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All accounts collected monthly.

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Seed C[illegible] Co[illegible] [illegible]ane.

Poetry.

FAIR CANADA

Let others sing of sunny climes,
Of lands beyond the sea,
There's not a dearer spot on earth,
Than Canada to me;
Dear Canada, lov'd Canada,
Wherever I may be,
There's not a land on all the earth
Shall win my heart from thee.

Her sons will ne'er submit to crouch
Beneath a tyrant's sway;
The stag that roams her forest glades,
Is not more free than they.
Dear Canada, lov'd Canada,
Wherever I may be,
There's not a land on all the earth
Shall win my heart from thee.

The red cross flag our fathers raised,
We hail it as a friend,
And should that flag e'er be assailed,
Its glories we'll defend.
Fair Canada, brave Canada,
No land on earth more free,
And his would be a coward's arm
That would not strike for thee.

The Scot may boast his heather hills,
The Englishman his rose,
And Erin's sons may love the vales,
Where Erin's shamrock grows;
But Canada, lov'd Canada,
Is dearer far to me,
No other land, however grand,
Shall win my heart from thee.

The sun that tints her maple trees,
With Nature's magic wand;
Shines down on peaceful, happy homes,
In our Canadian land.
Fair Canada, lov'd Canada,
My heart is wed to thee,
Be thou the land of noble deeds,
And Empire of the free.

Select Family Reading

Dominion Day at Land's End

By M. BLANCHE EDY

"LAND'S END, next stop," called the brakeman. "Land's E-n-d." Marian Scott the only occupant of the railway coach, looked expectantly out of the window, but there was no variation in the landscape and no sign of civilization. The train still went rushing and screeching across the level prairie; around little sloughs from which the wild ducks rose in terrified flight; past poplar bluffs and out to the open prairie again until, with a final prolonged scream it stopped at the station. Eagerly she gathered up her coat, umbrella, and suitcase and descend to the platform.

It was just like many another little Western town. Beside the track there were four large grain elevators which rather overshadowed the diminutive station; there was a general store where they sold everything from medicine to hairpins, and traded with the people for butter and eggs and dried seneca root. The post office stood beside the store, and a few houses straggled along the trail. All the buildings were glaringly new and unpainted.

It was with much reluctance and a feeling as though she were being deserted by her last friend that Marian watched the engine, and then, saw it after one or two impatient snorts, quickly pull out of the station as though it were anxious to return eastward to civilization.

So this was Land's End!

"Indeed, it looks like it she thought. "The end of the railway track, the end of my journey, the end of college life. But then if it is the end, it must also be the beginning of something new."

She turned at the sound of approaching footsteps.

"Be you the new school teacher?"

Her one glance of dismay took in the slouch hat, rough attire, and unshaven face of her questioner.

"Yes," she answered hesitatingly. "At least—yes, I'm Miss Scott."

"Well, my missus is in the waggon here behind the station. You see the broncho is afraid of the train, so we didn't come till she pulled out. I'm one of the school trustees, and we've come to fetch you over to Mrs. Brown's where the school-ma'ams always stay. Her place is right handy to the school — not more than two miles away."

And this was what she had been looking forward to so eagerly. The great West was so vast that it made her lonely even to think of it, and from this little new village the trails led out across the prairie apparently to—nowhere.

He hoisted her trunk into the wagon, helped her up to the seat beside his wife and then climbed in. It was a drive of four miles to Mrs. Brown's and on the way the trustee explained all the duties of the teacher and the difficulties with which she would have to contend, and told her just what they wanted in their school.

"No high-falutin' notions," he said, "but solid teachin' is what the youngsters sure need."

That night as Marian sat at the window in her new room, graduation seemed so far away, and yet it had only been a week ago. Once more she fondly recalled the scene. Convocation Hall had been crowded with people who came partly in honor of the graduating class, and partly to hear the great man who had come from Boston to preach the baccalaureate sermon. And it had been a wonderful address, full of wisdom, counsel, and guidance for the young men and women who were going to start out into the serious business of life for the first time. He had told them that the life that was going to count was the one that had a vision, an ideal, and then he had spoken to them of the vision of the student which lured him on through all difficulties until he, in some small measure, attained [his] ideal; the vision of the soldier which made victory pos[sib]le; the vision of the patriot of a bro[ad em]pire and perfect freedom. He ha[d spoken] too, of Canada, the growing em[pire] of the scattered hamlets of the [illegible] would some day be great citie[s] [illegible] would need good [illegible] sentence which [illegible]ered.

"What the world needs is men and women of true vision and of strong purpose."

This had all interested her very much, and she had decided to be one of the purposeful women who would count for something definite. Now, as she thought of the time when Land's End would no longer be a mere village, she made up her mind to do what she could to elevate the education and ideals of her scholars who would probably be the future citizens.

The next morning the children met at the schoolhouse very early to wait for her arrival, and when at last her pony did appear in the distance there was much excitement. As she dismounted one of the older boys stepped forward to take her horse around to the stable, while the others bashfully stood back, and the little ones dug their bare, brown toes into the sand.

The boys awkwardly pulled off their caps and she was greeted by a chorus of:

"Morning, professor."

"Bon jour."

"Good morning, teacher."

"Guten Morgen."

Foreigners! She had hardly expected that.

As the days passed she grew to love the children and they became very fond of their new teacher. Even the interest of the parents was aroused, and on their way to the village they would often stop their ox-carts outside the school and go in to ask the time, but in reality to see the teacher and hear the lesson. To them her methods were new, and the results produced seemed almost magical. She had brought some flower seeds with her and she taught the children to make a garden, care for the plants and study their beauty; she taught them to sing a few simple songs; she took them out of doors and showed them how to play baseball and to take proper exercise, and, more than this, they learned of the wonders of the sky and the birds and the prairies. All their lessons were made so pleasant and Marian wove into them so many interesting stories that the dull little faces brightened and their eyes opened wide with wonder.

One day she was teaching Canadian history to the highest class which consisted of four English boys, when a little girl in the front row held up her hand and in a shrill little voice said:

"Please, what's Canadian?"

Every one looked up, and Marian knew that this was her golden opportunity.

"How many know?" she asked.

John's hand went up. "I know in a way but I can't just tell. My father is one," he added proudly.

"Mine isn't. He's French," said one.

"And mine is a Swede," called out another.

"Well, how many would like me to tell about it?"

Instantly every hand was raised, so she let them put away their books, and they settled back in their seats contentedly to listen to the explanation.

First, she showed them the map of Canada with its splendid coast line, miles and miles of rivers, and its broad provinces of forests, pastures, coal measures, and wheat land. Then very simply she told them of the early settlement of the French in Quebec, about three hundred years before, and how, twenty years after that, the English had won the land from the French. They had not realized its vast possibilities and had given it back again. Finally, the English had become the rulers, but the country was divided and the people were discontented. As years went on the land had become more settled and on the first day of July, in the year 1867, a new form of government had been given which pleased every one, and which had made Canada greater than ever. That had been called Dominion Day. At first, just the eastern provinces had united to form the Dominion, but later on the new part of the country became better known, for travellers went out and brought back wonderful tales of the untold wealth of the West, and of its great lakes and rivers. The people had gone out and had made their homes there, until, finally, Canada included all the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

She spoke to them too of the ever-growing population of the western provinces, and as she told them that the little villages were fast becoming cities, and the little boys were fast becoming men—the all-important Canadian citizen who would have so much to do with the power and influence of these towns, they squared their shoulders proudly, lifted their heads higher, and smiled at the new name, "Canadian."

"And," she concluded, "one month from to-morrow will be Dominion Day. How shall we use it?"

"Let's have a concert."

"Yes, and ask all our mothers and fathers to come," the older ones said.

"Oh, have a picnic," begged the little ones. "A picnic!"

"All right," Marian said, "we will have a picnic in the morning and a concert in afternoon."

For the next month every spare moment was spent in studying recitations, practising a flag drill, and learning two patriotic songs. As a surprise Marian ordered from the East some fireworks and a large Canadian flag.

The first of July was a glorious day, rather warm, perhaps, but cloudless. At the children met at the schoolhouse at the usual time, and then went up the creek about a quarter of a mile to a place where the valley broadened and a few poplar trees offered a welcome shade. Then they had the picnic, and while the boys played ball and ran races the girls gathered flowers with which to decorate the school for the concert.

In the afternoon there was quite an array of saddle horses, wagons, ox-carts and buggies out side the school, and inside the audience was just as varied. There were English people; jolly, redfaced Germans; dark unkempt, French and Swedes. Marian smiled as she thought of the contrast between these people and those who had assembled in the Convocation Hall only a short time before, but when their children stood up to recite and sing she noticed that these faces were just as eager and interested as the others had been. The flag drill was the greatest success of the programme, and the little foreign-Canadians, as she called them, marched proudly in step, s[illegible]tily, and wav[ed] the[ir flags] with whol[e-hearted] enthusiasm [illegible] they all [illegible]

After th[illegible] [illegible] the schoolhouse, while the children sang:

O Canada, fair Canada,
Our thoughts are all of thee,
Thy mountain chains and smiling plains,
That stretch from sea to sea.

Then the firecrackers were set off, and the cannon crackers banged much to the dismay of the dogs and the delight of the children, for such things had never been seen before.

They were loath to leave the school and lingered, chatting together and discussing the concert; until the golden afterglow of sunset had darkened into twilight and the stars began to come out. Then the little children grew sleepy and pulled at their mothers' dresses and were ready to go home. Marian waited until the last "Bon soir," "Lebe wohl," and good-night had been said and until the last ox-cart had started away down the dusty trail before before she locked the school, whistled for her dog, and mounted her broncho.

She realized that she was tired as she rode home, but she was contented, too.

"It was worth while to celebrate Dominion Day out here after all," she said to herself, "and next year when I return it will not be to foreigners, but to my loyal little Canadians."

SAYINGS OF PROMINENT MEN

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.—Let us draw together, from Atlantic to Pacific, in one great Christian brotherhood—the aim of which shall be the uplift of the world.—Rev. H. Hernan, Truro, N. S.

THE POWER OF THE BIBLE.—By the power of Bible teaching and Bible practice in the community we touch educational interests, commercial enterprise, social and moral development, and religious and political activities.—The Late Dr. Pithlado.

COUNTRY'S GREATEST ASSET.—Young men are the greatest asset of the country. Either there will be the biggest smash in history, or the greatest exhibition in manhood and nation building the world has ever known.—Rev. Dr. Crummy, Vancouver.

THE FARMER.—The farmer is a man in partnership with the Almighty. That is farming at its best, gathering sun power through living plants. Farming is the marriage of the strength of old Father Sun to the inherent strength of old Mother Earth, the plant is the child and the farmer manages the business.—Dr. J. W. Robertson, Ottawa.

AMERICAN INVASION.—On one day in my county, one of the richest under the sun, 43 families loaded up a train and started for Alberta. Another man sold his farm for $40,000, moved to Manitoba and purchased 10,000 acres. He gave to each boy 1,000 acres, keeping 2,000 for himself. —Champ Clark, United States Senator.

To think of Nova Scotia is to think of distinguished and honorable names, famous for eloquence, wisdom and patriotism—Uniacke, Haliburton, Howe, Johnstone, Tupper, Archibald, Young. The veteran Tupper only, survives. But all, all are living names.

Canada! Maple land! Land of great mountains!
Lake-land and River-land! Land 'twixt the seas!
Grant us God, hearts that are large as our heritage,
Spirits as free as the breeze!
Last born of Nations! the offspring of freedom!
Heir to wide prairies, thick forests, red gold!
God grant us wisdom to value our birthright,
Courage to guard what we hold!

THE CONQUEST OF TIMIDITY

Timidity and shyness are seriously in the way. They are handicaps. Shyness makes us ill at ease in the presence of strangers. Timidity holds us back from the undertaking where we might acquit ourselves with credit. Continually they are cheating us out of what belongs to us.

To do justice to ourselves we must get rid of these handicaps. We must conquer shyness. We must get the upper hand of timidity. And the best way to do this is to refuse to allow ourselves to yield to them. A shy, shrinking girl was elected secretary of a small organization and in a perfect panic she declined. "Oh," she gasped, "I couldn't stand up and read the minutes before you girls every two weeks." If only she had known it, this was her opportunity to begin to master her weakness. If she had read her report twice a month before this circle of intimate friends, her foolish timidity would have decreased little by little. She would have become accustomed to the sound of her own voice, and have realized that the thing she had always been afraid of, was nothing very terrifying after all. Shyness must be conquered. Master it by ignoring it.

AFTER THE DAY'S WORK

After the day's work, in the quiet night, sit careless, relaxed and silent. With the silver threads of memory and the golden threads of hope weave a fabric of wholesome dreams. If you are old perhaps you will tell yourself the story of bygone happy times with friends—maybe with someone you loved. You may recall the nights with the big stars and the gold burnished moon and the wonder that it was to be young. With gentle hands memory will soften the picture and the delights of other years will live in you again.

If you are young you will paint a picture of the dream of hope. Hope is the helmsman of the phantom ship of life. It sings as the sirens sang. Hope is a whisper in a waking dream, a spirit hand that beckons, a voice that says "Come." Like love, it is the sunlight of the soul, the rose of the springtime of the world within. Hope says to fancy, "Show me the heights that I shall climb hereafter; and light up, if but for a moment, the chambers of my future palace.

If you are young you will paint a picture of the dream of hope. And as you sit in the quiet night you will be the thing you crave to be, sail the seas you yearn to sail, and know the love your heart would know. And on the morrow, when you build in the world of contending men, you may make a thing that is real of the picture of your dream. Therefore [that] you may rest and [illegible] coming [illegible] sit re[illegible]

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, June 28th, 1894

Mr. H. H. Worden is building a new bank barn on his farm on the second line above Acton.

Mr. N. F. Lindsay's fine bank barn 60x50 was raised yesterday afternoon.

Now, electors, the fight is over. Shake hands and be good friends again.

A number of candidates from Acton will write on entrance examinations at Georgetown, commencing to-day.

Prospects are encouraging for the "Old Pupils" re-union on the 13th of July.

Inspector Reynolds was in town last week. Some people think if he spent a Sunday here he would find matters interesting. Drunken men and boys have been painfully numerous lately between 7 o'clock Saturday night and 6 o'clock Monday morning.

A popular civic holiday excursion is being arranged for to Orillia on August 7th.

Next week commences the twentieth volume of the FREE PRESS.

The canvassing committee of the new Knox Church building fund report the securing of subscriptions aggregating $7,000,-more than a thousand above the figures originally aimed at.

Rev. Joseph Edge preached his farewell sermon in the Methodist Church on Sunday evening from the text, "Finally, brethren, farewell, etc," 2 Cor. 13: 11. Over seven hundred persons were present. A farewell social was held on Monday evening when Revs. J. W. Rae, G. B. Cooke, W Bryers Byron Laing and members of the Official Board made appreciative remarks.

Mr. W. Kerns was again elected to the Legislature as member for Halton although with a decreased majority. In 1890 it was 181 in this election 121 over Mr. John Husband, the Liberal nominee. Sir Oliver Mowat has been returned to power with a working majority.

Rev. J. E. Howell, and family have arrived at the Methodist parsonage from Goderich.

DIED

CAMPBELL.—In Guelph General Hospital, on June 26th, Maggie, daughter of Robt. Campbell, Acton, aged 12 years.

NEW COMMANDMENTS, TEN COUNT 'EM

1. Thou shalt not wait for something to turn up, but thou shalt pull off thy coat and go to work that thou mayest prosper in thy affairs and make the word "failure" spell "success."

2. Thou shalt not be content to go about thy business looking like a loafer, for thou shouldest know thy personal appearance is better than a letter of recommendation.

3. Thou shalt not try to make excuses, nor shalt thou say to those who chide thee, "I didn't think."

4. Thou shalt not wait to be told what thou shalt do, nor in what manner thou shalt do it, for thus may thy days be long in the job which fortune hath given thee.

5. Thou shalt not fail to maintain thy own integrity, nor shalt thou be guilty of anything that will lessen thy good respect for thyself.

6. Thou shalt not covet the other fellow's job, nor his salary, nor the position h[e] hath gained by his own hard labor.

7. Thou shalt not fail to live within th[y] income, nor shalt thou contract any de[bts] when thou can'st not see thy way clear [to] pay them.

8. Thou shalt not be afraid to blow th[y] own horn, for he who faileth to blow [his] own horn at the proper occasion findeth [no]body standing ready to blow it for him.

9. Thou shalt not hesitate to say '[no]' when thou meanest 'no' nor shalt thou [fail] to remember that there are times whe[n it] is unsafe to bind thyself by a hasty j[udg]ment.

10. Thou shalt give every man a squ[are] d al. This is the last and great commandment and there is no other like unto [it]. Upon this commandment hang all the law and profits of the business world.

GETTING STARTED

A recent writer gives a glimpse of Elihu Root's boyhood that is worth knowing. When he was a boy in the grammar-school at Clifton, New York, he made up his mind that anything that he had to study he would keep at it until he mast[ered it]. Sometimes the other boys ca[lled him a] plodder, but Elihu would only [illegible] antly for he knew what he was [illegible] winter evenings, while the [illegible] were out skating Elihu frequent[ly] [illegible]ed in his room with his algebra [and arith]metic. Mr. Root recently said [that] close application to problems in [boy]hood did nothing else for him, it [made him] careful about jumping at conclu[sions] [illegible] every problem there was only on[e] [illegible] and patience was the price to be [paid for] it.

WHAT MANY GIRLS NEE[D]

As a partial solution of the girl pro[blem] Miss Bowes, of Hamilton, suggested t[o the] Hamilton Conference at its annual [meet]ing at St. Catharines the need of devisi[ng] some plan to compel proprietors of [board]ing houses to supply sitting rooms [where] girls could meet their friends [instead of hav]ing to go outside.

The suggestion met with the [approval of] the Conference, and it seems [illegible] this is about as far as it is like[ly to go]. It would be uphill work to [illegible] this desirable reform. Neve[rtheless it] would be a good thing and possi[bly some] strong soul may take up the quest[ion and] burn it into the hearts and conscie[nces of] the people who make the laws [illegible] time.

GAME OF HOLIDAYS

The game of holi[days] [illegible]
All the players sit [illegible]
guest who is "it" g[illegible]
some holiday. Ch[illegible]
morial Day and so[illegible]
New Year's Day, [illegible]
in the center [illegible]
quickly to some[illegible]
The person poin[ted] [illegible]
reached, name [illegible]
connected with t[illegible]
sents. Whenev[er] [illegible]
pointed, however [illegible]
"King, [illegible]

MY LITTLE BROTHER

My little brother sleeps beneath the sky.
When nights are calm, in daisy tim[e]
all's well,
What of the times when cruel storm[s]
sweep by,
When of grim cold and hunger he mu[st]
die?
No tongue can tell!

My little brother toils along the road,
Eager and grateful whatsoe'er the strai[n]
Beaten, yet striving under whip and goa[d]
Weak, sore, starving, yet patient [under]
the load,
In constant pain.

JOHNNY APPLESEED

About one hundred years ago a [strange] looking craft was seen coming do[wn the] Ohio River. It consisted of two ca[noes] with a crew of one man, who said, on la[nd]ing, that his name was Chapman and car[go] was appleseeds. Whenever he came to [an] attractive open site along the Ohio or [its] northern tributaries, he planted the see[ds] in orderly lines, and fenced in the pla[ce] with brush.

He soon had hundreds of little nurser[ies] all over Ohio, and he returned year af[ter] year to tend and prune them. New se[ttl]ers found whole orchards awaiting th[em] and the trees were carried inland and [illegible] for a bit of clothing or given aw[ay] right. The young planter we[nt] [illegible] in summer but he made [illegible] himself in winter and wore [illegible] hats made of pasteboard to [shade his face] from his eyes.

"Johnny Appleseed," a[s he came] to be called, never carried [illegible] took the life of any dumb t[hing] [illegible] physical pain without flinc[hing] [illegible] beloved and trusted by Indian[s and white] men alike. He was a devout [illegible] gian, and if his belief be true we are [sur]rounded by the good or evil spirits our [be]haviour invites, surely "this gentle, lo[ving] helpful, half-crazed man walked dail[y with] the angels of God."

Times and places are very p[illegible] connecting widely separated and [illegible] ous events. A monument has [been] erected to Appleseed's memory [in Mans]field, Ohio, in the beautiful par[k] [illegible] that city by the late Hon. John[illegible] Yet Appleseed was born before [the independ]ence of the United States whic[h] [illegible] served so faithfully for nearly [illegible] and the cenotaph of the one and [the] grave of the other lie almost on [the] spot of one of the famous apple [illegible] early territorial [illegible]

ANSWE[R]ING [illegible]

In one of the Brooklyn c[ourts] [illegible] case, required t[he] testimony [of a] German immigra[nt] [illegible]

"Now," Britn[illegible] said the [illegible] the plaintiff, "wh[at] you do [illegible] replied [illegible]

"Ah vos brooty [illegible] ness.

"I am not prejudic[ed] [illegible] I want to know wha[t] [illegible]

"Vork!"

"Where do yo[u] [illegible] counsel.

"In a va[illegible]

"What [illegible]