The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXXVII.---NO. 11. Every Subscription Paid in Advance ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 14, 1911. Subscription Price, $1.00 Per Annum. SINGLE COPIES---THREE CENTS

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, 30 Fleet Street, London, E. C., where Messrs. K. 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 Meredith Memorial Maternity Hospital, London.
Office at residence, Mill Street, opposite Hynds' Jewellery store.
Phone No. 80.
ACTON - ONT.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M.
Late Prop. and Supt. Massey Hospital.
Diseases of Women and General Surgery.
889 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—Farquhar'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.

DR. E. S. HARDIE, L. D. S.
DENTIST
First class Dentistry in all its branches.
Office—10 Douglas St. (Upstairs) - GUELPH

DR. L. L. BENNETT, DENTIST,
Grreelman Block Georgetown

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.
Pulley neatly and promptly done

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
H. P. MOORE
Issues of Marriage Licenses.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening.
Free Press Office, ACTON

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 921, Acton, or Free Press Office.
Telephone 98.

WM HEMSTREET,
Licensed Auctioneer
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton
Orders left at the Free Press 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 $500 and upwards.

R. J. SMITH
Licensed Auctioneer
For the Counties of Wellington, Halton and Dufferin.
Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms.
Orders by letter to Mimico P. O., telephone to Mimico or Cheltnam, or left at Free Press office or with 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 376, Residence—17 Hydenham 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 Doughton who can 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 customers by sending out ignorant agents to solicit orders—we employ mechanics only and duly competition.

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

HERE

is a watch I have carried for five years without any expense for repairs except when I broke the crystal, said an enthusiastic owner the other day. We did not have to look closely to see rust, lint, hairs and tobacco in the movement. To put that watch in good order cost four dollars and the owner grumbled.

Some men would save money in the end if their watches would whistle when they needed cleaning.

Savage & Co.
G. T. R.
Watch Inspectors
Guelph - Ontario

W. GIMSON
Painter - Paper Hanger
Picture Framer, Etc.

Begs to inform the ladies of Acton and surrounding vicinity that he has been appointed Agent for three of the largest Wall Paper houses in Canada. 1500 samples to choose from. Prices Right.

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

Shop, Mill Street, Acton

CASH PAID FOR
FOWL - RAW FURS - JUNK
I also sell all kinds of FURNITURE.
M. SAXE - ACTON

Waters Bros.
Guelph
HEADQUARTERS FOR
O. A. C.
AND
School Supplies
FOR
NATURE STUDY
BOTANICAL
ETOMOLOGICAL
DRAWING
PAINTING
41 Wyndham Street
Phone 550

For Example

Twelve Hundred Dollars Salary, plus a generous commission, looks like good remuneration for the services of a boy in his teens, who has just completed his course of training at the

GUELPH BUSINESS COLLEGE
GUELPH - ONT.

Results Like the Above are an excellent test of the superior training for business pursuits given by this famous institution. There is no better time to enter for a course than NOW. This is the day of large opportunity. Come direct to the College Office, 137 Upper Wyndham Street, or address

Malcolm MacCormack, B. A., Prin.

STATHAM'S
.... FOR ....
Ice Cream

A GENEROUS PLATEFUL;
DELICIOUS, REFRESHING;
MADE OF PURE INGREDIENTS;
FRESHEST CREAMS;
BEST FLAVORINGS
A DELIGHT TO THE WELL;
NOURISHING TO THE INVALID;
A JOY TO THE CHILDREN.

Bread, Cakes and Pastry fresh every day.

Full line of Groceries and Provisions, Fruits & Vegetables.

T. Statham & Son
BAKERS and GROCERS
Main St. - ACTON

Ruberoid
Ready Roofing

For Farm Buildings, Residences, Dwellings, Factories, Foundries, Stores, Sheds, Outhouses, etc.

It is durable, fire proof, odorless, and comparatively inexpensive, nails and cement free. Ruberoid can be put on by any handy man, and will last twenty years. Information and samples on request.

The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Retail Phone 07 - - GUELPH

Eyes Examined Glasses Fitted
A. D. SAVAGE
Optometrist and Optician
"Right at the Post Office"
PHONE 627 - GUELPH

Harold Wiles
FOR QUALITY
Confectionery
Ice Cream
Fruits
Cool Orangeade
Summer Drinks
and Ices
MILL ST. - ACTON

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

The Berlin Steam Granite and Marble Works
CASPER BRAUN Proprietor
Designers and Builders of Statues, Mausoleums, Monuments, Markers and Headstones, and all kinds of
Artistic Cemetery Work
Wm. Hemstreet
AGENT, ACTON

We are Stocking Up

We are adding almost daily to our usual large stock.

Our stock now includes: Norval Flour, three grades. The kinds you come back to after trying all others. Cornchop, Mixed Chop, Peachop, Oatchop, Bran, Gluten Meal, Shorts and Low Grade Flour.

All kinds of Grain bought and sold.

R. NOBLE
Acton Flour & Feed Store

New Footwear!

We have just received a large shipment of the most up-to-date Footwear from the very latest American lasts — Footwear that will equally delight Men, Women and Children.

Drop in any time and inspect this complete stock of high class Summer Footwear.

W. WILLIAMS
Mill Street Acton.

Poetry.

THE PRODIGAL GIRL

We all have a heart for the Prodigal boy,
Who was caught in sin's mad whirl,
And we welcome him back with songs of joy;
But what of the Prodigal girl?

For him there's ever an open door,
And a father's bounteous fare,
And, though he is wretched, sick and poor,
He is sure of a welcome there.

But what of the girl who has gone astray,
Who has lost in the battle with sin?
Say—do we forgive in the same sweet way,
We've always forgiven him?

Does the door stand ajar, as if to say,
"Come, enter, you need not fear,
I've been open thus since you went away,
Now close to the second year?"

Or, with a hand of hellish pride,
Do we close and bolt the door,
And swear, "While heaven and earth abide,
She shall enter here no more?"

O Christ, it seems we have never learned,
The lesson writ in the sand,
For even yet the woman is spurned,
And stoned in a Christian land.

Down into the slough we hurl her back,
Then turn around with a smile,
And welcome the boy from the sinful track,
Though his was the life most vile.

We all have a heart for the Prodigal boy,
Who was caught in sin's mad whirl,
And we welcome him back with songs of joy;
But what of the Prodigal girl?

—H. J. Bryce.

Select Family Reading

At the Commencement Reception

BY MARY A. P. STARBUCK

"TOO-HOO-OO-OO OO!" The long, musical call quavered upon the quiet air of the spring afternoon. The lady who sat at her sewing machine in the window of the little prairie farmhouse started up with an eager smile, and the yards of diaphanous material on which she had been at work, fell in billowy folds upon the carpet at her feet.

A curly-headed boy of fourteen, mounted on a heavy work-horse, came pounding up to the gate.

"A letter from Nell, mother!" he called as he leaped to the ground, letting the bridle-rein fall upon the neck of the trusty beast.

A moment later he had laid the letter in her hand—a delicately perfumed missive addressed in the bold, pointed script affected by girls of today.

"There won't have to be many more, will there, mother."

"I trust not, Jack dear. Six weeks hence, if all goes well, we shall have our Nellie at home."

"And not just for a measly vacation! For good and all! Oh, mother, how jolly that you are to see her graduate! Does she know yet that you are coming?"

"She knows by this time. I wrote her about it in my last letter."

"What a grand surprise that must have been for her! Open the letter, mother. Let's see what she says."

Mrs. Murray broke the seal and glanced eagerly along the closely written pages.

"It's as sweet of you, mamsie, to hemstitch my flounces. Handiwork is the thing, you know, nowadays. And how nice that you are going to rip that darling old lace off your wedding-dress for the neck and sleeves! I've always coveted it.

"You won't forget the mousy for the long gloves, mother? And the slippers,—somehow it takes such a lot of money to do anything! I've economized till I do believe the other girls think me a perfect screw, yet there's always something lacking. I'm another Oliver Twist simply begging for 'more'. You know I hate to do it, don't you?

"I'm so sorry to tell you, but one of the sticks of the fan you let me take is broken short off. Ben Hartley did it the other night without knowing. Perhaps I can get it mended. If not, I must do without a fan, must I?"

The mother's eyes moved more rapidly.

"She can't have had my letter," she was saying to herself. "And yet the time is ample. It must have miscarried."

But, as she turned the page her look brightened.

"I've kept the great thing to talk about for the last—your coming. Such a tremendous surprise! I hadn't so much as dreamed of the possibility. It's well you wrote me when you did, or I couldn't have got a place for you. The village is always just overrun with visitors at Commencement, and rooms are engaged long beforehand. The very best I have been able to secure, is a little room at Mrs. Tomlinson's about a quarter of a mile from the campus,—hardly large enough, as my chum Nellie says, 'to change one's mind in!' But you won't have to stay in it very much. There will be something going on all the time.

"Perhaps I ought to tell you that there will be a lot of elegant dressing. So many of the girls are from rich families, and their sisters, cousins and aunts come resplendent. Particularly at the president's reception, it is something brilliant—real Paris gowns and all that. But you will be my dearest, best mamsie, whatever you have on."

"Whatever you have on," Mrs. Murray drew a sharp breath and her brow contracted with pain.

"What is it, mother? Is anything the matter with Nell?"

"No, Jack dear. Here is the letter. You may read it for yourself."

But in her own heart she was saying, "The matter is with me. I have made a great mistake."

The Murrays had not always lived in the prairie farmhouse. Unfortunate investments had years before largely dissipated a comfortable property, and, following upon this disaster, persistent ill-health had hampered Mr. Murray in the practice of his profession of the law.

"Get to the soil!" had been the ultimatum of his physicians. "Stay on here in your office and you will not live five years. Your only chance is in physical exercise, tranquil surroundings, favorable climate, and air—air—miles of it!"

The epic is yet to be written which shall adequately celebrate the quiet courage of the woman of town-born and bred—every chord of her nature responding to the incitements of the best social and intellectual life,—who at the call of duty resigns all for the lonely and toilsome existence of a pioneer farmer's wife.

When John Murray "proved" his claim the nearest neighbors lived ten miles away. Neither church nor school were accessible. Even to reach the market-town meant a day's journey.

Mrs. Murray's hands were roughened and her limbs wearied by unaccustomed labor, yet more difficult was the task of cheering and comforting her husband.

"I have buried you here, Mary," he would mourn. "You—fit to shine anywhere! Far better that I had taken the chances of life or death at home!"

"Never say it, John!" she would answer. "Have we not each other and the children? Neither heart nor brain can starve unless we ourselves deny them the food provided. Where on earth could we be nearer to the Divine than under these wide skies, close to the processes of nature, with nothing man-made between us and the heaven of heavens?"

The two children—Helen and her brother five years younger—grew strong and beautiful in the free life of the fields. Their mother was their teacher. Only an occasional new book came to them from the world outside, but the classics—the best of all time—were upon their own shelves, and it was the mother's delight to mold their literary tastes in accordance with these standards.

Helen was just budding into an unusually attractive girlhood, when, following the death of a distant relative, Mrs. Murray received a modest legacy. Then for the first time she was free to acknowledge to herself the strength of her long-suppressed desire to give to her children such advantages as their parents had enjoyed.

Half the sum, she agreed with her husband, should be set aside to increase until Jack was old enough for school. The remaining half, eked out by even more rigid economy than had already been practiced in the little home, would suffice to give Helen four years at her mother's own college among the eastern hills.

From her first arrival at school, Helen's beauty, vivacity and sweetness made her popular among her companions. She came home only for the summers, since the expense of the long journey could not be borne more frequently. But she was never left to the loneliness of an almost deserted dormitory. Some of her friends were certain to claim her at the Christmas or Easter vacation, and her letters home were enthusiastic recitals of the delights of her experiences in the new world thus opened to her.

The three months at home were always busy with preparations for the return to school. It seemed only natural to see her mother, gowned in print or gingham, plying the rapid needle or treading the monotonous sewing machine, while her skillful fingers fashioned the pretty garments which were to replenish her daughter's depleted wardrobe.

"You're a wonder, mamsie!" the girl would cry gaily. "Alice Vaughn's dresses all come from Madame Josephine, and truly they don't fit one bit better than mine!"

Sweet praise from beloved, careless lips, yet under it, all unnoticed, was growing the "little rift" of selfishness "within the lute!"

The father was more observing. "You are tired, Mary," he would say anxiously. "You do too much for this girl of ours."

"No, John dear," she would answer gently. "It is my precious pleasure. She will be young but once."

Now the four years of Helen's college course were drawing to a close. For the first time after her brave exile Mrs. Murray was once more to make a little journey into the world to attend her daughter's graduation exercises and incidentally to be present at the reunion of her own class. The plan was altogether her husband's, and she had seriously demurred on account of the necessary expense involved. But Mr. Murray would brook no denial.

The letter which Jack had brought was in answer to the one which had carried to Helen the unexpected news.

"I have made a mistake," the mother repeated to herself that night upon her restless pillow. "Whatever you have on," she quoted bitterly. "When has she seen me in anything but cheap or shabby clothing? It is scarcely her fault if she thinks of me in no other way."

It was the evening of the commencement reception. The great parlors were ablaze with light and vocal with the hum of conversation and the ripple of laughter, when the girls of the graduating class, lovely in their filmy white draperies, entered and passed along the receiving line.

Helen's eyes wandered eagerly about the rooms in search of her mother.

"It is so odd that she wouldn't let me help her dress," thought the girl. "I might have given the little touches. Where can she be? It isn't like mamsie to be late."

Her glance was suddenly arrested by the tall figure of a lady who seemed to be holding a little court at the opposite end of the room. Her gown of some sort of soft gray stuff clung about her in graceful folds, and though her face was turned away there was something unmistakably familiar about the movements of her hands and the poise of her shapely head crowned with heavy coils of soft hair slightly silvered. With a fast beating heart Helen made her way through the press.

A lady of stately and elegant presence, the mother of one of her classmates, stepped forward to meet her.

"I have a quarrel with you, my dear," she said playfully. "To think that you should have spent a whole week in my house and I never knew that your mother was my old school-friend, Mary Slade, the pride of the faculty and the beloved despair of all the rest of us!"

Mr. Montrose, Helen's professor of English, came up at this moment.

"Will you present me to your mother, Miss Murray?" he asked. "I have just been told who she is. She left college before my time, but the story of Miss Slade's medals and prize winnings is still one of the cherished traditions of my department."

"So you are one of the honor-girls, Miss Murray?" said a vivacious lady whom Helen knew as belonging to the most exclusive circle of the college-town. "But you must go for to be able to compete with your mother at your age. Her nature was a rare combination. We could not equal her, but we loved her too well for envy."

"Won't you let me speak to your mother, Helen?" whispered the most popular of her classmates. "How beautiful she is! There is no one like her in the room."

And now it was the president emeritus who was speaking as he held her mother's hand.

"I grow forgetful of new names," he said, "and while to others you may be Mrs. Murray, to me you are still Mary Slade, one of the best-remembered and beloved of all my many pupils. You have a daughter in this year's class, I'm told."

"And here she is," said Mrs. Murray. "President Rayburn, my daughter Helen."

The old man raised his hand as if in blessing.

"I can frame no better wish for you, my child, than that, like your mother in her girlhood, you may unite the outward beauty with the inner grace. You can find no worthier model."

"Mother, take me with you tonight!" begged Helen when, the brilliant evening over, they donned their wraps in the dressing-room. The sweet lips were quivering.

"Certainly, my child. You are not ill, Helen?"

"No, no, mamma, but I want—you!"

"Oh, mamma!" sobbed the girl as she lay in her mother's arms that night, "you have done everything—always—for me, and I—did not know!"

"Darling, I understand.—There is no shadow of a cloud between us. We have learned the lesson that in perfect love there is neither giving nor taking. All is for both and both for all. Do you remember Tennyson's lines:

"'Love took up the harp of life
And smote on all the chords with might,
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling,
Passed in music out of sight.'"

WHY I BUY AT HOME

Because my interests are here.

Because the community that is good enough for me to live in is good enough for me to buy in.

Because I believe in transacting business with my friends.

Because I want to see the goods.

Because my home dealer "carries" me when I run short.

Because every dollar I spend at home stays at home and works for the welfare of my community.

Because the man I buy from stands back of his goods.

Because I sell what I produce here at home.

Because the man I buy from pays his part of the town and county taxes.

Because the man I buy from helps support my school, my church, my home.

Because when ill-luck, misfortune or bereavement comes the man I buy from is here with the kindly greeting, his words of cheer and his pocket book if need be.

This gets right down to the root of the matter and covers the ground pretty thoroughly. Confronted with such a formidable list of reasons, what man would continue to buy from a catalogue?

And the same reasons should make the merchant and business man get his printing at home, but some do not.

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, 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

Notes From the Free Press of the 17th September, 1891

Prices of grain this week are: Wheat, 90c. to 92c.; Barley, 45c.; Peas, 60c.; Oats, 28c.

The frost has already commenced its decorative work. Autumn leaves are now in order.

Mr. G. C. Clark has given the Royal Hotel considerably more room by the erection of a brick-clad addition.

At the annual meeting of the Acton Auxiliary of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church, the following officers were elected: Mrs. Thos. Easton, President; Mrs. M. A. Christie, Vice Pres.; Mrs. James Moore, Recording Secretary; Mrs. A. Stephenson, Treasurer; Mrs. H. P. Moore, Corresponding Secretary; Delegate to Branch Meeting at Ingersoll, Mrs. Easton.

The recent census returns shows the population of the townships in Halton to be 11,098, an aggregate loss of 832. Nassagaweya alone maintaining its figures of ten years ago. The figures are; Esquesing, 4,125, loss 583; Nassagaweya, 2,880, gain, 9; Nelson, 3,290, loss 71; Trafalgar, 4,155, loss 227. The total population of county, 21,986.

The marriage on Thursday evening of Mr. R. E. Nelson, merchant tailor, Guelph, well known and highly esteemed here, and Miss Maggie Nicklin, daughter of Mr. Edward Nicklin, of Acton, caused quite a sensation of surprise, as only one or two of their closest friends were aware of their intention, so well had they guarded their secret. From time immemorial young couples have kept their proposed union quiet, but never more successfully than in this instance. Their numerous friends here extend best wishes and congratulations. Rev. J. Edge officiated.

The Epworth League held a very successful musical and literary evening last week. Miss Westwood, of Guelph, gave two recitations in a pleasing manner: "How He Saved St. Michael's," and "Jennie McNeil's Ride." The church choir gave fine anthems: "Great is the Lord," "I was glad," "The Work of His Hands," and "Crown Him Lord of All." Quartettes were given, "Nearer My God to Thee," by Misses Moore and Laing and Messrs. Hill and Turton, and "Tell Me More of Jesus," by Misses Moore and Hemstreet and Messrs. Hill and Williams. Solos "Anchored," by Miss Hemstreet, and the "Empty Nest," by Miss Moore, a violin duet by Miss Wright and Mr. Hill and selections by the R. S. Orchestra, with the other numbers contributed to a very enjoyable evening. Rev. J. Edge was chairman.

Miss Annie Hoomer left for Schomberg last week.

Mrs. Wm. Forbes visited friends in Parkdale during the week.

Miss Lena Dorland and sister, of Ash, spent a couple of days this week in Acton.

Mrs. Joseph McClure returned from her trip to Ireland last week. It was a most enjoyable one.

Rev. Joseph Edge and Asa Hall, Esq., were delegates to the District Meeting at Elora on Tuesday.

Mr. Arthur Perkins, son of John Perkins, Acton, arrived from Worcester, England, last Thursday.

Rev. Joseph Holmes, President of Guelph Conference, and Mrs. Holmes, visited at Mr. Asa Hall's this week.

Foundation Principles

First: When we undertake to fill your prescriptions, we give them our undivided attention and best care. The patient's welfare is our first consideration.

Second: We guarantee our drugs to be of full strength as well as pure and fresh.

Third: Our customers are supplied with just what they ask for; substituting is never allowed.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.

If you are a sufferer from kidney disease, liver complaint, blood troubles rheumatism, neuralgia or nervous prostration, we confidently recommend the use of Paine's Celery Compound. This reliable and never disappointing medicine is a true disease banisher and system builder. We supply the genuine Paine's Celery Compound. A.T. Brown, Acton, Ont.

GETTING RICH

It is not good policy to give business secrets away, but as many people wonder how editors get rich so quick we give out the following information, hoping that every one of our readers will take advantage of this and engage in the newspaper business.

A fellow out west wants us to run a lot of advertising for him for nothing and if it brings results he may become a customer.

A gun firm wants us to run $10 worth of advertising and then send it $10 in exchange for a shotgun. Such a gun would retail at about $7. For running $17 worth of local we can get a dollar magazine telling us how to do dressmaking at home. By running $50 worth of advertising and sending $25 to an Atlantic City firm we will be given a deed to a lot. When the tide is in the lot stands six feet under water.

If we can run a column writeup of doings to be held in North Dakota next fall amounting to $7 we will be sent two one-dollar tickets. Our railroad fare up there and back for two would be about $60. We can have almost any Chicago daily paper sent us free. The subscription rate is only $1, but all we have to do is to run $30 worth of locals.

For $10 worth of advertising and $25 cash we can own a bicycle. The wheels sell at just $12. About one dozen firms are wanting to give us shares in gold mines for advertisings. A nursery firm will send us a twenty-five cent rosebush for only $5 worth of advertising. For running a six inch advertisement for one year we get a gross of pills.—Leader, Bridgeport, Ill.

SEPTEMBER

The falling acorns rattle through the leaves;
Purple the morning-glory gleams amid the weed;
On harvest of sunflower the sparrows feed;
The wing of butterfly the sunlight cleaves;
His web on silvered grass the spider weaves;
Mellow the light that falls on hill and mead;
From grass, from shrub, from tree full many a seed
Back to her breast the mother earth receives;
'Mid shocks of corn the golden pumpkins lie;
In whirling flocks the chattering blackbird fly;
In groves, on wooded, are earliest hints
Of autumn, in the maples' golden-ling tints;
Leafless and lonely stand you Lombardies—
Apt watchers they, forefeeling winter skies.

—Dr. D. S. Hearon.

TRUTH.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—Milton.

The true use of speech is not so much to express our thoughts as to conceal them.—Oliver Goldsmith.

And he that does one fault at first
And lies to hide it makes it two.
—Isaac Watts

FASCINATION OF VIOLIN PLAYING

Aside from the piano, the violin is doubtless the most popular of all musical instruments. Its thrilling tone and boundless resources possess a peculiar fascination for almost everyone musically inclined. Students tire of other instruments, but for the violin they seem to possess an enduring affection. Pupils who take up the study of the mandolin, guitar, flute and many orchestral instruments often tire of them with a few months' practice, where if they were studying the violin they would go on for years, enthusiastic and interested. A striking instance of this is the rapid decrease in interest in mandolin playing, which became a veritable craze a few years ago. Instrument factories could hardly turn out mandolins fast enough, teachers of the mandolins flourished, and mandolin clubs were organized in every village. The interest in the instrument decreased almost as rapidly as it began, and at the present time it has largely died out all over the country. The interest in violin playing, on the contrary, is constantly increasing.

CASTING ASIDE A FORTUNE

In this day of great fortunes it is not unusual to read in the daily news columns of great fortunes being lost and won in a day, and the following anecdote is quoted to illustrate how one man cast aside an opportunity to become many times a millionaire.

Years ago a man named Saltzmann owned an estate in Griqualand, South Africa, and adjoining his property was an old run-down farm that had not been worked on account of its poor soil and the lack of necessary water. The owner of the farm met Herr Saltzmann one day and offered to trade the farm for an old waistcoat he had seen him wearing.

As Saltzmann did not wish to burden himself with a piece of worthless land he kindly refused the offer. A few years later big clear diamonds were found on this waste stretch, and now millions of dollars could not purchase it.

CONGRATULATIONS

Young lady (coming in with partner from room where progressive whist is being played) — "Oh, mummy, I've captured the 'booby.'"

Mother—"Well, my dear daughter, come and kiss me, both of you."

DEATH AFTER A SCRATCH

Morris Quatman, an eleven-year-old Windsor boy, fell off his bicycle and scratched his wrist. He thought nothing of the injury, but blood poison set in and he is dead.

Such incidents as those — by no means infrequent—ought to make people realize the danger that may lie even in the smallest flesh wound.

Take a simple illustration. When a knife, a rusty needle, a splinter of dirty wood, a barbed wire fence, or a thorn scratches the hand, the latter is inoculated with germs, of which the air about us is full.

The way to avoid serious results is to cleanse the wound and apply Zam-Buk. Zam-Buk is a powerful, yet painless germ-killer, and when applied to the broken skin is absorbed into the tissue, instantly destroying the germs that spread disease and stopping the pain and smarting. That is why Zam-Buk is so popular with the children.

The flesh thus soothed and purified, the wound is made perfectly healthy, and all poison and cause of festering removed. Having done this, Zam-Buk then proceeds to heal the wound or sore, and new healthy tissue is built up in a quick, painless and perfect manner.

Zam-Buk must not be confused with ordinary ointments. Zam-Buk is an unique preparation, possessing antiseptic, soothing and healing qualities that are not to be found together in any other preparation. It is not only an unique healing balm, but it is also a skin food. For all skin diseases and injuries—cuts, bruises, burns, eczema, chafing, ulcers, ringworm, etc., it is without equal. It is also used widely for piles, for which it may be regarded as a specific. All druggists and dealers sell at 50 cents a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse harmful imitations.