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All accounts collected monthly.

H. P. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

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J. L. WARREN
MANAGER

Poetry.

BOBBY'S PRAYER

Dear Father, there's another boy to-night
Who's praying to a god that's made of wood;
He asks it to take care of him till light,
And love him,—but it won't be any good.

He is too far away to make him hear;
I'd go to him and tell him, if I could,
That you'll take care of him, that you are near
And love him,—for his god is made of wood.

I know he'd ask you if he only knew,
I know he'd love you if he could;
Dear God, take care of him, and love him too,—
This other boy whose god is made of wood.

Select Family Reading

Love Changeth All Things

EDNA CAMPBELL

TWILIGHT had fallen over the little fishing village, lights began to twinkle in the cottages along the shore, and a sense of peace pervaded all. Before the little white gate of one cottage stood a boy and a girl. He, earnest and pleading, she, laughing and protesting.

"Oh, Kathleen, won't you be serious for one minute? 'Tis no laughing matter, dear," his plain, honest face slight with a great love as he added softly, "for I love, Kathleen, I love."

But the girl saw only the plainness, his unsightly appearance, so utterly different from her ideal, that ideal enshrined in every girlish heart, and broke in impatiently:

"Don't Jim, don't go over it all again. I know what you are going to say and my answer is the same as it always will be. You might as well know that I wouldn't stay here in this tiny, dull old village for a fortune. I want to see the world, to be one of the world, to live!"

"I could give you all you wanted," the boy interposed. "You know there's enough for us both," his voice thrilled on the last word, but she failed to notice either it or the dogged pain in his blue eyes. Her scornful laugh rang out, and the boy winced as if someone had struck him.

"Enough for us both, you, with skimping and living a dull, monotonous existence we might manage to make it do. No Jim, thank you. I don't want that, I want real life, and you can't give me that."

His stony silence seemed to touch her and her voice was gentler as she held out her hand.

"I am sorry—"

But the boy interrupted, his voice harsh and passionate.

"I don't want your sympathy, Kathleen, I want your love, not she." So saying he turned abruptly and strode off down the beach.

For the few minutes the girl stood motionless watching his retreating form with mingled feelings which she dared not analyze. Jim had been her playfellow and sweetheart ever since she could remember. Life without Jim's presence was a thing unthought of. It had been their dream there to build a little white cottage sometime of their own, but for Kathleen that dream had vanished after a visit to a neighboring city. Its brilliance, its gay throngs of fashionably dressed people had awakened within her discontent and rebellion at her simple lot. If she married Jim, she argued, all hope of city life among the wealthy would be gone, so she refused to listen to his pleading. She waited until he was out of sight, then with a half wistful sigh turned into the house noting as she did so the great black clouds looming up in the west, and shivered as she felt the sting of the keen rising wind.

Awakened about midnight by the raging storm which shook the little cottage like a leaf, Kathleen was unable to go to sleep again, and lay listening to the war of the elements. The thunder crashed and roared, the lightning darted diagonally across the sky, filling her little room with brilliant light again and again. While far down on the beach she could hear the angry sea dashing against the rocks. Suddenly it seemed to her that she heard the boom of a wounded vessel calling for help. But as the storm cleared away about two hours later and nothing remained of it save the howling winds and the swelling sea, she must have been mistaken. But no, presently she heard footsteps, and men came up the beach bearing lanterns, their voices raised because of the wind, reached her plainly through her hastily flung up window.

"There's a ship on the rocks yonder 'tis plain enough."

"'Tis sad, but there's no hope of rescue, no one could reach it a night like this."

"Could not, they say that young Jim is bound to go. He's getting the men together."

"Jim?. Why man, he's crazy, he'll do naught but drown himself and his crew."

"Aye, maybe, but he's a plucky 'un." There was grudging admiration in the man's voice

Involuntarily the girl's hand went to her throat, she felt as if she would choke. How dared Jim put his life in danger. With trembling clumsy fingers hardly knowing what she did, she dressed and slipped out of the house.

A few minutes later Kathleen was racing along the beach heedless of the stinging wind which cut her like a knife, or the waves occasional drenching, heedless of all save that she must get there in time to stop Jim.

But despite her hurry the wind had hindered her just sufficiently to make her a few minutes too late. The lifeboat had been launched and her straining eyes caught sight of him in the bow. A low, strangled sob escaped her as she pushed panting on the verge of the crowd which had already gathered.

"There's not one of them as would have put out to-night if it hadn't been for Jim," some one said. "It was his urging, his courage that made 'em go."

"They'll never reach it. Never in this world."

So they talked on, their excitement finding relief in speech. In an abstract fashion the words reached the girl's ears, but her eyes were on the little wave-tossed boat so gallantly striking out for the massive ship outlined in the gloom. With every wave it seemed that the little lifeboat with its heroic crew would slip down into the eager sea, down and out of sight.

An icy hand clutched Kathleen's heart in an unyielding grasp, all feeling seemed numbed, she couldn't think, she couldn't move, she could only stand and watch the frail craft which held her Jim to go further and further away from her.

On and on the little boat went, miraculously breasting the waves, further and further away from the anxious watchers on shore and nearer and nearer to the doomed ship.

Not a few curious glances were levelled at the girl as she stood rigidly, her skirts blowing about her in the fierce wind, her fair hair hanging about her white, set face, in which her big, dark eyes looked liked deep, unfathomable wells as she gazed tearlessly, unceasingly after the boat.

It seemed years to the waiting crowd, and centuries to the girl before the boat, a shadowy shape in the early dawn slipped into sight. Then the rigid form of the girl relaxed a little, she leaned forward, her small hands clasped, her dark eyes full of an agony of fear, afraid even to breathe lest all should be lost.

A mighty cheer went up from the crowd and willing hands made ready to aid the brave crew in landing. Nearer and nearer it came, filled with the rescued and the rescuers. Everybody crowded to the water's edge, only the girl stood in the same place. Her white face growing whiter as the awful strain told on her, but still she stood until she saw Jim erect and triumphant stand up in the boat and wave. She took a step forward, her lips moved but no sound came, another step, she staggered and fell in a little pathetic heap on the sand. There was a rush in her direction, but Jim had seen her first and with one quick leap he was out of the boat and at her side.

It was late morning when Kathleen opened her eyes in her own home. "Jim," she whispered, "where's Jim?"

"Right here," Jim answered coming to her at once.

Kathleen sat up on the couch. "Jim," she said, "Oh, Jim, you aren't drowned. You've come back to me! When I thought you were going to be drowned, during those awful hours, when every minute might separate us forever, I found out just what you were to me," the color was coming back to her pale cheeks and her voice was very low as she went on, "I knew then that I would never be happy in the city, in any place without you. I knew that if only you came back nothing else would matter because—because Jim I," she buried her face in his coat and whispered the rest.

Jim's face was transfigured, the light of the inner man shone out and Kathleen marvelled that she had ever thought him plain. Love had opened her eyes. She saw under Jim's plainness his true greatness. Love changeth all things.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

When vegetables are cooked with the cover off the dish, they retain their color in much of their original freshness.

When a sponge becomes slimy, soak it in strong borax water, wring out and renew water. Continue this until the sponge becomes clean.

If potatoes are rubbed with olive oil before baking, the skins will be thin and soft and will not cling to the inside of the potato.

Rub a little butter under the edge of the spout of the cream pitcher; it will prevent a drop of cream from running down over the pitcher.

Before washing lace curtains, paste a narrow strip of muslin along the outer edge, allowing it to remain until the washing and drying process is complete.

White discolorations on furniture are successfully removed by rubbing them lightly with a soft cloth moistened with essence of peppermint.

Small boards on which to set saucepans, kettles, frying pans, etc., can easily be made, and they are a great saving to the kitchen table.

Remove ink and fruit stains from the floor by washing the stained part with cold water, then covering it with baking soda. When dry wash off the soda.

Flatirons when put away for some time should be rubbed on the bottom when slightly warm with a mixture of vaseline and sweet oil.

DISCORDS TO CHRISTIANITY

The Liquor Dealers' Journal has made a discovery. Christian people are lacklustre in the charity which they profess. On the other hand, they are "vicious and malicious," and here is the proof of it in the Journal's own words:

It is a fact that the most vindictive and vicious people in any community are to be found among those who are numbered as Christians. We find proof of this in the fact that in various parts of the State these vicious and malicious persons have continued to publish all the names of respectable citizens who sign applications for liquor license applicants."

Why should it be thought so despicable a thing to publish the name of a man who favors a legal and reputable business, such as the Journal advocates and supports? Why should a man who signs a petition for a license want to have the fact kept secret?—Pittsburgh Advocate.

SHIPS SHOOTING

A Dublin gentleman was spending his vacation with some friends in the west of Ireland. While being driven to Ballinstillion he noticed a bog that promised good shooting, and asked his jarvey, if there were any snipe in it.

"Shnipe, is it, sor? Did ye say shnipe? Shure if ye went into that bog widdout a gun they'd ate ye!"

WHY GO TO CHURCH?

It is sweet on a summer's morning when the air is aquiver with the love songs of the birds and fragrant with the odor of roses blown, to hear the music of the church-going bells, an invitation to the world-wearied to enter God's temple and find peace, because the instinct of worship is in the heart of man and the church is the temple of the living God.

I go to church because I find peace there, that peace which De Quincy described as a resting from human labors, a Sabbath of repose, a respite granted from the secret burdens of the heart, as if I stood at a distance and aloof from the uproar of life; as if the tumult and fever and strife were suspended; as if there brooded over me a dove-like halo on calm.

I go to church because I love the music that I hear there, the mighty roll of that great organ, mingled with the marvellous symphonies of that divine stringed instrument, the human voice, untwisting all the chains that tie the hidden soul of harmony.

I go to church because I delight to hear the teachings of the preacher, whose soul is dedicated to God, whose field is as wide as God's universe, whose theme is the destiny of man, and words are the oracles of Fate. Marvellous is the spell of the preacher to whom God has given genius and consecration and the power of illustration drawn from the old, sacred, immortal Book, and from the miracles of nature, no less revealed in the crimson-tipped flower turned up by the plowshare of Robert Burns upon the soil of Ayr than in the long reaches of the star-girt skies.

I go to church because "the way is dark and I am far from home," and because the church is the polar star to light my pathway in the rayless night.

I go to church because the church ministers not only to the spiritual but also to the material needs of life, and because it is there that the charities that soothe and heal and bless are scattered at the feet of man like flowers.

I go to church because vice and crime wither and die in that atmosphere.

I go to church because I hear the teachings of the philosophy of Jesus, the incomparable man; and if you say his teachings is philosophy and not religion and that he was a man and not a god, then the philosophy of that man has redeemed the world from savagery and blessed mankind with Christian civilization, and, to my mind, it is a thing worth while to hear.

I go to church because I find there consolation and hope; because I see there the dawn and not the sunset; and it is better for man, if the hope is baseless and the vision but an elusive phantom, to cherish a dream so glorious and beautiful than to be weighted down and crushed with the quarried moun ains of a world without hope and without God.—Claude Weaver, Congressman from Oklahoma.

SAYINGS OF PROMINENT MEN

Lord Selkirk Settlers.—The Lord Selkirk settlers were among the first waves of civilization which lapped the shores of Manitoba, and to them is due part of the debt of gratitude for security and wealth now enjoyed. They and other pioneers carved out the rough roads which lead to riches of the west.—THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

Canada, Hive of Industries.—Canada will be one of the greatest agricultural countries in the world; a busy hive of manufactories; mines in full exploitation; fisheries abundant; and timber lands giving large returns.—LORD STRATHCONA.

Duty of Great Powers.—May the day soon dawn when the great powers will realize that it is their manifest duty to settle all differences by arbitration. I would regard any aid I could bring as the noblest purpose of my life.—PREMIER BORDEN, OTTAWA.

Our Common Country.—The inseparable silken cord that has ever bound Canada in bonds of union, love and affection is building up a greater Dominion and a mightier empire holds stronger to-day than ever before.—HON. R. ROGERS, OTTAWA.

World's New Battleship.—Ever since the earliest days man have been building ships, but the ship we are planning is different from others. Its compass is the heart; its sails carry good will; its missiles are projected by the smokeless powder of love; its captain is the Prince of Peace—it is the ship of friendship. No target can withstand the shots that friendship sends aboard.—W. J. BRYAN.

REAL ENEMIES.—Let us war against our real enemies, who destroy our people, who stand for injustice, for the rule of the strong over the weak, and of the wealthy over the poor. Let us fight against unclean thoughts and intemperance.—Rev. C. W. GORDON, WINNIPEG.

World's Needs.—The world to-day is calling for men of individuality and demanding personality.—REV. J. L. BETTY, WINNIPEG.

CANADIAN CANAL TRAFFIC

The volume of traffic which passed through Canadian canals in 1913 aggregated 32,053,913 tons, an increase of 4,445,668 tons over 1912. The chief increase was at Sault Ste. Marie—3,082,000 tons. Other increases were: Welland, 718,759; St. Lawrence, 628,230; Murray, 10,608; and Rideau, 11,060. Decreases were: Chambly, 52,813; St. Peter's, 3,202; Ottawa, 28,912; Trent, 21,350; and St. Andrew's, 14,254.

After eliminating duplication, there was a net tonnage of 44,901,803, of which only 6,654,311 tons was of Canadian origin. The gross traffic has grown to these dimensions from 8,256,286 tons in 1904, or 330 per cent. in the last decade.

The average rate per ton per mile in canal traffic in 1913 was 184. The corresponding average rate for all the railways of Canada was 732.

The rail rate on wheat from Fort William to Montreal is 12 cents per bushel, or 24 per ton. The water rate is 3.351 cents per bushel, or $1.79 per ton, or a difference of $2.22 per ton in favor of transportation by water.

The capital expenditures of Canada's canals to date is $165,626,036, and the cost of maintenance for 1913 was $1,003,060.

Why does the average woman use more judgment if buying a cow than she does in selecting a husband for her daughter?

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, May 3rd, 1894

Acton's assessment has increased $21,000 this year; the population 27.

The first anniversary of Acton Temperance Union was celebrated last Sunday evening by a union service in Knox Church. Revs. Rae and Edge, gave stirring addresses against the legalized liquor traffic.

Miss Minnie Morton, daughter of Mrs. Mary Morton, died last Saturday. Heart failure was the immediate cause of death, but she had been suffering from the inroads of consumption for some months. Miss Morton was in her nineteenth year. She was an active member of the Disciples Church. The funeral was conducted by Rev. Mr. Baker, interment at Everton Cemetery.

It is to be regretted that the customs of observing "May Day" has been discontinued of late years. This anniversary is remembered with pleasant reminiscent thoughts by many. Fifty years ago last Tuesday, Mrs. S. A. Record, then attending a young ladies' school in Hamilton, was crowned May Queen by young ladies of that city and was escorted by a procession throught the principal streets.

A very successful "At Home" was held by Acton Home Circle last Thursday evening.

Mr. C. J. Miller, of Orillia, and his son, Mr. J. C. Miller, who have conducted the business of Acton Tanning Co., as manager and foreman, respectively, for about three years, have severed their connection with the firm, and the employees tendered Mr. J. C. Miller an address and purse at a supper at Clark's hotel on Saturday night.

Following are the names of those receiving highest standing in the regular monthly exams:

Mr. T.T. Moore's Room—Chas. McCann, Nettie Cobban, Minnie Holmes, John Cook, Ada Francis, Maggie Wallace, Roy McIntosh, Edith J. Moore, May Ryder, Wm. Edmiston, Rollie Perryman, James Smith, Arthur Moore, Wm. Stewart, Fennell Smythe, Joe Stewart, Charles McLean, Nellie Holmes, John Moore, Edwin Francis, Wm. Arnold.

Miss C. M. McPhail's Room—Clara Cobban, Daisy Nicklin, Mabel Rae, Bella McDonald, Edith Nicklin, Bennett Clark, Eva Perryman, Minnie Arthure, Robina Wallace.

Miss B. Peters' Room—John Arthure, Edith Warwick, Thomas Campbell, Irwin Wright, Artie McDonald, George Gram, Ettie McDonald, Daniel Lawson, Edna Swackhamer.

Miss M. E. Nelson's Room—Josie Stephenson, Florence Soper, Ella Gamble, Minnie McPherson, Ethel Mills, Alice Lawis, Annie Brennan, Pearl Stuart, Roy Arnold, Howland Brown, Jennie Campbell.

Mrs. W. H. Walker, of Mitchell, visited relatives here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Norrish, Nassagaweya, have taken up their residence in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gurney, Mr. Robt. J. Gurney and Mr. and Mrs. Adam Stewart went to Grand Valley on Monday to attend the funeral of Mrs. James Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Brown went to Georgetown on Sunday to attend the reopening services of the Methodist Church.

Mr. Joseph Soper has sold his farm stock at Crawford Corners and goes to Huntsville to take a position as carpenter at the tannery there.

BE LIBERAL WITH PRAISE

Don't be afraid to praise people. It is very well to say that it hurts a boy or a man or woman, to praise; there may be those who do their best work without encouragement, but let us remember that nearly all of us who live on this earth are human beings, and work best when encouraged.

It is a great mistake not to tell people when you are satisfied with them. If the cook sets before you a dinner fit for a king tell her so.

Don't be too lofty to praise the office boy if his work is commendable. Tell him so.

It is harder for some people to give praise than it is for them to give money. Many a generous man is a very niggard of praise.

Do you like to be praised yourself? Then depend upon it the other fellow will like it.

Pour the oil of encouragement on the wheels of progress and watch 'em whirl.

I'm not advocating soft soap or flattery or gush. No one likes to be gushed at, and any fool can tell flattery from the real thing.

But when a man has made a hit with you, tell him so. He may be dead before you get another chance, or you may die yourself.

It takes quality to appreciate quality so when you praise a thing you are really offering a compliment to yourself. Doesn't that appeal to you? Will you let all the good things in life pass you by and you as mum as a dead owl?

Wake up, man! Watch out for a chance to praise some one, admit to your own self that you like what he has done and then—tell him so!—Smith's Magazine.

HIS COMPLIMENT

There was a young man, vain of his accomplishments as a preacher, who after officiating at a certain service for a Scottish minister who occasionally had to avail himself of the assistance of probationers was met by the old gentleman with extended hands as he descended from the pulpit. Expecting high praise, he said; "No compliments, I pray."

"Na, na, ma young freen'," said the person, "noondays I'm glad o' onybody."

BREAKING STONES

The sun was blinding; clouds of dust were blowing everywhere, and Jones was most decidedly off his game. It really "put the lid on it" when, just as he was struggling to play his ball out of a quarry, a benevolent old lady passed by with a companion. She halted, in evident surprise, and pointed with her umbrella at the earnest golfer. "Dear me, my love," she remarked in audible tones, "what a very respectably dressed man that is breaking stones!"

EVERYBODY'S GARDEN

All along the wayside is everybody's garden!
There the wild rose blossoms through the summer days;
Round by field fences, and ever stretching onward,
It is God's own garden. For it gives him praise.
'Tis gay with goldenrod,
There blooming grasses nod,
And sunflowers small and yellow turn over to the sun;
Quaint darkey-heads are there
And daisies wild and fair.
In everybody's garden, each flower's the loveliest one!

All along the wayside is everybody's garden!
Come out and gather posies; the very air is sweet.
Come out, with hearts of gladness, ye big and little children.
Life our Father's garden, made for our strolling feet,
The fitting butterfly,
The fragrant winds that sigh,
The tiny clouds that hover above us in the blue,
The bird's song high and clear,
Make heaven draw more near.
In everybody's garden the world once more is new!

—William Z. Baldwin in Universalist Leader.

THE HUSBAND'S RESPONSIBILITY

When a young man takes from a home a young bride there is no thought of anything happening to the blissful career they start upon. Usually they start poor and fight life's battles together and make for themselves a home. In the story books we read, "and they lived happy ever afterwards."

But the story does not always end that way in real life. The husband often quits the race long before it is supposed to end. An accident, an exposure and death from sickness, or a long lingering life of uselessness due to one of the above causes, and his earning capacity is stopped. He becomes an expense if he lives, and the earning stops if he dies, and the widow, often a mother, is left to struggle on alone.

My husband friend, what provision have you made for the day when you cease to be a protector, an earning factor in the home? Have you accident, sickness or life insurance that will carry the widow and children past the needs of the awful calamity?

You have taken the vows to protect her and them. Unless you can protect them after death you have not done your full duty. Even though wealthy in lands and stock you may be short of cash at the time you are shuffled off this earth and the widow is compelled to sacrifice something in order to get ready cash. Insurance money comes handy to even the wealthy.

And another thing—have you made a will? Fix matters so that in case of sudden death your property will go to those who wish to receive it, and with the least possible legal fuss. You will not die any sooner by having life insurance by having and a will in readiness for the final roll call, but you will live a whole lot more at ease, knowing the wife and children will be provided for if anything happens to you first.

THE POWER OF COURTESY

A brave, active, intelligent terrier, belonging to a lady friend, one day discovered a monkey belonging to an itinerant organ grinder seated upon the bank within the grounds, and at once made a dash for him.

The monkey, which was attired in a jacket and hat, awaited the onset in such undisturbed tranquility that the dog halted within a few feet of him to reconnoiter. Both animals took a long, steady stare at each other but the dog evidently was recovering from his surprise, and about to make a spring for the intruder.

At this junction, the monkey, which had remained perfectly quiet hitherto, raised his paw and gracefully saluted by lifting his hat. The dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off and entered the house, refusing to leave it till he was satisfied that his polite but mysterious guest had departed.—Irish Times.

PAT'S INTERPRETATION

One of the bosses at Baldwin's Locomotive Works had to lay off an argumentative Irishman named Pat, so he saved discussion by putting the discharge in writing. The next day Pat was missing; but a week later the boss was passing through the shop and he saw him again at his lathe. Going up to the Irishman, he demanded fiercely: "Didn't you get my letter?"

"Yis, sor, Oi did," said Pat.

"Did you read it?"

"Sure, sur, Oi read it inside and Oi read it outside," said Pat, "and on the inside yes said Oi was fired, and on the outside yes said, 'Return to Baldwin's Locomotive Works in five days.'"

UNDER WATCH

At a dress rehearsal of a company of amateurs Brown, the hero, received rather hard, cold and restrained. A novelist sat in a box next to a charming woman of middle age. She said, at the end of the third act: "It goes beautifully, doesn't it?

"Beautifully," said the gentleman. "But Brown doesn't make love to that pretty girl in as ardent a manner as I could wish. His love-making, in fact strikes me as very tame and spiritless."

The woman frowned. "He won't put any more spirit in it while I've got my eye on him, let me tell you," she said. "I'm Mrs. Brown.

Women and Asthma.—Women are numbered among the sufferers from asthma by the countless thousands. In every climate they will be found, helpless in the grip of this relentless disease unless they have availed themselves of the proper remedy. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy has brought new hope and life to many such. Testimonials, sent entirely without solicitation, show the enormous benefit it has wrought among women everywhere.

A Mild Pill for Delicate Women.—The most delicate woman can undergo a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills without fear of unpleasant consequences. Their action, while wholly effective, is mild and agreeable. No violent pains or purgings follow their use, as thousands of women who have used them can testify. They are, therefore strongly recommended to women, who are more prone to disorders of the digestive organs than men.