality.

We also carry a splendid stock of Groceries and Confectionery.

Ice Cream, and all kinds of Fruit in season.

T. Statham & Son
Main St., Acton

JAPANNED
English Serving Trays
in Oval and Square Designs
NEW GOODS JUST ARRIVED
These Trays are all beautifully finished in gilt and are priced to sell—small ones at 40 cents and larger ones up to a dollar. For every home has a place for a serving tray.
OUR PRICES ARE ALWAYS RIGHT
The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Retail Phone 97 - GUELPH

BIGGER BRIGHTER BETTER

When alterations are completed at our new place of business "RIGHT AT THE POST OFFICE" Guelph will have one of the best, if not the best equipped Retail Optical Establishments in the Dominion.

Known the Country Over as
The Home of
GOOD GLASSES
A. D. SAVAGE
Optometrist & Optician
21 Wyndham St. GUELPH

WONDERLAND
MOVING Picture—Show
Open every night
7 to 10 o'clock.
The Best Films ... Procurable ...
(Changed Nightly)
Patronized by the leading citizens.
One Admission - - 5c
Acton Amusement Co.

FERRY'S SEEDS
To grow the finest flowers and most bountiful vegetables, plant the best seeds. Ferry's Seeds are best because they never fail in yield or quality. The best gardeners and farmers everywhere know Ferry's seeds to be the highest standard of quality yet attained. For sale everywhere.
FERRY'S 1910 Seed Annual Free on request
D. M. FERRY & CO., WINDSOR, ONT.

ACTON PUMP
AND
TILE WORKS
C. B. EBBAGE. - Proprietor.
Our premises are now fully equipped with all the latest machinery and appliances for manufacturing—
Pumps and Pump Supplies
Tile for wells, cisterns, culverts, etc
Steam Pipe Fitting Tools and Pipe Supplies.
Orders promptly filled.
MAIN STREET, 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.

Poetry.

O CANADA!

O Canada, why do thy bards of thee
Not sing with full and constant strain? Anon,
They hymn the thundering surge of Blondion,
The sweep of piney-isled Temagami,
Niagara booming toward the sea.
But oh, too oft the lays of Hellcon
They tempt, the woodland notes of Aldiop,
Or join the choir of errant minstrelsy.
Hast thou, O Canada, no special music
To teach thy bards to strike thy native lute
That Lampman knew and loved so well, to choose
Their themes from thy wide-open scroll and suit
To rhyme thine own sonorous names, so Pain
May know that there's a strain Canadian?

—The Westminster.

Select Family Reading

When He Became Father Himself

ONLY two things can happen a boy who wants to go fishing when he knows that there is some home duty that he ought to perform. Either he will get soundly spanked and be made to do whatever is necessary, whether it be split wood, bring in water, or repair the garden fence—or, well—he will go fishing.

So thought John Rankin as he watched the receding form of his fourteen-year old boy, who with rod over his shoulder, was wending his way down the back street with the mill pond as his objective point.

"He isn't a bad boy, Frank isn't. But, somehow, he is getting unmanageable. Oh! but my rheumatism is bad to-day," and he groaned aloud.

"Must be going to rain." And yet there were no clouds in the beautiful sky, without even a cloud as large as the proverbial man's hand. Yet his barometer had never failed: it must surely be going to storm.

"Perhaps he will come back," he whispered, as he again gazed down the empty alley. "I never needed him so badly as to-day," and he looked over in the direction of the broken-down fence. Over in the pasture were neighbor Brown's cows, and nothing between them and the well-kept garden but an open gate and the broken-down fence.

"Yes, perhaps he will come back. I—I—I think he will," and he hugged the idea to his heart until he saw Frank pass the band in the road and then on and out of sight.

"I guess he is gone," he muttered mournfully. "Frank, my boy! My boy! Oh! Oh!"

And then, after a pause, "How you have wounded your poor father's heart this day," and his head fell down in his hands like a ship in a storm at sea.

It was a holiday, and the wife and mother, with their little daughter, some two years younger than Frank, had gone in an early excursion train to spend the day in the city with friends. Frank was put out because he was not taken along, but his father insisted that he must remain and help him look after the place—the garden needed watching because the fence was none too secure.

Just as they were seated at the table partaking of the noon meal they heard a sound, as of cracking wood, and Frank ran out, only to find that neighbor Brown's cows had broken into the well-kept garden. To drive them out was but the work of a few minutes, and then, despite his father's entreaties, commands and pleading, Frank made known his intention of going to the mill pond to spend the afternoon with his hook and line.

There had been a scene. The father determined that his wish must be respected, and the boy was quite as obstinate, nursing as he did a feeling that he had been imposed upon in not being allowed to join the excursion to the city.

"Frank! Frank! You must not go. You must repair the fence. You must drive a stake at least, and then I can hobble out and wire the rails to it." But the son paid no heed.

"I will—I must assert my authority," thought the father.

"Frank, do you hear me?" shouted the father. "You must drive that stake. You must."

"I won't, came the short, decided answer of the boy, as he dashed out into the alley.

Let us follow the boy as he treads his ways to the mill pond. The spirit of unrest and fancied wrongs is strong upon him. He sees himself as playing the role of a sort of martyr. He thinks of the things that are denied him, forgetting what is given in abundance. He pictures the beauty of a wild, free life, where there is no parental restraint. The mill-pond, when he reaches it, does not satisfy him. The fish do not bite well—so he thinks. But had he but known! The little creatures came and stole and ate away the bait while his mind was off in the land of dreams—dreams of a land where he could be free from father's "Yes" and "No," and where he could do as he liked.

The afternoon wore on. Plans formed in his mind. He remembers that at a little town down the river a man had advertised for men to go west on a harvest excursion. He wonders if he would take a boy—anyway—for his board—only to take him. And as daylight disappears and the shadows come he determines to try, and are night comes down a boy and a raft are gliding down the river.

John Rankin was right. His rheumatism was a correct barometer. As the darkness gathers, the sky grows inky black, the forerunner of the storm. Frank has no more than got started down the river when it breaks out in all its fury. Terrific cracks of thunder, and one more terrific—and terrible than the rest, which makes the runaway boy tremble in every limb and his eyes grow wild with terror. What a storm! The lightning flashes, wreathing the darkened heavens with a lurid light. The roar and rumble of the thunder shakes the earth, and the frightened boy lies still upon the raft, and the frail bark passes on, unguided. The morning breaks, after a night of agony for the boy. Here and there he can see where a large tree has fallen in shivered fragments before the fury of the storm. In one place he notes the smoking ashes of where a barn has been. A dead horse meets his eye in a pasture field. A voice from within tells him to turn about and return to his waiting father, but he heeds it not and passes on.

The years pass. Sixteen of them are caught and held in the maw of Father Time. In a beautiful nook in a valley on the Pacific slope there stands a beautiful home. It is winter time, and yet not winter, for the roses are in bloom. It would appear that winter had stolen the time of summer. It is February. What a pretty home! Garlanded with flowers and vines—what could furnish a more ideal picture of contentment. The owner is Frank Rankin.

We would hardly recognize in him the runaway boy on the raft, but they are the same. He had worked hard and prospered. Prospected and was lucky. But not caring for the uncertainty of mining operations, he had bought a beautiful valley of a thousand acres or more, and had settled down to enjoy the fruit of his labor and perseverance.

At the close of this beautiful February day, a fair-haired woman comes to the door of the home, and scanning the horizon in all directions, remarks, "No, I don't see him yet, Freddie. He must be coming back some other way. It is clouding up, too. I am afraid we are going to have a storm. Frank will get wet. I do not think he took his waterproof with him. There! I saw a flash of lightning now," and she went back to the kitchen to prepare the evening meal.

Frank Rankin had saddled Firebrand, his pet saddle horse, early in the afternoon, and had cantered up over the mountain, ten miles above his home, to inspect a mine in which he was interested. It took him longer than he expected, and as he came out of the tunnel he noted the lowering sky and all the signs of a storm. He tightened the girths quickly, and jumped into the saddle, drove the spurs deep, and the injured Firebrand fairly flew along. It was something so unusual for his master to use the spurs. He had never done it in years. What could be the trouble?

There was something the matter it is true. Through memory of that other storm, all brought to his mind so forcibly by the disturbing elements around him, his mind was in a maze of the half buried past. He had never gone back. He had never written. Loving and kind to his wife and child, beloved by his friends, he was still the wilful, forgetful boy to the hearts away behind the eastern hills. The storm grew in strength. The clouds grew blacker, the lightning flashed more vividly and brightly, and the thunder roared with a greater volume of sound, as each report floated across to the hurrying horseman's ears. As he reached the brow of the mountain the rain came down. How it poured, it drenched him to the skin. Then it turned to snow, and grew colder, and, shivering, shaking, and with nerves all unstrung through the thought of that other storm so long ago he drew up in the farm yard.

He gave Firebrand over to the stable boy, and with bowed head stalked into the house. He scarcely noticed his wife's smile and kindly greeting. He hurried up the stairs to his room to put on dry clothes. Ten minutes later he came down. He felt sort of stiff. He had never had rheumatism before, but it did seem as if he had a touch of it. He sat down by the hall stove. Where could Freddie be? Almost invariably he came to the door to meet him, but now he was nowhere to be seen. Presently he heard him in the dining-room, where he seemed to be much interested in a set of blocks that he had purchased for him a few days before.

"Freddie," he called, "Where are my slippers? Bring them to me that's a good boy. Papa is cold and damp and has a touch of rheumatism tonight."

"No, papa. I'm busy."

"Now, Freddie," you must. Papa is cold and damp. You must do it. Run along now."

"No, papa, I'm busy. I won't, I tell you, I won't."

Scarcely realizing what his boy had said, he repeated his request, but in a soft mild tone.

"Now, Freddie. Papa wants his slippers. Bring them like a nice boy. Papa is cold and stiff. Run quickly now."

A moment later the little face, livid with passion, appeared in the doorway.

"No, no, papa. I won't, I won't; I tell you, I won't."

The storm had brought the stormy night on the raft to his mind, but the sharp words of his golden-haired, his darling boy, went like a dagger to the father's heart. Like a flash it went through his mind—that stern refusal of his in those other days, so long before. He forgot the slippers. His wife called once, twice, from the kitchen, but he did not hear. And then when she came to bring him for the meal was on the table, steaming hot—she found him with his elbows on his knees and gazing into the fire.

All through the supper hour he was sad and silent. His wife tried to draw him into conversation, but he was in no mood to talk. He sat down at his desk as the evening wore on, and wrote a letter. He was coming back soon on a trip, he said, and would bring his wife and child. And as he sealed it a smile of glad content spread over his face.

In the soft hush of the night hour, while Freddie was sleeping in his crib, and the open fire burned brightly, he told his wife of his own cruel forgetfulness, and how Freddie's words had awakened him. And as the night deepened a man and a woman wept softly and prayed that they might so understand and guide the sleeping child that the second generation might never know the heart anguish and sorrow that had been the lot of the first.

As the days wear on, and the time of the visit draws near, the awakened father and the awakened son breathe a glad cry of thankfulness, and whispers often when there is no one to hear that he might never have remembered had he not become a father himself.—Ex.

ROBERT'S BEAR

A Prize Story
BY NELLIE ANDERSON, Acton, (aged 11.)

The December Letter Bag Competition in the King's Own Sunday School paper, asked for stories of A Christmas Adventure, to be written about the picture given above. It was also required that they contain the three names, Betty, Robert and Jack. A very large number of letters were sent in. The prize was awarded to the story given below, which was written by Miss Nellie Anderson, aged eleven years, daughter of Mr. Wm. Anderson, Peel St., Acton. Miss Nellie receives the King's Own at Knox Church Sunday School, of which she is a regular attendant.

Robert Scott lived in the city with his father and mother. He was twelve years old. He had no brothers or sisters, and was often very lonely. When his kind uncle and aunt from the country invited him to spend Christmas with his cousins, Betty and Jack, he was very much delighted, and could hardly wait till the time came for him to go.

The day came at last, and he got to the station just in time for the train. When he arrived at his destination he was disappointed not to find his uncle or cousins there to meet him, as he expected. It was near night, and he felt a little nervous about walking alone, as he had to go through a small wood.

However, he started, carrying his grip. He had just got into the woods when he saw a large, black animal coming towards him. He was almost paralyzed with terror, and throw the grip into the face of what he supposed to be a bear, and ran to climb a tree.

Just then he heard someone shout "Hello." He looked round, and saw his cousins, Jack and Betty, coming to meet him. They had started to walk, but were too late to meet him at the station. The supposed bear turned out to be his uncle's large Newfoundland dog. It had come with Jack and Betty and had run on ahead to meet him, in a friendly way.

They all had a good laugh over Robert's adventure, and Robert had such a good time with his cousins on Christmas day that he was asked to stay all the holidays, which he did.

A RESULT OF THE MEAT STRIKES

Paradoxical as it may seem to the unenlightened, the increased price of meat unquestionably will be of very great advantage to the public. At least it will induce thinking men and women and a few who do not think, to give some consideration to the subject of scientific dietetics. The more one studies this subject the more one is compelled to realize that meat is not by any means a necessary article of food, for one possessed of a healthy stomach. One should also remember that when meat is not obtainable, one is not by any means deprived of animal food. For instance, milk and eggs and cheese, and the various products of the dairy, are animal foods, and they practically take the place of meat as far as nourishing the body is concerned, even for one who has the impression that an animal diet is necessary.

Such an impression, however, is entirely unjustifiable. Meat is not necessary to life or to health; in fact none of the animal products are necessary to health. There may be conditions of disease where animal food, such as is found in milk and eggs, is absolutely essential to the building up of the vigor and vitality that are lacking under certain circumstances. In fact, there may be diseased conditions where even red meat can be used with advantage, but a careful study of the diet question, and of the physical condition of those who perform certain duties, will convince one beyond all possible doubt that an animal diet predisposes towards disease. In other words, it is inclined to fill the system with poisons and effete matter which clog the tissues, and which are the cause of serious acute and chronic diseases.—Bernarr Macfadden in Physical Culture.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Free Pressings From Our Issue of March 12th, 1890

Rev. Byron Laing occupied the pulpit of the Methodist Church on Sunday morning. His sermon was thoughtful and interesting.

The double whistle on the new tannery is rather startling in its screeches. The residents of the south side won't sleep much after 6 a. m.

Reeve Storey and Constable Easton complain that the tramp nuisance is becoming almost an intolerable bore. Application for aid or shelter are received nearly every day from the middle of the afternoon until midnight.

Rev. D. Strachan, of Rockwood, Moderator of the Guelph Presbytery, preached a sermon in Knox Church on Sunday morning, bearing on the life and labors of the late Rev. D. B. Cameron, from Phil. 2:-10-13.

Special services have been held in Knox Church this week. Rev. Mr. Rae has been the preacher, although the first three evenings had been announced for outside help, which failed to come.

The programme of the Young Peoples' Union in the Methodist Church on Tuesday evening was thoroughly enjoyed. There were solos by Miss Emma M. Moore; duetts by Misses Hemstreet and Frazer; readings and recitations by Miss Cleveland, Rev. J. W. Churchill, Georgetown, H. E. Nelson, Guelph, N. F. Moore and Dr. Gifford.

Since the ice harvest commenced many amusing escapades have occurred at the pond. At the height of the operations it was nothing unusual for two or three men to have a cold bath any day, but the excitement of the season was on Friday. Six teams were hauled up along the channel loading, and when three had their loads on about a quarter of an acre of ice broke away and three of the teams, the waggon of the fourth, and some of the drivers went down into six or eight feet of water. It took some time for rescue, as only one team could be removed at a time, and the last had been in the water for half an hour. However they are none the worse for their bath, and the only damage was to the harness.

The coroner's jury deliberating on the death of F. C. Boswell near Princeton declared as their belief that that the shots were fired with murderous intent by Reginald Birchall.

Wm. H. Kelle, a young man serving as junior minister on Trafalgar circuit, under Rev. Thos. Boyd, became suddenly mentally deranged. He preached on Sunday as usual, and on Monday visited Rev. W. Kettlewell, Oakville, who noticed symptoms of insanity. He went to Hamilton and his actions there led to his being taken in charge. He was a promising preacher and highly esteemed on his circuit.

BORN—In Erin Township, on March 8th, to Mr. and Mrs. John Mann, a daughter.

BORN—In Acton, on March 4th, to Mr. and Mrs. Alex. McNoll, a daughter.

BORN—In Nassagaweya, on March 3rd, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Service, a daughter.

BORN—In Georgetown, on Feb. 23th, to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Mann, a daughter.

BORN—In Georgetown, on Feb. 26th, to Dr. and Mrs. Chas. McKinley, a son.

MARRIED—In Beverly, at the home of the bride's mother, on March 5th, by Rev. S. Carruthers of Kirkwall, Mr. Thomas Moffat, son of Mr. C. Moffat, Georgetown, to Miss Maggie Turnbull, of Beverly.

MARRIED—At Vancouver, B. C., on Feb. 10th, by Rev. J. W. Redley, Mr. Albion Johns, of Victoria, B. C., formerly of Owen Sound, to Miss Eliza Emily, (Em) youngest daughter of John Price, of Esquesing.

DIED—In Esquesing, on the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. T. J. Halsted, on March 6th, Mary R. Royce, relict of the late Chas. A. Hall, aged 71 years, 5 months.

DIED—At Portage La Prairie, Man., on March 6th, Cecil Ambrose, son of Robert Nicklin, aged 3 years and 9 months.

ONE DAY IN SEVEN

Just what Sunday is to the laborer considered solely from the economic point of view is illustrated by some scientific data recently prepared by a noted official of a great railroad.

He selected two groups of laborers from the working force of a certain freight-house controlled by his road, and measured the working capacity of each group in terms of tons handled daily for a week. Sunday one group rested; the other worked as usual.

The following Monday the men who had been continuously at service showed a decrease of ten per cent. in efficiency as compared with the previous Monday, and each day after their comparative delinquency became greater. The men who had their Sunday respite, on the other hand, were as valuable to the company the second week as the first.

The result has interest for employers and employees alike. It shows, for one thing, that not only is the command to rest one day in seven written in the commandments of God, but it is also inscribed in every muscle and fibre of man's being.

FOR SHAME!

Joe was a delicate little fellow who had never had any associates of his own age. Then, too, he was very modest. Missing him one day his mother went out into the back yard, and this is what she saw! The turkey gobbler was strutting around with every feather stretched to its limit, and little Joe was trotting behind, slapping him gently once in a while saying softly, "Put down your clothes! Put down your clothes."—The Delineator.

IF YOU'RE WAKING, CALL ME EARLY

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, Bridget dear,
There's jam to make, and bread to bake, and "Ladies Aid" meets here;
I hope I do not ask too much, but I must early rise,
To dust and wash and make the beds, and bake the weekly pies.

I used to think a maid would do these tasks at twenty per,
But I have learned not to expect such menial work of her;
I've learned to be most grateful to have a maid at all,
So if you're waking, Bridget, don't forget that early call.

—Woman's Home Companion.

THE BIGGEST COWARD

The schoolboy who has not been called a coward is a rare specimen, says the Religious Telescope. Generally, he has been so designated because of a refusal to engage in conduct which he knew was wrong. The influence of his home teaching or of the instruction from the teacher's desk had fallen into the good ground of his heart, and was in the process of bringing forth a harvest of good deeds. There are those in every school who are ready to propose unbecoming conduct, if not courses which are thoroughly wicked. If a boy who desires to maintain the respect of his companions is bantered to do a wrong thing, and refuses, the natural plan of the one who proposes it is to call him a baby, or a goody-goody boy, or to charge that he is tied to his mother's apron strings, and that he ought to assert his independence and manhood.

Every boy has a desire to be a hero. If his companions can make him believe he is a coward by jeers and taunts and cynical smiles he may be constrained to go with them, though subsequent reflection will show him the folly of the entire course.

The boy who reaches manhood without being drawn into wickedness is to be commended. Parents and all others who are interested should take pains to re-enforce right instruction, to instill correct principles, and to cripple the force of unkind epithets used by those enticing to wrong.

The real coward is the man who is afraid to do right. The bravest boy or man of them all is the one who fears to do what is wrong, or which has the appearance of pointing in the direction of wrong. Another pen has put the same truth in these words: "The biggest coward of all is the man who is not afraid of doing that which he knows to be wrong." A character which is firm, sturdy, well-rounded, is a priceless possession. The man whose life has been shot through with every dart and arrow of sin may have proved himself a dare-devil; but the chances are that he is the weakest in will, and the filthiest in thought, and the foulest in speech, and the most variable in purpose, if indeed, an sin in life is not altogether lacking.

ABSENT-MINDED MR. BALFOUR

Mr. Balfour, like many great men, is absent-minded.

Once in a speech he referred to the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as Sir Henry Bannerman, Sir Charles Bannerman, and Mr. Bannerman. Then he proceeded to speak of Lord Northampton as Sir Henry Fowler, who, of course, is Lord Wolverhampton—and Sir William Fowler; and at an Albert Hall Primrose League demonstration Mr. Balfour blandly inquired of an official where he was to sit, having seemingly quite forgotten that he was to preside.

Yet little things irritate Mr. Balfour. Playing in a foursome at golf in North Berwick, the ex-Premier was about to attempt a difficult "putt," when a man in the crowd, who had a most irritating cough, was about to begin again. The caddie held up his hand, and stopped the game. Then he turned to the onlookers, and, with an exaggerated politeness asked:

"Can any o' ye oblege yon man wi' a jujube?"

MINISTER AND ZAM-BUK

Cured Him of a Bad Sore Which Defied All Other Remedies For Two Years

Rev. Charles E. Stafford, of Bridgeburg, Ont., says: "I had been much troubled for over two years with a sore on my left cheek. I tried all kinds of salves and lotions, but nothing I procured seemed to have the least bit of effect towards healing the sore. Hearing of Zam-Buk, I decided to give it a trial, and see if it would bring about a cure, as so many things had failed. I purchased a supply, and commenced with the treatment. After several applications, to my great joy, Zam-Buk has effected what for two years I tried in vain to bring about—a complete cure."

Case after case could be quoted, in which, as in the above instance, Zam-Buk has worked cures when everything else tried had failed. There is a reason for this. Away back in the days of Roman gladiators, secret balms were used for the healing of cuts and injuries sustained in the arena and in battle. Then came a period during which external balms were neglected, followed by a period in which all salves and embrocations had as their base animal fats and oils. Zam-Buk marks a new epoch. It is absolutely devoid of all animal fats, all mineral coloring matters, and is composed entirely of rich medicinal herbal extracts.

Skin diseases, such as eczema, ringworm, salt rheum, and prairie itch, are speedily overcome by it. For piles it is finish—easing the pain and inflammation, and hastening a cure. It also cures burns, scalds, cuts, ulcers, children's sores and eruptions, blood-poisoning, scratches, old wounds, varicose ulcers, etc. All druggists and stores sell at 50c a box, or post free, for price, from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.