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H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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L. R. F. P. & S. GLASGOW.
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Now is the time to have your watch cleaned and oiled.

Think! How long is it since your watch was oiled? Then think, how long would a sewing machine or other piece of machinery last if it were oiled but once a year.

Your watch is safe in our hands.

Savage & Co.
Official Watch Inspectors of Grand Trunk Railway.
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Your chopping will be done quickly and well, on either plates or stones, if taken to the—

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Flour - Oatmeal
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The best at lowest prices.

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Apple, Pear, Plum, Cherry, Peach, Grape Vines, Raspberries, Gooseberries, Currants, Blackberries, Dewberries, Nut Trees, Ornamentals of all kinds, Norway Spruce, Roses, Flowering Shrubs, Climbers of many sorts, etc., 1's, Mammoth Dewberry a Specialty. Send for my catalogue; it tells the whole story. Mention this paper.

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Also that he is prepared to repair all Granite, Aluminum and Enameled Ware. Knives and Scissors Ground—Furniture Repaired.

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W. WILLIAMS
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Or JOHNSON'S WAX?
(for Finishing)
Or STAIN and DYE?
(for many purposes)
Or ALABASTINE?
(walls and ceiling)
Or LINOLEUM?
(for floor covering)

Or any other spring work necessity. I will surely go to Boad's store where they have everything I want and will give prompt delivery.

The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
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Studying both at home and school
Strain Their Eyes to Danger Point

Eyeache, Headache, Nervousness and Blurring of the eyes is the result.

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

It would delight and astonish you to learn the story of the rise and progress of a large number of the graduates of this famous institution. Here and now there stands wide open, for you who have youth, health, discernment and ambition, the same door of honorable success. Don't procrastinate; seize opportunity; do it now. Come direct to the College office, 137 Upper Wyndham Street, or address

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NORVAL FLOUR

Prices reduced on all grades.

Lay in your stock for the summer.

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Best lines of Confectionery.

T. Statham & Son
Main St., Acton.

Poetry.

THE SCHOOL OF MOTHER'S KNEE

The oldest university
Was not on India's strand,
Nor in the valley of the Nile,
Nor on Arabia's land;
From time's beginning it has taught
And still it teaches free
It's learning mild to every child—
The school of Mother's Knee.

The oldest school to teach the law,
And teach it deeply, too,
Dividing what should not be done
From what each one should do,
Was not in Rome nor Ispahan
Nor by the Euxine Sea;
It held its sway ere history's day—
The school of Mother's Knee.

The oldest seminary where
Theology was taught,
When love to God, and reverent prayer,
And the Eternal Ought
Were deep impressed on youthful hearts
In pure sincerity
Came to the earth with Abel's birth—
The school of Mother's Knee.

The oldest—and the newest, too—
It still maintains its place,
And from its classes, ever full,
It graduates the race.
Without its teaching where would all
The best of living be?
'Twas planned by heaven this earth to leaven—
The school of Mother's Knee.

Select Family Reading

A Mother Worth More Than Fine Clothes

BY ROSE K. WAKEFIELD

IT WAS a common saying among the girls of Harbord Street School, that Jessie Rankin did not half know what a good time was. She had a lively quartette of younger brothers and sisters, and every one of them looked to Jessie, as the big, wise, elder sister, who, of course, must know all about work.

On Saturday, it was Jessie who scrubbed the kitchen floor, and baked the cookies, and she actually had to wash dishes and make beds, every day of her life. Nor were the younger members of the Rankin clan quite exempt from toil. Every morning Edwin helped Jessie to wash the breakfast dishes, while James and Fred and little Ruth tidied up the dining-room and cleaned the bed-room lamps. At noon every child of this well-regulated house attacked the dinner dishes, and again at supper time, "many hands made light work." But on Jessie's young shoulders there rested what her schoolmates adjudged to be quite a burdensome share of work.

"It is just ridiculous!" said Nellie Perkins. "However can a girl have any sort of a good time, who is always slaving at home?"

"Besides," continued Grace Holmes, "look at Jessie's hands. They are always red, and if she was not so persistent with her music, she would never make any sort of headway."

Now, although Jessie Rankin heard bits of this frequent criticism, she was not the girl to court pity. And thus it came about, that to all save her own home folk, she maintained, on the subject of her home duties, an attitude of lofty indifference.

"But I declare, mother," she would often complain, "things are not even, in this old world. I know you are not strong, and you give us all the good time you can, but there is not another girl in our class who has to work like I do."

"Things are more even than you imagine," Mrs. Rankin replied one day when this all-too common wail reached her ears. "Generally, in life, what people miss at one place, they can pick up at another."

"But the Perkins girls' father has no more money than my father," continued Jessie, "and yet they are always at school in fresh, white linen or muslin dresses, and they can bring home all the company they like and never have to do a hand's turn of work."

"And how is all this accomplished, daughter?" asked Mrs. Rankin gravely. "Every night I can see Mrs. Perkins sewing and mending until nearly eleven o'clock, washing and ironing, that the little ones and those two big strong girls, may be kept at school in elaborate wash suits. The company which Nellie and Susie bring home so constantly, and for which they make no preparation, means that their mother must work a little harder still. I fear that some day when it is too late, these careless girls will find out with sorrow that a mother is worth more than either fine clothes or a good time."

Jessie said nothing for a moment. She was thinking of the new linen suit which she had coaxed for so persistently and which her mother had said must come next year. A mental picture, too, of her busy days and of the easy, carefree life of many of her comrades, kept her from giving the fullest kind of assent to those wise words; but she kissed her mother and said:

"I'll reform and bear my burdens cheerfully some day, mother, you'll see." And true enough, Jessie did reform. Cousin May's visit was responsible for the first step in the right direction. She came all the way from New York to spend a long-promised month in the Rankin household, and the young girl found her brimful of effervescent, sparkling life. The very first night she seized Jessie's red, freckled hands in her own firm ones, and said in her energetic fashion:

"What perfectly splendid hands! Wherever did you get them, child?"

"Oh, they are a product of scrubbing indoors and weeding outdoors," Jessie replied rather grimly. "I hate my freckles, but they stick fast by me."

"Have you never heard," said Cousin May, with a twinkle in her eye, "that a freckle only spoke once, and then it said that it never was known to light on a 'din' skin?"

After Jessie had come to understand that "din" was Scotch for dark and that her fair, clear skin was being praised, she laughed in a pleased hearty fashion. And then it was that Cousin May made a remark which this young, impressionable girl never forgot.

"Lassie," said she, "I want you to treasure always these fine, sensible well-kept hands of yours. Long after the freckles have all gone, the brawn and muscle will abide, and this is the stuff that counts in life. It stands for capability and force, and my experience with scores of girls has taught me that the girl who amounts to something is not generally the one with the white, lily hands. Most times it is the girl who owns a pair of commonsense, usable hands, the kind that have learned to work, who wins the race."

While this most wholesome message was ringing in Jessie Rankin's young ears, poor, tired Mrs. Perkins sickened and died. The first thing people said was that slaving for her children had killed her and in the next breath they added that Susie and Nellie were big enough to keep house.

And so indeed they were, but because they knew not how to boil a potato, or darn a stocking, they made but a sorry attempt as housekeepers.

The younger children soon began to appear in tattered, disheveled garments, and even on Sundays, the one-time immaculate Perkins family was seen in attire far from tidy.

Now, of course, people commented, some pitifully and some caustically, upon this very evident change; but it remained for Jessie Rankin, one school day, to place her finger upon the real crux of the situation.

"According to my way of thinking, girls," she began, "we have no special cause to criticise Susie and Nellie Perkins. They have only done what some of us are doing and what the rest of us have dearly wanted at times to do."

"What's that?" six or eight girls asked eagerly.

"Well, they have merely chosen fine clothes and a good time, rather than their mother."

No one spoke for a moment. This was such an amazing assertion of Jessie's. At length Maude Peters said candidly:

"I guess it's the truth we're hearing, but I am sure, Jessie, you have no cause to scold yourself—you always save your mother."

"I don't save her half as much as I intend to do in the future," Jessie replied firmly.

Then she added quietly: "You know, girls, fine clothes and a good time are common, every-day things, but mothers are so precious that they just can't be replaced."

Thus there came about the reformation of Jessie.

THE ETHICS OF PIPE SMOKING

From the vantage-ground of New York a note-taking Britisher undertakes to dispel some of the illusions nourished by his countrymen about things American. He is specially explicit about the customs of the court of my Lady Nicotine. As thus:

"Men in this country have their code of social right and wrong, and it finds a curious expression in rules as to pipe-smoking. I shall never forget how, soon after my arrival, I sought out Fifth Avenue and innocently smoked my pipe for half the length of it. During the other half the pipe lay concealed in my pocket; so many disapproving eyes had been directed my way, and I could not find another pipe to keep it company.

"I thought probably pipes were tabood for outside use, so when I sat down in the New York Athletic Club to write a few letters I withdrew my briar from its hiding place, only to find that neither members nor guests were allowed to use pipes. The American man began to appear in a new light. He had frowned on my gaucherie for sinning on Fifth Avenue, and now he warns me, with delicacy, too, that I am a social criminal if—in a man's club, remember—I dare to foul the air with the fumes from an old briar.

"I became quite interested in the problem, and found that in the University Club the pipe-smoker was banished to a 'pipe-room.' For the life of me I do not know what the meerschaum and the briar have done to merit this legislation, but it shows an unexpected fastidiousness, and I hereby warn all pipe-lovers that if they wish to save their souls in America they must not be seen outside with a much-loved mouth-piece."

HOW TO PET A HORSE

"Not many people know how to pet a horse—from the horse's standpoint, at any rate," said a trainer. "Every nice-looking horse comes in for a good deal of petting. Hitch a fine horse close to the curb, and you'll find that half the men, women, and children who go by will stop for a minute, say, 'nice horsey,' and give him an affectionate pat or two. The trouble is, they don't pat him in the right place. If you want to make a horse perfectly happy, rub his eyelids. Next to that form of endearment, a horse likes to be rubbed right up between the ears. In patting horses most people slight those nerve centres. They stroke the horse's nose. While a well-behaved horse will accept the nasal caress complacently, he would much prefer that nice, soothing touch applied to the eyelids. Once in a while a person comes along who really does know how to pet a horse. Nine times out of ten that man was brought up in the country among horses, and learned when a boy their peculiar ways."

MOTHERS TAKE NOTICE

Among the handbills of "The Women's Imperial Health Association" is one headed "The Cry of the Children to the Mothers of Great Britain." It is so full of wisdom that we reproduce it here for the benefit of the many mothers who read this page:

Please let me sleep in a cot all to myself, and keep my nursery window open.

Please nurse me yourself (as God meant you to) till I am also mouthe old.

Please feed me regularly that me sleep all I want, and don't stick pins into my clothes, and then I promise not to cry.

Please scald or sterilize dairy milk before giving it to me to drink, and remember to cleanse and scald my bottle every time I use it.

Please do not give me artificial foods unless ordered by the doctor, or scraps of anything left over by the "grown-ups," or I'm afraid I shall be very ill.

Please let me have loose clothes, as I love to move my arms and kick with my legs quite a lot.

Please give me a bath every day, and let me splash about as much as I like.

Please let me out in the open air all you can. I love to sleep out in my coach.

Please don't let lots of stupid grown-ups kiss and dandle me; it makes me cross. All I want is to nurse my rubber dolly and play "bears" with daddy.

Please give me lots of fun with other little boys and girls; when I am bigger, tell me all the things every boy and girl should know, and don't let me hear about them first from horrid big boys and girls whom I am sure to meet some time soon.

IRELAND'S ADVANCE

The annual report for the Irish Association for the Prevention of Intemperance, recently issued, contains much valuable information concerning the progress of the temperance cause in the Emerald Isle. The Association is a federated council of a large number of active working temperance organizations with all of which it co-operates, while the work of all it seeks to encourage. Among its interesting records of progress is a diagram showing a startling change in the quantity of spirits consumed during the last thirty years. In the fiscal year commencing in 1882 the amount was 5,300,000 gallons. Last year it was 2,300,000. The reduction in the year 1909-10, as compared with the year 1909-9, was 1,213,387. Equally encouraging is the record of arrests for drunkenness, the number of which in 1876 was 112,253, and in 1907, 63,748.

Another interesting table shows a comparison in the amount expended for stimulants in twelve Dublin hospitals for the years 1881 and 1909, showing a falling off from £1,633 to £321, a reduction of about eighty-two per cent.

The report speaks of the success of the "Catch-My-Pal" movement and also refers to the work of "The Pioneers," a total abstinence society, started twelve years ago by Rev. J. A. Cullen, S. J., which has now 173 centres and 175,000 members.

WHY HE IS MORE SUCCESSFUL THAN YOU ARE

When you see a person who is getting ahead much faster than you are, why do you try to justify your slower pace by all sorts of excuses, such as that "the other fellow is lucky," that he probably had somebody to help him, that he happened to be in a more advantageous position?

Do not hypnotize yourself by such silly excuses. Everybody will laugh at you for making them, and say to themselves: "There is no doubt that there is a good reason for his lack of advancement." Why not get right down to business and look for the real cause?

Investigation will perhaps show that the other fellow is a little more alert for opportunities, that he is not afraid of taking pains, that he does not think quite as much about having a good time and of taking his ease as you do; that he is more willing to sacrifice his comforts for business.

He probably retires a little earlier at night; gets up a little earlier in the morning, is particular about being to work on time; puts more conscience into his work; does not blunder or gad about and talk as much as you do. He may be more careful not to make slurring remarks about members of the firm.

In other words, just get right down and analyze yourself, and you will probably find a lot of weak points in your service which you could improve.

There never was and never will be a universal panacea in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir. What would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the others. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtained in a sound, unadulterated state a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves those to whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquilizing the nerves disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which being stimulated, courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy, animal functions of the system, hereby 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

The Free Press of May 21st, 1891, Conned Over

The leading topic at the meeting of the School Board was still the matter of school accomodation. The purchase of the Baptist Church for an extra department was shown to be a matter that could not be legally consummated in a letter received from Inspector Deacon, on account of being on the street and without a playground. Prudence, too, would suggest the necessity of all the school being at one site. He suggested renting temporarily a room and proceeding either to build a two-room building that could be added to without marring its architectural appearance, or pull down the old school at once and build a six-room building that would be a credit to Acton, and make provision for further development.

The Board decided to ask the Inspection to meet on the grounds that the whole matter might be gone into, Mr. Hynds, who had favored the church purchase, cordially agreeing to the latter proposal, in view of all the circumstances. At the conference held the Inspector renewed his suggestion and another meeting was arranged for the following week.

The Royal Templars played House of Commons last week, having a Cabinet, a Speaker and a bill debated. Much interest was manifested, and the proceedings will be continued.

The FREE PRESS was as much admired so long ago as it is now, and Rev. Togo Ohno, lately from Japan, who spoke here recently, was so pleased with it that he wrote he had sent it to his native country to show such a beautiful paper from a country town. He considered it the finest paper he had seen on this continent.

Another address on Japan was given in town, this time by Rev. C. T. Cocking, in the Methodist Church on the 15th. Mr. Cocking had been five years in that great country.

The Salvation Army Jubilee on Saturday night and Sunday created quite a stir. The Kaleidoscope Brigade with silk hats and Prince Albert coats were something new in Army circles. The town hall had to be used on Sunday night. A special collection on Saturday night being insufficient, the officer in charge made a target of his hat, and it was peppered with cash pretty lively for a time, getting what was needed.

Rev. Dr. Gifford was the recipient of a very complimentary address from the Methodist Official Board at its meeting on Monday night, in view of the near severance of his pastoral charge.

13 cents was the amount in the till of the Orillia Times the other day when an unknown desperado entered and took even that.

The Canada Glove Works has installed a good water supply for fire protection with hose on every flat.

Men were as apt in those days to cut their hands at "the beam" in the tannery and so John Anderson gave himself an ugly gash across two fingers of his right hand with his worker.

Gun Club score—10 blue Rocks each, 16 yards rise, open trap, 1 barrel only:—W. Joans, 5; C. C. Speight, 5; C. Quitther, 1; J. Harvey, 5; C. E. Falkner, 4; J. J. Pearson, 7; H. H. Worden, 3.

Mr. Wilson Ramshaw and family are comfortably settled in their new home in Berlin.

Mr. C. J. Millar, of Orillia, has been given the management of the Acton Tanning Co's works. His son John will assist him.

Mr. Stafford Zimmerman and family intended leaving for Portage la Prairie, Man., on Monday evening, but he took seriously ill on Monday with inflammation of the lungs, and it will likely be some time before he can go.

The Assessment Roll as returned to Council shows a total of $223,395, an increase of about $9000 over previous year.

An English Chemist Has Discovered How to Grow Hair

In England the ladies have entirely abandoned wearing rats, which is due entirely to this new discovery.

It has been proven that Henna leaves contain the ingredients that will positively grow hair. That they contain this long-looked-for article is proven every day.

The Americans are now placing on the market a preparation containing the extract from Henna leaves, which is having a phenomenal sale.

This preparation is called SALVIA, and is being sold with a guarantee to cure Dandruff and to grow hair in abundance. Being daintily perfumed, SALVIA makes a most pleasant hair dressing. Hassard, your druggist, is the first to import this preparation into Acton, and a large, generous bottle can be purchased for 50c.

FOX FARMING

The richest farming in the world is fox farming—black fox farming. It is really gold mining. On Prince Edward Island the business of breeding black foxes has been carried on for a generation. Frank Deedmeyer, our consul at Charlottetown, says that $2,900 has been paid to a breeder for a single black fox skin; the prices for ordinary pelts run from $300 to $500 each. Some fox farmers have been able to pay off a farm mortgage by the sale of a pure black fox skin.—New York Press.

A TOILET SECRET

There are many healthy methods for making the teeth brilliantly white and of a glossy appearance. One woman believes in whitening them with a fruit bleach. Every day she eats a hard, sour apple, chewing it very slowly and thoroughly. She attributes to the acid of the fruit a whitening and antiseptic influence upon her teeth and finds a curative effect also in the apples with regard to her general health.

DROP A KIND WORD

Drop a word of cheer and kindness
Just a flash and it is gone,
But there's half a hundred ripples
Circling on, and on, and on,
Bearing hope and joy and comfort
On each splashing, dashing wave,
Till you wouldn't believe the volume
Of the one kind word you gave.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness,
In a minute you forget,
But there's gladness still swelling,
And there's joy skirling yet,
And you've rolled a wave of comfort
Whose sweet music can be heard
Over miles and miles of water,
Just by dropping a kind word.

—Employees' Magazine.

PATRIOTISM.

The religion of patriotism may sound blasphemous to some ears, but that patriotism be less than religion is the conception which has prepared the way for the civic corruption of the last decade. We are to serve the state not only with our bodies as soldiers and policemen nor even with our bodies alone as voters, but, as Thoreau has put it, with our consciences as citizens. Ours ought to be a religion of patriotism, for America is not a land alone nor a country nor a people, but a hope, a vision, an ideal. What nobler religion can there be than the pure love and unselfish service of the noblest, freest commonwealth the world has known?—Rabbi Stephen S. Wise.

POINTED PHILOSOPHY

He who serves his friends is never out of a job.

Killing time may mean the suicide of success.

To rule oneself is the first requisition to rule others.

Any man who looks for trouble is blind to his own interests.

The greater the uncertainty the more positive the ignorant man.

The average so-called blessing in disguise is very unsatisfactory.

No man is more miserable than he who strives merely to please himself.

Many people prefer theoretical to practical work, but they don't like to take their pay that way.

When a man begins to argue with his conscience as to whether a thing is right or wrong, it's safe to decide that it is wrong.

A TRAINING FARM

It is interesting to note that Rev. Maclean Goldie, Nova Scotia's London agent, has been approached with a view of establishing a farm in Nova Scotia under the auspices of the Church for training young men from public schools, such as Eton and Harrow, who desire to follow agricultural pursuits. This institution, if established, would be in touch with the Agricultural College at Truro, and would thus afford young men an opportunity, not only of gaining practical experience of Canadian farming, but also of laying a theoretical basis which would prove of inestimable value in later life.

THE OPPOSITION'S PLIGHT

A Free Church and an Established Church beadle met at an inn and inwardly resolved to fill one another drunk. After a carousal they set out for home, and on the way the road proved to be too narrow for them both, and the Free Church beadle at length staggered through the hedge. His friend had not gone much farther when he met his minister, who held up his hands with horror.

"Oh, John, John," he said, "such a state to be in."

"Wheest," said John, with a twinkle in his eye, "you jist took o'er the hedge and see the Free Kirk man."

INDIAN BABY CARRIAGES

Indian babies are carried in a great variety of ways, but none of them go in baby carriages like white children. Some mothers, such as the Sioux, carry them in shawls on their backs. When the babies of the plains south and east of Calgary go to town they are placed on a framework of poles hitched to the saddle of a horse. The Cross of the Saskatchewan, and the very northwestern part of Ontario carry their babies in "baskets." The little one is cased snugly from head to foot, and laced in like a foot in a boot. The case is fastened to a board at the baby's back; and over the baby's head there is an iron frame, on which the mothers hang leaves and twigs to brush away flies and mosquitoes.

The basket is usually padded with moss, and the baby is quite as comfortable in its own way as any city or town baby in a baby carriage. Indian babies don't, as a rule, cry very much. If they do their mothers usually let them cry till they get tired or go to sleep. It's quite likely a white baby would be very uncomfortable in an Indian "basket"; but then an Indian baby might be quite as unhappy in either a baby carriage or a high chair.

ZAM-BUK HEALED BABY'S SORES

Mrs. C. Pardy, of 470 Seigneurs St., Montreal, writes:—"I cannot tell you how thankful I am for the cure Zam-Buk has worked in the case of my baby son. He was troubled with scalp disease and I tried everything I could think of, but in vain. Finally I tried Zam-Buk. I could see an improvement after two applications! After persevering with the Zam-Buk treatment he is now completely cured. Zam-Buk is certainly a wonderful balm, and I shall always keep it on hand."

Mothers should use Zam-Buk for all children's skin sores, ringworm, scalp sores, cuts, chafings, bruises, etc., because of its great purity. Also cures piles, eczema, bad leg, varicose sores, etc. 50c. box, all druggists and stores.

Zam-Buk Soap 25c. tablet, is best for baby's bath and for delicate skins.