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All accounts collected monthly.

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MANAGER

Poetry.

THE WOMAN TAMED

He said, "She shall be my slave!
Lesser in all than I;
Feeble of body and brain.
His shall carry a golden chain,
And dwell until she die
In the golden cage I prove."

And he found a treacherous creature of hate and fear,
With teeth and claws that were ready when he came near!

He said, "She shall be my star
I will set her high above
This dusty world of mine.
I will bow me down at her shrine,
Pray for the light of her love,
And worship her from afar."

But he found that the light of her love had been withdrawn,
Leaving only a faint chill pity, a faint chill scorn.

He said, "She shall be my friend!
Side by side let us stand,
For I need your help and you.
Comrades true and true,
With my hand in your clear hand
We will see life out to the end."

And she turned and her eyes met his; and I think she cried
(But she laughed through her tears) and she came to her place at his side.

—British Weekly.

Select Family Reading

In the Casualty Ward

MILDRED S. WALTERS

THE sun shone through the long, high windows and lay in great shining splashes of silver on the super-polished floor, clinging to the scented petals of the flowers arranged down the centre of the ward.

From a flower-tangled, bee-haunted Devonshire garden, a long enough call away from the dreary city hospital, that morning had come roses—red roses and white, and glorious creamy Gloire de Dijon—breathing even here in the stifling dust laden air something of the ripe clover fields and soft sea breezes they left behind them. They breathed of peace, seeming to know before all else the joy of more ovelenos. The touch of their cool petals had been pure delight to the tired ward sister, drooping under the strain of the heat wave, who had that morning lingeringly nussed them in the dull copper vases.

They were the first thing that Philip Spencer's eyes painfully opened to as his soul tortuously wandered back again to a world the echo of whose toil and struggle surged through the long windows above his head.

Roses—it seemed natural enough that they should be his first conscious sight. After the deep cold waters had closed about him, with a gasp of ineffable pain, the years with the memories of a million heat forgotten things, had slipped away from him like a worn-out garment, and he was standing once again in the warm sunlight by a small white lych-gate which marked the place where the long wilderness of garden flowers joined the tangled wild flowers of the cliff.

Below him, the smooth blue diamond paths of the sea, with deep green bathing pools and treasure-laden rocks; behind him, shady, myrtal flowered with roses and briars, the garden, his mother's. And through it all her face, everywhere her presence, with her lips on his brow, and the blue eyes crinkling into the smile she kept for him alone.

He was a boy again but with a strange unknown sense of thankfulness, a thrill as of a long-fought rescue, of Peace. It was as if in that hour, when his soul waited desolate and afraid on the borderland of the Great Beyond, the strength of his mother's love had called to him across the dim minpent years he had squandered, and drawn him back once again to the safe keeping of his love-guarded boyhood.

He was at home; and, as in the earlier days when school released they stood together fresh on the threshold of his glorious holidays, so now life released, his spirit had instinctively flown to here, and to her unremembered, sheltering love.

And he was glad.

Then pain had lain cold hands on him and drawn him slowly away from her—out of the sunlight and rest—back through the mists, and black shadows, and agony of returning consciousness.

Wearily he opened his eyes, and they were there waiting for him—the roses. He did not reason but lay back again, vaguely relieved they should be there.

Far away it seemed were two voices:

"Got him round after all. Thought at first he'd quite kicked the traces—touch and go thing, though."

Then he heard:

"..... jumped in after some kid or other that managed to topple over a barge or something, so the chaps said who brought him here; got the cramp or couldn't swim, or hadn't the strength, I should say—looks as if he hadn't had a feed for a week, poor beggar."

"Down on his luck from his looks, with only a nodding acquaintance at present to kid gloves. Wonder what he is?—if he's anyone at all."

Then footsteps passed on, while the knowledge came dimly to him that he was somewhere in bed—he had been in the river?—a child? Ah! yes, a little girl had tumbled in, and he had gone in after her—dog-tired—what else could he do? at least he wasn't a coward. There was a blank—something must have happened. This was a hospital of course. He had been drowned or nearly so, and some interfering fool had saved him. He turned and clenched his hands at the irony of it. He, Philip Spencer, the broken wastrel, the worthless, he who had wasted, so bitterly wasted a life of which he might have made so much, he who had chosen with open eyes the husks and the swine—the outcast—they had brought him back again to be a burden to the life he had disgraced.

He groaned aloud. Why did he remember now, too late, all that he had lost; all he had thrown away? Why did he see with such stabbing clearness all the things that might have been?

In the sunlight, all down the centre of the ward were roses—foam-white and cream, red, full-blown, heavy-headed blossoms, and half-awakened amber buds. Oh! the torture of it! He could almost hear again the boom of the Atlantic waves on the rocks—the dull hum of the bees in the sultry summer air — could see the old garden—the ivy-hung house. To keep the long, dim oak rooms at home filled with roses such as these had been his mother's delight.

His eyes hungily drank in their beauty.

"Aren't they lovely?"

A white-capped, blue-frocked nurse was beside him. "They only came this morning, and they do help just to remind one that there are still places in England that aren't all dirty streets and grimy houses."

"Sent to you?" the man asked.

"Yes, someone down in Devonshire—she always sends us flowers every Saturday—glorious ones."

In spite of the years, he had not forgotten that roses like these could only grow in Devonshire. For a moment he was silent.

"Oh! a lady called Mrs. —— oh, I can't think now. She's a friend of the Matron's. I know the place is called 'Inglehurst.'"

Before he had asked the question he had known he would hear the name. "Inglehurst," a thousand grey ghosts rose up and whispered it—taunting. He turned suddenly away with a groan, and the nurse who was young and inexperienced flew to consult with riper wisdom.

"A Mrs. Spencer—she sends them every week from a place called Inglehurst, down in Devonshire, you know. Perhaps you know?" The matron making her nightly round, had stopped for a moment, drawn by the young man's eyes, so strongly like some other eyes she knew.

"She has the loveliest garden in the world. I tell her her flowers grow better than anyone else's do because she loves them so."

"I remember," Philip Spencer spoke painfully, "long ago when I was quite a little chap, I was once taken down there. I wonder if its changed much; it was the prettiest village then. I've often meant to go down again, but somehow I never could." He had almost said "dared." "Do you know it well?"

"An acquaintance of six years," replied the matron.

This man with the remembered eyes and unexpectedly cultured voice interested her. She must ask his name.

"Since I first met Mrs. Spencer," she went on, "although it seems sometimes as though I must have known her for sixty times six years, she's such an old friend now, dear little, white souled, broken-hearted woman. I wonder how it is that a crushing sorrow that would embitter some women for life, only makes others sweeter still and more largely sympathetic. Yes, she sends the flowers." She paused and half-turned to go hesitating.

"Forgive me, if you would tell me something that means a great deal to me."

The man's voice was trembling now.

"Mrs. Spencer—is she well, and happy—no, not happy—well?"

"You know her, then?" there was a note of questioning perplexity in the matron's voice.

The man's face was buried in his hands—"God help me," he said, "she is my mother!"

In her little sitting-room the matron sat late writing, and that night the mail train carried away to a distant Devonshire village, a letter bearing a city postmark—a letter to which the postman never brought an answer, for the next evening, before the dim yellow lamps shone into the hot summer night, a little white lady had walked up the broad steps of the hospital and before another day was born, mother and son had found each other once again.

In the casualty ward of the murky city hospital, through which the endless stream of pain ever flows, there is a bed marked out from the rest with a small gold plate:

In Thanksgiving to God for Philip
Spencer, July 20, 1911—.

"For this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found."

And while summer lasts there are always roses before it—roses white and fragrant as consolation; red and passionate as love.

FREE NEWS SERVICES

Were the average editor in Ontario to care to do so, he could probably fill his columns every day with matter supplied by press agents who have some little axe to grind in order to make certain of his weekly meal tickets.

All these little fellows clamor for recognition on the ground that they will supply something with a large amount of news value.

Probably the tamest and the most poorly disguised service that has been sprung in this regard is one sent out from Toronto, styled the Inter-Provincial News Agency. In forwarding it a notice is sent that "The despatches sent out from this bureau are authentic and all responsibility for their accuracy is accepted by us." Here's a sample of the "service".

"Montreal, March 12—The statement that prohibition brings general prosperity is not upheld by conditions in Ontario where over three quarters of the area is now dry. Dunn's Weekly Review announces that the failures in Ontario during the month of February were greatly in excess of those in the corresponding period of the previous year. The total insolvencies for the month were 227 compared with 138, while the liabilities reached $3,526,070 compared with $1,884,710."

This news item sent out to offset the wave of temperance that is sweeping over the province at the present time, and the cost is probably paid by those whose interests are in danger.

The inference is that local option is causing hard times, and bringing business firms into bankruptcy. Trash! How about the bread lines in Toronto and other large centres where there is no local option. Guelph is not a "dry" centre, neither is Brantford, Stratford or any of the large centres, but it is in these places that the greatest amount of unemployment has been. The attempt to secure the insertion of such rubbish in the press of Ontario will deceive no one.—Guelph Mercury.

MARTIN TELLER

"Is this a bank where they lend money to anyone who will surely pay it back?"

The boy who poured through the little grating of the bank window as he asked that question seemed almost dancing on tiptoe in his eagerness and excitement. He was small, red-haired and freckled beyond belief. The man in the cage looked at him with undisguised interest.

"What's your name, my lad?"

"Martin Teller."

"Mutton Teller?" snickered a messenger boy waiting outside in line.

The man in the line heard it and one or two smiled involuntarily. The man who asked the question heard it and his lips tightened. In that instant he resolved that he would try a little money lending on his own account if investigation seemed to warrant it.

"On good security we do."

"Security! What's that?" asked the boy, puzzled and impatient.

"Why—something to show that you surely will pay it."

"I'm my own security! I wouldn't go back on my own word would I?"

The men in the line were decidedly interested, all of them. They watched to see the end of this conversation. The man inside of the window wanted to ask him what he wanted to do with the borrowed money, but he had an odd fear that a direct question might offend this man of business. He simply gave another shrewd, sharp look into the boy's steady blue eyes and asked:

"How much do you want?"

"Fifty cents!" said Martin. "And I want it right away. I'm afraid the chance will be gone if I don't hurry! It's to buy a cart for carrying papers from a boy out here. I can get cart, goodwill and all for that. He's sick of the job."

The men all laughed. The carelessness of the demand and the amount of the loan were so oddly disproportionate. The bank clerk, however, deliberately and gravely handed over a bright half-dollar and turned to his other customers. The boy made a flying dash for the door, and was clattering down the steps before it was done swinging.

Two days later he was back again at the window. When he saw that he was recognized, he pushed a new half-dollar under the wire saying: "You pay interest on lent money, but I don't know how much 'tis. Would five cents be right?"

The man smiled warmly. This was a boy worth knowing.

"It would be a great deal too much. And this particular time I'd rather you wouldn't pay anything. The money has not been gone long enough. If you are willing however, I wish you would come back here about one o'clock and tell me a little about the business in which you are engaged. It interests me."

"All right," said Martin and at one o'clock he was there.

"No, not a paper route," he corrected, "just a cart. There was a boy had one, and he had a good idea, too, but he didn't stick to it. He started to go around and gather up all the old papers anybody would give him, and then he thought he could sell them at the paper mill, where they have to use a lot; for I've seen them. But he did not have any head on him and did not make it work. So I bought him out."

"And are you going to put some brains into the business?" commented the gentleman taly amused and admiring.

"All I have," said the boy simply. "First thing you have to work; next thing you have to keep on working. Planning goes for something, too."

"My boy, you're on the right track," cried the man with enthusiasm. "You'll make it go. You are not needing any more help?"

"No, not just now," said Martin, "when I do I'll let you know. We planned it all out last night, mother and I. She's great on planning."

A mist came over the man's eyes, and something came up in his throat, but he was not ashamed of either. A sudden memory came back to him of another mother who was "great on planning." He rose without speaking, and put his arm around Martin's shoulders for an instant on the way to the door.

"Go ahead, my boy," he said briefly, "and don't be afraid to come to me if you want anything."

"No, I wouldn't," said Martin slowly. "Wouldn't be afraid of coming, I mean. Only the loan you lean the straighter you will stand. I don't want too many folks to help me, now that I have a start and a chance to do something."

"Go ahead, boy!" cried the man again slapping the sturdy, boyish shoulders this time, in honest admiration. "You're a team you and your mother. You keep close to her. Give her my compliment and here—I want you to step over to the florist's with me a minute."

A few minutes after a radiant, freckle-faced boy, with a torn hat on top of a carroty hair, was making very quick time homeward under a burden of gorgeous long-stemmed roses—roses "as big as plates," as his mother said in amazement when he presented them to her.

"The bank man gave them to you mother," he explained to her as she put them in a tall white water pitcher. "And its because you're helping me nights and all these. He says I'll be a big man some day if I keep close to you, and you to me, the way we're doing on the paper business. And we will, won't we, mother?"

THE TWELFTH MAN

There were a dozen men beside the track, and one stood a little apart from the others. The eleven held picks. His hands were empty. The backs of the eleven were bowed. He stood erect. The perspiration coursed down their faces, as they laboured. His forehead was not moist. Either because of superior intelligence, or longer experience, or perhaps because he had proved himself more reliable, he had been made foreman of the gang. His brains were saving his back. He was paid better for looking on while the others worked, than they were paid for their arduous toil.

In most occupations the proportion holds. Eleven men out of twelve need to be watched. Eleven out of twelve must be kept up to the mark by some outside person. The twelfth man has the energy to keep the others going. The large majority of workers need an overseer. And the man who does not need one is at once appropriated to oversee the others who do.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, March 22nd, 1894

Eclipse of the moon last night.
Bicyles are on deck again.
Vegetation is beginning to assert itself.
The funeral of Mrs. Robert Little Campbell, who has been living in Toronto for some years, took place from the home of her son, Mr. Robt. Campbell, Lake Avenue, Acton, to Churchill burying ground, on Monday.
Mr. James Grant, expressman, has disposed of his business to Mr. John Harvey.
The old "Dublin" Church, which has not been in use since St. Joseph's in Acton was purchased, has been torn down, and Mr. Alex. Joe, the purchaser, intends using the material in a new house near Speyside. The old church had an existence of about 37 years. Among those who assisted in the erection were Messrs. Peter and Wm. Gibbons, the late Peter McCann, Matthew and Patrick Lee. The alter was built by J. Drumgold, who met a tragic death by shooting on Mill Street about 28 years ago.
Mrs. Philip Hematreet, who for over seventy years had lived a goldly Christian life, rich in good works, died at her daughter's home in Michigan last week. She lived a number of years in Acton. A family of four daughters survive her: Mrs. Eli Snyder, Elmira; Mrs. Edward Moore, Acton—now Mrs. Gray, Hamilton; Mrs. P. S. Armstrong, Ellis, Nebraska; Mrs. (Rev.) A. J. Holmes, Metamore, Michigan. For 25 years she had been writing her autobiography, and nearly every week after her family passed out into homes of their own, each one received "a letter from mother."
Crewsons Corners: Another member of the Crewson family was laid away this week in the person of Mrs. R. L. Campbell, of Toronto, who died at Mr. R. Sherlock's in that city. Her sister, Mrs. Hugh McLaughlin, died in January. Mrs. Campbell came here with her father, Morgan Crewson, Sr., over 70 years ago.
Rev. W. Bryers preached twice on Sunday at Crewsons Corners; Rev. T. J. Saline, Rockwood, twice in Acton Methodist Church; Rev. J. Edge at Ebenezer and Corwhin; Rev. Mr. Rae, was at Presbyterial Convention at Hespeler on Monday and Tuesday.
Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Norrish, Nassagaweya, visited at Mr. Thos. Easton's, this week.
Messrs. John and Henry Watson returned to their home in Manitoba, yesterday.
Mr. Richard Cook has gone to a situation in Huntsville.
In the Municipal Council a by-law was passed to promote, establish and regulate a Fire Department; John Cameron being appointed Chief, and Hiram Swackhamer, Fire Warden, and the municipality was divided into four wards from the intersection of Mill and John Streets.
Messrs. H. Swackhamer, Adam Stewart and Wm. Edmiston asked the Council to repair the bridge over the stream in Cook's Survey. Action was deferred until question of private ownership in connection with the same be ascertained.

BORN

LINDSAY—In Nassagaweya, on March 7th, to Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Lindsay, a daughter.
NELSON—In Guelph, on March 14th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Nelson, a daughter.
RAMSAY—In Acton, on March 11th, to Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Ramsay, a son.
MATTHEWS—In Acton, on March 16th, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Matthews, a daughter.

MARRIED

LOCKIE-SWACKHAMER—In Nassagaweya, on March 11th, by Rev. A. Hislop, Mr. Clarence Lockie, to Eliza, daughter of Mr. William Swackhamer.
STEWART-GILLESPIE—At the home on the bride's parents, on March 11th, by Rev. J. W. Ker, James H. M. Stewart of Nassagaweya, to Nellie youngest daughter of William Gillespie, 8th line, Erin.

DIED

MCKINNEY—At the home of her son-in-law, Rev. A. J. Malcolm, Mimico, Mich., on February 16th, Anne McKinney, widow of Philip McKinney, in her 84th year.
CAMPBELL—At the home of Richard Sherlock, 19 Gordon Avenue, Toronto, on March 11th, Elizabeth Crewson, widow of Robert Little Campbell, aged 74 years.
PHIPPS—In Toronto, on March 15th, Robert W. Phipps, in his 60th year.

HE WAS BELIEVED

One of Sir Robert Ball's stories concerned an incident on a lecturing tour. Speaking of the sun's heat, he remarked that in the course of 70 million years it would be exhausted, and then our earth would become a dead planet. A man rose in great agitation. "Excuse me," he cried, "but how many years did you say it would be before this awful catastrophe?" "Seventy millions," replied Sir Robert.

"Thank heavens!" gasped the man, mopping his forehead. "What a fright I got! I thought you said only seven millions!"

RYAN'S MISHAP

Ryan used to be assistant blaster at the quarries. One day he disappeared. He must have been standing on top of an exploding charge. We never recovered enough of him for a funeral. Subsequently, a mate, who had not heard of the accident, was inquiring after Ryan. Murphy was the informant. "Where's Bill Ryan?" queried the friend. "Gone!" volunteered Murphy. "Has he left for good?" asked the stranger. Murphy embraced his facial herbage, gazed skyward, and said: "Well, he wint that way, anyhow."

DISAPPEARED

Stranger (riding past the foot of a mountain) to driver—"Anything remarkable about this mountain?"

Driver—"There's nothing peculiar about the hill itself. But there's a queer story connected with it."

Stranger—"What is that?"

Driver—"A young lady and gentleman went for a walk on this hill. They ascended higher and higher and never came back again."

Stranger—"Dear, dear me! How unfortunate! What then became of the unhappy pair?"

Driver—"They went down on the other side, sir."

HER NAME

"I can't call you by your first name," said the new mistress, "for it is the same as mine, Alice, and might be confusing to my husband. Do you mind if we call you by your last name?"

"Oh, no, indeed, ma'am," replied the new maid. "I'm quite used to it."

"And what is it, please?"

"Darling."

GRANDMA'S "SUNSHINE BUTS"

I had a perfectly lovely time
At Bettikin's birthday feast,
It wasn't because of my clothes, 'cause it rained,
And I wasn't dressed up in the least.
But I think it was 'cause of the time that I spent
With grandmother dear, just before I went.

You see, she told me 'bout "Sunshine Buts,"
To use when a thing goes wrong,
Right after a thing that's unpleasant, you know,
Is the place where the "Buts" belong.
And she asked me if I wouldn't try them soon,
And I promised I would, that afternoon.

So, when I found that the clock was wrong,
—The clock that stands in our hall;
I said, "I am late, 'But'—poor Gladys has mumps,
And can't go to the party at all."
And it surprised me to feel so much better, so quick,
Though, of course, I was sorry that Gladys was sick.

At the party, one girl had the darlingest curls;
"But"—'twould hurt when the comb went through!
And Elizabeth's sash was lots bigger than mine,
"But"—mine was the prettiest blue.
And the prize of the game didn't come to me,
"But" Billy Boy won, and he's lame you see.

I didn't get any pink frosted cakes,
"But"—the white ones were awfully good.
They didn't pass candy to me, "But" I thought
I might have had toothache if they should.
And I sat near the gate, and it melted my too,
"But"—my dress was real thin, and the fire felt nice.

When nurse came for me, I hated to go,
"But"—at home I should find papa.
It was awfully dark in the street outside,
"But"—I saw such a lovely star.
So I'm going to try them, the whole of the year,
These "Sunshine Buts" of grandmother dear.

—The Circle.

COAL-HEAVING GIRLS

Bishop Potter, in the Century, says that of all he saw in Japan that which lives most vividly in his memory is the loading of a steamship with coal at Nagasaki. He thus describes the scene:

The huge vessel, the Empress of Japan, was, one morning, soon after its arrival at Nagasaki, suddenly festooned. I can use no other word, from stem to stern on each side with hanging platforms, the broadest nearest the base, strung together by ropes, and ascending from the sampans, or huge boats in which the coal had been brought alongside the steamer, until the highest and narrowest platform was just below the particular port hole through which the coal was received into the ship.

There were four or five of these platforms one above another, on each of which stood a young girl.

On board the sampans men were filling a long line of baskets, holding, I should think, about two buckets of coal, and these were passed up from the sampans in a continuous line until they reached their destination; each young girl, as she stood on her platform, passing, or rather almost throwing, the huge basket to the girl above her, and she again to her mate above her, and so on to the end.

The rapidity, skill and above all, the rythmic precision with which for hours this really tremendous task was performed was an achievement which might fill an American athlete with dismay and envy.

As I moved to and fro on the deck above them I took out my watch to time the girls and again and again I counted sixty-nine baskets—the number never fell below sixty—passed on board in a single minute.

Think of it: The task, I ought rather to call it an art, so neatly, simply and gracefully was it done, was this: The young girl stooped to her companion below her, seized from her hands a huge basket of coal, and then shooting her little arms upward, laughingly tossed it to the girl above her.

And all the while there was band, as one passed along from one to another of these chains of living elevators, a clear, rythmical sound, which I supposed at first to be produced by some bystander striking the metal string of something like a mandolin, but which I discovered, after a little, was a series of notes produced by the lips of these young coal-heavers, distinct, precise, melodious and stimulating.

And at this task these girls continued, uninterruptedly and blithely, from ten o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon, putting on board in that time, I was told, more than a thousand tons of coal. I am free to say that I do not believe there is another body of workfolk in the world who could perform the same task in the same time and with the same ease.

SUCH IS FAME

A young man returned to the country village where he was born, after having successfully worked his way up to a desirable Government office. "I suppose the people here, Thomas, have heard of the honour that has been conferred on me?" he inquired of one of his old friends. "Yes, they have," was the gratifying reply. "And what," said the man of fame eagerly, "what do they say about it, Thomas?" "They don't say anything," replied Thomas, "they just laugh."

Nights of Agony come in the train of asthma. The victim cannot lie down and sleep is driven from his brains. What grateful relief is the immediate effect of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. It banishes the frightful conditions, clears the passages, and enables the afflicted one to again sleep as soundly and restfully as a child. Insist on the genuine at your nearby druggist.

A Pill That Lightens Life.—To the man who is a victim of indigestion the transaction of business becomes an added misery. He cannot concentrate his mind upon his tasks and loss and vexation attend him. To such a man Parmelee's Vegetable Pills offer a relief. A course of treatment, according to directions, will convince him of their great excellence. They are confidently recommended because they will do all that is claimed for them.