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All accounts collected monthly.

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Established 1848
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Our Ice Cream is made fresh every morning from pure Cream.

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Is Expensive Economy

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Poetry.

THE STEREOSCOPTIC VIEWS

Over a willow basket, brown, she bends,
Where relics of the good old times repose,
Grandmother's keepsakes, little odds and ends
Of things whose worth or use the only knows.

It is a quaint collection! Faded scraps
Of wedding gowns, of baby frocks, lie loose—
"Quilt pieces," she declares; ah! yes, perhaps—
But far too precious now for mortal use.

A yellow gourd, for mending tattered hose,
Dull with disguise; a pair of tiny shoes,
Worn more by fondling than by baby toes;
And, last of all, the stereoscopic views.

No modern art can paint such wondrous scenes,
No moving picture phantasy can cope,
By aid of man most intricate machines,
With the rare charm of that old stereoscope.

"Spring in the Woods,"—there are no forests now,
Nor any seasons like those springs of old,—
"Beside Still Waters," "Epic of the Plough,"
"A Day of Rest," "When Wintry Winds Blow Cold."

"A Country Road,' rare vista of the past,
Traversed by stage, by pilgrim footsteps pressed,
Byway to dreamland, highway to the vast,
Inviting of the Golden West.

"The Village Street," modest and calm and quiet,
Its quiteness shops with simple wares arrayed,
Where honest barter held its sway serene,
Unmoved by "booms," by panics undismayed.

And in the distance looms the village church,
Solemn and stately, with its godly spire,
Religion's finger, stern, that bade man search
Beyond earth's treasures for the heart's desire.

The village church! and through the stereoscope
The olden glamour wavers once again,
And gleams the halo of that peace and hope
That clothed the village as a mantle then.

Ah, vista of the village of lost youth,
Deserted, save by fancy's phantoms lost!
A city street, to-day, where men, forsooth,
Grope vainly for the faith forever lost.

* * *

Grandmother's keepsakes! Gently put them by!
There are no feet to fit the tiny shoes,
Nor any scenes like those beneath the sky—
Put by the tear-stained stereoscopic views!

Select Family Reading

BETTY'S ANSWER

By Clarissa Mackie

BEN FINNEY squinted thoughtfully at the lowering sky. Although grass of the plains was green and lush with many summer rains, the gathering clouds gave promise of more water.

"I'd hate to get these glad rags all dampened up," muttered Ben regretfully as he glanced at his gala attire.

He made a brave figure, indeed, as he sat on his big black horse. He wore new buckskin breeches—brand new—and snow white Angora chaps, a white silk shirt with a blue silk handkerchief tied about his strong brown throat and a fifteen dollar hat on top of his fair, curly hair.

"All on account of a girl who would not look twice at me if I was all covered with gold lace, like that army fellow that's been staying there," sighed Ben as he pricked the black horse with his silver spurred heels.

The horse bounded down the trail and Ben Finney, riding like a centaur, turned his thoughts from the impending disaster of rain upon his best clothes and meditated upon his chances of finding Betty Dangerfield at home.

Old man Dangerfield, as he was locally known, was pounding out of the gate when Ben approached the house.

"Another good-for-nothing cow puncher!" snorted Dangerfield fiercely as they passed.

Ben laughed lightly. They were all accustomed to Dangerfield's insults when his rheumatism was more wrenching than usual.

But the big-hearted cowboys of Rattle County would have risked more than Dangerfield's barks for a smile and a word from lovely Betty, his pretty daughter and keeper of his widowed household.

Betty was sitting in the front porch now demurely sewing a seam, as a housewife should.

Wah Sing, the Chinese cook, peered from his kitchen window, and glimpsing Ben's glad attire, cackled shrilly:

"Him come, alise sausee, velly fine; him go, chop-chop, velly fast, alise sausee, velly mad!" he muttered.

In truth, while Ben Finney looked very fine and brave, his heart was fluttering painfully before it made one last drop into his shining boots.

To dream about Betty Dangerfield when he was a dozen miles away was one thing; to look into her changing eyes—now gray, now brown, now green—was another proposition. He detected mirth and admiration in her first glance at his gallant form. He banished the admiration as fictitious, and he remembered the quickly repressed mirth, and his heart found refuge in the splendid boots.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Finney," dimpled Betty as she came forward with outstretched hand and carefully lowered lashes.

Ben dropped from the saddle and held her hand in his own big brown one for an instant. Then the delicious second was over, and he was sitting on the steps, one knee pleated in his hands and his eyes devouring her sweet face.

He didn't know what to say. The heart that might have prompted him, having departed from its accustomed place under the pocket of his white silk shirt, was also dumb.

"Father has gone over to River Bend," volunteered Betty after they had discussed the weather.

"I met him," said Ben; then with sudden inspiration he added, "What do you think he said, Miss Betty?"

"Something awful, I am afraid," laughed Betty. "Daddy's rheumatism is bothering him a lot just now—poor dear! What did he say, Mr. Finney?"

Ben turned brick red, but he kept on dogredly:

"He said 'there goes another good-for-nothing cowpuncher!'" explained Ben.

It was Betty's turn to blush and she did it most becomingly.

"How horrid of daddy! I must apologize for him. I am sure he is very fond of all his neighbours. You know his rheumatism is very painful"—

"I don't mind that at all," interrupted Ben, "only I wish he would have expressed it a little differently. If instead of saying 'another cowpuncher' he had said, 'there goes that good-for-nothing cowpuncher!' meaning me alone, that would have suited me down to the ground."

"Why?" asked Betty, amazed.

"Because it would have wiped out all the others, showing there was only one cowpuncher coming here, and—oh well, you understand, Betty, that I would like to be that one. In this manner Ben Finney's heart leaped up for a moment's heroic action and prompted his tongue to bold speech.

"Oh, Mr. Finney—Ben—I'm so sorry," began Betty in a panic-stricken tone as she started up from her rocking chair, "but"—

Ben's heart went back to his heels. He arose and put out a protesting hand.

"Never mind, Miss Betty. Don't mind me. I've got a nerve to think of you, you know, with that swell army chap around,—well, forget it, you know. I must be going. I'm afraid it's going to rain. Good afternoon!"

With the words tumbling off his lips, Ben Finney clapped on his broad-brimmed hat, leaped into his saddle, plunged his spurs into the satin flanks of the black horse and tore away through the gate and out of the vicinity of the Dangerfield domain.

Betty stared after him with amazed eyes while behind the open window in the parlor the gold laced form of the young army officer shook with silent laughter.

In the kitchen Wah Sing rattled the supper plates and grinned cheerfully.

"Him no stay supper? Golly! I see um come, I see um go skedaddle. Tee, hee."

* * *

Ben Finney was not in a laughing mood as he dashed wildly across the green ranges in a light rain.

He was not thinking of the sopping brim of his splendid hat, nor of the soaked silk shirt which clung to his broad shoulders and showed every muscle, nor of the drooping plumage of the Angora chaps.

Poor Ben saw nothing save Betty's startled glance at his declaration of love—surprise because he had dared to dream of her. He choked with resentment. Out here in the great west they believed him to be a poor cowboy, dependent upon his $30 per month, without an eye to the future, when in fact he was heir to a tidy fortune that had remained untouched in Chicago banks for three years while he reveled in the free life of the plains and earned his own bread.

The storm increased. The rain beat in his face, and he was glad of the wind and the wet as he struggled against it. It was life he told himself grimly. Only when the sun came out by and by it would be a travesty on his own life, for the sun could not shine for him without Betty Dangerfield.

At last he found himself in a rocky canyon miles away from home and with a bewildering sense that he had suffered a bad dream.

It was still raining and the sides of the canyon were raked with gullies of water pouring down into the narrow creek that disappeared in a smother of foam at the other end of the canyon.

"What shall I do?" asked Ben hoarsely, and their came no answer to the question of what a man must do with his life if he cannot get the woman he loves. All the the fervor of life seemed gone without that evanescent hope that some day he might wake up and find that Betty Dangerfield loved him.

He told himself that he had been a fool to cherish hope so long. He ought to have spoken long ago and allowed her to put him out of his misery.

Ben Finney laughed bitterly at the thought.

"Oh, Ben, why do you laugh like that?" asked a timid voice at his elbow.

"I am dreaming," said Ben turning his head slowly around to find that the voice was not that of a dream girl. It was the voice of Betty Dangerfield herself. She was riding her pony, and the rush of the torrents had drowned the hoof beats.

Her khaki habit was soaking wet, and raindrops clung to the red-gold tendrils of her uncovered hair. The swift ride had brought a roseate flush to her clear skin, and her changing eyes were pools of mysterious shadows.

"Miss Betty!" gasped Ben Finney, staring at her. "Something has happened to your father?"

Betty shook her head.

"Daddy is all right," she said gravely, "but something has happened to me."

Ben whirled about, his hand on his holster.

"Happened to you?" he cried. "Tell me quickly so I can do something."

"I'll tell you," said Betty, with steady eyes gazing into his hurt blue ones. "That is why I followed you here, Ben Finney, because you can help me. Will you?"

"With my life!" promised Ben grimly.

"It's about a man," began Betty, and her dimples deepened as Ben tightened his hand on his gun, "a man of whom I'm fond. Well, I—I love him, Ben." Her eyes fell, and she did not see the agony that came into the handsome face under the dripping sombrero.

"Yes," gritted Ben between his teeth, "you love him—and—tell me the rest."

"He came and asked me to marry him, and then—then"— Betty faltered.

"And then?" thundered Ben.

"He rode away as fast as he could," confessed Betty. "And so I ran after him."

"Well, what did he say?" demanded Ben who was deathly white.

Betty looked up and saw the agony in his strong face.

"Oh, Ben!" she cried. "What are you going to say?"

Ben stared. "Me? You don't mean me Betty! Is it me you love?"

"Of course, goose," as she slipped from her saddle into his arms.

"But why didn't you tell me, then? You said you were sorry, and I thought"—Betty's little hand stilled the words on his lips.

"I couldn't, dear, because the army officer, Captain Beetly, who is thinking of buying some of daddy's horses for the post was sitting right behind us in the parlor, and I was afraid he would hear."

"Oh!" cried Ben as he held her closer.

Then the sun came out and shone over the rain drenched world like a smile on a tearful face.

"I say," said Ben happily, "that's just the way I thought it wouldn't happen."

And Betty never even asked her lover to explain this "cryptic remark." There were so many important things to talk about.

HUMBUGGING THE PEOPLE

To the Editor:

The latest report of the Inspector of Prisons shows an alarming increase in the number of persons committed to the common jails. It is very sad to see that while the increase in the number of men committed is greater than that of women yet there is a decided increase in the number of women committed to jail.

Judges and magistrates tell us that at least three-fourths of these committals were due to drink. Some judges place the number as high as ninety per cent. When the barrooms are closed crime almost stops. In San Francisco, at the time of the earthquake, when the barrooms were closed for nearly three months there was not a murder, but in a month after they were opened there were eighteen murders. When a very large number of the barrooms were closed in London during the dock-laborer's strike the same reduction in crime occurred.

Both political parties in this country boast of what they have done for the promotion of temperance but the facts prove that nothing effective has been done by either party. Kansas, Maine and North Dakota are emptying the jails, asylums and poorhouses in a wonderful way, while here the people are heavily taxed to provide more accommodation for the increasing output of the liquor traffic.

Why cannot we have prohibition in Ontario? The people have voiced in favor of it on two occasions by overwhelming majorities. Both political parties parade under the temperance banner and declare their intention to do all in their power to lessen this great evil yet it goes on increasing.

We talk about government by the people but in fact we are governed by the whiskey interest. The parties are so jealous of one another that they dare not oppose the business that they all know is the greatest enemy of the country. Before prohibition we want the initiative whereby we can demand a law on its being approved by a majority of the people. Not till then will we have real government by the people.

H. Arnott, M. D., M. C. P. S.

THOSE "SCRAPS OF PAPER"

The New York World, commenting editorially on the light manner in which "scraps of paper" are treated by Germany, says:

"That 'scrap of paper' was the treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium. The whole history of human liberty is written on such 'scraps of paper.'

"The Magna Charta was a 'scrap of paper.'

"The Bill of Rights was a 'scrap of paper.'

"The Declaration of Independence was a 'scrap of paper.'

"The Constitution of the United States is a 'scrap of paper.'

"The emancipation proclamation was a 'scrap of paper.'

"For a hundred years a 'scrap of paper' has maintained an unbroken peace between the United States and the British possessions of Canada along an unfortified frontier of 3,000 miles.

"Respect for these scraps of paper measures a nation's honor, no less than its freedom.

"Democracy itself is only a scrap of paper, but it loosed forces that no autocrat can stay. The German army is the most wonderful military machine ever constructed by the hand and brain of man, but in the final reckoning of history 'a scrap of paper,' will prove more powerful than all the Kaiser's legions.

PRONUNCIATION OF WAR PLACES

Alsace	Al-sas
Anvers	An-verr
Argens	Ar-jay
Hamont	Ha-mon
Bois-le-Duc	Bwa-le-Duhk
Bruges	Broj
Bruxelles	Bru-sal
Chalons	Shah-lon
Diant	Di-ahn
Emmal	Em mahl
Givet	Jee-vah
Habliuville	Ab-lanvil
Huy	Wee
Jodoigne	Jo-dwan
La Fere	La Fair
Landau	Lahn-dou
Liege	Lee-ej
Lille	Lil
Longuyon	Lon-gu-e-on
Longwy	Lon-wee
Maastricht	Mas-trikt
Malines	Malin
Marville	Marvil
Mauhuages	Mul-how-sas
Meurthe-et-Moselle	Murt-ah-Mozal
Meuse	Muhz
Mezeul	Mon-zel
Morhange	Morsanj
Mouonvillers	Mo-non vas-ay
Montmedy	Mon-may-dee
Namur	Na-muhr
Nesbaye	Nesbay
Rogerviliers	Rojay-vee-ay
Rambre	Rahnbr
St. Trond	San Tron
Ste-Marie-Aux-Mines	Sant-Mahree-O-Min
Thionville	T-on-vil
Tirlemont	Teerl-mon
Tongres	Tongr
Vise	Vees
Voeges	Voj

A SEASON'S TICKET

New proprietor of the public house (that loves a fine for every swear word)—"Erc, Bill, that's a penny you owe to the parson's swear box."

Bill—"I'd better do what I done afore—put a 'arf crown in and 'ave a season's ticket."

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, September 27th, 1894

A little child in Guelph fell into a tub of water and was drowned on Tuesday.

Mr. John Harvey is fitting up barn on his lot on Park Avenue. A new dwelling will go up next spring.

Some clothing was stolen from Mrs. Allan Mann's clothesline on Tuesday night.

Mr. Jonathan Kelly, who retired some years ago from the position of Chief Constable of Guelph, which he had held for twenty years, died suddenly last Sunday.

Mr. N. P. McLam has purchased a blacksmithing business at Niagara Falls.

Mrs. Abram Matthews, who died last week after many weeks' suffering, had lived a long and useful life. She came from London, Eng., when 12 years old. In early life she was a school teacher, beginning in Eramosa in her sixteenth year. She was converted and joined the Methodist Church at fifteen. Surviving children are: Rev. F. W. Ware, Mich.; Mrs. L. Hossack, Col.; Mrs. M. A. Christie, Acton, and Mrs. J. A. Varey, Toronto.

Mrs. E. Thurtell, of Harriston, is spending a few weeks with friends here.

MARRIED

HAMMOND—BOLLAND—In Trafalgar, at the residence of the bride's father, on September 16th, by Rev. J. W. Ross, Mr. John A. Hammond, eldest son of Mr. D. Hammond, M. P., to Lena, daughter of Mr. Amos Bolland.

DIED

MANNION—In Georgetown, on September 22nd, Robert E. Harrison, Principal of the Public School, aged 40 years.

MATTHEWS—In Acton, on September 19th, Elizabeth Crowther, widow of the late Abram Matthews, aged 79 years.

THE HANDY MAN

I was talking to the 'handiest' man I know. If anything were the matter with any of the family belongings, from the automobile to the kitchen sink, he could find the trouble and remedy it, before the ordinary hired plumber or mechanic had even left the shop. In camp he was a perfect wonder at cooking, and of course they never needed a carpenter for odd jobs at his house.

"How did you ever learn to do so many kinds of work?" I inquired admiringly. "I have yet to hear of the job that you can't turn your hand to, besides being a great success in your own particular line of business, which doesn't require any manual dexterity at all. If I had a wireless apparatus or a flying machine and they needed tinkering, you are the first man I should come to."

The handiest man laughed. "And I suppose I should dash right in and try it," he admitted. "It's the way I was brought up. There were five of us boys at home on the farm and when mother and father wanted anything done, they just picked out the nearest boy and said, 'Sam,' or 'Joe,' or whatever it happened to be, 'you go and do that.' And it didn't make any difference whether we'd ever done it before or not, we had to go, and we did it too, the very best we could.

"These parents of ours didn't have many rules about bringing us up, but there was one that was good and plain and everybody understood it—'Never to say the word can't!' If we ever did disobey and say it, the biggest hardest job was saved for us next time. If mother had to send a mile to find us. I said I couldn't solder a tin pan once, I remember, and as a result I got the job of taking down and cleaning the next stovepipe. I learned my lesson right then and there.

"Puppies, I suppose, think can't pretty hard when they are being thrown into the water, but they strike out and learn to swim just the same and its the same way with girls and boys. Once they learn never to say 'Can't,' they begin to stop thinking it, even, and by and by they've forgotten it entirely.

"I'm sure whatever success I've had in business has come from that ingrained habit of tackling whatever came along to be done and expecting to do it somehow; and the thing that's a constant surprise to me still is how few impossibilities there are in life, after all."

WHAT YOU CAN DO TO HELP YOUR COUNTRY

Do not draw from your bank more money than you need. Don't hoard gold.

Don't hoard food. Buy only for your immediate needs. That will keep food cheap and help your fellow countrymen and women.

Live cheaply. No extravagance. No waste.

Keep calm. Don't get hysterical. Do not agitate. Do not get gloomy or depressed.

We shall probably have reverses. All wars bring them. Don't get panicky or downcast. We shall probably have successes. Don't be over-excited. Keep calm whatever happens.

If you are a workman you can do your best to help your employer in meeting cheerfully what he proposes for the good of the country.

If you are an employer you can help the country's morals by keeping as many of your hands employed as possible.

You can help our soldiers and sailors to make war as honorable and chivalrous a combat as possible by refusing to believe the scare reports of the inhumanity of our enemies. Most of them a quite untrue. Do not believe or circulate them, thereby giving pain to our soldiers' and sailors' families at home.

You can help your country by helping yourself to keep sober and in good health. Be an example of a true British citizen.

You can help your country by being an honorable man and an example to it. We must all stick together and help one another. We are all equal to-day. Help your country by acting as if you realized it.

A SOCCER STORY

It had been raining for twenty four hours, and the ground was more like a lake than a football field; but the referee could not see his way to postpone the match.

"Surely you are not going to make us play in this?" asked the visiting captain.

"Of course you must play," declared the man with the whistle. Now don't hang about; you've won the toss. Which end are you taking?"

"Oh, well," came the reply, with a sigh of resignation, "I reckon we'd better kick with the tide."

FALL IN

What will you lack, sonny, what will you lack
When the girls line up the street,
Shouting their love to the lads come back
From the foe they rushed to beat?
Will you send a strangled cheer to the sky
And grin till your cheeks are red;
But what will you lack when your mate goes by
With a girl who cuts you dead?

Where will you look, sonny, where will you look
When your children yet to be
Clamor to learn the part you took
In the war that kept men free?
Will you say it was naught to you, if France
Stood up to her foe or hunked?
But where will you look when they give the glance
That tells you they know you funked?

How will you fare, sonny, how will you fare
In the far-off winter night,
When you sit by the fire in an old man's chair
And your neighbors talk of the fight?
Will you slink away, as if from a blow,
Your old head shamed and bent?
Or say—I was not with the first to go,
But I went, thank God, I went?

Why do they call, sonny, why do they call
For men who are brave and strong?
Is it naught to you if your country fall,
And Right is smashed by Wrong?
Is it football still and the picture show,
The pub, and the betting odds,
When your brothers stand to the tyrant's blow
And England's call is God's?

WAR TERMS

Protocol.—The original draft of a treaty drawn up by the representatives of two or more countries. An example of this is the agreement just drawn up by England, France and Russia, stating that no one of these countries will make peace without consulting the others.

Ultimatum.—The final conditions that one country will offer to another. The refusing of these conditions usually means war.

Battalion.—A body of men consisting usually of 4 companies, and containing about 1,000 men.

Shrapnel.—A hollow shell filled with bullets, and containing a time fuse. It bursts just before reaching the lines of the enemy, and the bullets spread in a cone shape, and so do much more damage than a single shell would do.

Maxim Gun.—A quick firing automatic machine gun operated by the recoil and gas pressure.

Howitzer.—A short cannon which fires a shell at a high angle, and is used for dropping shells from behind a hill, and similar work.

Lee-Enfield Rifle.—A short repeating rifle, .303 calibre used by the English since 1904. The magazine holds ten shots. It is sighted at 2,000 yards, and has a muzzle velocity of 2,060 feet per second.

Uhlan.—A lancer of the Prussian army, armed with lance, pistol, sabre, and sometimes carbines. Used chiefly as skirmishers and scouts.

IMPORTANT DON'TS FOR THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN

Legislation, in some degree, may prevent a good many accidents. The remedy, however largely lies with the individual himself and at the risk of repeating what may seem like a list of platitudes, the following "don'ts" are set down for the consideration of our sportsmen readers.

Don't point a gun at any person in fun. This is not a matter for jest. It is always the gun that "we did not know was loaded" that goes off. The only time to point a gun is when you intend to kill.

Don't carry a loaded gun or rifle in a buggy or automobile or any other kind of vehicle.

Don't get excited and shoot without making sure your object is game.

Don't forget to "break" your gun when standing with others or crossing a fence.

Don't pull a gun from the boat by the muzzle

Don't drag a gun under a fence with muzzle pointed towards you.

Don't allow your boy to handle a gun without first drilling him thoroughly in the way it should be used. To allow him to pick up his knowledge in his own way is courting disaster.

Don't use a cheap gun. They are apt to explode when using heavy charges.

Don't rest on the muzzle of your gun.

Don't load your gun until you actually get to business. At all other times it should be empty.

Don't get intoxicated.

Don't violate the game laws.

PAT AND THE QUAKER

An Irishman, finding himself little money, resolved to try highway robbery as a means of raising funds. Accordingly, armed with a rusty old pistol, he waited at a lonely part of a road which some farmers had to pass on their way from market.

The gig of a farmer—a Quaker—appeared in sight, and Pat stopped it and demanded his purse, backing up the request by holding out the pistol and threatening to shoot him. The Quaker, after thinking a few minutes, said, "Friend, I dislike bloodshed, but let us make a bargain. I will give you my money if you will give me your pistol." To this Pat agreed very readily. "Now," exclaimed the Quaker, presenting the pistol at Pat's head, "give me back my money or I will blow your brains out." "Oh, blow away then," cried Pat; "there is not a grain of powder in it!"

Muscular Rheumatism Subdued.—When one is a sufferer from muscular rheumatism he cannot do better than to have the region rubbed with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. There is no oil that so speedily shows its effect in subduing pain. Let the rubbing be brisk and continue until ease is secured. There is more virtue in a bottle of it than can be fully estimated.

Pills That Have Benefited Thousands.—Known far and near as a sure remedy in the treatment of indigestion and all derangements of the stomach, liver and kidneys. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills have brought relief to thousands when other specifics have failed. Innumerable testimonials can be produced to establish the truth of this assertion. Once tried they will be found superior to all other pills in the treatment of the ailments for which they are prescribed.