The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXXVI.---NO. 20. Every Subscription Paid in Advance ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 17, 1910. Subscription Price, $1.00 Per Annum. SINGLE COPIES---THREE CENT

The Acton Free Press

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
AT THE
Free Press Steam Printing Office,
MILL STREET. ACTON, ONT.

Terms of Subscription—One dollar per year strictly in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

Advertising Rates—Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 5 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, 20 Fleet Street, London, E. C. where Messrs. E. and J. Hardy & Co. will receive for us news subscriptions and advertisements, and where our readers can, free of charge, see our paper when in England.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL.
L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH.
L. R. F. P. & S. GLASGOW.
MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION Etc.
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 Marsilis Memorial Maternity Hospital, London.
Office at residence, Mill Street, opposite Hynds' Jewellery Store.
Phone No. 10. ACTON - ONT.

JOH M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M.
Late Prop. and Hspt. Massey Hospital.
Disease of Women and General Surgery.
629 Pape Ave. Toronto
Phone North 1956

LEGAL.

A. J. MACKINNON
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
OFFICE—Mill Street, In Hovels' 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.

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, relics 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.

G. A. BLACK,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Halton and Wellington. Live Stock and Implements, Furniture and Real Estate Sales solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Box 321, Acton, or FREE PRESS Office.
Telephone 36.

WM HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton
Orders left at H. P. MOORE'S 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. KERR
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington, Halton and Dufferin.
Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms.
Orders by letter to Milmoe P. O., telephone to Milmoe or Oakville, or left at FREE PRESS office will be promptly attended to.
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, Branchbury—17 Hyderham St., GUELPH, Ont. Telephone 147, Guelph.
Sales may be arranged at FREE PRESS office, Acton.

The Old and Reliable Granite and Marble Dealers

WE are manufacturers and direct importers of all kinds of Monumental and Headstone work. We sell direct to our customers at wholesale prices, thus saving our customers 40 per cent. We have the best appliances and the only mechanics in the business who use operate pneumatic tools properly. We can give references from hundreds of our customers in Toronto and other places, where others have to stand law suits in order to collect. We have the largest and best stock of Granite in the Dominion, or more than any three dealers in the West. We are legitimate dealers and employ no agents, and do not annoy or pest our customers by sending out ignorant agents to solicit orders—we employ mechanics only and defy competition.

HAMILTON & SONS
Cor. Norfolk and Woolwich Sts., GUELPH

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 idea 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, coating us and you the smallest price. We are always glad to talk watches with you.

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

Na-dru-co TOOTH PASTE
Arrests Decay
perfumes the breath, and leaves a delightful after taste in the mouth.
The daily use of Na-Dru-Co tooth paste will impart to the teeth a pearly white lustre, unattainable by any other means.
Sold in a collapsible tube with a ribbon mouth.
PRICE 25c
A. T. BROWN

GEORGETOWN FLORAL CO., Limited,
GEORGETOWN.
CUT FLOWER GROWERS
Funeral and Wedding Orders a Specialty.

ACTON GRAIN ELEVATOR and FEED STORE
All kinds of grain bought and the products sold.
MILLS AT NORVAL, ONT.
R. NOBLE,
MERCHANT MILLER
N. F. Moore, ACTON MANAGER.

Agents Wanted
in every town and township in Ontario to take orders for
NORTHERN CROWN NURSERY STOCK
Pay weekly. Use of handsome outfit—free. Exclusive territory. We guarantee strictly first-class stock, delivered in prime condition. It pays to sell for a reliable firm. Established 30 years. Write for particulars.
PORT ELGIN NURSERY
PORT ELGIN ONTARIO

The EXCELSIOR BAKERY
First Quality Bread, Cakes, Wedding Cakes, Etc.
Meat of Wheat.
Pickanniny Pancake Flour.
Maple Syrup and Honey.
Holbrook's Favorite Punch Sauce.
Heinz's Pickles. (57 varieties).
Oysters and Fish.
Best lines of Confectionery.
T. Statham & Son
Main St., Acton

Silverware!

Silver Polish
Chamois Leather

Our Silverware Department has grown to be One of Our Leaders because we carry only guaranteed goods.

It will pay you to buy Silverware, Tableware or Cutlery from us as we give special attention to this Department.

Our assortment is equal to any.

"WATCH US GROW"

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

THE HOME OF GOOD GLASSES
SAVAGE
Optical
Establishment
Guelph
"RIGHT AT THE POST OFFICE"

.... THE ....
Temperance Hotel
(FORMERLY RUN BY MR. LEE)
ROCKWOOD - ONTARIO
JAS. A. WATSON
Having secured Lee's Hotel will conduct it as a first-class up-to-date hotel, at moderate rates.
The comfort and accommodation of the travelling public will be given the most careful attention.
Good Livery in Connection

WANTED NOW
For ACTON and surrounding district, for fall and winter months an energetic reliable agent to take orders for nursery stock.
Good Pay Weekly. Outfit Free. Exclusive Territory.
600 ACRES
under cultivation. We guarantee to deliver stock in good condition and up to contract grade. We can show that there is good money in representing a well-known reliable firm at this time.
Established over 30 years.
Write for particulars.
Pelham Nursery Co.
TORONTO, ONT.

A. T. BROWN - Agent

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

Slushy Weather
COMING PRETTY SOON
The season for wet walking, wet feet and pneumonia. That is, if you are not provided with slushy weather footwear. Be wise and secure a pair of our
WATER AND WEATHER-PROOF SHOES
They are not the big and clumsy kind you have been used to seeing. They are snug, warm and wateright, and yet are smart enough in appearance to wear in any kind of weather.
W. WILLIAMS
Mill Street Acton

Poetry.

BE STRONG

Whatever may happen, whatever may come,
Whether things go right, whether things go wrong,
There is just one duty abroad, at home,
It is told in the order be brave, be strong.
The fellow who falters and loses heart,
The fellow who fears in the thick of the fight,
And he who behaves with the coward's part,
Has never heard his order right.
Be strong to suffer, be strong to dare,
Be strong to speak, but your words ring true;
Be strong the burdens of life to bear,
Be strong to wait, and be strong to do.
And whether around you be silence spread,
Or whether anear you be shout and song,
In the core of your soul let these words be said,
In the combat of living be brave, be strong.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Select Family Reading

ODD MR. TODD

By Angelina Yattle

LUCY Steven had set a basket to receive her peck of potatoes and a tin basin for her half dozen of eggs, and the young farmer who brought her weekly supplies stood counting out her change.

"Have you found the shop to rent you were looking for?" he asked.

The week before they had spoken of the tearing down of the old corner building in which was her little shop and home, to make way for the new public library. Lucy shook her head.

"There's not one to be had. And since the Strong Brothers' big new store has cut my trade in half I am thinking I may have to give it up."

"You've never thought of turning housekeeper, I suppose. You wouldn't consider a position at five dollars a week, if you had a stout woman under you to do the heavy work?"

"Indeed I would!" cried Lucy with alacrity, born of sleepless nights of anxiety. "But I should have to keep my aunt with me. Her pension just pays for her food and few necessities. Where is there such an opening Mr. Todd?"

Odessus Todd shifted his weight from one foot to the other. He had always thought Lucy's sky-blue eyes the prettiest in the world, and now in its appealing effort to be brave, her face gave him a twinge of pity hard to master.

"That's the worst of it," he stammered. "It's in the country, three miles out. But you could have a safe horse and the phaeton. You see, Miss Steven, I'm not having half the comforts I can afford. I can only get Slavs or Polocks for kitchen help, and I have to use tin spoons because they scour silver ones with bathbrick. This morning I found one of mother's china cups in the meal sack, minus a handle. I haven't tasted a New England pie for months, and my lamp-wicks always burn crooked."

Lucy had involuntarily retreated a few steps and stood looking out of the window.

The farmer collected his belongings. "Talk it over with your aunt and I'll stop for an answer on my way back," he urged hastily and departed.

"If only I could tell him of Donald Bright," sighed the girl when left alone. Her thoughts flew to the packet of tenderly cherished letters hidden in her trunk under the eaves of the rookery in whose she had built her home. Those letters had for two years been the joy and solace of her toil-crammed existence, but none of happy promise they seemed to breathe had yet crystallized into certainty.

Three hours later Mr. Todd found Lucy smiling and collected behind the counter over which she sold things scarcely more important than plus and thread.

"I have decided to accept," she announced with gladness born of relief from fear of penury. "Aunt Mary has promised not to be lonely or homesick, and the Strongs have agreed to buy out my stock and the business good-will, so we will be ready whenever you can come for us."

"He looked too absurdly pleased," she told herself as he went away. "And I can see the village nodding and speculating. But I hate starving and my love for Donald will teach me how to keep this man at a distance. Not for my own safety though, for I never, never could care for that gowling."

Now Nature had freakishly shaped the face of "odd Mr. Todd." She had given him a curiously projecting and flattened nose, small eyes high up, and downy yellow hair. People were apt to smile at meeting him and strangers to turn for a second look.

But Lucy found the wide, comfortable farmhouse with overflowing larder and fruit, vegetables and poultry in abundance, of greater moment in the way of cheerful living than could have been a nose of classic shape.

"I could never ask Donald to visit me in those old barracks," she planned in her heart, "but now on this thrifty farm he will be in his right element. I can see that he and Mr. Todd would soon be sworn friends, unless—Well, perhaps the sooner Mr. Todd knows of Donald the better."

Lucy wrote her invitation that evening, after a little talk with her employer.

"I have a friend a farmer in Wisconsin," she had said, blushing and looking down. "He has intimated that he might some day come East and I would like to ask him here, if you are willing."

She had been astonished at the calmness with which he seconded the proposal. But, somehow, favoring circumstances failed to bring Lucy her happiness. Donald wrote that farm cares would keep him till fall.

Mr. Todd came from the post office, one rainy afternoon, and Lucy met him in the hall, reaching an eager hand for the mail.

"No letter for me?" Lucy's voice suggested tears.

"Do the Wisconsin letters matter so deeply to you, Miss Steven?"

"Do you suppose my friend will like me when he sees me?" she began timidly. "You know I'm not exactly—well, not a reigning beauty."

"What! Has he never seen you? Mr. Todd spoke in so loud and explosive a manner that Lucy laid an entreating hand upon his arm.

"Please don't shout it from the housetop. No, we have never met, but we both feel that our long correspondence has made us better acquainted than two seasons of balls and parties could have done. He has wonderful facility in putting his thoughts on paper. It began when his cousin, who was my room-mate at school, used to send me parts of his letters to her because she felt that I would so enjoy them. Gradually we came to write directly to each other. And now I know how much I care for his good opinion, but of late I have been tormented with fears lest when he comes he should not fancy my looks. Men care so much for pretty faces."

"How about women?" demanded Mr. Todd in the same explosive manner, and pushed her back into the sitting-room.

But as if to atone for his bumptiousness he displayed at the tea table a suavity of which Lucy had not thought him master.

"He certainly is the oddest one," mused Lucy that night on her pillow. "I thought such a confession as mine might mean something painful to him, but it seemed actually to exhilarate him."

After that Lucy talked freely of Donald Bright, when alone with Mr. Todd. Indeed, her employer seemed to take a curious satisfaction in hearing her descant upon the gifts of intellect and temperament discoverable in the Wisconsin lover.

Summer waned and autumn was painting the landscape.

"I think he may be here almost any day now," confided Lucy, looking up from a freshly-opened letter, her happy eyes scarce noticing the sober young man absorbed in his newspaper by the window.

"Have you ever thought that you might be disappointed when your eyes actually beheld this wonderful Donald Bright of Lone Stone Farm?"

A day or two later she was, one morning, dusting and putting Mr. Todd's little writing room in order. Some oat-chaff littered the door-way and rug before the desk, though he was very tidy in his ways. Upon the open desk lay a block of stationery and written upon its top leaf was the beginning of a letter whose strangely familiar look held Lucy in astonishment. There was the open, manly penmanship she had so often admired, the handsomely printed head line, "Lone Stone Farm," all belonging to Donald Bright's letters to her! As it began "My dear Lucy Steven," she was free to read what Mr. Todd had evidently written the night before. He had asked, at bedtime, that a lunch be set for him in the dining-room as he wished to have a long day in the city and should leave home before sunrise. Lucy therefore read without fear of interruption.

"If I have done you a wrong," the letter ran, "you will in time come to see that it was wholly unpremeditated, my only purpose when we drifted into the correspondence being the enjoyments of intellectual companionship. When I first had these letter-heads printed and proposed to Cousin Charlotte that she receive and remail our letters, her prompt refusal came by return post, but when I had made it clear to her that to confess my identity as odd Mr. Todd would be to forego all hopes of your friendship, she encouraged the masquerade as Donald Bright, knowing how lonely my life was and how great my need of womanly comradeship. Loving you as I do with my whole heart, I can, for the present, only entreat that your kindness of heart may plead for my forgiveness and pray that your loss of Donald Bright may be in time consoled through the co-operation of

"Your devoted
"ODESSUS TODD."

With flaming cheeks and stormy protests Lucy threw the pad upon the floor and stamped upon it. She could tear the sheet from the block and rend it into a thousand fragments. She could fly to her room and bringing all Donald's precious letters cram them into the kitchen fire. But after that, feeling herself tricked and the sport of fate, she could only plead a headache and retreat to her room to sob in worthless misery over the loss of her ideal.

Awakening from a long sleep of exhaustion, she found the October sunset flooding her chamber, a belated robin calling in the maple outside and all the fair pleasantness of her life in the peaceful home obtruding itself upon her notice. "It has been the happiest half year of my life since father died," she confessed, "and Mr. Todd's thoughtful care has made it so."

Springing up she glanced in the mirror and crying, "Lucy Steven, what a fright you look!" suddenly remembering her torturing fear that Donald should not be pleased with her. Instantly the case shifted itself about and with tender remorse she realized what Mr. Todd must have been all his life bearing with such sturdy patience.

An hour later she saw him coming wearily up the road. First she was for meeting him in the shadowy hall to say that she must leave his home the next morning. Then she noted the hopeless drag of his usually springing walk and would have gone to the kitchen to cook his favorite supper. But in the end she ran away into the chill parlor and stood, crowded behind a chair and lace curtain, looking out at the farthest window.

Mr. Todd asked for her at once and came directly in search of his fate. He wore a new suit of gray and was fresh from the city barber's hands. He paused in the centre of the room and Lucy, turning about, discovered in one illumined instant of perception, that this man with the beseeching eyes was in truth her Donald Bright and much beside that had grown to her comforting, necessary.

Which one bridged the distance between them neither could have told.

"Has it not been the oddest affair for us both, especially for odd Mr. Todd?" Lucy whispered happily.

"As divinely odd as if we had been the first man and woman to find paradise. But two odds have always been capable of making a blessed even, Miss Steven."

HOW SOME LIVES ARE WRECKED

"I really don't see how Philip can possibly afford it, but I suppose he bought it because he knew how terribly I wanted one. I'm sure I've hinted often enough. Anyway, I'm awfully pleased to have it," said a young girl to me the other day as she showed me a beautiful bag, a birthday gift from her fiance.

If Philip some day should steal from his employer I think the girl who allowed and even desired him to give her presents which she "really didn't see how he could afford" would certainly be a partner—seems to me a senior partner—in the crime.

George Coleman, the young Massachusetts bank clerk, who was arrested charged with looting the Cambridge National Bank of $180,000, had been working for several years on a salary of about $12 a week. During that time he was engaged for several years, and in the course of the engagement gave the girl, besides beautiful presents of all sorts, four or five diamond rings, a diamond locket, and several similarly magnificent presents.

It seems to me that the girl is almost as guilty, morally, as George Coleman.

Any girl who knows a man well enough to accept anything from him more personal and expensive than books, flowers or candy ought to know him well enough to have a pretty good idea of what his financial resources are.

And no girl who knows what a man's financial resources are, ought to be pleased when he gives her things that she knows cost more than he ought to afford.

The case in which such extravagance results in dishonesty, of course, I realize are one in ten thousand, but that one must be someone's, and no girl ought to risk its being hers.

And then, too, dishonesty is not the only bad result of foolishly extravagant gift giving.

In a report by a committee which had been investigating the methods of salary loan sharks, the fact is stated that young men get into the clutches of these abominable creatures by borrowing to make extravagant Christmas presents.

The interest on such loans is very high. The young man have told me paying, one double, the other treble, the original amount in interest before the loan was paid.

Accepting extravagant entertaining is as bad as allowing extravagant gifts.

Dining for two at a first-class restaurant, theatre tickets for two, and a big bunch of violets for one mean the major part of a ten dollar bill gone, and no girl ought to accept such entertaining from a man earning an average salary more than once or twice in a season.

There are so many simple inexpensive diversions that give just as much pleasure. For the winter there's snowshoeing, skating, and coasting, and for the summer canoeing, and an all-day tramp, punctuated by a dainty lunch or two, can be made fun winter or summer.

The man who continually accepts a hospitality without ever entertaining her or doing anything for her, certainly earns the title of a "fireside champion," and is certainly one kind of a pest.

But the girl who actually hints for and eagerly accepts expensive presents and entertainments from a man she knows can't afford them is a worse kind of pest, and might be called a "fireside destroyer."

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 Quinlan 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 tranquillizing the nerves disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which being stimulated, courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy, animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result strengthening the frame and giving life to the digestive organs which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine. By the opinion of scientists, the wine approaches nearest perfection of any on the market. All druggists sell it.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Condensed Notes From the Free Press of November 20th, 1890

Mr. James Brown has moved into his residence lately acquired from Mr. A. L. Heinstreet.

Mr. W. Kitching, Nassagaweya, has purchased the Easton farm in that township, owned by Mr. H. E. Easton, Guelph, for $6,000.

Wiarton pays a higher salary to the teacher in the primary department of its public school than for several of the higher departments. $800 is the amount paid.

Acton's staff of teachers for the public school is now engaged. The list is as follows:—Thos. T. Moore, Principal, $900; Cassie McPhail, second department, $400; Julia Cloveland, third dept., $300; Minnie Nelson, fourth dept., $225.

Constable Thomas Easton met with rather a painful accident, the result of a fall, last week by which one of his ribs was fractured.

Special evangelistic services commenced in the Methodist Church on Monday. Services are held at 2.30 and 7.30 each day; and Rev. Dr. Gifford, pastor, is being assisted by ministers from neighboring circuits. Revs. Hart and Harnwell, of Rockwood; Fair, of Eramosa; D. M. Johnson, Trafalgar, and Gee, of Georgetown, have been in attendance at various times.

The remains of Mrs. Nixon, of Toronto, daughter of Mr. Thos. Worsnop, formerly of Acton, were brought to Acton last week for interment in Fairview Cemetery. Rev. G. B. Cooke officiated.

Rev. G. B. Cooke, rector of St. Alban's, has received a pressing request from the church wardens of a Michigan church to accept the rectorship. Beside a salary of $1,000 and rector's house the call is somewhat attractive, Hilladale being within easy reach of Detroit and Chicago, in both of which cities Mr. Cooke has family ties. He informs us, however, that for the present his work lies in this parish, and that he has no intention of leaving Acton.

On Nov. 17th an entertainment was held in No. 8 School, Nassagaweya, proceeds toward obtaining prizes for the scholars. Mr. M. McMillan was chairman, and addresses were given by Rev. Mr. Blair and Messrs. D. F. Milne, J. Cargill and R. Akinst singing by Misses Milne, Misses Kennedy and Miss A. Kennedy; reading by D. Kennedy, and literary numbers by the scholars. An appropriate hymn was sung by the Misses Milne, with reference to the death of Mr. Alex. Bell's little son, buried that day. On Monday there was another gathering at the same place when Rev. Mr. Blair was presented with a handsome fur coat.

In the Municipal Council the matter of electric lighting by the Ball Electric Light Co. was referred to and the explanation was given that the Co. and Messrs. Beardmore & Co., who were to supply the power had failed to come to terms. Some member stated that 1,000 c. p. lights were altogether inadequate, and that eight lights were not sufficent to illuminate Acton sufficiently, and the others chimed in that they thought so, too.....Mr. J. B. Pearson was chief spokesman for a delegation composed of himself, and Messrs. Havill, Harvey and James Matthews who addressed the Council in reference to moving the drill shed to the park, where it would be available for military purposes and could be used for park purposes as well as exhibitions and suggested obtaining the Government's consent. A committee composed of Coun. Lowry, W. E. Smith and Speight was appointed in reference thereto.

The execution of Birchall for the murder of Benwell took place at Woodstock on the 14th.

BORN—In Acton, on Nov. 13th, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gurney, a daughter.

DIED—In Toronto, on Nov. 12th, the wife of Mr. J. Nixon, aged 31 years.

DIED—In Eramosa, on Nov. 10th, Emma, third daughter of Wm. Sunter, aged 21 years.

LEGEND OF THE LILY OF THE VALLEY

Once upon a time, a long while ago, there lived in a tiny house near a large garden a fairy mother with ever and ever so many fairy children.

All the children were dressed alike—in green slippers and stockings, white suits, and white pointed caps with a dewdrop shining on top.

One evening the fairy mother said: "You may take your small ivory buckets and fill them with dew from the flowers in the garden; but be sure to come home before the sun rises."

Off they started, running and swinging the buckets in their hands; but when they reached the garden, instead of working they began to teeter on the grass blades and play hide-and-seek among the flowers.

And they played and played all that night and forgot all about the dew and the ivory buckets till the great red sun could be seen.

It was past time for going home and too late to gather dew. What would the fairy mother say?

"We'll hang our ivory buckets on these stems, and to-night come and fill them," they said.

Then they went home, and they felt sorry when they saw how sad their fairy mother looked.

As soon as the sun went down they hurried to the garden. First one little fairy, then another and another tried to pick his bucket from the stem where he had left it; but it was of no use. All the buckets were tightly fastened to the stems and turned upside down.

They have been fastened that way ever since; and perhaps, if you look in your garden, you will find some of the fairies' ivory buckets.—Emma L. Hamilton, in Kindergarten Review.

THE BUSY CHILD

I have so many things to do,
I don't know when I shall be through.

To-day I had to watch the rain
Come sliding down the window-pane.

And I was humming all the time
Around my head a kind of rhyme;

And blowing softly on the glass
To see the dimness come and pass.

I made a picture with my breath
Rubbed out to show the underneath.

I built a city on the floor,
And then I went and was at war.

And I escaped from square to square
That's greatest on the carpet there.

Until at last I came to us:
But it was very dangerous.

Because if I had stepped aside,
I made believe I should have died!

And now I have the boat to mend,
And all our supper to pretend.

I am so busy, every day,
I haven't any time to play.

—Josephine Peabody.

RATHER HAVE HALF

The difference between common sense and mathematics was illustrated in a remark which was made in a school one day. It was the mental arithmetic class. The master asked Smith: "Which would you rather have, half an apple or eight-sixteenths of an apple?"

"Wouldn't make any difference" said Smith.

"Why not?"

"Eight-sixteenths and one-half are the same."

At this reply Jones, who was sitting near, sniffed scornfully. The master heard him. "Well, Jones," said he, "don't you agree with Smith?"

"No, sir," said Jones. I'd much sooner have one-half an apple."

"And why, pleaso?"

"More juice. Cut up half an apple into eight-sixteenths, and you'd lose half the juice doing it."—Children's Answers.

"THEY SAY"

"They say!" That phrase has blasted more characters and wrecked more homes than any other in the language. Call a halt on the lecherous peddler who comes at you with his wares—"They say." Fire point blank at his cowardly heart. "Who says?" That hits the spot. You cannot afford to miss. The person who circulates a scandal or peddles truth (one is as good as the other) is a vampire. He sucks lifeblood. No combination of words in the language has caused more trouble, pain, and sorrow. Shadowy—it hits in the dark. It is anonymous. It has no personality. It cannot suffer any reaction. It is wholly irresponsible. The phrase ought to be put under the ban.

SIT DOWN WHEN POSSIBLE

Women who have many duties about the house or otherwise often tire themselves foolishly by standing, which tires more than walking. If one must stand, sitting at intervals relieves the strain on those muscles which are brought into play by the unaccustomed weight upon them for so long a period.

There's running up and down stairs too. A physician advises his patients to get into the habit of going up at a reasonable pace—not running, but walking. He specially emphasizes the fact that the ill effects experienced by women are troubled by running on the tips of the toes instead of firmly planting the foot both heel and toe, on the stairs as for walking on a floor.

IT TAKES A MAN

There is nothing to commend in destructive criticism. You may not be satisfied with the house in which you are living, but it will not pay to tear it down till you have plans for a better one and the money with which to build it. Destruction is easy. A cow kicking over a lantern laid a great city in ashes. A spark from a locomotive has laid waste many a noble forest. A moment of forgetfulness or inattention may cause overwhelming disaster. Anybody can destroy, but it takes a man to build.

PLANK FELL ON HIM

Hamilton Man Badly Injured

Reuben Atherton, of 337 Ferguson Ave., Hamilton, an employee of the Ottis Elevator Co., sustained serious injury while at work. A plank fell from a height on to his left foot, crushing it badly. He was taken home, where Zam-Buk was applied with good result.

Telling his experience of the balm he said: "After the doctor had dressed the damaged foot with some preparation of his own I was in great pain, and as day after day I seemed to get no relief I left off medical treatment and tried Zam-Buk. From the very first application I traced an improvement. Zam-Buk really seemed to act like magic, cleaning all the unhealthy matter from the wounds, drawing out all discoloration, inflammation and soreness; and started healing in quick time. In two weeks the toe and foot were well again. Zam-Buk balm is certainly a wonderful healer, and I would not care to be without a box in the house. You can use the above statement in any papers, books or publications, as it may lead some other sufferer to use Zam-Buk and get relief as I did."

All workers should keep Zam-Buk handy. Applied to a cut or wound, it stops the pain, commences healing and—what is equally fine—it prevents all possibility of blood-poisoning. Zam-Buk is equally good for skin diseases, and cures eczema, itch, ulcers, abscesses, varicose ulcers, scalp sores, blood-poisoning, etc. It heals cold cracks, chapped hands, frost bites, cures piles and all inflamed conditions of the skin and tissue. Fifty cents a box from all druggists and stores, but avoid imitations and substitutes, some of which are highly dangerous, and none are beneficial.