The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXXVI.---NO. 8. Every Subscription Paid in Advance. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 25, 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, 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, 26 Fleet Street, London, E. C., where Messrs. E. and J. Hardy & Co. will receive for us new 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. R. F. P. & S. Glasgow.
Member Harvey Medical Association Eng.
Office—Frederick Street. Acton, Ont.

R. E. HOLMES, M. D. (Lond.) M. P. S. O.
Late House Surgeon to St. Joseph's Hospital, Late Chief House Physician to the Victoria Hospital, Surgeon to The Meredith Memorial Maternity Hospital, London.
Office at residence, on Willow Street,—between Merchant's Bank and Town Hall.
Phone No. 30. ACTON - - ONT.

LEGAL.

A. J. McKINNON
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.
Office—Mill Street, in Stovels' Block.

R. J. McNABB,
Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Real 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.

EDWARD 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. Quick & neat work promptly done.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
H. P. MOORE
Issues 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. 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 terms, and at the lowest rates of interest. In sums of $500 and upwards.

R. J. KEER
Licensed Auctioneer
For the Counties of Wellington, Halton and Dufferin.
Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms.
Orders by letter to Mimico P. O., telephone to Mimico or Dunlaggy, 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 564, Rockwood—if Hydenham 'ph., GUELPH, Ont. Telephone 167, Guelph.
Sales may be arranged at Free Press office, Acton.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL, $195,000.00

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.

ACTON PUMP AND TILE WORKS

Q. B. EBBAGE, - Proprietor
Acton and Georgetown

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

Watch Competition Is Keen

There's a rivalry between makers as to the merit of their goods.

Mechanical skill has advanced to a marvellous degree in watch-making.

If you can think of an advantage that can be incorporated into a watch to make it a more reliable or more durable timepiece—something new—you can sell your files for a fortune.

This rivalry is good for you. It lets you possess the most accurate watches that can be made at the lowest possible prices.

—We can demonstrate this for you any day. Our stock is large. We carry all the leading makes. We lay them down here, costing us and you the smallest price. We are always glad to talk watches with you.

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

Best of Everything
For the Farm

When I took this Business over from Mr. Bennett in 1908, I took advantage of the fact, that there was no one else in the same lines here, to select from the various Canadian and American Manufacturers the most popular Machines for the Farm. The result is I have the sale of every Machine which I would care to handle and although my sales have been large I have not yet met with a single case of failure to produce the most satisfactory results. Among the most popular machines I may mention the following: The Melotte Separator, the Climax Sow Thistle Killer, the Ball Bearing Disc Drill, the Crown Gang Plow, the New Disc Harrow without Pole and the Bell Roller. Remember especially the Climax Cultivator, the Disc Drill with Ball Bearing and the Matchless Melotte Separator. Call and get names of many delighted users of these machines.

G. A. BLACK
IN TRUST

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

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

BRIGHT YOUNG PEOPLE of ambition, energy and character who take our course of training, are assured of good positions. Recent calls for such were from cities and towns in Ontario, Alberta, Indiana, Michigan and Vermont.

FINE POSITIONS are being offered our trained young men and women, in the business offices of the large manufacturing, merchandising, insurance, banking, milling, railway and other concerns.

NOW IS THE TIME to enter for a thorough course in our famous system of actual business training, including mercantile and corporation book-keeping, commercial law, stenography, typewriting, etc.

COME DIRECT to the College Office, 137 Upper Wyndham Street, or address,

Malcolm McCormick, B. A.
Principal.

Men's Hats

Made in England and never intended to be sold for less than from $2.50 to $3.00 per Hat.

We have Men's Hats as low as 25c.

OUR PRICE $1.00

The best Hats and Caps for the least money.

CAPS AT BARGAIN PRICES

Going out of the Hat business our only reason.

Come early and get the choice.

L. N. E. La Fontaine
95-97 Quebec St.
GUELPH - - ONT.

We are going to double our Floor Space and to make room for other Goods while the Alterations are in progress, we have REDUCED the Price of our

Refrigerators
Hammocks
Screen Doors

If you are interested NOW is the time.

Nearly two months of Hot Weather yet to come.

The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Retail Phone 97 - - GUELPH

THE HOME OF GOOD GLASSES
SAVAGE
Optical
Establishment
Guelph

"RIGHT AT THE POST OFFICE"

GIRLS WANTED

Operators on Ladies' Lawn Waists and Whitewear. Girls experienced on power Sewing Machines preferred but learners will be taught. Clean, healthy well ventilated, well lighted workrooms. Steady work at good wages. This work will train you to do your own sewing. 7-6

THE STAR WHITEWEAR CO.
BERLIN - ONT.

ACTON Crain Elevator

We are as usual offering the Highest Prices for all kinds of Marketable Grain delivered at our Elevator here or our Mills at Norval.

R. NOBLE
FLOUR and FEED STORE
ACTON

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

The Little Paint Man Says

Use S. W. P.

It Covers the Earth.

SOLD BY
R. F. JOHNSTONE
ACTON - - ONT.

Poetry.

THINK HAPPY THOUGHTS

Think happy thoughts, oh, friend, in sunny weather!
'Tis easier when the skies are deep and blue,
Let thy heart and the robins sing together
And thy clear eyes be tranquil as the dew.
Sadness, thy troubled spirit's exhalation,
Grow radiant in the early morning rays;
All vain regret and haunting expectation
On far horizons fall like distant haze.
Think happy thoughts, oh, friend, in sunny weather!
Let gladness and thy spirit, hand in hand,
Wander across the dabbled fields together
And drink the cheer and sweetness of the land.
So rich a store of memories thou shalt gather,
So tranquil grow thy spirit and thy brain,
That when the winds blow fog and stormy weather
Thou shalt have sunshine though the earth have rain.

—Charles Poole Cleaves, in the Outlook.

Select Family Reading

THE PRODIGAL

By Rita Richmond

WHERE the moorland road dipped to the hollow of the village he stood still a moment, very still, the blackness of his figure lukily etched against the cold brightness of the sky—stood so, looking down into the quiet village with a long, long thought on his shadowed face and in his brooding eyes—thought that reached as far back as his youth and linked his manhood with forgotten dreams and hopes and fears; thought that brought the past so present, that it seemed the only reality—the present a dream.

Behind him stretched the white ribbon of road that had led him like a magic thread from out the shadows of the far and unfamiliar regions of his journeylings to the spot where he now stood looking back into his youth—into the homeland.

The smoke curling so quietly from the village chimneys upon the still air, the barking of a dog in the sleepy little streets, the bleat of lambs from the heathery, honey-scented moorland beside him, were perhaps necessary evidence that he had been wont to dream so often.

Thus, like a carved figure of stillness and brooding, he stood for a space, and then with a long, deep breath, lifting his hand and passing it over his brow and eyes as though he would brush away the dreams that held him bound, he moved forward over the dip of white road with a light step. And as he went his face gradually cleared of its brooding shadow, as if some hope had chased the shadow away. He swung his stout traveller's staff in his hand, and unconsciously his lips formed themselves into a soft whistle—an old melody from out his boyish years. It ran like an accompaniment to his thoughts.

When he had gone but a little on his way, he felt in with another wayfarer, a rustic who gave him "Good-day" with hearty country cordiality, to which the other responded as heartily; and then both having their faces turned the same way, the two men walked on together, talking in the desultory fashion of chance companions, and presently they came into the village.

"How quiet it seems," said the stranger to the countryman, looking about him with the eyes of wonder. The place was like Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," an empty slumber lay upon it. The little vacant windows in the low-roofed cottages seemed to look upon the two passersby with unseeing stare from under their half-shut lids of white lilinds. A cat blinked musingly at them from off a doorstep, a caged bird hanging out against a white-washed wall chirped softly under its breath; nothing else stirred the soft stillness.

"Ay," said the countryman, "to one accustomed to the stir of great cities as you be, I dare say, sir, it do seem quiet; but, indeed, it do be extra quiet to-day—all the folks that beant lame nor blind are off to the big sale to-day."

"Ah, a sale?" echoed the other absently, looking about with a curious interest.

"A big affair it be," continued the countryman with cheerful garrulity, unheeding. "A big affair, and the folk companion." "A big affair, and the folk be main interested; though and enough as all Ashworth knows," he added with a shake of his head.

"Sad?" echoed the other, still a little wandering in his attention.

"How?"

"An old family come to ruin late in life is always a sad sight, sir, and this one is an old and highly respected one in Ashworth."

"Indeed; and how did the family come to this?" still a little absently.

"In a most sudden-like way, sir. The old people were getting on well and would he' died rich, as they had lived prosperous, had it not been for their son-in-law."

"What did he do?" said the stranger musingly as the man paused.

"Why it were a strange thing too. A staid, respectable young man as he always seemed, the son-in-law, every body thought his father's right hand, and much looked up to by everyone, and of late he had all his father-in-law's money in his own hands to work as he thought fit, so high the old people thought of his sense and slyness. "Well, about three weeks ago, it came out with a terrible shock to everybody that the wicked young fellow had been speculating with the money, and had fairly beggared the old folks, and then made off to America with all he could scrape together—him and his wife and daughter.

"The old people were left penniless and the sale to-day is to win them money for their daily bread, and to save them from the workhouse; tho' it's feared that the things won't fetch much because there's nobody much to buy in."

"An ugly story," said the stranger frowning. "Have they no relations to help?"

"None. 'Tis true they had a son, but a real wild sort o' chap he was—ran away from home these ten years gone, and nigh broke his mother's and father's heart. 'The Prodigal,' folks called him. 'Tis said he died abroad. Yes, sir—you spoke?"

The countryman paused. He had fancied the stranger had made a stilled explanation, yet when he glanced at him he was quite silent; but his face had turned suddenly of a curious ashen hue, a strange stillness of arrested pause that amounted to shock was upon him.

"What did you say was the name of the ruined family?" he asked in a coarse, abrupt voice.

"The Selwyn's sir! Adam Selwyn—perhaps you have heard the name?" replied the countryman with a curious look at the face at his side.

"Yes, I have heard of them," said the stranger, slowly, staring at the country man, like one in a dream. "I—I have heard though, that they were prosperous, comfortable."

"As they were till three weeks ago," said the other, nodding sagaciously.

The stranger stood still. His big, brown hand was clenched upon his stick till the veins stood up in blue cords upon the brown skin.

"The sale to-day! Tell me, am I in time for it?" he said in a grim, choked voice. "Quick man! Quick!"

"Why, yes, sir! It won't begin till 12 o'clock. You've half an hour to get over the hill to Thorndene—that's the name of the Selwyns' house. Anybody will point it out to you, and—" but already he was talking to empty space, and down the village street the tall figure of the stranger was striding like a man who was walking for the wager of a life.

The door stood wide and unnoticed he strode in. The crowd beyond him swayed and pressed together in the big hall before the raised figure of the auctioneer. The sale had commenced, even as he stepped within the door. The first bid had been given for the quaint, old heavy chairs that stood about the hall. The figure was low, and it was quickly capped again and again even by the villagers as the stranger stood breathing hard behind the crowd, the sweat drops standing thick upon his brow.

For a moment or two he stood still, moistening his dry lips, wondering if his husky voice would come from out his throat. Then even as the auctioneer's hammer descended and the final "gone" was forming on his lips his voice leapt harshly from him.

The stranger had topped the winning bid, and the handsome old chairs were his.

Among the crowd a few heads turned and twisted to note the bidder, but he stood so far back that few discovered him, and attention was quickly concentrated again on the next sale.

Once again the stranger waited till the final moment, and once again opened his lips to tap the last bid, given this time by a keen-eyed broker. The great hall table was knocked down to the stranger.

This time more heads turned. An angry mutter from the disappointed broker could be heard; then, relentlessly the sale went on till the hall was disposed of. With the exception of a few, immaterial things the stranger had bought them all.

The auctioneer passed to the rooms. Behind the gaping, pressing crowd the stranger stood with folded arms, a grim, resolute look upon his bronzed face that was still half hidden by his soft hat.

The bidding began, but here again the quiet, steady voice at the back of the crowd rose upon the highest bids; and bit by bit each article of furniture fell into the stranger's grasp. Nothing did he let pass.

The brokers eyes him furiously; excited murmurings arose among the crowd. Who was this who was buying up Thorndene? What big broker could he be?

The interest began to center more in the stranger than in the sale.

Oblivious of all the curious looks he was unmoved to all appearances.

With steady step he followed from room to room, buying up each article that was offered with insatiable persistence; and as the sale went on, a strange hush gradually fell over the crowd—the hush of tense curiosity. Bit by bit he gathered in the whole house. One thing after another, from ceiling to floor, fell to his possession, and at last he stood virtually master of the house.

There were but a few odd things left that the stranger was not owner of. Among them, what might have been a boy's toy, a full-rigged pretty model of a ship. Carelessly the auctioneer put it up almost at the close.

There was no bidding for the toy at first; then the silent, waiting pause was broken by a woman's trembling tones. For the first time the stranger's glance shot quickly, curiously at this one figure in the crowd—a slim, dark figure, shrinking timidly at the sound of her own voice; and he caught a glimpse of a fair, white, frightened face and an anxious pair of brown eyes fixed on the ship with eager longing.

For a moment the stranger eyed her with a puzzled frown; then suddenly a light broke upon his face, a smile rose swiftly to his eyes, and he made an impulsive movement, which he checked, however, immediately.

The auctioneer had raised his hammer, for no other bid had followed that first fluttering one. He was knocking the model down to the woman when the stranger lifted his voice again, calmly, relentlessly, glancing at the first bidder.

She shrank still farther back, but in a quick, trembling voice advanced upon the stranger's bid.

Again a smile flickered over the bronzed face, a half-mischievous smile this time. He made a higher bid, and again the woman raised it, with a sort of hesitating desperation, and again the other capped her.

The model fell to the stranger, and with a disappointed air the woman drew back and hid herself among the people.

The sale was over.

In a few hours Thorndene had passed from out the hands of its former owner, and the stranger stood master of it from attic to basement.

Slowly the curious crowd had filtered out through the doors with many a backward glance at the quiet figure left behind, many a commiserating sigh for two old people who had lost their home.

The stranger stood quietly, with folded arms, watching the crowd pass out as the master of the house might do.

Among the others following the crowd came the woman who had bid for the ship; she seemed to be hanging behind the others, and on her way out of the room where the sale had ended she hesitated, and then stopped in front of the stranger.

"Sir," she said timidly, without looking up, and she spoke almost in a whisper, "the little ship can be of so little value to you. Will you not sell it to me?"

Her face, the face of a woman past the bloom of her youth, yet strangely sweet and fair, was half hidden behind her veil, and her eyes were downcast as the man looked down at her with a strange regard.

They two were alone now; the crowd had faded away.

"Madam," he said courteously, "I am sorry to be disobliging; but yet I ask you, since you are a woman, what can a lady care for a boy's model of a ship? Besides, the thing is a poor toy; it is not well made, it is—"

But now the downcast eyes had flashed up; the face was lifted defiantly almost to his.

"How dare you?" she said tremulously, anxiously. "The little ship is beautiful. How dare you? Give it then to one who will value it as I do—as I do—" Suddenly her voice broke. "O sir, give it to me; it is worth nothing to you, while to me—"

The man looked down at her, his bronzed face a sudden white, his eyes deep and dark.

"If you tell why you wish for it I will give it to you," he said deliberately.

Again she looked up at him. All her body seemed to tremble with the agitation that possessed her; her white face flushed painfully, her white hands clasped each other in a nervous grip.

A cruel fellow this stranger, to be so hard. He seemed relentless.

"Come," he said again. "A bargain, madam; the little ship is yours for nothing, but your reason for wishing it."

A struggle seemed to be going on in her breast. Her breath came hard and fast from between her white lips; then she lifted her eyes, and in a tremulous whisper the words came.

"The little ship belonged to one who was very dear to me, and is now dead. He made the ship when he was a little boy. It would be the only thing I have of his and—" Her voice died away in an incoherent trembling whisper, and her face had dropped upon her hands.

There was a little pause of silence and then there happened a strange thing, for the man talking with her, suddenly and very gently, took the two hands of the woman in his own and drew them from her face.

"Joan!" he said, and now his own steady voice seemed to tremble as here had done. "Joan, Joan! playmate of old, and something dearer than playmate in later years, don't you know me? Don't you know me at last, Joan!" And with that she, looking up at him now, as one who would look at the dead now risen, and with eyes into which had suddenly flooded knowledge, hope, love, joy, recognized him; and, with a sudden stifled cry of half terrified gladness would have swayed and fallen unconscious to the ground had he not caught her in quick outstretched arms ere she fell.

And then, a little later, when hurried explanations upon his part, and tremulous incoherent rejoicing on here, were over for a moment, Joan Wharton led Adam Selwyn to the little room where his father and mother still sat waiting for the conveyance that was to bear them from the home of their youth and their old age.

Together, hand in hand, the man and woman went along the silent, deserted passages of the house, but at the door Joan stopped, and lifted her tear-filled eyes to his.

"You must enter alone," she said in a low voice. "No one but you and them. Go, my dear and do not tell them too suddenly, lest they die of joy, as almost I," she whispered under her breath—"as almost I did."

And with that she pushed him gently forward, and he opened the closed door.

The little room was growing dark; the shadows crept along the walls till they almost reached the two bent figures seated together on the garded box in the middle of the room.

Hand clasped in hand, the two old people sat, a patient acceptance of their doom upon their wrinkled brows and in their faded eyes—eyes that held a patient fathomless grief. They rose timidly, nervously, glancing anxiously up at him as he came, yet with a quiet dignity on both their parts.

"You have come, sir, to tell us we must go," said the old man quietly. "And we are ready. We are but waiting a conveyance. You will excuse us still being here." He glanced about him with a sudden faltering, and then stopped, his eyes upon the ground.

For a moment the stranger stood speechless, gazing from the one pale face to the other; then he moved one step nearer to them, and with a sudden broken exclamation clasped a hand of each in his own big bronzed one.

"There is no need to go!" he said, very gently; and the mist in his eyes almost dimmed the two white, wondering old faces in his sight.

"Some one has bought your home back for you. Do you understand?"

They were looking into his face very steadily, very strangely—the two.

"Some one has come home from abroad who has brought with him gold to help to heal the hearts he nearly broke long years ago; some one who thinks he may buy forgiveness if it is not too dear for him to buy."

"Father! Mother!"

But there was no need for him to call them by name—no need for any further words, since that great cry that rent the quiet of a little shadowed room and in it all the love and joy and longing that no articulate words could express—no need for further words in face of these faded old eyes grown young again, and those trembling lips grown dumb for very love and joy—no need—no need!

YIELD CROP REPORT

Weather Conditions Have Affected Some Districts Seriously

A report just issued from the Agricultural Department at Ottawa will be read with interest.

Ottawa, August 12—The Census Bulletin shows that the conditions of field crops in Canada this year have been greatly modified by temperature and rainfall, and that between the east and the west it is hardly possible to make a statement of averages that will not be misleading. In the eastern provinces growth has been uniformly good throughout July, and the percentages of condition have been high for every crop; but in extensive tracts of the northwest provinces drouth has prevailed and crops are reported in every stage of condition. The northerly parts of these provinces have been largely exempt from the drouth, and there the per cent. conditions are high. It is difficult to indicate fairly an average of conditions for the east and west which does not take account of the areas sown, and these have been considerably reduced since the June report. The August report will give revised figures from which yields may be estimated.

In comparing the per cent. condition of crops for 1909 and 1910 it should be remembered that fall wheat, rye, peas, buckwheat, mixed grains, beans, potatoes, hay and clover and corn are principally produced in the eastern provinces; and spring wheat and flax mostly in the northwestern provinces; with oats and barley in nearly equal proportions in the two regions.

Fall wheat is grown chiefly in Ontario, and its condition for all Canada has been reduced by a relatively poor crop in Alberta. Compared with the condition at the same time last year, it is 81.03 to 76.33. Rye is 85.30 in 1910 to 81.81 in 1909; peas are 81.70 to 87, buckwheat 80.61 to 83.15, mixed grains 86.91 to 87.23, beans 81.43 to 81.23, potatoes 81 to 92, hay and clover 90.37 to 73.70, corn for husking 81.30 to 82.76 and corn for fodder 89.76 to 83. These crops, which are mainly grown in the east, show a high average of condition, affected only in a slight degree by reports for the west.

The average condition of spring wheat is 77 for 1910 to 81.57 for 1909, and of oats 70.57 to 87.78 for all Canada, which is substantially lower than the averages for the east. In the three Northwest provinces the condition of spring wheat is 62, of oats 58.62 and of barley 63.60.

The estimated yield of fall wheat in the country is 18,724,000 bushels, being 26.47 bushels per acre. The hay and clover crop is estimated at 15,400,000 tons, or 1.80 tons per acre, and of alfalfa 1.03 tons per acre.

NO WAY TO ESCAPE HARD WORK

"As far as I know," says a man who has achieved a brilliant success in his chosen calling, "there is no way to escape hard work."

That is a sentence worth the consideration of the young fellow who is always looking for a short cut, who is sure that influential friends or a lucky stroke will put him at the top without the tedious process of climbing. Hard work is inevitable for the man who would rise. There are plenty of people who wear themselves out, brain and body, trying to discover a substitute for hard work; and the same expenditure of energy would have given them what they are after. Stop looking for short cuts. Quit tickling your imagination by romantic fancies of covering by a flying leap, the distance over which your betters are content to plod. There is no substitute for hard work. Don't try to find one.

END IN VIEW

Parker—"If their uncle has acquired a mania for flying machines, why don't they try to have him placed under restraint?"

Parker—"They think they'll get a quicker division if they hide their time and await developments."

GROWING

A little rain and a little sun,
And a little pearly dew,
And a pushing up and a reaching out:
Then leaves and tendrils all about.
And that's the way the flowers grow,
Don't you know.

A little work and a little play,
And lots of quiet sleep;
A cheerful heart and a sunny face,
And lessons learned and things in place—
Ah, that's the way the children grow,
Don'e you know?

—Little Men and Women.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Some Notes From Our Issue of August 25th, 1890

Mr. James Brown is preparing to move his saw-mill to his recently acquired property, Lakeside Farm.

Harvey's flour mill and surroundings have been much improved lately. Some fifteen new windows have been put in, a new roof over the shelter at the entrance to protect men and teams when loading or unloading during bad weather.

St. Alban's Sunday School picnic was held on Friday, in Mr. Warren's grove. Lots of good eatables, interesting games, and at the close a dish of ice cream and a bag of candy for each child were among the things to make the occasion pleasant.

Mr. J. H. Hacking, who founded the Free Press in 1875, met with a sad loss in the death of his wife in Winnipeg on August 19th. By her uniformly, cheerful, Christian character she won the esteem of our citizens during her residence here. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson called on the family during their recent visit to Winnipeg, and although they found Mrs. Hacking an invalid did not anticipate such an early demise.

On Saturday evening Mr. W. H. Ebbage, a Free Press graduate, and who has been for several years foreman of the Herald, Georgetown, but is leaving for the West, was presented by Mr. Warren, his employer, with a gold-headed cane, with his initials, as a token of satisfaction at services given, and good wishes for the future. On Monday Mr. Joe M. Moore, another Free Press graduate, was installed in the vacant foremanship. He is a first-class printer, of good taste, and we believe will give the Herald customers satisfaction.

On Wednesday Robert, son of Mr. Thos. Ebbage was leading their horse to water, when it turned and playfully throwing up its heels struck the young man a severe blow on the back. Bob has been having holidays since, but will soon be at work.

On Thursday, Charlie, son of Dr. Lowry, was kicked on the head by the Dr's. mare which he was attempting to lead to pasture after watering. She became playful after passing through the bars, and before he could undo the snap he received the blow above mentioned. There was a bad cut, requiring a good many stitches, but he is improving.

In the Municipal Council a rate of 23 mills on assessment of $228,885 has been struck making a tax amounting to $5,020.67. Other estimated revenue is $920. Through a careless taking of our census in 1889 the municipality loses about $11 Legislative grant to Public Schools.

SMILES

When a girl begins to call a man by his first name, it generally indicates that she has designs on his last.—Lippincotts.

Chilly Softhed: "Say, Mr. Killtime, I-er-love your daughter and want to marry her. Is there any insanity in your family?"

Mr. Killtime: "No, young man, there's not, and moreover, there ain't er-goin' to be!—Chicago Daily News.

"Daughter: 'Yes, I've graduated, but now I must inform myself in psychology, philology, bibli-'

"Practical mother: 'Stop right where you are. I have arranged for a thorough course in roastology, boilogy, stitchology, darnology, patchology, and general domestic hustleology. Now get on your working clothes.'"

A congregation were considerably perplexed how to get rid of their pastor without hurting his feelings. After considerable discussion, they concluded to inform him that they were obliged to reduce his salary. A delegation was appointed to wait on him and notify him of the fact.

"Brethren," was the reply, "I have been with you in prosperity, and I will never desert you in adversity."—Central Christian Advocate.

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 scientific and wine approaches nearest perfection of any on the market. All druggists sell it.