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All accounts collected monthly.

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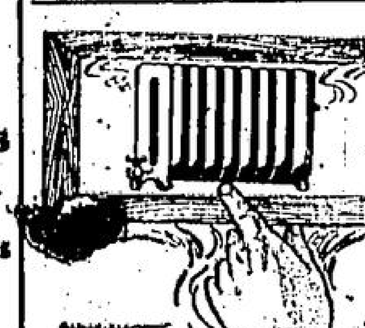

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Poetry.

A SONG IN YOUR HEART

Keep a song in your heart, my lassie,
Whatever may be the weather—
Or sunshine or rain, or pleasure or pain,
Or sunshine and showers together.
Keep singing, no matter how goes it, my dear;
Keep singing, when days are surpassingly drear;
Keep singing; the skies will to-morrow be clear.
Keep a song in your heart, my lassie.

Keep a song in your heart, my laddie,
Whatever the years may bring you,
Or 'vantage or loss, a crown or a cross;
Or roses, or thorns to sting you.
Keep singing, no matter how goes it, my boy;
Keep singing 'mid shadows, a carol of joy;
Keep singing, no matter what troubles annoy.
Keep a song in your heart, my laddie.
—Thomas Curtis Clark.

Select Family Reading

The "Greater Love"

Elizabeth M. Moss

THE friendship and affection that bound Allan Worth and Ronald Dent together was like unto that which existed between David and Jonathan of the olden day. They were the truest comrades and companions from the time, five years before, that Ronald had come to Briggs' Emporium as junior assistant in the Drapery Department. Ronny, as everybody called him, was a curly-headed merry boy, warm-hearted and impulsive, and a general favorite. Allan was seven years his senior, a dark, good-looking young man, of a grave and thoughtful turn of mind, and an excellent and reliable salesman. He was a man of means, too; an old aunt had lately died and left him a thousand pounds to enable him to start in business for himself when he felt competent. He talked constantly of his plans for the future during those long tramps the two young men took together when early closing or a holiday permitted an extended excursion. And Allan's future was to be inseparably connected with Ronny's.

Ronny was to be his partner in that bold venture when he severed his connection with Briggs' and launched out independently. The firm would be "Worth & Dent," and who knew but they might have in time shops showing those two names in every town of importance in Great Britain. When Allan's generous scheme was first broached to his friend, the boy had been radiant and then suddenly downcast.

"It can't be, old chap," he said with a doleful shake of his curly head. "It wouldn't be fair to you, for I shouldn't have a brass farthing to put into the biz—perhaps I never shall. You see, they want every penny I can spare at home pretty badly." And his young face was grave as his thoughts flew to that poor little house in the north, where a delicate father and a brave little mother and half a dozen pale-faced little brothers looked forward anxiously to his assistance.

"Now, look here," said Allan, "that's rot. Who's asking you to put any coin into the affair? What does it matter who has the money? If you were my brother it would be the natural thing for us to go halves without any fuss, and I look upon you as my brother, so shut up. When I leave Briggs' I shall want you, old man, and you'll soon be able to send half a quid to help the kids."

"You're a trump, Allan," said Ronny with a worshipping look in his young face. "I'll try and make up to you—I shall work like a black—you'll see, my boy."

And so it was all arranged. They were brothers in affection, and they were to be partners in business. It was a glorious future to look forward to. And though Ronny's heart had never been thoroughly in the "draperies"—for if he could have followed his own inclinations he would have been a land surveyor or something of that kind, for there never was such a boy as he was for making maps of the way they had tramped, and suggesting where other roads ought to be—he put his shoulder to the wheel in a way that won old Briggs' warm approval. And if ever he was inclined to take things easy there was Allan to impress upon him that labor now meant success in the future.

And it was just at this time that Addie Burk made her appearance upon the scene.

She was the new milliner at Briggs' Emporium, and though pretty girls were plentiful, Addie eclipsed them all. It was not so much her beauty, though her skin made beholders think of roses and cream, her blue eyes of forget-me-nots, and her hair of the sunshine, as her gay and attractive manner. She was a thorough coquette, more than a little vain of her good looks, and proud of her conquests, but a born milliner; old Briggs said that he never had her like before. And she twisted and manipulated her ribbons and laces with as much dexterity as she moved the hearts of the young men in her little world.

From the very first she singled out Ronny as a kindred spirit and a special favorite. He was immensely liked by all the girls in the establishment. He was kind and full of fun, and treated them with a chivalry that was inbred in him, and he was always ready to fly to the assistance of even the plainest and dullest of them, and he was so amazingly good looking himself that perhaps it was not surprising that Addie should find him attractive too. He was immensely amused at first when she called him a "darling" for some trifling service, then he began to like the little gushing way she had of speaking. It was so easy to see what the end would be. He fell in love with her—gave her a boy's first pure love.

Naturally this overpowering devotion to another who had come into his life made a vast difference in his friendship. He was at Addie Burk's beck and call now, and Allan resented this hotly, and was sore and angry at this unexpected turn of affairs. At first he contented himself with a mild remonstrance and warning. Then as he felt that his own influence had weakened he grew wrathful. He told Ronny that he was a young donkey, and that the girl was a heartless flirt, that she was playing with him as she had played with others, and that she was only amusing herself. Was it likely that she would think seriously of the attentions of a boy of twenty-two when she was two or three years older?

And Ronny fired up at this asperion thrown upon the one he loved.

"You have no foundation for saying these things. I know Addie and you don't. And who talks of marrying yet? Lots of fellows are engaged for years before they can afford to marry, and I have not said a word to her yet about—that."

"And you never will if you've got an ounce of common sense," said the other huffily. He had never given a thought to matrimony himself. Of course in the future if he got on well he might marry as other men did; but he had no time to think about the thing now, and he was disappointed in Ronny.

"We had settled to work together as brothers, and here you let this strange girl come between us and spoil everything."

"She's not a strange girl," said Ronny, indignantly. "She's the girl I love and mean to work for. She'll never have to slave as she does for old Briggs when I marry her. But this doesn't make any difference to us, Allan? We're friends just the same, aren't we?"

"You are not, at all events," said Allan sourly. "It's precious little I see of you now—it's all that Addie Burk; but she'll give you the mitten one of these days, and then you'll see the ass you've been making of yourself, taking up with that flirt."

Much more he went on to say in the same strain. And though he was slow to anger in the general way, in his disappointment and jealousy he allowed himself to be worked up into an unreasonable passion, and went so far as to hint that he had altered his intentions, and in all probability the plans would be abandoned.

Ronny stood before him the picture of consternation for a minute. Then his face hardened, and he affected to make light of it. At any rate he was not going to give up Addie. And some day Allan would care for some girl himself, and then he would be able to make allowances for others.

And before very long the boy's words came true.

Addie Burk having discovered that the dark, silent young man who had been Ronny Dent's constant chum was the only one in Briggs' Emporium who had withstood her smiles, set about the work of his instant conquest, with no thought but a giddy desire to subjugate an unwilling subject. She exercised all her witchery, and she succeeded far beyond her expectations, for very soon the grave, steady young man who had never paid a woman any attentions in his life before was deeply in love with her, and his condition was patent to all in the Emporium.

Affairs were now at a grave issue. The two who had been as tenderly attached as brothers were openly at variance, and knew themselves to be rivals. Ronny Dent was furious. He thought that Allan had only sought to wean him from Addie that he might win her himself. He called him "treacherous" and "underhand," and he carried down all his possessions from the room he had shared with Allan ever since he had come to the Emporium to one on the second floor occupied by another assistant. And Allan looked on and made no comment. But he missed the boy more than he would acknowledge to himself, and he often felt himself to be the traitor that Ronny called him and he would avert his eyes from the young face that had taken on such a dark, sullen look. And though they spent all their working hours close together behind the same counter, they never exchanged a word except when business necessitated it. And the young milliner who was the cause of all the mischief showed favor to first one and then to the other, and distributed her gay smiles impartially.

Ronny slept badly those unhappy nights that followed unhappy days, tortured by love and jealousy, uncertainty and disappointment, and a yearning towards the one who had been his bosom friend that he tried to smother. And so he was the first to hear that cry of "Fire!" that rang out, and to give the alarm that memorable night when Briggs' Emporium was burned to the ground.

The assistants, together with old Briggs and his wife, occupied a house that was attached to the business establishment, but which fronted a narrow side street. They were all sleeping the first heavy sleep of the tired worker when Ronny leaped from his bed and ran from room to room. In all kinds of nondescript garments some of them clutching their most valued possessions, and with white scared faces, they came rushing out on the landings, some of the girls in a fainting condition, and requiring to be carried to the floor beneath.

There was still time to save some of the contents of the house, although the doomed shop had become in an incredibly short time a mass of red and devasting flames. And in spite of the firemen's gallant efforts the house showed signs of sharing the same fate.

Amongst all the willing and tireless workers no one was more indefatigable and fearless than the youngest of them all, Ronald Dent. He seemed to have become almost the old cheery Ronny of past days as again and again he plunged into the house to try and save something else from the greedy maw that sought to devour it. It was a scene of indescribable excitement and bustle, and in the midst of it old Briggs stood with tears running down his old red face. His loss would be well covered by insurance, but he had started the world in this corner when he was quite a young man. He taken in one shop after another as his business increased, and he had been proud of his progress—proud that it was the result of his own labor. And now the familiar building was disappearing before his eyes; he felt that a friend was passing from him—the one that would rise from its ashes could never take the place of the old.

"But we are all safe, thank God!" he said, wiping his eyes, "and we have much to be thankful for."

At last it was not considered wise to make any more incursions into the house as many of the windows were vomiting forth volumes of smoke. And it was then that Ronny, released from his efforts for others, could think of himself. He would make one more journey to get the little wooden desk in his bedroom which contained a few things things that were of value to him.

He had secured it and was dashing for the wet and smoky staircase, exulting boyishly that he had succeeded in his mission when he felt his arm seized.

"Ronny!"

And to his horror he saw that Addie Burk was standing beside him.

"Ronny, where—Allan?"

"Outside with the rest," he said shortly. "Come on, there's no time to be lost."

"But she resisted his efforts to drag her forward!

"No, he isn't Ronny. I thought he was at first—I was certain I saw him, but it wasn't Allan. I've asked everyone. Ronny, is he up there still?" She pointed to the narrow, smoke-filled stairs that led to the upper story.

She was wrapped in a grey shawl, her fair hair hanging round her in careless confusion; she stripped of all her dainty trappings—her armament of smiles. She had become a woman with a woman's fear and agony in those blue eyes so lately laughter-filled, and yet never was she more sweet and loveworthy than now. She had come, careless of danger to herself to search for the man she loved or to perish with him. It was Allan she loved. As she stood before the boy she had tricked and deceived with her smiles, with her whole soul laid bare for his to read, he knew that he had never occupied, could never occupy, a place in her heart, that at last this light happy nature had awakened to Love's call but not to his. She belonged to Allan. A choking sob rose in his throat, but he bowed his young head before that wonderful thing—a woman's love for the man. A great and wondrous love. But there was a greater love still.

"Go down, Addie, at once." There was a ring of authority in his voice now. "I'll just take a look around for Allan, but I think you'll find him somewhere outside—he's such a fellow for not sparing himself. Give me that scarf, it's a bit smoky up there. Now go, don't delay. Take this desk. Give it to Mrs. Briggs."

"Oh, Ronny!"

"You're losing time. I shan't move a peg till I see you down."

She went obediently. She looked back once. He waited until she had disappeared. Just as she vanished a tongue of flame shot out across the way she had gone. She was safe, and there was no going back for him.

He tied the girl's scarf over his mouth, and made swiftly for the attic staircase. The air was thick and black with smoke, but he knew every inch of the way blindfolded. How often he and Allan had run up and down those rickety steps in the dark, and railed at old Briggs for not lighting them better! Though he had just left the girl he had loved with a boy's tender passion—though the very scarf he wore was impregnated with the faint perfume of violets that he always associated with her, he was not thinking of her now; she seemed to have gone quite away from him.

He was thinking only of Allan now, dear, kind old chap, who had been his friend and brother until bitter hostilities had severed them. If Allan were lying up there in the blackness he, Ronny, would not be responsible for it, for if they had not quarrelled, and if he had not changed his room, they would have been together when the first alarm was given. He remembered how soundly Allan slept, how hard it had been to waken him always; often and often he had been obliged to pull him bodily out of bed before he could be roused in the morning.

But Allan was not up there—he was down stairs safe with Addie. He would just search through the room to satisfy himself, and then—what would happen then?

He reached the landing, blinded and choking. The hiss and roar of fire not far from him crackled in his ears—the sound of falling bricks and stones echoed around him. Then a sudden glare lit up the landing with an unearthly brilliancy. Great red, ragged tongues were darting out of one of the rooms, but not Allan's room, thank God!—not Allan's door—yet. He reached the door and turned the handle and pushed it. The door opened a little way, then stopped—something lay behind it. He crushed through the aperture and stooped down, feeling with his hands. He touched a face—Allan's face. He gave a choking cry.

"Allan, dear old Allan!"

Allan did not stir. He had fallen down behind the door, suffocated with the smoke and had lain there. He was not dead! Oh, no, no! God would not let him come up here in search of one who no longer needed help. He put his arms around him and dragged him to the little window. A tongue of flame crept up through the floor and followed him as though it grudged a victim it had marked for its own. He raised himself up and opened the window and looked down at a sea of upturned faces, all bathed in a strange lurid light. He heard them shouting—he tried to shout back to them, but the dryness in his throat would not let him.

He turned in a sudden fury and tried to stamp out with his feet little hungry spurts of flame that had sprung up beside the body of his friend. He lifted Allan in his arms right out of the way. A minute ago he had felt so weak, but now he was suddenly strong; he could do anything.

"Steady, old chap," he panted. "It's all square between us now. She's down there waiting for you, Allan; its you she loves. It's all right."

A fireman's helmet shone at the window—he felt a pair of arms take the heavy, inert form from his clasp.

"It's all right—now." He was blinded, but he knew that his labor was at an end. He was not afraid—oh, no, it was all right. Allan would understand. He was quite happy. But his strength had quite gone.

The crowd below, swaying and rocking with heart-stirring emotion, cheering and sobbing too, were watching—but so much the rescued in the fireman's arms as the one behind. Then a sudden cry of horror rose like an ominous wind and swept moaningly up the street.

The slight boyish figure that for one instant had stood with a background of flame had disappeared.

But in the hearts of those who loved and honored him—his mother sorrowing for her firstborn and refusing to be comforted, Allan Worth restored to his life and love with a wife who was no longer a frivolous coquette, vain of her power, but a tender, thoughtful, humbled woman—Ronny lives on in deathless memory.

He had done his work, fulfilled his mission, he had given himself in truest sacrifice. For greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."—Exchange.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, January 25th, 1894

Reeve Pearson has called a meeting of all interested in the formation of fire protection companies for this evening in the town hall.

About half an hour after a wedding ceremony in St. Joseph's Church, on Tuesday, two young ladies visited the church and found the altar all ablaze. All the flowers in the altar, candlesticks, altar cloths, etc., were burned. Cause, unknown. The young ladies with rare courage quenched the fire as no one responded to the bell, it being probably thought to be in connection with the wedding send-off.

A G. T. R. brakeman in attempting to jump from a freight train to a couple of cars just "kicked off" miscalculated and fell short, and on to the track. A truck passed over his leg taking it off above the ankle, and his body was badly bruised. He died in a couple of hours at the Station Hotel. Requesting the presence of the Methodist minister, Rev. Mr. Edge hastened to his side, and remained to the end, comforting him in his last moments.

Special services are being conducted at "The Hill" Congregation Church by Rev. T. H. Adams.

The Churchill tea meeting last week was well attended. Revs. Adams, Madill, J. K. Unsworth, and Mr. Lewis Cann gave addresses. Miss Susy Bennett gave a fine recitation, "The Wreck," and numerous selections were given by an Acton quartette Misses Nicklin and Hill, and Messrs. Williams and Jeans.

In the County Council on the first ballot, Mr. John Warren, Deputy-Reeve of Esquesing was elected Warden. Mr. Warren first entered Esquesing Council in 1868, and has been a member almost continuously since. He became Deputy-Reeve in 1874.

In the Municipal Council Messrs. H. P. Moore, W. R. Kenney and Robt. Wallace were appointed to the Board of Health.

In the Public School Board tenders were opened for 30 cords of wood. Six tenders ranging from $3.24 per cord down to 30 cords for $80 and Donald Mann got the contract at the latter figure.

At the close of the School Board meeting the newly-elected members invited the Board and officers to Mrs. Adams' oyster parlor where an oyster supper was served.

Mrs. Williams, mother of Councillor John Williams, left this week to spend the winter with her daughter at Dundalk. Though 78 years of age the old lady is enjoying excellent health and spirits.

The remains of the infant son of Rev. and Mrs. J. Edge were interred at Paisley yesterday. Revs. Hyers and Rae conducted a funeral service here.

BORN

HULL—In Erin, on January 15th, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Hull, of the Advocate, a daughter.

MARRIED

GRANT—WORR—In Calgary, on January 10th, by Rev. Mr. Herdman, W. H. Grant, son of Alex. Grant, Acton, to Miss Worr, both of Calgary.

DIED

HUME—In Esquesing, on January 15th, James Hume, aged 74 years.

MOSS—At King, County York, on January 21st, Sarah, wife of Thomas Moss aged 54 years.

THOMPSON—In Erin, on January 18th, Archibald, son of J. H. Thompson, aged 57 years.

MANN—At his father's home, near Acton, on January 21st, Peter, son of Peter Mann, aged 24 years.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

Are you one of the people who spend their time trying to get something for nothing? There are a great many such people. They are the people who always taste the cheese when they go to buy it, not because they want to know what it tastes like, but because they want something for nothing. Whenever they see free samples advertised they apply for them. They may have no earthly use for them, but they can't let the opportunity slip. If they go into restaurants and places where pickles, bits of bread and cheese, or cloves are on the counter, they always have some whether they like them or not. These things are hardly ever done by poor people, but generally by those who have plenty of money. Poor people would be ashamed to stoop to the dodges which a well-to-do man will invent to save himself from spending a penny.

EXPLAINED

Robust Old Gentleman (to sick lady)—When I came here first I hadn't strength to utter a word. I had scarcely a hair on my head. I couldn't walk across the room and had to be lifted from my bed.

Sick Lady—You give me hope, kind sir. How were you cured?

Robust Old Gentleman—I was born here.

"TAINTED GOODS"

"In Jews' quarter at Jaffa," writes a colporteur there, "one in the crowd bought a Bible. As he was paying for it, a prominent man came up and struck his hand, causing him to drop the volume. I asked why he acted so roughly. He replied, 'Because this book comes from the English, and it is unlawful to read it.' Seeing he was well dressed, I said to him, 'Will you please take off your shoes, and this hat from your head, and this suit of clothes?' 'Why?' he asked. 'Because they are all of English manufacture, and it is unlawful to wear them.' The people began to laugh, while the objector walked away. Then my customer paid for his Bible."

WARMING UP

Shall others know that I am here if I keep
still and never speak,
Or like a mouse creep furtively and voice
my needs with plaintive squeak?
My merits and the goods I sell should
speak for me exceeding well,
But how they'll speak I can not tell unless
I advertise a spell
And if I advertise a spell, then muffle
down by buoyant yell,
All that I said and proved quite clear will
be forgotten in a year.
To make the stuff I trade in known, the
folks must frequently be shown,
So as to make the goods or buy to sell
again some other guy.
'Tis clear I'll have to fan the wind to blow
the news to every mind,
Or they won't know that I AM HERE—I
might be on some other sphere.
Well, I have set aside a sum to advertise
and make things hum,
And when I feel folks getting cold and
buying less of me than old
I'll know for why, and stroke more scads
to warm the atmosphere with ads.

IMMIGRATION EVILS

For years the United States has endeavored to correct its immigration laws. Every thinking person knows that something must be done to check the influx. Now that it has become necessary to conserve our national resources—our timber, our coal lands, our water power sites—it stands to reason that this conservation is intended for our children and not for the children of the hordes now in southern Europe. * * * The outbreaks of the Industrial Workers of the World and the growth of socialism in this country may be directly charged to this great incoming heterogeneous mass of undesirable wage cutting inhabitants, many of them admittedly temporary inhabitants, who, before they have learned to speak our language and before they know of our customs and institutions, are taught by foreign born agitators to hate the United States and to contribute their money and their energies to a revolution, bloodless or otherwise, which plots the downfall of our present form of government. — Congressman Albert Johnson of Washington.

A BETTER FRIEND

One of the resolutions made on the first day of January by a gentleman who came into our office on that day to present his greetings was that he would be a better friend during 1914. This resolution is somewhat rare. But it does not lack pith, point and value on that account. In fact, if it were lived out by all who desire to be a friend and to have friends, this world would be brighter and happier.

There is much bound up in being a better friend. In it are involved principles which touch the very deepest needs of the world. We can carry out the resolution by having a smile and kind word for those whom we meet on the street, in places of business, and in social circles. We can carry out this resolution by going out of our way, if necessary, to help the needy, to relieve the sufferer, to cheer the discouraged and to warn the erring. We can all be better friends to ourselves. To catch the full significance of this statement and to become acquainted with the methods to be employed, we have only to look down into the depths of our hearts.

USEFUL HINTS

Fried food should not be allowed to become chilled before serving.

Kerosene is not so explosive as it is inflammable, but it should never be brought in contact with fire.

If oatmeal is put to soak overnight in cold water it will only take half the time to cook it in the morning.

It is a good idea to put a heavy Turkish towel on the bottom of the dishpan when washing fine china or glass.

The juice of a lemon added to a pan of water will freshen wilted vegetables. Let them stand in it for one hour.

Roast pork should never be eaten by anyone with a delicate digestion. Salmon and herring are also hard to digest.

It is a good idea to have a good-sized kitchen salt shaker filled with a mixture of salt and pepper. This saves time in seasoning.

Always push a new lamp wick through the top of a burner, wet the lighting end in kerosene, turn low and allow it to stand a day before using.

The odor of kerosene lamps can be stopped by putting one teaspoonful of fine salt into each lamp. The salt should be changed once a month.

Beans are the most nutritious of all vegetables.

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.