The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXXVII.---NO. 49. Every Subscription Paid in Advance . ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 6, 1912. Subscription Price, $1.00 Per Annum. SINGLE COPIES---THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
AT THE

FREE PRESS BUILDING
MILL STREET - - ACTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year strictly in advance. $1.50 to subscribers in the United States. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is changed on the address label.

ADVERTISING RATES — Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Contract display advertisements, for 50 or inches more, per annum, 10 cents per inch each insertion. Yearly contracts for reading matter 20 cents per inch each 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 extra composition must be paid for at regular rates.

All accounts collected monthly.

English office, 30 Fleet Street, London, E. C., where Messrs. E. and J. Hardy & Co. will receive for us subscriptions and advertisements, and where Canadians 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 Wigmore Hospital, Surgeon to The Meredith Memorial Maternity Hospital, London.
Office and residence, Mill Street, opposite Hynds' Jewellery Store.
Phone No. 20.
ACTON - - ONT.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M.
Late Prop. and Supt. Massey Hospital.
Diseases of Women and General Surgery.
686 Pape Ave. Toronto
Phone North 1326

A. E. CARTWRIGHT, D. M. T.
American Diploma.
The Experienced application of Manual Manipulation of Chronic Disease a specialty.
Massage Medical Electricity, Exercises for the Heart, Hydropathy Packs, Chiropody.
c/o MRS. NEAL, Church Street, Acton.
Patients attended to by appointment at own private residence.

LEGAL.

A. J. MACKINNON
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
OFFICE—Mill Street, in Stovin' Block.

R. J. MCNABB,
K.C.
Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc.
OFFICE—Perryman's Block
ACTON ONT.

DENTAL.

DR. J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.
ACTON. DENTIST.
Office at Residence, Corner Mill and Frederick streets.
Honor Graduate of Toronto University.
The latest anaesthetic used if desired.

DR. R. S. HARDIN, L. D. S.
DENTIST
First-class Dentistry in all its branches.
Office—30 Douglas St. (upstairs) - GUELPH

DR. L. L. BENNETT, DENTIST,
OBERLEAN 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. Repairing neatly and promptly done

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
H. P. MOORE
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in 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 269, Acton, or FREE PRESS Office.
Telephone 23.

WM HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or addressed to me in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Sales Moderate.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rate of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

R. J. KER
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington, Halton, Peel and Dufferin; and the city of Guelph.
Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms.
Orders by letter to Milnes P. O., or Caledon East will receive prompt attention.
Sales may be arranged at FREE PRESS office, Acton.

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 372, Acton, or 47 Dyment St., GUELPH.
Sales may be arranged at FREE PRESS office, Acton.

Satisfaction in Watch Repairing at Moderate Prices Is what we aim at

Savage & Co.
G. T. R. WATCH INSPECTORS
Guelph - Ontario

Ice Cream Season Has Come Again

And we are ready to supply you with the best in the land. We have made improvements, and will be in better position to serve you in our Cafe.

We will also be prepared to fill all orders—large or small in bulk or brick.

You will find our store complete with best Confectionery, Ginger Ale and Fresh.

Pineapples, Oranges, Bananas and Lemons at right prices, quality considered.

Harold Wiles
THE ACTON CAFE - Mill Street

Waters Bros.
Guelph
HEADQUARTERS FOR
O. A. C.
AND
School Supplies
FOR
NATURE STUDY
BOTANICAL
ETOMOLOGICAL
DRAWING
PAINTING
41 Wyndham Street
Phone 350

Golden Opportunity

IS DID PAY the young man well to get his business education at the

GUELPH BUSINESS COLLEGE
GUELPH - - ONT.

for now he is earning and enjoying a yearly salary of FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

IT WILL PAY any energetic young man or woman to get a thorough business education at this famous institution; for it brings within easy reach the Golden Opportunity, and fits and qualifies you to profit by it.

We tabulate for large and honorable success. No better time to enter for a course than NOW. Come direct to the college office, 137 Upper Wyndham Street, or address

Malcolm MacCormack, B. A., Prin.

GEORGE KEIL
ACTON
PRACTICAL
PAPERHANGER
PAINTER
ETC.
27 Years Experience
GOOD WORKMANSHIP
PROMPT ATTENTION
ESTIMATES FREE

..PAPER..
MAKERS
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
BOOK, NEWS AND
COLORED PAPERS
JNO. R. BARBER

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 25 per cent. We have the best appliances and the only mechanics in the Dominion who can operate pneumatic tools properly. We can give reference 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 fifty dealers in the West. We are legitimate dealers and employ no agents, and do not hawk or post our business by sending out agents to solicit orders—we employ mechanics only and defy competition.

HAMILTON & SONS
Cor. Norfolk and Wellington Sts. GUELPH

65c. to $1.15

for a good Cocoa Door Mat. One lot of mud will cause more annoyance, and besides do more damage than would be covered by the price of a good mat.

JUTE MATS
COCOA MATS
WIRE MATS
STEEL MATS

at from 35. up, according to size and kind. If you want something special see our Steel Mat. It will outwear any Mat on the market. You can roll it up when not in use.

Mats delivered quick.

Phone No. 97

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

The Best in Glasses
At Reasonable Prices

A. D. Savage Guelph
"RIGHT AT THE POSTOFFICE"

ACTON
LIVERY
AND
BUS LINE

The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be secured at his stables

A comfortable bus meets all trains between 10.00 a.m. and 6.10 p. m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

Good material will only make a good Piano when backed up by skilled workmanship.

The BELL Piano

is constructed by master artisans. EVERY MAN who touches an important part is a SPECIALIST. This is one of the secrets of the uniform quality of BELL PIANOS.

Sold only by

Chas. W. Kelly
181 Upper Wyndham St. *GUELPH*

SEED

Timothy, Red Clover, Alsike and Lucerne.

SEED

Oats, Barley, Peas, Goose Wheat.

SEED

Mangel, Sugar Beet, Turnip and all kinds of Field and Garden Seeds.

R. NOBLE
N. F. MOORE, Manager

Spring & Summer
SHOES

Choose your shoes from our superb stock where you have so many shapes and sizes. Take a look at the shoes in our windows and get acquainted with the new styles. In our windows we can show but a few of our latest, but those shown will give you an idea of what our stock is like. We now have a large assortment of high grade shoes.

W. WILLIAMS
"The Home of Good Shoes"
Mill Street Acton.

Poetry.

THAT LITTLE HAPPY THOUGHT

A helpful little happy thought went
hastening on its way,
All in the early morning of a long and
busy day.
'I've neither hands, nor feet, nor
tongue,'
it mused, 'but I'll not sorrow,
For boys and girls are plentiful, and
so I'll merely borrow.'
Now little Nell went skipping by, to
visit little Jane,
Presto! the little Happy Thought was
beaming in her brain.
And so she turned and hurried back,
and stayed at home instead,
Reading, with merry, tripping tongue,
to poor, blind cousin Ned.
Off went the little Happy Thought,
and saw some idle feet
Drumming their heels against the
steps, upon a quiet street.
And soon those feet were carrying, upon
an errand hot;
Their smiling owner, who had whined
and said he'd 'rather not.'
If Satan finds some mischief still for
idle hands to do,
Why, then, a little Happy Thought
can set them working, too.
And, judging from many things I
notice every day,
That helpful little Happy Thought is
still upon its way.

—St. Nicholas.

Select Family Reading

The Witness of the Sunbeam

As Told by Billy Burton to Mary A. P. Stanbury

NOBODY was glad, and surely the teacher least of all, when the Murdochs moved into our ward and the eighth grade of Sheridan school had the luck to draw Jack. She wondered at first how he had got on as far as that, for, if reports were true, he had done anything else but study at Grant, where he had made his reputation as being the hardest boy in the whole school to manage. But, when we asked the fellows about it, they said that he was so smart that he could spend most of his time stirring up mischief and then go over a lesson at lightning speed and then recite with the best of them. It must have been his high marks for scholarship, they thought, that prevented his being expelled altogether, as he certainly richly deserved. As it was, he had been suspended more than once and seemed to be always in some sort of disgrace.

We Sheridan boys learned by experience what Jack Murdoch could do in the way of making trouble. He had a hot temper and was a born fighter, and you know how one boy like that can set a whole playground by the ears in five minutes. Then he had the slyest ways of upsetting class discipline. Just a look or a motion that the teacher couldn't catch was enough to set the boys off. But that wasn't the worst. We soon found out that his word couldn't be depended upon and that, if you wanted to be sure of a ball, a hockey stick or a jackknife when you needed it, you'd best not leave it around handy for Jack Murdoch.

So you must be thinking he was a pretty bad lot all round. And yet, in spite of all, there were things about him that one couldn't help liking. For one, he was such a handsome fellow. Of course that's a weak reason since looks are only skin deep, but one could but feel that there must be something worth while deep down under such a taking outside. Then, too, with all his fighting he never bullied the little boys. The fellows he tackled were either of his own size or bigger. And he didn't know the meaning of fear. The time Chris Warren broke through the thin ice, skating, it was Jack who dared to creep out to the edge of the hole and hold on to him till the rest of us could get ropes and boards.

However, the better class of boys let him pretty thoroughly alone. I used to fancy that, under all his loudness and swagger, he was sore and lonesome sometimes, but he was too proud to show it. Haven't you noticed the people who take for their motto, "I don't care," are often the ones who really care the most?

Now my mother isn't the sort that thinks her boy is going to be corrupted if he is decent to some fellow whom she can't approve of. "One ought to have a character strong enough," she says, "to give good instead of taking evil." She had a wise old professor when she was a girl at school who used to quote, "There's so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us, that it doesn't become any of us to judge the rest of us."

So, when I talked with mother about Jack, how he hadn't any real home or mother, and that his father was a rough, hard man who drank more than was good for him, she said:

"I wish we could get hold of him, Billy."

"That's just what I'd like to do, mother," said I. "I'd like him up here if he'd come! I'm not quite sure he would."

When I asked Jack he gave me a queer look and said:

"Aw, you're foolin'!"

"I'm not."

"What would your mother say?"

"I'm welcome to ask any company whenever I like. Mother'll be glad to see you. I want to show you my collie pups. And besides the cherries are ripe."

Well, he came. He had dressed himself as carefully as he could and was on his good behavior. He sat next to mother at table and I could see that he gave little sidewise looks to see what fork or spoon she used, and not once did he make a blunder.

It did not take mother any time at all to find out that Jack was crazy about dogs, and then it was the easiest thing in the world for her to draw him out and keep him talking.

After supper we went out to the cherry trees, and it was then that the most surprising thing happened. Jack, who could climb the tallest tree in the woods as fast and sure-footed as a sailor running up to the masthead, missed his footing on a branch of one of our cherry trees and fell.

"It's my foot!" he cried when we tried to get him up.

At that very minute Uncle Tom came up in his runabout. Uncle Tom is a doctor. Between us we picked Jack up and carried him into the house and laid him down on the couch in mother's sewing room upstairs. The foot was swelling so fast that we had to cut off the shoe. Uncle Tom examined it as gently as possible, but though Jack never so much as groaned, one could see that the least touch hurt him dreadfully.

"No bones broken, my boy," said Uncle Tom at last, "but its the ugliest sprain I've seen in many a day. You will have to keep off it for a fortnight at least."

Mother sent over to Jack's house, but his father had gone away for a month, and there was nobody there but the old Irish woman who kept house for them.

"You must stay right here, Jack," she said. She was feeling terribly sorry for Jack because she could see how his foot was hurting him.

"Oh, I can't, Mrs. Burton, truly, I can't. I'd make such a lot of trouble."

"Not a bit. But I should be troubled all the time if I thought of you at home by yourself. And, besides, it was our cherry tree that played you such a shabby trick, so we should do what we can to make amends."

Jack stayed. For the first three or four days mother worked over the foot a good deal, bathing it to get the inflammation out. Then the swelling went down and the pain grew less. Uncle Tom put on a plaster cast, and so with the help of a pair of crutches Jack soon began getting about the house some.

I could see that mother and he were getting to be great friends. When I came home from school, there Jack would be in the big easy chair with his bandaged foot on a cricket, Fan, the collie, at his feet, with her puppies close by in a basket, and mother sewing at the machine. What astonished me was to see how well Jack talked, and then he was so patient and sort of gentle. Even his voice had a different sound.

One afternoon I came home with a headache, and I thought I wouldn't bother mother about it, so I went up to my own room. I went to sleep and when I woke up I heard Jack and mother talking in the sewing room, my door being a little ajar.

"I know," I heard Jack say, "but there's no chance for a fellow with a home like mine."

Then I heard mother say in her gentle but strong voice, "One can be anything he really wishes to be."

Jack was slow in answering. "You mean it?"

"I do, Jack. It's what we are inside that tells what we are."

Jack was quiet. "But suppose a fellow has a horrid temper that just grows on him, what then?" I heard Jack say. I waited to hear what mother'd answer, for Jack just did have a fearful temper.

"Then it will be harder for him always to do the right thing, but not impossible. It is really a much finer and braver thing to conquer one's self than another."

"But Mrs. Burton, what about hitting back at another fellow?"

"Well, said mother in a sort of a tone as though she was reasoning it out for Jack; but I know that was just to make him more at home with her, "A man can be a defender of the weak. He can resent a beating down of true principle."

"I don't see how I can remember all that," Jack said, in a sort of discouraged tone.

"Let me tell you something, Jack," mother said, and I heard the scissors drop as though mother was moving her chair closer to Jack. "Two thousand years ago there was wit and learning and wealth in the world, but very little genuine kindness and helpfulness. The strong ruled the weak. Then there came to a little country in Syria, One who strove to show the way to a better life. You know the story, Jack. Try to follow the way that Heavenly Visitor pointed out. It's all written in the Good Book, you know, Jack."

Mother was called down to see a caller. I can't tell you how I felt lying there and thinking how mother had talked to Jack Murdoch. I do not know whether mother had any more talks like that one with Jack before he was able to go home or not. She isn't much of a hand to nag at a thing. But Jack was different, and when he came back to school everybody noticed it and wondered about him. His old temper kept cropping up, but all the time he made us feel he was reaching to get a rein over it. But one day Jack got into a fight. We all felt Clem oughtn't to have said what he did. Well, after that Jack was down in the mouth for a long time. Then I saw him and mother talking down by the old spring. I don't know what was said, but Jack seemed heartier after that and he was sort of kind to me all to make up.

Then something happened. You see Jack was now helping the janitor at odd times. He had done this all winter. There'd been some difficulty getting the place for him as nobody really trusted Jack, but mother spoke a good word for him and so did others, knowing mother was trying to help Jack and so he got the place.

Mr. Irving our principal had a very handsome pen which he had picked up when he was abroad. The handle was made in the loveliest Roman mosaic, tipped with a ball set with turquoises. He prized the pen greatly, and when he wasn't using it, he always kept it in a little case he carried in his pocket.

Well it came out that Professor Loring went back that Saturday afternoon for some papers he waied to sign and get off by the next mail. He signed the papers and wrote a letter to accompany them, and went home, locking the door of the room. After he got to the post office it came to him that he had left his pen, and being Saturday he went straight back for it. Now there are only two keys for the doors. The janitor had one and Professor Loring the other. He found the door locked and the room just as he had left it, save that there was no pen on the desk. When Monday came he began asking if any of us were in the building Saturday afternoon about three o'clock. We all denied being there.

"Jack, weren't you working here?" he asked. You see he knew Jack often worked there on Saturday with the janitor.

"No sir," said Jack. "I got up early in the morning and worked before breakfast because I wanted to go to the ball game in the afternoon. The janitor said I could."

"Did you have the key with you?"

"Yes. The janitor told me to take it as I might want to finish something up after the game."

"Did you go to the game alone?" the professor asked. And Jack said he did. "I suppose you met some acquaintances on the field?" Somehow the way the professor said this made Jack flush. It was said as though the professor doubted Jack's having been at the ball game.

"I don't remember anyone," Jack said. The professor looked at him in a keen way.

"Rather odd, wasn't it? You're sure your memory isn't short?" He said this in a cold way that would put ginger into any boy with spirit, and some of us felt he wasn't playing fair, especially as he knew what Jack was trying to do for himself.

But Jack just bit his lip and looked out the window. But I saw his hand go back of him in a way he always does when he wants to clinch his hand harder than he likes folks to know of.

"If your memory clears you may possibly remember more about the game."

Afterward it came out about the pen being lost, and putting two and two together we knew he was blaming Jack for the taking of the pen. If only Jack could prove he had been at the baseball game, but as it happened he could not. He said he simply sat and enjoyed the game and hurried back on his bicycle. One and another was asked about the game and said they were there, but they seemed to fail to recall having seen Jack.

The next few days Jack went clear down. I got him to go over and see mother, and I just stuck by. I felt I wanted Jack to know I was up and down with him. I told mother I thought it was small potatoes for Professor Loring to pick onto Jack that way. And then mother said in her quiet way:

"Well, it is a little hard to live down a record, Jack."

"Yes," answered Jack. "I might have known I could never be anybody here." And there were tears in Jack's eyes. He did not try to wipe them away but let them run slowly down his face. I never saw tears on Jack's face before, and it made me look out the window quick, and mother moved toward him and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Jack," she said, "I believe in you, and Billy believes in you." Jack took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes, and I took out mine and cleaned up.

While we were talking Cousin Ethel came in. She had been up the river on a few days' visit and she had a good time with her camera. She was rather fond of Jack, and so we sat down on the steps and began looking at her prints. Some of them were fine.

"But here is my best," cried Ethel, "I say my best because there are so many people in it and their faces are nearly all so clear." Then she held it out and said "Do you recognise it?"

"Well I should say!" said Jack. That was one of his favorite expressions. He took the picture with a trembling hand. It was the baseball game at Mayville, and there right on the outskirts was Jack leaning on his bicycle. Without a word Jack passed the picture over to mother and pointed to the figure on the bicycle. Mother looked up at it quickly with a look that was worth lots to see. It held so much gladness, and faith, and trust, and everything. She just put her hand onto Jack and said,

"Don't let us say there isn't a God watching over us now." Then she said, "Ethel, do you know exactly what time of the day you took this?"

"Why, yes, I remember because the clock struck three when our car turned in at Mayville ball grounds. It was not ten minutes later when I got that snap."

"That settles it," I cried, giving Jack a slap on the shoulder. Then I said, "Ethel, I want this for about half an hour." Ethel looked around at our faces and said,

"Why certainly, but what's up?" We did not stop to explain, leaving that to mother.

We found Professor Loring at his home and Jack said, "You tell him, Billy."

So I said, "Professor, did you say you used your pen last at three o'clock on that Saturday afternoon it was missed?"

"Yes, Billy," answered the Professor, "I looked at my watch to see if it would be in time for the mail."

"Then will you please look at this?" I said, and I put the print down on the desk before him. "It was taken at ten minutes past three o'clock on the Mayville ball grounds by my cousin Ethel. She had been up the river and just returned."

Professor Loring unhooked his eye glasses and placed them, then carefully scrutinized the picture. When he came upon Jack's figure, leaning on the bicycle, he drew in his breath sharp, and a pained look came into his eyes. He rose and reached to grasp Jack hand and said. "I have been a biased judge in this, Jack. But you got a good witness that no one can gainsay. The sunbeam never lies." Again and again he shook Jack's hand before letting it go.

The fine way Professor Loring reinstated Jack swept away much of the ill feeling connected with his earlier record. There was not one in town, that did not feel glad Jack came out ahead. And his coming out ahead helped him to keep ahead and make better records.

A little while after Professor Loring's door got out of order and when the lock smith was repairing the drawer the pen was found.

Jack graduated from our school at the head of us all, and I have told this story because I like Jack, and wanted you to know that he is going in for college now.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Items From Our Issue of Thursday, June 9th, 1892.

The foundations for the new brick houses of Messrs. W. R. Kenney on Church Street, and J. P. Worden on Park Avenue are completed.

The five-year-old son of Mr. Wm. Gurney met a painful accident a few days ago. While climbing in a shed he fell head foremost to the ground, alighting on the edge of a cup, inflicting a gash some three inces long.

A local branch of the Canadian Mutual Loan and Investment Co. has been formed. The following are the officers on the board: President, I Francis; Vice-President, N. P. McLain; Sec-Treas., W. H. Denny; Valuators, W. Williams, J. A. Speight, Ed. Guthrie.

Mr. Richard Marshall, employed in Toronto Lime Company's saw-mill at Limehouse, had his right leg badly fractured below the knee. He was repairing a belt which had suddenly become caught in the revolving machinery, and his leg becoming entangled in a coil of the belt, he was drawn with great force against the shaft. However, the belt driving this shaft gave way, but after Mr. Marshall was relieved it was found that he was injured as above stated.

Amongst the young preachers ordained to the Methodist ministry in the Conference Church, in Guelph, on Sunday, were Revs. S. K. Couch, W. H. Harvey and R. H. Barnby, who in recent years have been junior pastors on the Rockwood circuit.

Mr. John Wright, the well-known baker of Rockwood, prior to his removal to Durham has been honored with a farewell supper at Lee's Hotel and presented with a case containing a choice set of carvers. Mr. John Burns presided and addresses were given by Messrs. John Cummins, P. Lee, Dr. Dryden, J. W. Knowles and T. Lundy.

Rev. J. W. Pring, of Fordwich, visited at Mr. John Matthews' last week.

Mrs. L. G. Matthews and children are visiting in Kilbride.

Mrs. J. M. Formley and son, of Brantford, are visiting at the home of her father, Mr. John Matthews.

Mrs. John Carson, of Salem, Oregon, is visiting at Fairview Place.

Mrs. D. Graham, Mrs. H. H. Worden and Miss Aggie Glover are visiting in Orangeville.

PARISIAN SAGE

Nothing Like It for Removing Dandruff and Stopping Scalp Itch

Every man, every woman, boy and girl should fight the dandruff germs that are sure to cause falling hair and baldness.

PARISIAN SAGE is so delightful to use; it is instantly refreshing and invigorating and best of all it kills the dandruff germs.

A. T. Brown guarantees it for itching scalp, falling hair, dandruff, and for faded, dull looking hair. He guarantees it as good as a bond.

Mrs. Anna Brown, Rockville, Conn., writes: "After I had used the first bottle of PARISIAN SAGE my hair stopped falling. I do not think there is anything better for falling hair and itching scalp."

Large bottle 50 cents.

THE BIBLE

The charter of all true liberty.
The forerunner of civilization.
The molder of institutions and governments.
The fashioner of law.
The secret of national progress.
The guide of history.
The ornament and mainspring of literature.
The friend of science.
The inspiration of philosophies.
The textbook of ethics.
The light of the intellect.
The answer to the deepest human heart hungerings.
The soul of all strong heart life.
The illuminator of darkness.
The foe to superstition.
The enemy of oppression.
The uproeter of sin.
The regulator of all high and worthy standards.
The comfort in sorrow.
The strength in weakness.
The pathway in perplexity.
The escape from temptations.
The steadier in the day of power.
The embodiment of all lofty ideals.
The begetter of life.
The promise of the future.
The star of death's night.
The revealer of God.
The guide and hope and inspiration of man.

GETTING READY

There's a robin in the hedge row,
And a blackbird in the tree,
And one is singing "Cheer-up!"
And the other "O-ka-lee!"
But both are getting ready
For an ocean trip, and so
They are sort of talking over
And preparing things, you know.

On the fence-rail stands a bluebird,
And she has a word to say
"Tru-al-ly!" she keeps insisting
"'Tis quite time to fly away."
"This has been a happy summer,"
Says a song-sparrow, as he
Cuddles up quite confidential
To a friendly chickadee.

Such a bustle and commotion
Over birdland now begins
That its hard to find the starter,
And the champion that wins
The distinction of an escort
On this journey overseas,
So they hold their fall convention
In the tops of all the trees.

When the nights grow cold, they
snuggle
In the evergreens around,
Till at last there comes an evening
When they hear the welcome sound
Which proclaims beyond disputing,
Beyond argument or words,
That a boat is moving southward,
The procession of the birds.

VACATIONS FOR EVERYBODY

"Horace Greely said he had been twenty years trying to find time to go a-fishing, and a few years later he died from over work and anxiety. Many a farmer lives all his life within sight of running streams, or within sound of babbling brooks, and the suggestion that he hang up his hoe and go a-fishing never reaches him. Thoreau says, 'The better part of man is soon plowed into the soil as compost'; and I have known some such lives. I know a woman who put her babies in a barrel and left them while she worked in the field with her husband. Together they paid off the farm mortgage, and then bought more farms and paid off more mortgages. They never took vacations. Neither of them ever saw a train of cars until the iron rails were laid through their own lands, and when the first train passed through, the old lady was heard to say, 'Well, I have worked hard all of my life, but now I shall have it easy. I can sit and milk and see the cars go by.'

"Another family of my acquaintance living on a large farm, with fifty cows to milk and care for, and five hundred hens to look after, finds time every year for an outing; rather, they hire extra help on the farm and take the time, and they do not take the time grudgingly either. They figure that what the outings costs is the best investment of the whole year. They have their own tent and camp for a week or more beside a near-by stream or lake where fishing and boating are good. A fairly good tent can be bought for the price of a week's board at a summer resort, and the tent will last many summers. Vacation does not necessarily spell Nantucket. Distance sometimes lends a great deal of enchantment. We forget the birds sing just as sweetly in our own fields as they do in the fields a hundred miles away. Why should we remain shut in during all the hot summer months just because we cannot travel far away? If we cannot afford to own a tent, there are even less expensive ways of camping out."

ODDS AND ENDS

The barometer was discovered in 1634.

China has about 5,00 post offices.

The railroads of Newfoundland total at 650 miles.

A pound of soap will make 25,344,000 bubbles.

The population of India is seven times greater than that of Great Britain.

The London stock exchange brings together 25,000 persons daily.

Electric elevators are being introduced with success on the underground railways of Paris.

During the last ten years the number of immigrants into Canada exceeded 1,700,000.

The proportions of the Suez Canal have been completely changed since its opening.

The Union of South Africa covers 470,000 square miles and has a population of almost 6,000,000.

SHOESTRING TIPS

To avoid the endless trouble with children's shoe strings when the tips come off, I wind the end of the string closely with No. 36 black thread, then sew through repeatedly, and a better tip and one that will not come off is the result. It really pays to cut the metal ends from new strings and treat them in this way in the beginning, as these tips look neater and they tuck inside the shoe tops better.

There never was and never will be 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.