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All accounts collected monthly.

H. F. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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Purely on its merits, because it has given hundreds of people perfect satisfaction, because it possesses the sweetest tone and it stays in tune the longest.

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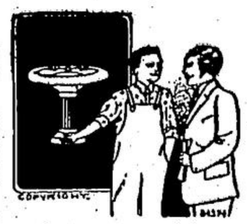

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Poetry.

THANKSGIVING

For the roof and its pleasant shelter,
For the hearth and its warmth and cheer,
For the light in the children's faces,
And the thrill of voices dear,
For our Father's countless mercies,
And his blessings on our way,
We lift our glad thanksgiving,
And praise Him night and day.

We are grateful for His goodness,
For the peace in our happy land,
For harvests vast ingathered,
And health on every hand;
To God who reigns above us,
And sanctifies our home,
We lift our glad thanksgiving,
For whatsoe'er may come.

There is naught by chance that happens,
Or life, or death, His will
Is ever o'er our pathway;
His care is o'er us still.
In the silent, secret places
Of the soul, we lift to-day
An earnest, full thanksgiving,
To God, our strength and stay.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Select Family Reading

BILLY JUDSON APPRENTICE

FROM the sitting-room window Marion Judson looked idly out into the March afternoon, slowly deepening into dusk. In the West the sun was slipping below the horizon; in its crimson glory the smoke from the chimneys of the Judson Iron Works was softened and beautified into floating rolls of grey and lavender.

Yet, though young Mrs. Judson, was of a distinctly aristocratic temperament, she was obvious of that beautifying effect and glanced irritably off to the north away from the "disfiguring pile" which she hated though when Billy Judson had fallen in love with her she had been filled with an immense importance as she discussed with friends the magnitude of the Judson business. And when Billy wrote before their wedding that dad wanted to transfer the harness in five years to his (Billy's) shoulders, she had given out the information with great pride, writing Billy a maternal little letter, congratulating, advising.

"You must make the best of the five years, Billy dear," she ended, "that you may be fit for the immense responsibilities of your important position."

Billy, dear, had answered that he was planning great things toward that end.

He did not divulge any of the plans. The matter was not referred to in the rush of preparations for the wedding and the trip. It was not until they settled down in the Judson home with dad that he announced one evening:

"In the morning I'm going to take up the serious business of life. No more fooling. Dad you've earned your rest, and I'm going to pitch in and get ready for the harness."

Marion's eyes glowed. So did dad's, as he exclaimed:

"Great! I'll have Dodson (Dodson was general manager) spend an hour or so with you every day in the office we'll fit up for you."

Billy's eyes narrowed speculatively, then he smiled and said:

"I'll be dad glad to talk to Dodson, but we'll cut out the private office stunt for the present. I'm going to learn the business from A to Z, but not from a private office standpoint."

He flushed at the definite satisfaction in dad's emphatic "Good!" He laughed when Marion questioned, putting her off with:

"You'll understand in the morning. You'll approve, I know."

But it was not approval that flushed her cheeks when Billy came down to breakfast, looking, in a rough tweed suit, heavy flannel shirt, with turned down collar and carelessly knotted tie, so unlike the ever-dapper Billy Judson. One sweeping glance she gave him.

"What on earth, Billy Judson?" she began.

He laughed heartily, going up to her. "Billy Judson, apprentice," he corrected. When no smile answered his he became serious. Earnestly he told her just how he was going to pitch in and get ready for the harness.

"When I take dad's place I want man to realize that I know every bit as much about the iron as they do, that I'm not one of the rich young duffers you hear them talk about, who drops into the presidential chair of a big concern knowing as little about the primary principles as the boy who answers the office bell. Then I want to get next to the boys. I want to see things through their eyes—their side of the question as well as ours. I don't believe there will be a great amount of dissension at the Judson Iron Works."

He began his apprenticeship that day. There was no lingering over a dainty luncheon at one o'clock as had been the case during their honeymoon. Billy 'phoned that he had had had a ham sandwich and a piece of pie with the boys in works' restaurant. In the afternoon there was no flying out to the Country Club in Billy's racer for a round on the golf links, returning just in time for a luxurious bath before dinner. Somehow Marion hoped through the day alone.

She had laughed to poors his way of making himself fit. She had insisted that the instruction under Dodson was the dignified, the only way to prepare himself for the position in front of him. But she had not argued the point when she had found him adamant, because of a firm conviction that pleasure-seeking Billy, who never had done a tap of hard work in his life, would quickly tire of his "fad."

So she smiled almost sympathetically on that first day, when the long line of men, so plainly seen from the Judson home, filed out of the works' yard with Billy in their midst and he came up to where dad and she waited him, smiling, it is true, but "dead tired." And after dinner when she watched him examine bruised hands, gingerly stretch tired limbs, she murmured delightedly to herself, "About a week I think will settle him."

But it didn't. And on the afternoon in March, as she watched the sunset, Billy was in the second year of his apprenticeship. Her tolerance had long since deserted her. She had stormed, she had pleaded, she had threatened, all in vain. Now she had accepted conditions in outward calm, though constantly there surged through her a storm of rebellion.

She never went near the works. Billy absolutely forbade her coming for him in her electric.

"No style yet," was the grimly-voiced resolve. She curtly refused in the first days his offers to show her 'round the place. The ugliness of it all, the hammering and crashing appalled her.

"It's dreadful to have the hideousness so near home, and you have to come to me grimy and horrid, like an ordinary laborer, without seeking further hideousness in a tour of inspection." Of late no offers had come from him.

During this time she formed a friendship with the Thorntons. Billy and young Thornton had gone through college together. In one respect their lots were identical—only sons of rich men, with fathers anxious to shift the burden of responsibility on younger shoulders. And there all semblance ceased. Billy had developed a "fad." Young Thornton had a modernly-equipped office in the Thornton factory, in which he entered at ten in the morning and left at high noon to run his wife and Marion out to the Country Club. A most correctly attired, immaculately groomed young man, in direct contrast to the grimy Billy, they frequently passed on his way home at dinner time. And a contrast that was even more glaring on Saturday afternoons, Billy's time off, when he took his racer out to the club and relaxed. Marion always told herself as she looked from Thornton's pink and white freshness to Billy's face, roughened by smoke, sweat and grime, that hateful iron was written all over him. Toil showed in his roughened hands and his blunted nails, and, fastidious to the core she looked away in anger and disgust.

Frequently she said, bringing Thornton up as a shining example, "He never forgets the dignity of his position. The men are bound to look up to him, respect him, hold him in the proper degree of awe, while you—"

Billy's shrug was an interruption.

"The respect of the men I want, too, but the 'awe' can go hang. Thornton can keep it. Genuine, old-fashioned liking is what I want and what I think I'm getting. As for Thornton, well, he doesn't know any more about that business than his setter pup."

Marion's tart "Nonsense!" dismissed the subject.

But there came a morning when she saw with Billy's eyes. She, with Mrs. Thornton was in Thornton's private office looking out over the yards while waiting the finish of a conversation between Thornton and a foreman. Subconsciously she was aware of an argument. When a fretful note suddenly grew in Thornton's voice she became alert, and when he arose abruptly as evidence of a closed conversation, the immaturity, the unfitness of him for a position of responsibility, came to her with a shock of surprise.

"For heaven's sake, let the matter stand until my father's return," he hedged. "I don't know a confounded thing about it, and—"

"We've got to know to-day, Mr. Thornton," Marion caught the note of contempt in the man's voice.

"Fix it up as you think best, then, or wire father for instructions." He dismissed the foreman, turned in his easy way to the women and announced he was ready for the club.

Somehow Marion's taste for the club had departed. With a plausible excuse she slipped away, vividly conscious of two things: One, Billy was right. Thornton didn't know any more about business than his setter pup; the other, the knowledge that it would break her heart to have a man look at Billy with the disdain that had lain in the eyes of the Thornton foreman.

A sudden longing seized her to see Billy in the midst of the man. For the first time in her married life she started for the works. Strange to say, as she entered the yards her nose was not elevated disgustedly at the odor of rust and moulding sand, nor did she cringe in the least from the ugliness all about her.

She went to Judson, Sr., at once. When she told him she wanted to see Billy at his work he smiled queerly.

"There's an experiment going on in the moulding room," he said, "and Billy's there."

They found him in the centre of a group of workers and heads of departments. The tweed suit had been discarded for grimy overalls. His sleeves were rolled up to his shoulders. As he handled heavy iron bars the muscles stood out on his arms like whipcords. Marion thrilled in the pride of possession as she saw the strength of him. Great smudges were on his face, but she didn't know it; she gleamed with the knowledge of the man sure of his point, master of the business.

She drew nearer in her interest. She listened eagerly to a heated discussion between Billy, the apprentice, and Dodson, who had been in the business before Billy was born. And when, after a breathless few moments of demonstration

Billy straightened up with a triumphant "Satisfied, Dodson?" and the answer went back to him with a laugh of congratulation.

"You bet I am. You've got the right dope, young fellow," her hand closed on dad's gleefully, though she choked queerly when dad murmured: "You see now why the old man's going to give up the reins so gladly."

She did not answer. She was drinking in what she saw for Billy in the demeanor of the men—respect without a the awe; admiration, and a deep-rooted liking. Then Billy saw her, and as his amazed stare found voice in an astonished "What under the sun—" she went to him swiftly, a new understanding in her eyes.

"Never mind now, Billy dear, just what. A ray of sense has come to my wife, that's all, and she wants to see every bit of this wonderful work of yours that's to make you fit."

THIS THANKSGIVING DAY

It's Thanksgiving—time of feasting and happy cheer. The boys and girls will be home. The table will groan beneath its load of plenty—the turkey, done the exact shade of brown; the puddings and pies, the candy and nuts, with sweet cider, too, most likely; and perhaps a few pears and grapes kept fresh for this Thanksgiving Day. You'll sit around the fire, if you have one, and roast apples among the ashes and pop corn, and tell stories of the year just passed, and talk over the year to come, and then perhaps you'll delve into the past—years past—with all its burden of joy and cheer, mixed with the shadows that come into all lives. And your heart will be light, your soul glad, as the moments and hours speed on.

Friend, just a little space away sits one who is lonely and sad. No turkey graces her table to-day. No pies. Nothing but dry bread, and a small—pitifully small piece of butter. She has counted the days it must last before she can have more, and knows to a nicety how much she can use each day. There's a can of beans, maybe, for beans are cheap; but she'll not open it until the craving for something besides bread becomes unbearable, and then she will put the butter aside and spread a bean sandwich for a change.

Mother, before you sit down to your Thanksgiving feast, fill a basket for that one who has only poverty and sadness as her guests to-day. You will never miss it, and it will mean more—far more—than the mere food it contains; for it will bring a touch of human cheer to one whose need is sore.

Ah! how much we miss and never know! For it is only as we reach out and touch lives that the real joy of living warms our own soul. Petty triumphs, joys great and small, fade; but the service we give goes on in endless waves, from life to life, strengthening and uplifting both giver and receiver.

Remember, friend, if you give to-day, it may be your turn to take in some far to-morrow.

And that little lass with the wistful eyes and tired face you so often pass? She never goes away on holidays. You've often noted it and wondered if she had no home but you've never thought to say, "Come and have your Thanksgiving dinner with us to-day."

Some day your boy or girl may be far away and lonely at Thanksgiving time; and "unto one of the least of these," you know the rest.

Or, perhaps—not close, but far away—a father and mother are sitting thinking and talking of you at this Thanksgiving time. Their life is far from the hurry and hustle that crowd your path. Their wants are few—the biggest one, to know how the boy or girl fares to-day. Plain dishes and homely fare are theirs; silver and cut glass and all the best the market yields are yours. But once they worked, and planned and saved to make the day a joyous one for you. Their hearts never faltered, their hands and feet never lagged—brave hands, now trembling and seamed and weak.

Friend! They gave you life! Through all the years they gave you care, and counted all denial but as gain! Can you do less than give them love—substantial love—with messages of cheer on this Thanksgiving day?

WARNING ON LIGHTNING RODS

Dear Sir:

I wish to warn the farmers of Ontario against inferior lightning rods. In our investigations we have found that an iron centred rod, that is one composed of a strip of copper twisted around an iron or steel centre, whether the centre is a strip or wires or both, is a very short-lived rod. In many cases the iron is nearly all rusted away in from five to ten years, leaving only the copper, which is too light either to wear well or to carry off a flash of lightning without melting. The copper sheath of these rods weighs less than half what the standard copper rods weigh. Any farmer who puts these iron centred rods on his buildings is actually getting less present value for his money than if using all copper rod, to say nothing of the lack of durability. A plain galvanized iron cable is more durable than the iron-centred rod.

In bulletin 220 on Lightning Rods, page 23, appears a photograph of a piece of iron-centred rod taken from the peak of a building after eight years of use. The iron strip and wires were in several places and more than half rusted away.

It is to the credit of all lightning rod companies in Ontario, except two, that they are following the teaching of Bulletin 220, and do not supply iron centred rods. Several months ago I personally informed one of the two companies that its iron-centred rod was not fit to put on a building, and the other, even before Bulletin 220 was published, was notified what its teachings would be regarding the iron-centred rod. Yet these companies are using other portions of the bulletin to induce farmers to buy these inferior rods which it condemns.

Under these circumstances I think it is only fair to the farmers to put them in possession of the facts. And it is not unfair to the companies for they were notified publicly through the bulletin and privately by letters thus giving them ample time to provide a good rod. Indeed it has been a matter of surprise to me to learn through recent correspondence and personal reports that these rods are still being sold.

These companies can just as well provide good rods, as specified and described in the bulletin.

Perhaps it may not be amiss before concluding to say that our investigations have shown that properly installed rods will prevent $900 of loss out of every $1,000 that would occur if the same buildings were not rodded.

Yours,
WM. H. DAY,
Professor of Physics,
Ont. Agr. College
Guelph, Ont.

FATHER'S DAY

At last father is to have a day dedicated to him."

"How shall we celebrate it in a fitting manner?"

"Suppose we refrain from asking for any money on that day."

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, October 11th, 1894

Mr. J. H. Matthews purchased the residence of Mr. Charles Falkner on Bower Avenue last week for $650.

Cameron's planing mill has run through the planer a mahogany plank, fourteen feet long, twenty-four and a half inches wide, two inches thick, to be used as a finishing table for Acton Tanning Co. It was worth $17.

The last week in September was enumeration week in the post offices and the count in Acton office showed, letters posted, 1086; post cards, 360; registered letters, 50; parcels, books, etc., 82; money orders, 37; orders paid, 17; free letters, 16. Revenue, $55.04.

Rev. J. A. McLachlan, M. A., of Waterloo, preached in the Methodist Church on Sunday.

Next Sunday Rev. J. W. Ratz will preach in Wentworth St. Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, and Mr. McPherson, student, of Hamilton, will preach in Knox Church here.

The funeral of Mr. Robt. Denny, of the 3rd line, Erin, was held at "the Hill" on Saturday, Rev. Mr. Adams, officiating, assisted by Rev. H. Caldwell.

The following were promoted at Lorne School to a higher class at October 1st: Henrietta Plank, Clinton Swackhamer, Nellie Brown, Harry Reid, Hannah Plank, Ada Townsend, Harriet Lasby, Willie Snyder. Miss Jessie McDonald, teacher.

At Acton Exhibition: Penmanship by Public School children: A. M. Smith, Jennie A Gurney.

Miss Annie Corrigal and Miss Bella Graham are visiting in Detroit.

The Misses Taylor have been visiting friends in Detroit during the week.

Mr. James MacLam spent a few days this week in Barrie.

Mr. James Coleman and Miss Coleman, of Strabane, visited their brothers here the past week.

Mr. Francis has been on a trip to Lowell, Mich., visiting with friends and relatives there.

Miss Emma M. Moore arrived home from Toronto General Hospital last week. She has graduated as a trained nurse with highly creditable standing.

Mr. Kelly Griffin, of Oakville, has been visiting friends in this vicinity the past week.

MARRIED

SHIPP-MOORE—At Rockwood, on October 3rd, by Rev. D. Strachan, Mr. Alonzo S. Smith, of Brampton, to Miss Jessie Maude Moore, of Rockwood.

DIED

DENNY—In Erin township, on October 6th, Robert Denny, aged 74 years.

THANKSGIVING

Once more Thanksgiving Day comes round, and again it finds our country going forward on the full tide of prosperity. Even swifter and broader and deeper runs the stream, and it seems to lead right on to a future of even greater things. Never had a people greater reason for thankfulness so far as material blessings are concerned.

The harvest has been abundant, and never before was so large a portion of our Dominion made to produce the fruits of the earth.

Stimulated by the increased yield of agricultural products—for, after all said and done, it is the people on the land who the foundation of our national prosperity—there has been a notable and solid expansion of our industries and our commerce.

Never before did Canada contain so many people; never before were her people so generally engaged in the production of wealth; never before was there so much wealth in the land; and perhaps in no other country is wealth so evenly distributed and effort more certain of success.

It has been a busy year for the Canadian people, for we are all workers here; labor has been amply rewarded, and this great blessing has been crowned by the still greater blessing—in peace and security have the Canadian people enjoyed the fruits of their labor.

Because of all these things the appeal of Thanksgiving Day should not be unheeded by the dwellers in this favored land.

Should the Canadian people allow the hum of industry and the bustle of the market-place to so fill their ears and dominate their minds that they forget those eternal truths that lie at the very foundation of national greatness?

Man cannot live by bread alone, nor can the highest national life be built up wholly on wheat and lumber and gold.

The foundation of national greatness is the quality of the people who dwell within the nation's borders.

It will be well for Canadians to bear in mind that their whole duty does not consist in developing the resources of their country and turning them into wealth, but that their first duty is to build up a united people, worthy of this vast heritage and of the best traditions of the great races from which they have sprung.

"BUSINESS AS USUAL"

A writer in the London Daily Mail suggests that the motto of the nation at the present time be "Business as Usual." The London Spectator" says:

"That is sound commonsense and true patriotism. There is not one of us who cannot without the slightest loss of health or happiness to 'speeded up' by some fifteen or twenty per cent. If we all—men women and children—resolve to work harder or better than before, we shall very soon overtake the losses of war. They are superficial things if the spirit survives."

Nations fight not with armies and navies alone, but with resources. The allies are vastly superior to Germany in natural resources, but in order to be available sources of strength, these resources must be developed. As the Spectator says, men women and children must resolve to work harder and better than before.

"Business as Usual." We need business and more business, in order to provide the sinews of war, to arm, feed and clothe armies, and to provide for the families of those who fight.

"Business as Usual." Let that be our motto in Canada as well as in Eng and and all over the British Empire. Yet not quite as usual. Let us feel that we are doing business with a purpose—not to accumulate money, but to add to the stock of useful things, useful in war as well as in peace.—Toronto Star, Sept. 1, 1914.

ON BOARD H. M. S. "DREADNOUGHT"

When the sea grows gray and silent, and
the moon sinks out o' sight,
And the stars turn sick and tremble after
seven hours of fight,
God keep us dirty sailor men, from the
Pole Star to the Cross,
For we need Almighty keepin' an' some
high Almighty Boss.

For when the whole deck's throbbin'
There ain't no time for prayer;
But it's "Point your Long Tom dainty
Over twenty miles of air!"

When them wounded German fellows came
a-shakin' up our side
I was funny round my stomach, an' my
bloomin' British pride
Trembled like a silly peasant, they was all
so human like;
They had eyes an' hands an' faces just like
any other tike.

But when the horizon's spittin'
And we're coughin' back at it,
Hay! it's "Sweep the sea o' Germans!"
An' "I guess—that—hit!"

I was walkin' past a cabin where we kept
our prisoners tight,
The sentry-go says, "Look here," an' I see
a funny sight;
There was two of them a-lookin' at a picture in their hand,
Just as if there's German mothers in the
German Fatherland.

But when we're in the fight line,
It's "Forget your thoughts and fire!"
While the look-out says beside you,
"Steady! Nose her up a little higher!"

When I stopped an' looked to seaward in a
tiny breathin' spell
I see a Dreadnought stagger with her nose
deep in the swell;
She was struck below the belly, an' she
sunk an' gurgled down
Very casual like, and careless; made me
sweat to see her drown.

But when we're stripped for action,
Hay, it's "Vilory! glory!" then,
An' it's "Sweep the sea o' Germans!"
As we pick the range again.

We were lyin' close in harbor, coalin' up at
Halifax,
I was messin' with the range guns, streakin' polish down their backs,
There was something in the air—fell like
happy English rain;
An' my mate, he says "You're bawlin'"
an' I says, "I guess that plain!"

But when we're sweatin' dirty,
An' the sea's unholy red,
Hay, it's "Mates, we'll fight for England
Till the sun himself is dead!"

Sept. 15th. Arthur L. Phelps.

The above poem, written for the Montreal "Weekly Witness," is one of the many strong things appearing in that splendid journal, and coming so close upon the wrecks of our own ships grips us hard. The editorials of the "Witness" on the war situation have the right ring to them, and are the product of a mind more than usually well informed, and foresighted. Those not now getting the "Witness" may have it on trial to the end of the year by sending fifteen cents in stamps to its old time publishers, John Dougall & Son, "Witness" Block, Montreal. It costs little to try it, and people who are not getting the "Witness" do not realize what they are missing. Some do not agree with it in everything. Neither do we. But it is one of the few great worthwhile papers all the same—and fifteen cents gets it to the end of the year.

THE ROAD TO FAME.

The road to fame is long and
steep
No coward feet can stand it.
None but the brave the way can
keep;
None but the brave command
it.
No weakling ever gains the
height.
However much he yearns to;
For he, when obstacles affright,
The paths of ease returns to.

The road to fame is long and
rough,
And only brave men make it.
Men who can stand to each rebuff
And undiscouraged take it.
No coward feet can tread the
way
Where fame is brightly shining.
Its glories are for men today
Who suffer without whining.

—Detroit Free Press.

NOT IDEAL

"You and your wife never argue?"

"Never," replied Mr. Meekton.

"What an ideal state!"

"Perhaps it isn't so ideal. I sometimes fancy Henrietta hasn't enough respect for my opinions to bother about arguing with me."—Washington Star.

DISTINCTLY SUSPICIOUS

It was during the manoeuvres that a British soldier was being tried for shooting a chicken on prohibited ground.

"Look here, my man," said the commanding officer to the farmer who brought the accusation, "are you quite certain that this man shot your bird? Will you swear to it?"

"No, I won't do that," replied the canny farmer, "but I will say he's the man I suspect of doing it."

"That's not enough to convict a man," retorted the officer considerably nettled. "What raised your suspicions?"

"Well, sir," replied the sturdy farmer as he slowly mopped his forehead with his bandana, "I saw him on my property with a gun; then I heard the gun go off; then I saw him putting the chicken into his knapsack; and didn't seem sensible somehow to think the bird committed suicide."

A Power of Its Own.—Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil has a subtle power of its own that other oils cannot pretend to, though there are many pretenders. All who have used it know this and keep it by them as the most valuable liniment available. Its uses are innumerable and for many years it has been prized as the leading liniment for man and beast.

These Pills Cure Rheumatism.—To the many who suffer from rheumatism a trial of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is recommended. They have pronounced action upon the liver and kidneys and by regulating the action of those organs act as an alternative in preventing the admixture of uric acid and blood that causes this painful disorder. They must be taken according to directions and used steadily and they will speedily give evidence of their beneficial effects.