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TOOTH PASTE
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perfumes the breath, and leaves a delightful after taste in the mouth.
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Poetry.

AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD

Where the rough road turns and the valley sweet
Smiles bright with balm and bloom,
We'll forget the thorns that have pierced the feet
And the nights with their grief and gloom;
And the sky will smile and the stars will beam,
And we'll lay us down in the light to dream.

We shall lay us down in the bloom and light,
With a prayer and a tear for rest,
As tired children who creep at night
To the love of a mother's breast;
And for all the grief of the stormy past
Rest shall be sweeter at last, at last.

Sweeter because of the weary way
And the lonesome night and long,
While the darkness drifts to the perfect day
With its splendor of light and song—
The light that shall bless us and kiss us and love us,
And sprinkle the roses of heaven above us.

—Frank L. Stanton.

Select Family Reading

HER AUTO RIDE

By Clarissa Mackie

ANNABELLE Dayton in her smart little motor car paused at the summit of the hill and drew a sharp breath of appreciation. A line of distant blue indicated the sea. In the foreground were green-clad slopes running down to snowy beaches. The roofs of the village pointed up among the trees, and a church spire gleamed like fire. There were white sails beyond the black drift of smoke from a passing steamer.

"This is lots better than going to Aunt Edith's poky musicale," sighed Annabelle mutinously. "Just fancy spending this glorious afternoon in a lighted drawing room listening to the great Alvan Edred, 'master of the violin,' and being disillusioned by long hair, greasy coat collar and a pervading presence of garlic!" Annabelle's dainty nose sniffed scornfully at her imaginary portrait of the great violinist of whom her aunt had raved for weeks.

"I'm going down, down to the very edge of the sea."

As the machine sped downward Annabelle was suddenly conscious that something was wrong. The brakes did not respond to her frantic pressure, the levers grated harshly without effect, and there was an unfamiliar grunting sound from beneath her feet.

She had been down this same hill many times before, slowly, cautiously, she knew that from the foot of the hill the street ran down to the water's edge, ending at the broad dock where the boats landed.

Nothing could stop her speed unless—the color left her cheeks as she realized the almost certain death that confronted her. Her lips set in a straight line, and her eyes shone steadily. If one had to meet death at the close of a lovely August day when—why, one might as well meet it bravely.

Faster she went, her eyes, dark with dread, fixed on a wide opening at the right. Flanked by stone pillars, it seemed to mark the entrance to some estate. The few pedestrians turned and watched her flight with disapproval; a constable held up a warning hand; a wagon scuttled into the sidewalk to avoid her coming.

Annabelle turned the steering wheel and a sigh of relief fluttered from her lips as the machine responded, but there was no lessening of the mad speed. Wildly it tore through the open gateway, ground into the hard packed earth of the drive, skidded along a muddy spot under the trees, left the drive and pounded along soft green turf, making straight for the large brown house set in the midst of the grounds.

Another twist of the wheel and the house seemed to glide past. Before her was a distant blur of gorgeous colors—a flower garden in the midst of which was a summer house. To the left was a turfy bank. Her head dropped on her hands that clutched the wheel, and she closed her eyes and prayed.

There was a jaw about beside her; the machine jolted under additional weight; a pair of strong hands gripped the wheel from hers; there was the pressure of brakes; the motor slowed suddenly, bumped into some obstruction and then bounded back to a standstill.

"It's all over now," said a kindly voice.

Annabelle opened her eyes and looked fearfully forth on the summer house still creaking from the force of the encounter, on the crushed flowers she had mowed down and lastly into the countenance of a man who sat beside her in the car.

It was then that Annabelle realized that she was holding the stranger in a frantic embrace, her hands tightly clasped about his neck, her fair head perilously near his broad shoulder.

"I beg your pardon!" Annabelle's face turned to deepest rose as she hastily withdrew from him, but her hair had caught in a button of his coat, holding it firmly by one long golden strand.

"Just a moment. There—I don't want to hurt you. It's off now." He spoke in a matter of fact tone as if he was in the habit of encountering lovely maidens with coat buttons every day of his life. "I'm afraid you are pretty well shaken up with your ride. You had a narrow escape." He had alighted and helped Annabelle to the ground.

She leaned weakly against the summer house. "You saved my life. Did you—did you have saved my life as I passed? Really leap on, gioning to realize what had been."

He nodded carelessly. "It looked enough. You see, one gets practice in that sort of thing chasing the street cars." Then, observing her with concern in his gray eyes, he went on: "Come and sit down in the summer house; you must be pretty well knocked under with the strain. After you have had a cordial perhaps you may feel able to tell how it happened that you invaded my flower garden."

He smiled pleasantly down on her as he led the way into the rose-covered arbor and drew forward a deep wicker chair for this unexpected guest, who sank into it with a little sigh of relief. "I will send my housekeeper, Mrs. Larrup, to you; she may be of assistance."

Annabelle had time to rearrange her tumbled hair, blushing at the episode of the coat button, before her host returned, tray in hand.

"Mrs. Larrup has disappeared, and it seems to be the maid's half holiday, so you must be satisfied with my humble services. Here are currant wine and some biscuits and a bottle of eau de cologne. Isn't that what ladies use when they are upset?" He placed the tray handily at her elbow.

"Thanks to you, I wasn't upset," replied Annabelle merrily. She sniffed at the cut glass bottle more in gratitude for his thoughtfulness than because she needed its pungent aroma.

"Thank you. I am afraid I've made you lots of trouble and ruined your garden. I hope you will allow me to have it put in order again." She sipped the wine he poured for her and looked up at him from her dark blue eyes, frankly boyish in their direct glance.

"Really, you've given old Jackson something to do. He's been eating his head off lately and grumbling because I wouldn't let him dig up some of the beds and set out other plants. There he is now among the hollyhocks. See the grin on his face? He's tickled to death over it."

The man leaned against the doorpost and looked out into the garden, where and old negro was hobbling among the torn beds, and a broad smile about his toothless lips.

"I say, Jackson, please ask Pierre to come here and get this car out into the drive." He turned to Annabelle, and his glance lingered long on her face, sweetly serious in the pale green light of the arbor. "I think my man can put your car right. There seems to be nothing serious the matter with it—probably some small matter of adjustment."

While the chauffeur tinkered over the car Annabelle related the story of her ride. She omitted nothing, not even the fact that she had deliberately run away from her aunt's musicale and the great violinist, nor her terror at the last when her car sped down the hill.

The man listened without interruption. He smiled when she mentioned Alvan Edred, and he winced when she described the terrible ride down the hill. When she had finished he told her that he had been sitting in the arbor and had seen her approach across the turf and raced to meet her. It was nothing at all.

"So you did not want to see Alvan Edred," he said a little later. "Have you ever heard him play?"

"Once," admitted Annabelle, "and it was so heavenly it made me cry. There was a big crowd, and I couldn't see him, and I didn't want to. I know what they look like, and I am always disillusioned after I see them, some are so—so grubby, you know. This time he played an old thing, the intermezzo from 'Cavalleria,' you know, and I've wanted to hear it again just as he played it, only—"

"You're afraid of the garlic and the greasy coat collar, eh?" He was smiling down at her in the friendliest sort of way.

"I know you think I'm horrid about it and not a bit artistic, but—"

"I don't like garlic myself," he confessed cheerfully. "As for questionable coat collars—ugh! Nevertheless I'm afraid you do Edred an injustice. He's an American, you know."

"You see how narrow and prejudiced and silly I am," said Annabelle, rising and moving toward the door. "I never even knew that. I thought he was a Pole—or something. It is growing late, and your man seems to have fixed my car."

"I'm going with you—with your permission—to see that you reach home safely. Pierre can follow with my car and bring me home. You have told me your name, but I have not introduced myself. Wait a moment, please; do not turn your head."

With a slight bow he left her standing in the doorway, her back to the interior of the arbor. He passed inside, and she heard a slight rattle, a whining twang as a string tightened, and then the strains of the intermezzo trembled on the air—played as only a master could play it—as Alvan Edred had never played it before.

Annabelle stood spellbound, her blue eyes like stars, her red lips parted, wave after wave of color rose flushing her startled face. Before he had finished she had turned and was facing him, inspiring him to greater effort, and there passed between them at the moment a great understanding.

When he had finished Annabelle pressed her hands against his eyes. "I feel as if I had always been asleep—as though I had just awakened," she said softly.

He made no reply. Quietly he put away the violin which had wrought this wonderful thing for him, and silently they entered the little car which had brought Annabelle so strangely into the garden.

At home he smiled down at her. "I may come again?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Garlic? Long hair?" His hand brushed his cropped head.

"I don't mind, really," blushed Annabelle with starry eyes.

His tone of banter changed to one of tender gravity. To Annabelle it sounded like the deeper notes of the violin. "You ran away from me, and yet we met after all. Are you glad?"

"Of!" Without waiting for answer he jumped into his waiting car and with a last backward look was gone.

Annabelle smiled mysteriously as he vanished in a cloud of dust. "And I'm glad, too—so, glad!" Then with a swift, graceful movement she bent down and kissed the whirring wheel of the little automobile.

A CASE OF HONOR

Emily Wright, summoned to Mr. Davis' private office, had no premonitory of ill. Indeed, walking up through the bright spring morning, she had been unusually happy and full of eager plans. She knew that she was doing good work, and her thoughts had run on the possibility of a promotion, and what she could do then for her sister and little Donald. So she only was glad, cheerful and alert, for Mr. Davis' orders.

Three minutes later she walked slowly down the corridor, dismissed. She never had thought of the possibility of such a thing, not once. One week's notice, work, and then the old heart-sickening search again. She could have a good recommendation—the best—but even with that to find another position in July—

Ethel Grace, pretty and careless and meaning to be kind, looked up as Emily walked back to her desk. "Have they fired you?" she asked. "It's a shame! They always do lay off the latest comers in July, but they missed it in giving you a walking ticket. I'd like to tell Mr. Davis so."

"Oh, no!" Emily grasped.

"Oh, I shan't; you needn't fear. I'm afraid of my life with him, but I'd like to, if I were you. I wouldn't hurt myself with work this week, that's all."

It was Emily's own first impulse, not indeed in retaliation, but from sheer heart-sickness. But presently she rallied herself together. "I'm paid for the week's work; I must give honorable service," she said to herself firmly. And so, because "honorable service" meant to her finishing her tasks regardless of time, she stayed beyond her hour several nights that week.

She was tempted to drop things at 5 o'clock, as Ethel did—Ethel, who was to be kept on. In the mood of discouragement that was upon her the very dreariness of the office, emptied of all except one or two special workers, oppressed her. Yet she stayed putting into exquisite order each day's work. It was Friday, while she was wearily typewriting some specifications, that she was startled by Mr. Davis' voice beside her: "Miss Wright, what are you doing here?"

"Finishing this work—it came in the last mail," Emily replied.

"Are you not to leave Saturday?"

"Yes," the girl answered briefly. The question seemed needlessly cruel.

"Yet you are staying overtime?"

Emily looked at him gravely. "My work is here until Saturday night," she said.

Mr. Davis' keen glance flashed from her face to her copy, perfect in each detail. "Miss Wright," he said, "I'm going to take the responsibility of asking you, for the company, to continue your services with us. We can better afford to lose a little in money than to lose one who so honors her trust—and herself."

Out in the summer evening Emily walked home with shining eyes. It was good—oh, so good!—to have the place, but underneath was something better—she had not failed herself.—Youth's Companion.

TO GIRLS OF FOURTEEN

Now listen to this! "Kitty Slyboots" wants to know: Is it proper for a girl of fourteen to have a favorite boy friend, and allow him to take her home? She also asks: Am I in proportion? I am 5 feet 4 inches tall, 25½ waist, 36 bust, and weight 116½.

And this is not exaggeration. It is only a sample of many letters the postman brings to my desk.

Why in the name of common sense do little girls like Kitty bother about "proportion" and "boys"?

Don't you know, girls, that everyone loves a sweet, wholesome, girlish little maid, who never tries to be older than she really is?

No difference to her acquaintances if she's thin or fat, if her "proportions" are good or indifferent, her girlishness and childish innocence are the qualities which attract and hold.

Please believe me, girls, now is the happiest time of your lives. Your childhood will be all too short—don't hasten its close by bothering about the boys and your shape.

Study your lessons, play with your dolls and learn from mother how to be a good little housewife—then when boy-time comes the boys will all be striving for your favor—not if they don't!

And remember, girls—boys do not like a silly little boy-crazy girl any more than grown-ups do.—News.

The Ladies of Acton May Now Grow Beautiful Hair

Mr. Hassard, backed up by the manufacturers of SALVIA, the Great Hair Grower, guarantees it to grow hair.

SALVIA destroys Dandruff in ten days.

The roots of the hair are so nourished and feed that a new crop of hair springs up, to the amazement and delight of the user. The hair is made soft and fluffy. Like all American preparations SALVIA is daintily perfumed. It is hard to find an actress who does not use SALVIA continually. A large bottle for 50c.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Some Notes From the Free Press of November 27th, 1890

Mr. M. Mason has opened a blacksmith shop in a part of Johnston's hotel shed.

Mr. Jos. Anderson's new dwelling Bower Avenue is nearing completion.

Mr. J. H. Matthews has enlarged his harness shop to twice its former size.

The ponds are now partially frozen over. A venturesome boy went in up to his waist yesterday morning.

Stanley, the African traveller, will likely pass through Acton on the midnight train to-night for Detroit, after lecturing in Toronto.

Mr. W. Willoughby, of Eramosa, took the good old-fashioned way of remembering his clergyman in a practical manner by putting a substantial load of hay in Rev. G. R. Cooke's barn on Monday.

The Glencoe House premises have been considerably improved. If the present block were annihilated and a fine new brick block with plate glass front put in its place congratulations would be in order.

Quite a number have signified their desire for salvation in connection with the Methodist Church special services.

Mr. Luther Lyman, lamplighter, has placed his resignation in the hands of the clerk. In his letter he states that: "I have faithfully endeavored to discharge my duties with the means at my disposal, the lamps being often out of repair and giving me unnecessary work and trouble and not perfect satisfaction to any. I find that I cannot satisfy some fault-finders and for my own comfort of mind and rest of body I have decided upon this action."

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Demy were guests at the wedding of Miss Minnie Watson, Norval, last week.

Mr. E. B. Nicklin, of Gloverville, N. Y., has been very low with typhoid.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Nicklin, of Portage la Prairie, Man., are slowly recovering from their recent attack of typhoid fever.

Mr. J. Fallona and Miss L. Fallona, who have been visiting here for some time, left for Montreal on Thursday to attend the death-bed of their brother.

BORN—At Monroe, Mich., on Nov. 10th, to Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hill, a daughter.

MARRIED—At the residence of the bride's father, on Nov. 18th, by Rev. Geo. Watson, of Detroit, uncle of the bride, Mr. Thos. Price, Esquesing, to Minnie, youngest daughter of Mr. Robt. Watson, Norval.

DIED—At Hamilton, on Nov. 25th, J. M. Williams, registrar of Hamilton, aged 72 years, father of Mrs. Walter D. Boardmore, Toronto.

HOW STAMPS ARE GUMMED

Officials of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing aver that one of the most delicate operations connected with the manufacture of postage stamps is the gumming thereof.

When the sheets have been printed they are passed under a roller from which they receive a thin coating of gum, and then gradually over coils of steam pipes until they are dried. Much care is exercised to get the layer uniform on every part of the surface.

The gum in the little vats, from which it drops to the roller, is maintained at an even temperature and thickness. Tests are frequently made of the warmth and humidity of the work-room.

But even with the perfection of mechanical exactness, some allowance must always be made for the season of the year. For summer sale a slightly harder gum is used, because of the trouble occasioned by the sticking together of the stamps. In winter precaution against the cracking of the gummed surface, through contraction is necessary. A third grade of the material for other seasons is known as "intermediate".

JEAN'S ALGEBRA

Jean unstrapped her books and took pad and pencils.

"I'd like to be polite, Mr. Marshall," she said, laughing across at her father's old friend, who was spending two days with him, "but I never dare be polite until my algebra is done."

"What makes you like it so much?" Mr. Marshall asked, smiling. "Young ladies don't generally have much taste for algebra."

"Like it!" Jean repeated vehemently: "I despise it. That's why I do it first; if I gave myself the tiniest margin of excuse, I'd never get it done. And I may be stupid—I am stupid in it—but it shan't conquer my morals, anyhow."

"I see," the guest replied, rising. "Well, good luck to it—and you, Miss Jean. Perhaps you'll like it better after a while."

"Never!" Jean returned emphatically.

A month later three girls were looking at one another with dazed eyes. They must take care of mother, of course,—but—how?—Corinne's music? Barbara's art? They had been studied only for accomplishments—they never had supposed that they would need them.

Then a letter came from Mr. Marshall, with a wonderful offer of a well-paid position for Jean.

"Jean!" Corinne cried, "why she's the youngest!"

"And never studied typewriting in her life! Barbara chimed in.

"For Miss Jean," Mrs. Randal read "A young lady who always buckles her hard things first in her determination that they shall not conquer her morals is the kind of young lady that we need fifty-two weeks in the year."

"Who would have thought that a little thing like that—" Barbara said brokenly.

True blessedness consists in a good life and a peaceful death.—Solon.

MISSED MISFORTUNES

Not half the storms that threatened me
E'er broke upon my head;
Not half the pains I've waited for
E'er racked me on my bed;
Not half the clouds that drifted by
Have overshadowed me:
Not have the dangers over came
I fancied I could see.

Somehow through every leaden sky
Some rift hath shown the light;
Somehow each valley with its gloom
Hath borne some flower bright;
And thus through life some loving hand—
Some Friend I could not see—
Hath sent amidst the darkest hour
Some blessing unto me.

—B. W. Burleigh.

BISHOP'S PRECEPTS

Bishop Middleton, who in 1814 became head of the church in Calcutta, governed himself by the following rules:

Persevere against discouragements.
Keep your temper.
Employ leisure in study, and always have some work on hand.
Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate.
Never be in a hurry.
Preserve self-possession and do not be talked into conviction.
Rise early, and be an economist of the time.
Maintain dignity about the appearance of pride.
Manner is something with everybody and everything with some.
Be guarded in discourse, attentive and slow to speak.
Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions.
Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask.
Think nothing in conduct unimportant and indifferent.
Rather set than follow example.
Practise strict temperance, and in all your transactions remember the final account.

EXPERIENCED

It was the beginning of the football season, and the principal team of the town had advertised for a trainer. Amongst the applicants for the post was a young man who sent in a card with his name on and "Urgent" marked on it. "Have you had any experience?" one of the directors asked. "Experience!" the young man cried, "I should think so! Two of my brothers play football, another has tried to cross the Channel in an aeroplane, mother is a Suffragette, and father keeps a racing motor car, and they've all learned under my direction!" He got the berth.

RULER OF RUSSIA'S TITLE

The general allusion to the ruler of Russia as the Czar is, strictly speaking, incorrect. His official title is "emperor and autocrat." Czar is the old Russian word for lord or prince and was abandoned by Peter the great on his triumphal return from Poltava, his crowning victory over Charles XII. of Sweden. Since then the Russian monarch has been officially entitled emperor, and at the congress of Vienna in 1815 his right to the imperial term was admitted by the powers, with the proviso that, though he was emperor, he had no precedence over the kings of western Europe.

JUST A HABIT

He was a wheelman and called at a farmhouse for a glass of water, but the farmer's pretty daughter offered him a glass of milk instead. "Won't you have another glass?" she asked as he drained the tumbler. "You are very good," he said, "but I am afraid I shall rob you." "Oh, no. We have so much more than we can use ourselves that we are giving it to the calves all the time."

UNLESS

Townsend—Can you live on $1 a day? Hoore—Certainly, unless he's so prodigal as to lay something aside for a rainy day, keep up his insurance, eat when he's hungry, buy clothes and pay his bills.—Chicago News.

BLOOD-POISONING FROM CUT FINGER

Serious Condition Relieved by Zam-Buk

Mr. Jas Davey, of 793 Ellice Avenue, Winnipeg, says: "A few months since I was cured of a poisoned finger through the timely use of Zam-Buk. I cut a deep gash across the knuckle on the first finger of the right hand in opening a lobster can one evening. I suffered at the time with the soreness and pain, but had no idea it would become a serious wound. However, in about two days I was greatly alarmed, as my whole hand and arm to the elbow became inflamed, and the finger was much discolored, showing signs of blood-poisoning. The pain was dreadful and I was forced to leave off my work and go home.

"The wound on the knuckle had been poisoned through the dust and dirt about the furnaces and boilers. I then decided to start the Zam-Buk treatment, and having first bathed the cut, I applied the healing balm. It soothed the pain almost instantly, and by the next day there was a great improvement. In a week's time, through perseverance with Zam-Buk, a complete cure was brought about."

Scores of similar cases could be quoted, and the wisest precaution is to keep a box of Zam-Buk handy and apply it immediately a cut, or burn, or bruise is sustained.

Zam-Buk will also be found a sure cure for cold sores, chapped hands, frost bite, ulcers, eczema, blood poison, varicose sores, piles, scalp sores, ringworm, inflamed patches, babies' eruptions and chapped places, cuts, burns, bruises and skin injuries generally.

All druggists and stores sell it at 50c box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, upon receipt of price. Refuse imitations and substitutes.