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H. F. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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Finest clearing Ladies' Black Cotton Hose, fast black, seamless, regular 15c line, per pair 9½c.

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See us for grain bags. Strong extra quality bags, worth at present price, of cotton, 30c; our special price, each, 21c.

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Poetry.

BESIDE THE BAY

A woman by a cottage door,
Noting the sunset's golden hue,
Said quaintly to a summer guest,
"Oh look! the lights almost shine through!"—
Then told the tale I tell to you.

The winds blew here, the winds blew there,
In every clime beneath the sun;
We dreamed they would some happy day
Bring tidings of our wandering one.

White ships came in from every sea
That beats between the frozen poles,
We watched them bearing up the bay
Their freights of home-returning souls.

A loving fancy came to me,
Stayed with me, would not go away,
That sometime I should hear his voice
Blown landward from the forming bay.

One March day, when the tides were out,
My man and I sat in the sun,
An iris blossomed by the step;—
'Twas planted by our wandering one.

The neighbors slur the "fond conceit,"
But we both heard these words that day,
"Rest comes not to thy watching heart;
Abide in peace, and hope and pray.

"The sea is God's, all seas are one:
So sit you here beside the bay,
And think these cradling waves purchance
Are love's own hands that show the way
Between you and your lost to-day."

Since that spring-time sweet peace is ours;
We rest, and pray and calmly wait.
Our wandering boy seems near us now;
The sea-line is the heavenly gate.

Annie A. Preston.

Select Family Reading

ONE OF THE MULTITUDE

BY "WAYNE CAMERON"

"OF course we'll name him James, wife, won't we?" young Robert Atwood said, bending low over the boy, who was in his mother's arms. There was just a slight trace of anxiety in his tones, for James was the name dearest to his heart, around which tender memories ever clung. The name of a dead father, honored, loved, and mourned now for nearly a year.

"Yes," the young mother said, brightly, lifting a fair and joyous face, all smiles and pride, to meet her husband's look.

"Oh, yes, indeed," and she laughed; so needless was the anxious question, and so quickly had she divined the anxiety, because of the perfect sympathy existing between this man and wife. "Why, we couldn't name him anything else, dear, if we tried. I doubt if he would even answer to any other name than James."

She was rewarded by a kiss of gratitude.

"How soon do you suppose he will talk and answer to his name?" the father said, love and pride showing in his face as he again bent over his first-born son, truly a fair and sturdy specimen of babyhood.

"Wait a little, dear," the girl-protested gaily, "just a little while and he'll answer that. I don't know. We've lots to learn about James Atwood yet, haven't we?"

Ay, truly—much to learn, in years to come, concerning this first object of their great and mutual love. Their faces grow sober, thoughtful. A swift thought, almost forming itself into a prayer, entered each heart. The boy's future—how little they could plan it, after all. The man stood silently by, without speaking for a little, and then left them, mother and son, together.

* * *

James Atwood's name had ever stood for all that was honorable, just, and upright, during a long and influential life. He fought down wrong with love for wrongdoers, while his heart burned with righteous anger at the sin and selfishness underlying ignoble deeds.

All his life-time had been lived in his native town, in his handsome home, well-kept by faithful servants, but without a mistress since Robert's early boyhood. Robert was the only son, and he had followed, in many ways, his father's worthy manner of living.

Yet in one thing they differed. Robert viewed with easy tolerence, the open saloon, which, however, he did not care to frequent. And the very sight of an attractive, open saloon had ever been a sorrow to the older man.

After Robert's marriage, when installed in his new cosy little home, he felt it a duty to serve wine to certain friends of his whom he liked to entertain occasionally. And his girl-wife, loving him dearly, sure that he was right in all else, spoke her regret only at first, and then remained silent. The father, had he known, would have, no doubt, by his earnest request, been able to banish wine from their table. But he preferred to stay close in his home, weary, as he was, and weak with the weight of years; and it so happened that he died peacefully one night, alone, without having known.

His sudden death was a great shock, a deep sorrow to both Robert and his wife. Her own father had died while she was still too young to realize the loss, and she had loved this noble old man for his unfailing kindness and courtesy, as well as because he was Robert's father.

What a difference the coming of the boy had made! The mother gave the new-comer the same strong and tender love she gave his father; love which blesses ever, and cannot fail, because of its purity and depth of being. And to Robert there was no other woman, no, nor child, to compare with these two, all his own. He ceased to think so often of his father. Sorrow was well-nigh lost in his content and joy. He said once to Helen that his father had lived and died with no shadow of disgrace ever touching the family name. And it was true. He had sorrowed with other losses; he had fought to ward off ruin and disgrace from other homes. And his proud old head, so nobly formed, had never bent before disgrace; his keen, kindly eyes were not dimmed by tears or watching, except long since when he had lost his wife. It is even thus, sometimes that such as he are mercifully spared the saddest, cruelest knowledge of what life can bring, of shame and loss.

"We must train the child well, that he may be worthy of his name," the mother said once, wistfully, and she held a wine bottle a moment in a hand that trembled. "Can we not banish this, now?" she asked, her clear, earnest gaze, her sensitive, rising color, showing her dislike to seem to censure her husband, and also her desire to cast the stuff away.

He laughed, but shook his head. "I'll risk young James, with your training," he said; "and Joe and Fred would miss their wine too much if we banish it. Neither of them were ever intoxicated, but they expect wine as well as food in their friends' homes."

She said no more. But she carried a sorrowful heart for many day. Then she, too, in her happiness, forgot to fear.

* * *

At the age of four, young James Atwood welcomed, with great glee, a little sister, but as frail as he was robust. And at six he stood, his hand in his mother's, silent, wondering very much beside a little open grave. Suddenly his sobs manfully repressed before, broke forth, and he cried and wept bitterly.

"Is she there, alone?" he whispered, clinging closer to his mother. "Oh! I never want to go! It is so deep, and so dark and so cold!"

"She is safe and happy with Jesus, it is all bright there, and she is not alone," the poor mother said, turning comforter.

"I will stay with you always—and be your good boy every day," he said, with childish solemnity, realizing her loss.

And after that they loved him so greatly that it may be both father and mother erred somewhat in ministering to his enjoyment. All their hopes centred in him; and bright and brave, fair and winsome, he seemed to repay their love in full as a child.

* * *

"Such a fine grown lad at twelve, eh, wife?" Robert said, watching young James swinging proudly along from school.

The mother agreed—surely there was no other boy quite like their own.

"Carries himself exactly as my father did," Robert went on, "same head, same clear blue eyes—d'you notice, wife?"

"Yes," she said, softly, "I often think of it, but we must be careful of him now, Robert; the next few years will be full of danger."

Robert looked at her with unchanging admiration and regard. "What a mother!" he said softly. "Not that you look it. I used to dread you growing old—now I think you never will. You only grow—more dear."

She fairly blushed at his earnest praise. Truly the years dealt gently with them both. Probably there was no happier home in the whole town than this one, where love reigned supreme, and care found little place.

Others besides the parents spoke of the boy's bright, keen mind, charm of manner, and likeness to his Grandfather Atwood, as he had been when a young man. The future seemed to hold bright promises for him, and meanwhile the present was full of a happy boy's enjoyment of school life.

* * *

At eighteen, it became a settled habit for James to go out every evening. Somehow the parents seemed unable to interfere with his plans. Headstrong and boyish, resentful at any interference, he overcame each remonstrance made by father or mother. And so, one evening it happened that the two sat together, waiting, as usual, for his step. Robert had read the evening papers, had slept awhile on the couch, and finally sat down near the wife's chair, stretching his feet to the warmth of the fireplace.

Helen Atwood made as fair a picture now, he thought to himself proudly, as she had done twenty years ago. Fair and girlish, bright and happy. But not to-night quite as happy as usual. She had grown a little restless, and watched the clock uneasily.

"Jamie is very late," she said, and looked at her husband, half fearfully.

"He must stop this. It interferes with his studies and it worries you. I shall have a talk with him that he will remember," Robert said, sudden irritation making his voice sharp and stern.

Helen did not answer. They sat a little longer, and the clock struck twelve. There was no sound to break the stillness of the whole house.

Presently a step at the door, a fumbling hand at the latch and a strange voice in the hall.

Robert started forward, and his wife sprang up, nervously apprehensive of danger. "What is it? A tramp—at the door?" she said, and passed with him into the hall.

Ah! poor mother!

"Robert!" she cried in agony. And then she knelt beside the fallen figure on the floor.

"It is Jamie," she said, with stiff, blanched lips, and over and over, heart-brokenly: "It is Jamie."

Her boy—not another. Stricken, she sees for the first time, her boy in his drunken stupor, and her terrified eyes meeting the father's, tell him how fearful the shock to her very soul. And he cannot comfort her now. He, too, is sick at heart. That it should be Jamie—not another man's son—but his own.

* * *

Hope does not die so easily in the hearts of true parents as to be killed by a blow from a loved hand.

Jamie, remorseful, then confident, and willing to promise all they ask, is able to quell their fears.

But repeated failures to keep the promises result at last in a new hardness of heart. Willing to forget the grief he causes, he plunges further yet into forbidden sin and folly.

And still hope does not quite die; but Robert and Helen age fast under the strain of suspense, the burden of sorrow.

"Oh, to save him from himself! Lord, save my boy from himself—for I cannot help," grew to be a daily, hourly, prayer of the mother's. She had never prayed like this before. So happy had much of her life been, so secure and blest that prayer had sometimes been half-hearted. Now it became an insistent, continuous appeal.

* * *

At twenty-five James Atwood's health failed suddenly. Disease fastened on him its relentless hands; mind, heart and body were rebellious at the life he lived; tortured at times by delirium tremens, he was but the wreck of a man. But one night, lying awake in the flood of moonlight surrounding his bed, he called softly for his mother.

When she was beside him, her hand on his brow, he began to talk. And the substance of his broken words was this: Something within was calling nightly for forgiveness of God and man. Some voice was pleading for him to turn his eyes on Christ, and behold a Saviour. Repentance ended a loathing of his sins so bitter that it almost broke his heart. Fear had whispered: "A new life is not for such as you," and yet another voice, clear and correct, whispered, "The sacrifice of God is a broken heart," and "Whosoever will, may come."

* * *

Hours later, after it was all settled, such peace came to them both, that sorrow lost its sting for a season.

"Jamie," the woman whispered, "I could not have borne it—to have lost my boy for time and eternity. I could never have borne it—God has heard and spoken to you Himself. My voice was too weak to reach your heart."

And when he spoke sorrowfully of his wasted life and talents—wistfully of the faint hopes he had at times of having a few years more of life, to live down, in a measure, the past, she would not deceive him.

The weak tears of one woman by sleepless nights of weeping, weakened by fears and suspense, fell on his hands as she talked.

Not much now of the past. Ah, what night it not have been had his youth, intellect and heart all been used in highest service! The pity of the wasted years, the sin-stained years of the life. "There will not be a long time here, Jamie, but there is eternity," she said, and he kissed her as tenderly as he had done years before, and sent her away to rest.

A resident of the town might point you, if a stranger there, to three graves, with a beautiful monument, and tell you of old James Atwood's life and death; of the little one, so fair and sweet, who died at two years of age, and last of all, of young James Atwood, broken, dishonored, carried to a drunkard's grave, beside the other two.

That bent, grey-haired woman of forty-five, the spring gone from her step, they would say, was his mother. The childless man, with a sorrow deep enough to have grown such lines in his face, was the father. Not reproached for any act by his wife, whose love stood the test of all, only by his own heart, he had never been the same man since the night he saw his boy intoxicated. All the wine in his home flowed out from the broken bottles that same night. But his bitterness grew deeper when one told him that Jamie had thought his father would not mind if he drank, in moderation.

Helen had not failed him! He had feared she might. He had waited for her bitter words of reproach until he knew that she understood his remorse, that her love was great enough to outlive even this. And they never forgot to thank God that he called Jamie first to repentance and took him not suddenly out of life, as some go who have no hope. "Think of the others, mother," Jamie had said, earnestly, "and pray for them; for some haven't mothers to love them; and some die without ever hearing God's call. Father must fight this curse—it is too terrible to allow to live; you cannot know how terrible it is."

Only—they knew it had cost them their boy.

* * *

And Helen Atwood lived to pray for other mothers' boys, and Robert, with all his strength and skill, even as his father did, fights the curse which made their home childless.

BERTILION COLLECTING HAIR

M. Bertillon, well known for his finger-print system of indentification for criminals, is collecting samples of hair from all over the world. He believes he has hit on a new method which will make still easier the identification of any one sought by the police.

Every nation, says M. Bertillon, has a different way of expressing a definite shade of hair; the Swedes, for instance, calling chestnut what the French describe as blond. All samples are classed and graduated minutely according to shade in a large catalogue, and every shade will have a special name which M. Bertillon hopes will be adopted as an international standard.

The man who spends Sundays dreaming over heaven often spends the week growling over the dirty city.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes From Our Issue of September 11th, 1890

Mr. Robt. Danny has sold his house on Young St. to Mrs. Andrew Lawson, of Limehouse, for $900. Mrs. Lawson has taken possession and Mr. Danny has returned to his farm at Churchill.

Mr. James Gibbons, Sr., in conversation informed the editor the other day that he has passed his 72nd birthday and is still able for a good day's work. With the aid of his son he has harvested 80 acres of this year's crop, and feels none the worse for the hard work incident to harvest time.

Mrs. Angus Cameron, an old and respected resident, died on Monday at the age of 71 years. With her husband and family she came to Canada in 1850, coming a year later to Acton, where a year still later Mr. Cameron died as the result of an accident. Since that time she has lived with her son, Mr. John Cameron, architect. She was taken ill a couple of weeks ago while visiting her daughter in Guelph and gradually sank until her death. Hugh, of Point Edward; John, of Acton; and Angus, of Woodstock; are sons. Mrs. Fellfames and Mrs. Hyde, of Guelph, and Miss Jessie, of Woodstock, are daughters.

St. Alban's Church Harvest Festival was held on Friday evening. Rev. Jos. Fennell, Georgetown, took the shortened form of evening prayer, and Rev. Bernard Bryan, of Parkdale, preached. On Sunday Rev. G. H. Cooke, pastor, preached. The church was beautifully decorated with fruits and flowers.

A fakir, of whose doings elsewhere the FREE PRESS two weeks ago warned our citizens, arrived on Saturday and proceeded to "do" a lot of persons, doing it nicely too, selling jewellery and giving money with it, at last fleecing 30 or 40 who got no money back.

On Monday evening a few of the ladies called on Rev. G. B. Cooke and family with choice baskets of fruit and vegetables, and before leaving Mrs. Perkins surprised the household by presenting Mr. Cooke with a purse containing twenty-eight dollars on behalf of wardens and people of St. Alban's Church, with good wishes for an enjoyable short holiday.

Mr. Jonathan Adamson, Nassagaweya, died on Tuesday of last week and was buried at Ebenezer on Thursday, Rev. Mr. Caldwell officiating. He was 81 years old and leaves a widow, two sons and six daughters. The bearers were: Wm. Watson, Geo. Easterbrook, Geo. Stranger, Joshua Norrish, Jerry Fletcher and Wm. Husband.

In the Municipal Council an application was received from W. P. Campbell, offering to give his entire services for $1.00 per day during the pleasure of the Council, and satisfactorily perform the following: Build and repair sidewalks and roadways; Keep streets clean and free from weeds; Assessory collecting; Caretaker Cemetery; Pound-keeper; Caretaker town hall and ringing bell; Constable; Light and clean street lamps; Caretaker Public School; Cut wood required by Corporation. After some discussion the matter was left over, Messrs. Smith and Kenney favoring the appointment; Councillor Speight declining to dismiss Messrs. Lyman and Easton without good cause and giving the work all to one man. The Reeve did not know how the School Board would regard it, and besides, instead of saving $200 as claimed, said it would not be $200, and no man living could do the work.

Mr. H. P. Moore left on Tuesday morning to attend the Methodist Conference at Montreal.

In the absence of the editor and proprietor for several weeks from business, Mr. Geo. Thurston, who has charge, is authorized to receive monies, and give receipts. Mr. W. J. Moore has charge of the editorial department.

DIED.—At his home on the 5th concession, Esquesing, John Watson, Sr., aged 73 years.

PRINTING OFFICE SECRETS

A properly conducted printing office is as much a secret society as a Masonic lodge. The printers are not always under an oath of secrecy, but always feel themselves as truly in honor bound to keep secrets as though under triple oaths. Any employee in a printing office who willingly disregards this rule in regard to printing office secrets, should not only be scorned by the brethren of the craft, but should lose his position in the office at once. We make this statement because it sometimes happens that a communication appears in a newspaper, under an assumed signature, which excites comment, and various parties try to find out who the author is. Let all be saved the trouble of questioning the honorable employees or attaches of the printing office. They are know nothings on such points as these. On such matters they "have eyes and ears, but no mouth," and if they fail to observe this rule, let them be put down as dishonorable members of the craft, who are unworthy to be trusted with anything.

A MEMORIAL TO GUTENBERG

A literary memorial to the memory of Gutenberg, the founder of the printing industry, is about to be published, after ten years of strenuous labor on the part of the artistic, scientific, and publishing industries of Germany. It takes the form of a new edition of the so-called 42 line Gutenberg edition of the Bible. This work is still not only one of the greatest monuments of the printers art, but also marks the close of the first period of the Gutenberg era. Gutenberg's 42 line Bible contains nearly 1,300 pages, some hundred of which are decorated in miniatures in color and gold.—From the Westminster Gazette.

WHAT NOT TO LOSE

Don't lose courage; spirit brave
Carry with you to the grave.

Don't lose time in vain distress;
Work, not worry, brings success.

Don't lose hope; who lets her stray
Goes forlornly all the way.

Don't lose patience, come what will;
Patience oft times outruns skill.

Don't lose gladness; every hour
Blooms for you some happy flower.

Though be foiled your dearest plan,
Don't lose faith in God and man.

RESULTS OF CO-OPERATIVE EXPERIMENTS WITH AUTUMN SOWN CROPS.

Four hundred and thirty-eight farmers throughout Ontario, conducted experiments with autumn sown crops during the past year. Reports have been received from thirty-five of the counties of the Province. The experiments deserve much credit for the good work which they have done, not only for themselves but for the farmers generally. Average results of the carefully conducted co-operative experiments with autumn sown crops are here presented in a very concise form.

WINTER WHEAT—Four varieties of winter wheat were distributed last autumn to those farmers who wished to test some of the leading varieties on their own farms. The average yields per acre of straw and of grain are as follows: American Wonder, 2.3 tons, 31.0 bus.; Tasmania Red, 2.4 tons, 29.3 bus.; Imperial Amber, 2.4 tons, 26.4 bus.; Crimean Red, 2.3 tons, 25.4 bus.

The American Wonder resembles very closely the Dawson's Golden Chaff, both in apearance of the growing crop and in the quality and the appearance of the grain. The Tasmania Red is a bearded, red chaffed, red grained wheat. The straw is somewhat weak but the grain is of excellent milling quality. The Imperial Amber is a bearded, red chaffed, red grained wheat of fair strength of straw and of good average quality for bread production. The Crimean Red is a bearded, white chaffed, red grained wheat, rather weak in the straw but excellent for bread production.

WINTER RYE—Three varieties of winter rye were distributed in the autumn of 1909. The results show that the Mammoth White variety came at the head of the list in yield per acre in sixty-six per cent. of the experiments. The Washington came second, slightly surpassing the Common variety. In the experiments throughout Ontario, the Mammoth White surpassed the Common rye by an average of 5 bushels per acre in 1907, 5.4 bushels per acre in 1908, and 6 bushels per acre in 1909.

FERTILIZERS WITH WINTER WHEAT—In the co-operative experiments with different fertilizers applied in the autumn to winter wheat, the average yields of grain per acre for six years are as follows: Mixed Fertilizer, 31.0 bus.; Nitrate of Soda, 29.1 bus.; Muriate of Potash, 23.1 bus.; and Superphosphate, 22.6 bus. On similar land cow manure, at the rate of 20 tons per acre, gave an average yield of 27 bus. per acre, and the land which received neither fertilizers nor manure gave an average of 20 bus. per acre. The Superphosphate was applied at the rate of 320 pounds and the Muriate of Potash and the Nitrate of Soda each 160 pounds per acre. The Mixed Fertilizer consisted of one-third of the quantity of each of the other three fertilizers here mentioned. The usual cost of the fertilizers, as used in this experiment, is between four and five dollars per acre.

FODDER CROPS.—In each of seven years, the seed of Hairy Vetches and of Winter Rye has been distributed throughout Ontario for co-operative experiments in testing these crops for fodder purposes. In the average of seven years' experiments, the Hairy Vetches produced slightly the largest yield of green fodder per acre. The difference in 1910, however, was about ¼ of a ton per acre in favor of the Winter Rye.

DISTRIBUTION OF MATERIAL FOR EXPERIMENTS IN 1910—As long as the supply lasts, material will be distributed free of charge in the order in which the applications are received from Ontario farmers wishing to experiment and to report the results of any one of the following tests: 1, three varieties of Winter Wheat; 2, two varieties of Winter Rye; 3, five fertilizers with Winter Wheat; 4, Autumn and Spring Applications of Nitrate of Soda and Common Salt with Winter Wheat; 5, Winter Emmer and Winter Barley; 6, Hairy Vetches and Winter Rye as Fodder Crops. The size of each plot is to be one rod wide by two rods long. Material for numbers 3 and 4 will be sent by express and that for the others by mail.

O. A. ZAVITZ.
O. A. C., Guelph, Ont., Aug 29th, 1910.

LONG BRIDGE SPANS

The long span of concrete bridge over the Wissahickon at Philadelphia is not long to hold the distinction of the largest structure of its kind. Its span is 223 feet, and the Rocky River bridge of 280 feet clear span is now under construction at Cleveland, says the Chicago Tribune. A bridge having a central span of 281 feet has been designed for Spokane to carry Monroe St. across the Spokane River. A span of 285 feet has been adopted to carry the New York barge canal over a gorge in the vicinity of Medina, N. Y. A bridge recently placed under contract by the civic authorities of Rome will cross the Tiber with a span of 328 feet. The cost of this bridge has been estimated at $230,000. A bridge comparable with it in every respect is now more than half finished at Auckland, New Zealand. It has a total length of 910 feet and its main feature is a span of 330 feet, which will carry a 40-foot roadway at an elevation of 147 feet above the ground below.