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Poetry.

A MODERN TORCH-BEARER

Her name is Miriam, I think, or Alice
of Susanne;
Or Lou or Lillian—perhaps it may be
Mary Ann,
She is a helpful sort; she keeps her
household going right,
And when her husband "tinkers"
things, she always "holds the
light."

Her part to hold a drippy dip, and his
to hammer nails
In darkling cellar corners where the
sunlight flags and fails;
And when he gets some sticks of wood
to keep the fire bright,
She brings her little candlestick and
helps him with a light.

Or when the furnace misbehaves—
when anything goes wrong
That needs a manly arm to mend, and
language good and strong,
She goes along; she holds her tongue,
serene, sweet and polite—
She holds the hammer and the nails—
her temper and the light.

Oh, you may land the clever wife who
really rules the house;
The brilliant wives, the beauties that
society espouse;
But I shall sing another one; that
cheery, blithesome mate,
Who holds the baby, holds her home—
who always "holds the light."

—Grace Stone Field, in Woman's Home Companion.

Select Family Reading

The Rope and the Ring

By F. A. Mitchel

The steamer Tecumseh was moving slowly at a ten knot gait off Norfolk, Va., when the lookout called:

"Boat ahead on the port bow."

With his glass the captain swept the quarter of the ocean indicated and saw a cockleshell skiff pulled by a single man. He was alone in the boat and hoyond sight of land.

"Put her off three points to westward," said the captain to the helmsman.

The ship was steered in the direction of the man in the boat, and as it drew near him broad stripes revealed themselves on the garments he wore.

"Escaped jailbird!" exclaimed the captain in disgust at having to rescue such a man.

A rope was lowered, and the convict was pulled aboard. He walked aft to where the captain stood waiting for him and said:

"You see by my garb, captain, that I am an escaped prisoner. I broke away last night, made my way to the coast before morning, seized a boat and pulled out, where I hoped to be picked up by a passing ship. I must throw myself on your mercy not to put me back where I came from. If you intend doing so I beg you rather to toss me overboard, for I prefer to die rather than return to that horrible life."

"It wouldn't do for me," replied the captain, "to assist a prisoner regularly convicted under the law to obtain his freedom. You may work with the crew while you are on board my ship, but when we reach port I'll have to turn you over to the authorities."

There was a look of agony in the man's eyes as he turned away in company with the mate to take his place among the crew. He was young—not more than twenty-seven—vigorous and refined looking. He had eaten nothing since the day before. Food was given him; but, though he needed it, he had not the heart to eat more than he absolutely required.

Bad weather set in that night from the northeast, blowing a cold blast. The ship was riding obliquely across the waves which dashed up against her bows, now raising skyward and now pointing toward the bottom.

It was about midnight that, while the stern was raised high in the air, an enormous wave struck it with terrific force. There was a sharp report, and the helmsman found that the wheel turned without assistance. Something had happened to free the rudder and render it useless. The ship was at the mercy of the waves.

When the captain, who was on deck, learned of the trouble he blanched. He was not more than thirty miles from the Virginia coast, and with a northeast wind blowing his ship southwestward it would go ashore by daylight.—

While this flashed into his mind the vessel was turning and in a few moments was rolling in the trough of the sea. Orders were issued to get up such sails as would be of service in steering. With the help of these, though the ship steadily lost ground, those aboard of her gained time. Morning came, and there was the shore like a faint cloud resting on the horizon, and with a powerful glass a white line could be seen breaking against it. Some steering gear must be rigged or within a few hours the ship would be breaking up under the waves rolling on that coast.

An investigation was made, and the rudder itself was found to be sound, though the stock was shattered, leaving the huge steel mass, weighing three tons, swinging from side to side with every wave and threatening to stave a hole in the vessel's stern. To save the ship and the lives of those aboard of her it was necessary that the rudder should not only be secured, but that it be again converted into a means of steering the ship. In other words, there were two dangers of equal importance—the breaking of the ship's plates and being driven ashore.

The captain conceived a plan, but owing to the rolling of the ship did not consider its execution feasible. It was to make fast two chains, one on each side of the stern, to a ring on the outer edge of the rudder. Had the vessel regained on an even keel this ring would have been about four feet under water. As she pitched sometimes it was high in the air, sometimes far down below the surface. At the rudder's rise a man could be lowered on to it in the hope that he might put the chains through the ring, but before he could do so he would be buried many feet in the brine.

The captain lined the crew up on deck, told them of his plan, admitting that several men might be lost in the attempt, and called for volunteers. Half a minute passed before a man moved; then the convict stepped forward and said:

"I'd rather be drowned down there than go back to prison. I'll make an attempt."

"If you succeed," said the captain, "you'll never return to your stripes if I can help you."

One end of a rope was attached to the end of the mizzen boom, the other end being looped under the convict's shoulders. Just before he was lowered he said:

"Tell the world that I, Arnold Turner, convicted of a bank defalcation, about to die, declare my innocence. I know the guilty person, but decline, as I have always declined, to tell."

Turner stood on the gunwale and as the stern rose was quickly lowered with a wire rope and, perching himself on the rudder, endeavored to pass it through the ring. Before he could do so the stern descended, bearing him with it. Necks were craned over the rail to see, when the rudder rose again, if he would still be there. Few believed that he would. But as the stern came up there he was, his knees pressing the vessel's sides, his hands clutching the ring.

A wave swung the rudder to starboard, and the man on it would have been dashed against the side of the ship had he not saved himself by throwing himself on the other side. Before it was swung in the reverse direction down he went again toward the bottom of the ocean. When he came up, holding the ring by one hand, he tried to pass the rope through it, but the rudder was not still long enough for him to do so. He was not only becoming benumbed with the cold bath, but must be ever watchful to avoid being banged against the side of the vessel, which would, to say the least, have dislodged him.

And so he continued to fight for the lives of the fifty or more people slowly drifting toward the breakers, whose distant roar could now be faintly heard above that of the wind. Every time he was carried down he came up with shorter breath and more exhausted. But every time he renewed his attempt to put the rope through the ring of the swaying rudder. Then, when he had failed and gone down again, on rising he let go the ring to rest, swinging, soaked with ice water and pierced by the cold wind.

At last, watching his opportunity when the ship plunged and the stern rose, swinging with the ring, he grasped at it, caught it and this time passed the rope through it.

Half his work had been done.

Another wire rope was given him, but how could he hope, having lost so much of his strength and benumbed by the cold, to succeed when it had taken so long to attach the first rope? It was a period of terrible suspense for those drawing near those dreadful breakers, whose roar was now every moment growing louder. Again he made his dives; again he clung to the rudder, watching to avoid being dashed against the ship, trying to put the second rope in place.

And so, sometimes swinging at the end of his rope and sometimes taking his cold baths, he kept on trying. The knowledge that lives depended upon his success gave him strength, but whenever he felt that he could not endure another swing in the blast or another dive in the ocean he would think of that life behind bars which was dethroning his reason and he would persevere.

At last a feeble call from below announced to those above that the second wire rope had been passed through the ring. To the ends of these ropes those on deck passed heavy chains, which the convict shackled in place, and when this was done he was drawn up.

As he appeared above the taffrail a shout was raised. But he did not hear it. The moment his work was done he fainted. Liquor was poured down his throat, and he was hurried below. There he was stripped of his soaked clothing and put into hot blankets.

While he had been at his work men on deck had lashed a boom across the poop, projecting on each side. The rudder chains were passed through pulley blocks at each end of the beam and around a drum made by boarding over the steering gear. The moment the ends of the chains were attached to the ring the rudder was made serviceable, and the ship was turned from the white line where now, but a mile away, the mad waves were tossing their heads as if disappointed at losing their prey.

When Turner came on deck again he was dressed in a suit of the first mate's clothes, and every one pushed forward to grasp his hand and shower blessings upon him. Each and every person vowed not to betray him, and some suggested means of obtaining a pardon. But Turner told them that he preferred to remain aboard the ship, which, after touching at New York, was to sail for a foreign land. So great was his dread of a return to prison that he determined to lose himself in a country where he would not be known.

Under the improvised steering gear the ship weathered the gale and made her way to Philadelphia, where she put in for repairs, and her passengers, going ashore, took a land route to their different destinations. Before leaving the ship they held a meeting and collected a considerable sum to be paid the man who had saved their lives. But when they came to turn the gift over to him he declined it, saying that he did not need money beyond what he might be supplied with from friends who knew him to be innocent of any crime and who would gladly furnish him with all his necessities.

Turner remained aboard the vessel during her stay at Philadelphia and while she touched at New York. He occupied a cabin of one of the mates, where he kept himself hidden while the ship was in port. Then when her prow was turned eastward he came out and rejoiced in being once more a free man.

Years after the convict's escape the person who had perpetrated the crime for which Turner had been imprisoned, on promise of indemnity, owned himself to be the guilty party. Then Turner accepted a pardon.

The Doctor's Reason.

First Physician—So you've lost Rogers as a patient. Didn't he respond to your treatment? Second Physician—Yes, but not to my dunning letters.—Lippincott's.

DR. LEACOCK, HUMORIST

It is a far cry from lecturing on economics and political science in McGill University, Montreal, to writing humorous sketches for Toronto Saturday Night. However, this is the dual occupation of Stephen Leacock at the moment.

Educated at Upper Canada College, Dr. Leacock was on the staff of this educational institution from 1891 to 1899, and is consequently well known in Ontario. In the years 1907 and 1908 he toured the British Empire, lecturing on Imperial problems, under the auspices of the Rhodes Trust. It was after his return from this mission that Leacock began to be known as a writer of humorous sketches, some of which appeared in Canadian journals, including Toronto Saturday Night, as far back as 1908.

Toronto Saturday Night has begun a new series by Dr. Leacock. "Novels in Nutshells," he calls them. They are ten in number, and one is being published each week. Everybody loves good, clean humor. Everybody is attracted by it, for the real humorist is a rare bird, and it is rarer still that one is captured on the nest right here in Canada.

Dr. Leacock's series on Practical Political Economy are also published weekly in Toronto Saturday Night. Economics are things that make the civilized world move on. In the days when the science was not understood and appreciated by at least a fair proportion of the world's inhabitants, we wore skins carried clubs and traded goats. Now we do better than that. Every man, and every woman for that matter, should understand something of the science of practical political economy, and this knowledge can be gained in no better way than by reading Dr. Leacock's series from week to week. As a matter of fact they are not half as dry as they sound; and as the Professor's style is always clear and concise, and as sprightly as the subject will permit, they are well worth the perusal, even if you don't expect to become a bank president.

THE ART OF READING

"Never come to any author prejudiced," says Anne Bryan McCall in Woman's Home Companion. "We do many a book the injustice of condemning it from hearsay. Such and such a person tells you they have found this or that writer dull. Yet to you he may be just the friend you need, just the one who can most minister to you.

"Do not follow blindly the teaching of any book. The chief end of all good books is to teach you to think for yourself.

"One other thing I would like to urge on all of you who love books and have or mean to have a collection of dear book friends. Never lose sight of the obligation these friends lay on you. Live to be worthy of them. No matter how great a book, it can only be great to you if you have some answering greatness in you. To the petty and small and selfish and ignoble these silent friends have nothing to say. The eye may read the written page, but the soul is not spoken to by the great and noble unless that soul's effort is day by day toward greatness and nobleness. Any one who can pay the price of their printing and binding may possess facsimilies of these book friends of yours, but neither their strength nor loveliness, nor their friendship, nor their virtue is to be had for so cheap a price. For these must be won from other friends by an answering strength and virtue in ourselves.

"Those of us who have been patient under repeated trial will best love and understand the Odyssey. Those of us who have suffered loss and patiently conquered despair will best know Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' and only those of us who have loved nobly and well without thought of self will be able to share intimately the Browning Letters."

A JOKE BOOK

"A joke book is a very inexpensive gift that any one can make and is an excellent cure for the blues," says Mabel C. Rodgers in Woman's Home Companion. "The covers may be made of mat or heavy cardboard with some kind of a humorous picture on the front. The pages are of plain paper with the clippings pasted on like an ordinary scrap-book. Jokes, funny sayings, short humorous sketches—anything that will provoke a laugh—may be put in the book. 'A cheerful heart doeth good like a medicine,' and a book like this will bring an abundance of cheer and laughter."

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 feblest 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

Readable Recollections From Our Columns of January 8th, 1890

Mrs. Robt. Bailey, an old resident of Eramosa, died last week, aged 77 years. She had been ailing with paralysis for four weeks.

George McPherson, who was so badly injured by a runaway horse during the haying last summer, received an ugly kick on the head from a horse last Friday.

Willie Gurney was rendered unconscious by a blow on the back of his head from a fall on the ice on Friday. He is recovering from the effects of the shock.

Mr. James Grant has purchased Mr. John Matthews' cartage business. Mr. Matthews has given good satisfaction at this work for a number of years.

Free Press readers will remember the announcement last July of the death of Mr. Robt. F. Hill, of Peru, near Milton, brother of Mr. C. T. Hill, Acton. On Sunday his partner in life followed him, and Rev. Geo. Clark conducted the funeral services on Tuesday.

A lady in leaving home for the Knox S. S. entertainment on New Year's evening took by mistake the election card of one of the municipal candidates instead of the necessary ticket. The door-keeper told her he had been canvassed but that she might hand in the ticket again instead of the fee she offered him.

The death on New Year's eve of Mr. Wm. Milne, of Ripley, son of the late Chas. Milne, of Esquesing, removed one who was well known and highly esteemed in Acton some years ago. His sisters here, Mrs. A. Stephenson and Mrs. Jas. McLam, had the gratification of being with him a few days prior to his death. Messrs. Stephenson, McLam, J. L. Warren and R. D. Warren attended the funeral on Friday.

On New Year's afternoon a merry company assembled at the home of Mrs. D. Swackhamer, Young Street, to witness the marriage of Mr. Noble P. McLam and Miss Roxy Swackhamer, which ceremony was performed by Revs. Gifford and Rae. The bride was assisted by Miss Susanna Sinclair, while Conn. J. A. Speight attended the groom. After an excellent wedding repast, the happy couple proceeded to their home, corner Main and Church Streets. Both are highly esteemed, and received numerous presents representing beauty and utility.

Although the rain fell heavily old Knox Church was filled to the doors on New Year's evening at the Sunday School entertainment. A lengthy programme was presented which contained choruses, etc. by the school and groups of juveniles. Also recitations were: "What side are you on?" Jennie Lambert; "Two and two more," Jennie Cameron; "The best use of a penny," Mabel Rae; "The bunch of golden keys," Rella Lawson; "Go, scatter the flowers," Mabel Cook; "If I were a king," Mabel Grant; "The golden rule," Nellie Hynds; "How pussy spent her Christmas," Lily Halstead; "The old, old maid," Jennie Kennedy; "The good old year," Mary A. Smith; "A child and the flowers," Elsie Quittner; "Latour de Verne," and "The tell-tale," Miss Hume, Alma College. Songs: "Please give me a penny, Sir," Nellie Lowry; "The little ones," Jennie Smith; "The basket-maker's child," Jennie Kennedy; "A little talk with Jesus," Annie Hynds; "The little girl's dolly," Lewis Orr.

At the Knox S. S. entertainment there were several items not before announced. On behalf of the congregation Mr. D. Henderson presented Miss Cassie McPhail with a $25 cheque in recognition of her past two years service as organist. At Miss McPhail's request Rev. Mr. Rae thanked the donors in suitable words. By Rev. Mr. Rae Mr. Alex. Kennedy received a beautiful upholstered chair from the Sunday School, of which he has been the painstaking superintendent for ten or eleven years. He was considerably non-plussed but returned hearty thanks, and said that his sole object had been to honor his Saviour, and do good to the youth of the community. And still another, for Mr. McGregor then advanced and in fitting terms handed Rev. Mr. Rae, the esteemed pastor, a cheque for $90. As Mr. Rae was quite unaware of his people's intentions his words were few but expressive of great pleasure, the greatest of which was the expressed fact that all his people had a part in the gift.

At the municipal election Messrs. John Harvey, Jas. Anderson, J. H. Pearson and Geo. Havill were elected councillors. Dr. Lowry had been elected reeve by acclamation.

The School Trustees returned at the open vote election yesterday were, Messrs. T. H. Harding, James McLam and Robert Wallace.

BORN—In Acton, on Dec. 29th, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burgess, twin sons.

BORN—In Acton, on January 4th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Matthews a daughter.

BORN—At Eden Mills, on December 31st, to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Anderson a daughter.

MARRIED — At the home of the bride's father, by Rev. Joseph Ferguson, Mr. William Grindell, Eramosa, to Miss Annie, daughter of Mr. Thomas Price, Esquesing.

MARRIED—On January 1st, at the home of Mr. J. H. Cripps, Erin, Mr. Samuel Coleman, Erin, to Mrs. S. Balls, Rockwood.

MARRIED — In Acton, on January 1st, by Rev. Dr. Gifford, assisted by Rev. J. W. Rae, Mr. Noble P. McLam to Miss Roxy, daughter of the late Danford Swackhamer.

MARRIED—On January 1st, at the Manse, Nassagaweya, by Rev. A. Blair, Mr. Robt. M. Wilson to Janey, eldest daughter of Wm. Anderson.

Only the borrowed virtues take a vacation.

WASHIN'-DAY

It's washin'-day at our house
An' this is how I tell:
It comes right after Sunday
An' it has a sudsy smell.

An' father's in a hurry
An' mother's tired out,
An' ev'ry one's jes' awful cross
An' don't want me about.

So I take Teddy an' my doll
An' we go off an' play
That ev'ry day is Chris'mas,
An' tho' ain't no washin'-day.

—Woman's Home Companion.

WHAT TWO COUNTRY BOYS HAVE DONE

In 1870 an awkward, overgrown boy from the country appeared at Toronto University to attend lectures. His fellow students, noticing his uncouth appearance and the marks of the farm which still clung to him, promptly christened him "cowheels." This country boy recently succeeded in winning the Newfoundland Fisheries Dispute from the United State before The Hague Tribunal. His name is Hon. A. B. Aylesworth, Minister of Justice for Canada.

Another country boy who arrived in Toronto about the same time found employment in a wholesale house. He had the privilege of walking a mile and a half each morning, working for twelve hours and then walking the same distance back at night—all for the munificent salary of two dollars a week. This boy's salary did not remain at two dollars very long, for his employers soon discovered the stuff of which he was made and rapidly advanced him. In course of time he became head of one of the largest stores in Canada. Then began under his direction the development of a mail order business, which eventually covered the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Great Lakes to Hudson's Bay.

This country boy was H. H. Fudger, now president of the Robert Simpson Company. During the past year one of Mr. Fudger's dearest ambitions has been realized—that of serving every resident of the Dominion on exactly equal terms. His house was the first to inaugurate the policy of shipping goods free of delivery charges to any destination in Canada.

KINDNESS PAYS

A beautiful German story relates how one day a little girl, named Joanette, witnessed a great army review. Thousands upon thousands of spectators crowded around the stand, before which the emperor was to watch the passing regiments. While Joanette was seated in the stand, she saw an old, feeble woman trying very hard to get where she could see. The little German girl said to herself, "It is not right for me to sit here, when I am strong and well and can stand, while that poor, feeble old woman can see nothing. I ought to honor old age, as I want someone to honor me when I am old." Then she gave up her seat to the old woman, and went and stood in the crowd. But while Jeanette was standing upon her tiptoes, trying in vain to see, a courtier of the emperor, covered with gold lace, elbowed his way to her side, as he said, "Little girl, her majesty would be pleased to see you in the royal box." When the abashed child stood before the empress, she graciously said, "Come here, my daughter, and sit with me. I saw you give up your seat to that old woman, and now you must remain by my side." So God honors those who honor his servants, and no act of kindness will go unrewarded.

A MODERN MIRACLE!

He Had Eczema 25 Years and Doctors Said "No Cure"

YET ZAM-BUK HAS WORKED COMPLETE CURE

This is the experience of a man of high reputation, widely known in Montreal, and whose case can readily be investigated. Mr. T. M. Marsh, the gentleman referred to, lives at 101 Delorimier Avenue, Montreal, and has lived there for years. For twenty-five years he had eczema on his hands and wrists. The disease first started in red blotches, which itched, and when scratched became painful. Bad sores followed, which discharged, and the discharge spread the disease until his hands were one raw, painful mass of sores. Just think of this state of affairs continuing for twenty-five years.

In that time four eminent medical men tried to cure him, and each gave up the case as hopeless in the end. Naturally Mr. Marsh tried remedies of all kinds, but he, alas, at last gave it up. For two years he had to wear gloves day and night as terrible was the pain and itching when the air got to the sores.

Then came Zam-Buk? He tried it, just as he had tried hundreds of remedies before. But he soon found out that Zam-Buk was different. Within a few weeks there were distinct signs of benefit, and a little perseverance with this great herbal balm resulted in what he had given up all hope of—a complete cure! And the cure was no temporary cure. It was permanent.

He was cured nearly three years ago. Interviewed the other day Mr. Marsh said: "The cure which Zam-Buk worked has been absolutely permanent. From the day that I was cured to the present moment I have had no trace of eczema, and I feel sure it will never return. Having suffered for twenty-five years, I had naturally concluded that my case was incurable and I regard my cure as a modern miracle."

If you suffer from any skin trouble, cut out this article, write across it the name of this paper, and mail it, with one cent stamp to pay return postage, to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. We will forward you by return mail a free trial box of Zam-Buk. All druggists and stores sell this famous remedy, 50c. box, or three for $1.25. Refuse harmful substitutes.