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All accounts collected monthly.

H. P. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

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L. R. F. P. & S. GLASGOW,
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ELLIOTT Business College
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Fruits and Candies
ARE ALWAYS IN STOCK AT
T. STATHAM & SON'S

New Raisins	Best Canned Goods
" Currants	" Groceries
" Peels	" Oranges
" Figs	" Lemons
" Dates	" Grape Fruit
" Nuts	" Grapes
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GREEN GROCERIES
Fresh Lettuce, Radishes, Etc.

Fresh Oysters and Fish

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Mill St. Opposite New Post Office

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You can make it comparatively easy by using up-to-date conveniences. Hitch a

Motor Washer

to your water tap. Hitch an

Electric Iron

to a connection in any part of the house, and half of the labor of a washing is adjusted to your liking.

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durable, easily operated, inexpensive. Also Wringers, Baskets, Hampers, Boilers, Tubs, Pails, Boards, Racks. The Big Store has them all.

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At the right time, scientifically built, carefully chosen and properly adjusted.
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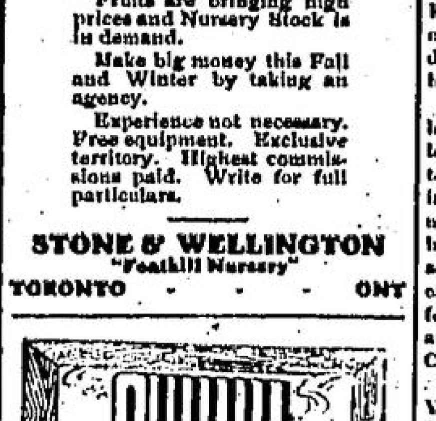

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Poetry.

THE SNOW

Come to the window, dear, and look upon
A scene so pure; The rare flakes gently fall;
The air is still; the ermine sheet o'erspreads
The land and softly lies upon each twig
And fence and roof. Look out now, dear,
A fairy world is woodland, field, and hill.
Is this our earth, or do we stand upon
The border shores of some fair wonder land,
Where fertilizing soils fall from on high,
And trees are pearl and crystal rare?
Look, love,
How pure each form appears in all the world!
A hallowed quiet reigns. All nature dons
Her bridal robes. How wondrous fair is she!
Enchanting sight! Behold the beauty of the snow!

—By James Monroe Downum.

Select Family Reading

Thompson's Agent

By Charles Ford

JOHN CRANDALL sat in the car fumbling over his notes. He was going to see Crosier; and as it was a matter of life or death for his business, and therefore a matter of life or death to himself, he was anxious to put things just right in the interview.

He had jotted down a few memoranda of the points he wanted to bring out. He would walk in jauntily, he told himself, so as not to betray his sixty-five years. He must remember not to look worried. He rubbed his hand over his face, as if by the gesture he would rub away the wrinkles and the tired, worn look of a cornered man. For he was in a pretty tight corner. The Thompson agency was about to be taken away from him, to be given to younger and more successful man.

Crandall could not remember a time when he had not sold Thompson's goods. He had fought his way up with them in his own town while the original Thompson was fighting his way up in the whole country. From the time he had started in business in the little hardware store on the side street he had sold Thompson's ploughs and Thompson's whole line, until now the name was identified with his trade. He had prospered, too, branching out and moving to the main street. Indeed few men were now better known or more highly respected in town.

But there had come the competition of Haskell and Jenks, with their full-page advertisements and special sales. Business methods seemed to have been changing. The people turned gladly from the conservative old store to the flamboyant new one. He had fought back for years with all that was in him; but now it was becoming a losing battle. His rival's store was large and attractive. Old John Crandall had been forced finally to renovate his own and to put in a new front. That cost heavily, but his credit was good and he borrowed.

The new store demanded more clerks and greater expense generally, and it was not so easy to meet the notes as he had expected. Besides, the years were creeping upon him, and he had no longer the initiative that had once kept him to the front. He got into debt with Thompson. While he was still selling his goods that did not matter so much, but if he lost the agency then the debt would have to be settled at once. And he knew, too, that his best customers would go with the agency. He had built up the name locally and now the name was keeping him going. It was his last card.

And Haskell and Jenks were after it. He had heard rumors to the effect for months and now the knowledge was confirmed from sources he could no longer doubt. If Thompson himself were alive he would not have felt so uneasy. Thompson stuck to his old agents through thick and thin. And Crandall could almost feel his hand on his shoulder and his big fighting voice saying: "You're alright, John. Keep right on. I'll back you while either of us has a dollar." But Thompson was dead, and the new man, Crosier, had bought control.

He had never seen Crosier. It seemed he was a hard man to see; but he had learned that he would be at the headquarters of the company for an hour that morning, arriving at ten-thirty. It had taken much telephoning to learn so much and had been accompanied with some reticence and something approaching brusqueness from employees in the head office, who but a few years before had been very attentive and polite when talking with old John Crandall.

And now he was on his way to New York on the early train to see Crosier. He finished a note of his memorandum on "reasons for poor business lately and good prospects for future," and rose a bit wearily to go to the smoking compartment. He was smoking too much lately but his nerves seemed to demand it. Only one man was in the compartment when he entered, a well-dressed man of middle age, who was sitting stiffly by the window, chewing on an unlighted cigar.

Crandall sat down heavily.

And then Jenks came in, Jenks of Haskell and Jenks, the junior partner, who wrote the loud advertisements and belonged to all the lodges. It seemed to Crandall that Jenks had dogged him for years. Why couldn't a man be satisfied with a fair business, and not be reaching, forever out to snatch customers from others, customers who have been friends for years? Why couldn't he let a man live? What was Jenks doing on this train, anyway? Crandall felt his heart stop for a second as he realized it. Jenks, too, was going to see Crosier. It was all up. He held himself taut to answer steadily when Jenks spoke.

"Well," said Jenks, "I suppose it's no use making any bones about it. I guess you're going down to see Crosier?"

"Yes," said Crandall.

"So'm I," said Jenks. "Now that's out. And what's more, I have an appointment with him. He'll get there at ten-thirty and leave again at twelve and I'm going to close for the agency. Don't believe in holding anything back. Straight from the shoulder; that's me every time. Everything open and aboveboard. We want those goods, and we're going to get them. Not going behind your back at all Crandall. Business is business, I say, and if we can get them we are entitled to them."

Crandall looked at him dully.

"Forty years," he said speaking more to himself than to Jenks. "Forty years I've sold Thompson's line. Talked it, boomed it, planned it. I'm committed to it. I can't fight it after praising it all my life. It's mine, Jenk's. It's my business. If Thompson was here he'd says so. You can't have it. "You can't get it."

"Bosh!" said Jenks, sharply. "I'm going to contract to make twice the sales you've been making. Crosier's no fool. I've never met him, but they say he's a business man alright. You might as well make up your mind that we're to close it to day sure. Why don't you retire?" with a quick look. "Get out and take it easy."

"I wish to God I could," said Crandall, quietly; and there was silence.

The little man in the corner by the window spoke for the first time.

"Pardon me, sir," he said; "but how long did you say you've been selling Mr. Thompson's goods?"

"Forty years," said Crandall.

"A long time," said the little man; and there was silence again.

"The conductor collecting tickets, came to the door "Change at the junction," he said to all three. "Train arrives there in five minutes or indeed at any time."

Two miles from the junction something went very wrong with the engine. There was a jolt, and a sudden slackening of speed. Then a crash like the rip of near-by thunder. Crandall saw the car tipping slowly side-ways. Then came a roar, a shock and oblivion.

In a little while John Crandall crawled out of a hole that had been a window and dropped to the ground. He had been stunned but was unhurt.

The car was lying partly on its side on the edge of an embankment. The front end, badly broken up, was partly down the bank; the rear end was on the track. The engine lay sideways amid a heap of debris, and there was a curl of smoke from the woodwork of the forward end of the car. The other cars were still on the track.

The train had been too early a one to carry many passengers on that division, and what passengers there were were now mostly grouped around the engineer and fireman, who had jumped when the engine left the rails. The conductor was just helping the last of the passengers from the train. One man had been carried to the side of the track and laid there. Two or three of the railway employees were beating at the fire with their coats and one had a crowbar and was tearing at the pile in an effort to get at the flames. There was an insistent hiss of steam from the prostrate locomotive, and above the shouting Crandall heard man say that no one had been seriously hurt.

One thought then came foremost in his mind. He must get to the junction in half an hour to catch the New York express. Nothing else mattered.

His shoulder commenced to ache and he became conscious of a cut on his forehead; but his mind was set only on the junction, just visible down the track and on the train that would take him to Crosier. He must see him to-day, otherwise the whole matter might be settled before he could ever reach him again.

The conductor and a few passengers were standing by the car, gazing dully at the smoke which was now pouring from the windows. Jenks was there, brushing his clothes and swearing a bit softly to himself. Crandall heard him ask the distance to the junction and heard the conductor tell him there was just time to make it on foot. He had turned to start when something happened.

At the window of the burning car a head and shoulders appeared, and the small man who sat in the smoking compartment with Crandall pushed himself through and half jumped to the ground. His clothes were torn and one hand was bleeding.

"I want a crowbar!"—he shouted. "Quick! My wife's in there caught under a beam. I want a crowbar. I can't move it!" and his voice trailed up to the breaking point.

The weakness fell away from John Crandall. The strength that every emergency develops was there, cool and strong. It was the old John Crandall of thirty years ago who ran to the man who was beating at the fire and snatched the crowbar from his hands. It was old John Crandall who came back to the flustered group that was trying to hold back the little man.

"You can't go into that car," some one was saying excitedly. "It is sure death. The fire's sweeping through like a chimney."

There was no question in Crandall's mind. He broke through the group, thrusting the restraining arms away fiercely.

"Let him go, I tell you," he shouted, "His wife's in there!" And they fell back and let the two climb in at the upper end.

It was necessary to grope their way through the smoke down to the middle of the car to where the woman was lying, pinned down by a heavy plank. They went with their bodies crouched forward, their arms over their faces.

"Where is she? Where is she?" Crandall was saying over and over as they pushed farther into the smoke.

"This way," said the little man talking in gasps. "We were down near the end of the car. I left her just a few minutes to go to the smoker. Her foot's caught. We've got to get that beam off—" His voice was trailing up again and Crandall brought him back again sharply.

"Steady," he said, "keep your head and do what I tell you. We'll get her out. Here she is," he added, as his foot struck the heavy plank and he saw through the smoke the form of a woman huddled on the floor. The beam had fallen across the aisle, one end resting against the side and the other on the floor. Her ankle was held tightly in the triangle formed by the beam, the floor and the lower bar of the seat. She was crying softly and held out her hands to Crandall's companion.

"Oh, Joe, the fire!"

"It's all right now, Mary," said he.

"We'll have you out in half a minute." His voice shook but he put his arm around her shoulder, steadily and whispered something close to her ear.

Crandall looked at the lower end of the car. The flames were licking upwards and would sweep through in a moment. He looked at the beam. Ten men could not move it.

"Smash back this seat!" he shouted, and slipped the iron wedge beneath the seat-bar. Both men heaved together. The seat cracked and ripped backwards and the foot was free.

Together they pushed and groped their way through the black smoke to the window. The little group outside was waiting to relieve them and a dozen hands steadied the woman as they slipped to the ground and laid their burden by the track. The trainmen and passengers crowded around, and the doctor with a black bag and an air of authority was there, quietly giving orders.

Crandall slipped away after a minute and sat down wearily on the car step, the crowbar across his knees. He was very tired now and his hands were shaking. Presently the little man came over and stood beside him.

"The doctor says she'll be all right," he said in an unsteady voice. "I—I can't thank you—"

"You don't need to, it's nothing," said Crandall wearily. He sought some commonplace to say to shut off the other's thanks, and looking down saw the old familiar Thompson trade mark on the bar.

"I ought to be able to use this bar," he said, "It's one of Thompson's; I sell them."

"So do I," said the other.

His words aroused Crandall to the work of the day. He looked down the track and saw Jenks walking quickly half way to the junction. He rose to his feet a little unsteadily.

"I must be going," he said. "I've got to get to the junction in time for the New York express. My business—my business—is in kind of a bad way. I've got to see Mr. Crosier before twelve."

The little man put his hand on his shoulder.

"I wouldn't worry too much about that agency, if I were you, Mr. Crandall," he said. "I'm Crosier."

"NEVERS" FOR GIRLS

1. Never speak to strangers, either man or women, in the street, in shops, in stations, in trains, in lonely country roads, or in places of amusement.

2. Never ask the way of any but officials on duty, such as policemen, railway officials, or postmen.

3. Never loiter or stand about alone in the street, and if accosted by a stranger (whether man or woman) walk toward the policeman.

4. Never consent to accompany a woman home who apparently faints in the street, but call a policeman, and leave the case to him.

5. Never accept a lift offered by a stranger in a motor, or taxi-cab, or vehicle of any description.

6. Never go to an address mentioned by a stranger, or enter any house, restaurant or place of amusement on the invitation of a stranger.

7. Never go with a stranger (however dressed) who brings a story of your friends having suffered from accident or being suddenly taken ill, as this is a common device to kidnap girls.

8. Never accept sweets, food or drink, offered by a stranger.

9. Never take a situation away from home, and especially abroad, without first making strict inquiries.

10. Never go to any town, for even one night, without knowing some safe lodging.

11. Never emigrate without first applying for information and advice to some person whom you can trust, such as your own minister.

Leaflet of the National Vigilance Association, 9 Bank Street, Edinburgh.

CONFIDE BUT NOT TOO FREELY

"Tell less than you feel like telling, and you'll always be glad of it."

That is what one wise mother told her daughter at the end of a little homily delivered just as one daughter was leaving home to begin a business life.

It is splendid advice, though it can't be called new. Nothing is good as that can be called new.

The confiding habit is a dangerous one, the trouble being that, once started on confidences, it is so hard to stop.

One almost always says more than one means to say rather than less. It is so easy to get carried along, to drag in other people, to assert things as facts that are only guesses—until when the confidences are over, one usually wishes with all one's heart, one had never started to make them.

But the wish to confide is an almost universal desire. The person with no real confidant is to be pitied. Much of the sorrow of life is lightened if there is some-one to whom you can safely confide it, and often the joy is doubled for the same reason. It would hardly be human never to confide, and certainly it would not be lovable.

Only you ought not to confide in every new friend who turns up. And you should not confide other people's affairs even to your own best friend. It is better to hurt somebody's feelings by not giving them a confidence than to tell something you have no right to tell.

Few things that happen to you are entirely your own property, for usually another person at least is concerned. Just remember that you have no right to confide that other person's secret or secrets, even though you can tell your own.

Keep your confidences for the very few. Don't blab. And don't give away what isn't yours.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, February 8th, 1894

Rev. Joseph Edge preached a memorial sermon on Sunday evening relative to the death of Mrs. Alex. Brown, Sr.

The Plebiscite majority for prohibition on January 1st was 81,730.

A Large Prohibition Convention of 1500 delegates met on Tuesday at Toronto, and a deputation which waited upon the Ontario Government, received a reply from Sir Oliver Mowat, Premier, to the effect that according to the decision of the Privy Council as to the powers of the Province, would his Government pass a prohibitory law.

Six table cutters at the Canada Glove Works have during the week "walked out" as a protest against a cut in wages. Mr. W. H. Storey in an interview with the FREE PRESS states that the firm is compelled to retrench in operating expenses to meet restricted trade this year. The cutters are Messrs. John Perkins, John B. Cameron, Councillor Jeans, Wm. Jeans, Chas. Jenner, and Samuel Spars.

Mr. John Duff, President of Acton Union Exhibition, has been presented with a gold watch by a number of the members and friends of the Society. Secretary Hynds presided, and the address was read by Councillor Havill, and Messrs. John Harvey and J. H. Matthews made the presentation. In replying Mr. Duff stated that he came from Scotland in 1840, and landed in Acton, and was befriended by such families as the Kennedys, Moores, and Camerons. His partner in life, and a bright little boy, and only brother in Canada are in Fairview and he hoped his remains will also some day be laid there.

Mrs. James Lamb, who died on Friday, at the home of her son, Mr. Michael Lamb, lot 29, con. 6, was probably the oldest resident of Esquesing. She came to the township in 1831, living 3 years in Stewartown, 9 at Silver Creek and the remaining 51 on the homestead where she died.

Mrs. Wm. Forbes left last week to join her husband in Huntsville.

In the Municipal Council Mr. R. D. Graham was appointed Municipal Officer at a salary of $400. Messrs. J. Cameron, J. Murray, J. L. Charles and H. Swackhamer made request on behalf of the Hook & Ladder Co. for 1 truck with full equipment 2 dozen rubber buckets, 3 dozen rubber hats, ½ dozen rubber coats and 2 hatchets. Reeve Pearson and Mr. John Cameron were appointed to visit Toronto to see about same.

BORN

BLACK—In Erasmosa, on January 26th, to Mr. and Mrs. James Black, a son.

KEITH—In Esquesing, on February 5th, to Mr. and Mrs. Angus Keith, a son.

LIVINGSTON—At Speyside, on February 2nd, to Mr. and Mrs. John Livingston, a son.

MOSSELL—At Saginaw, Mich., on January 2nd, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mossell, formerly of Acton, a son.

MARRIED

WATSON-MATTHEWS—At the home of the bride's father, on January 31th, by Rev. Thos. Grandy, Charles Watson to Eliza Jane, daughter of Mr. Peter Matthews, all of Erin.

DIED

PRICE—In Esquesing February 4th, the infant son of Charles Price, aged 8 months.

LAMB—In Esquesing, on February 2nd, Mary Finnerty, widow of the late James Lamb, aged 96 years.

WHY HE COULDN'T DO IT

He was a young lawyer who had just started practising in a small town and hung his sign outside his office door.

It read: "A. Swindler." A stranger who called to consult him saw the sign and said: "My goodness, man, look at that sign? Don't you see how it reads? Put in your first name—Alexander, Ambrose or whatever it is."

"Oh yes, I know," said the lawyer resignedly, "but I don't exactly like to do it."

"Why not?" asked the client. "It looks mighty bad as it is. What is your first name?"

"Adam."

ALMOST AS GOOD

To instil into the mind of his son sound wisdom and business precepts was Mosenheimer senior's earnest endeavor. He taught his offspring much, including the business advanages of bankruptcy, failures and fires. "Two banruptcies equal one fire." Then Mosenheimer junior looked up brightly. "Fadder," he asked, "is marriage a failure?" "Vell, my poy," was his parent's reply, "if you marry a really very vealthy woman, marriage is almost as good as a failure."

LATEST CURE FOR FATIGUE

Starch baths are the latest "cure" in London, having been introduced from Paris.

All you have to do, so the story goes, is to buy a pound of ordinary pure starch from your grocer. Then dissolve the starch in a saucepan of hot water, and pour the solution into a well-filled bath of water at a temperature of 98-96 degrees, but not exceeding blood heat. Then to take the cure lie down flat in the bath—with all but the face and hair immersed—and remain there for at least twenty minutes. No more hot water must be added, or the beneficial effect might be considerably marred. Paris is raving over the stimulating effects of such baths, which impart to the flesh a feeling as though one had bathed in rich cream. A starch bath is restful and soothing to the nerves, and leaves a delightful sense of exhilaration for several hours afterward. If you feel limp or washed out, the starch bath will make up your condition as the laundress does the crumpled shirt. The bath is best taken before breakfast or before dressing for dinner.

A London doctor said that he quite believed that starch would have a soothing effect upon the skin—just as powder had. He added that there would probably be some danger of catching cold if a full half hour were spent in water of such reduced temperature.

A good husband is an asset, but a worthless one is a liability.

It is never too late to blame the other fellow for your mistakes.

A woman will do a lot of cheeky things to improve her complexion.

IF I COULD BE A SUNBEAM

If I could be a sunbeam gay,
I'd flit about from day to day;
I'd cheer each sad and lonely heart,
And cause all shadows to depart.

If I could be a sunbeam gay,
I'd help the children in their play;
I'd make them clap their hands with glee,
And from their hearts bad thoughts should flee.

If I could be a sunbeam gay,
I tell you what I'd do some day;
I'd kiss the babies in their dreams,
And make them smile at my bright beams.

If I could be a sunbeam gay,
I'd brighten with my little ray
The homes where weary sufferers dwell,
And pretty stories to them I'd tell.

If I could be a sunbeam rare,
I'd roam among the flowers fair;
I'd dance upon the ocean waves,
And creep into the mountain caves.

If I could be a sunbeam bright,
I'd try to do all things just right;
I'd smile alike on great and small,
My blessings on each one should fall.

Oh! I can be a sunbeam gay
If I but try from day to day;
Yes, I can be a sunbeam bright,
If I but try with all my might.

IT WASN'T HERS

She was a sweet, simple, blue-eyed maiden, and proudly she went her mother's errands. Naturally the grocer fell in love with her.

One day there was a farthing change due to the little girl. The grocer had not a farthing but being a kindly man he gave her a large rosy cheeked apple instead. With a face wreathed in smiles and a mouth full of apple, the little girl tripped off. Happy, too, was the grocer, for he felt he had done a kindly deed. The value of the apple was above a penny.

Within an hour back tripped the little girl. "Please," she said, in a simple, innocent way, "mother sent me back for the farthing."

"But," replied the astonished grocer, "I gave you a good apple for the farthing."

"Yes," said the child, "but the farthing was not mine. It was mother's."

AN OLD JOKE BUT A GOOD ONE

The poet Wordsworth used to compose in bed at night. Nudging his wife in the small hours he would say, "Maria, get up. I've thought of a good word."

And Mrs. Wordsworth would rise sleepily, light a candle, and write at her husband's dictation for ten or fifteen minutes.

A couple of hours later Wordsworth would wake her again.

"Get up, Maria, I've got a good word," he would repeat.

But one night Mrs. Wordsworth put a stop forever to his noctural dictation. Her husband awakening her with the usual "Get up—I've thought of a good word," was startled to hear her reply:

"Oh, get up yourself! I've thought of a bad word."

A FEW SMILES

A naval officer wishing to bathe in a Ceylon river, asked a native to show him a place where there were no alligators. The native took him to a pool close to the estuary. The officer enjoyed his dip. While drying himself he asked his guide why there were never any alligators in that pool.

"Because, sah," the Cingalese replied, "they plenty afraid of shark.

In a suburban electorate the candidate was being raucously heckled, and, though an amiable man as a rule, he was provoked to the suggestion that the conduct of one man in the meeting was asinine.

"If I'm an ass," roared the interjector, "there are two of us here. Ha! ha!"

"I've noticed you," said the candidate, quietly. "I've heard you bray—but I don't see your friend."

Seth Woodbury was a tight fisted hard hearted old farmer. His brother, William, dying, Seth drove into town to have a notice about his death inserted in the weekly newspaper.

"There ain't no charges, be there?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, yes, indeed," answered the editor. "Our price is ten shillings an inch."

"Crikey, muttered the old man, "an Bill six foot two."

A near sighted old lady at a dinner party one evening had for companion on the left a very bald headed old gentleman. While talking to the gentleman on the right she dropped her napkin unconsciously. The bald-headed gentleman in stooping to pick it up touched her arm. The old lady turned around, shook her head and politely said:

"No melon, thank you."

Pills for Nervous Trouble.—The stomach is the centre of the nervous system, and when the stomach suspends healthy action the result is manifest in disturbances of the nerves, if allowed to persist, nervous debility, a dangerous ailment, may ensue. The first consideration is to restore the stomach to proper action, and there is no readier remedy for this than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Thousands can attest the virtures of these pills in curing nervous disorders.

The average man gets a lot of unnecessary abuse while he is alive and a lot of unnecessary praise after he is dead.

Many a man pats himself on the back who isn't a contortionist.

Relieves Asthma at Once. If you could read the thousands of unsolicited letters received by the makers from grateful users you, too, would realize the remarkable curing powers of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. All cases, incipient and chronic, are benefited by this great family remedy, and many of them are cured. Why suffer or experiment with worthless preparations when the genuine Kellogg's can be purchased everywhere.