The Acton Free Press.

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All accounts collected monthly.

H. P. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

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WE are manufacturers and direct importers of all kinds of Monumental and Mausoleum work. We sell direct to our customers at whole sale prices, thus saving our customers 40 per cent. We have the best appliances and the only machines in the Dominion who can operate Scotch granite tools properly. We can give references from hundreds of our customers in Toronto and other places, where others have to stand law suits in order to collect. We have the largest and best stock of Granite in the Dominion, or more than any three dealers in the West. We are legitimate dealers and employ no agents, and do not annoy or mislead customers by sending out ignorant agents in quiet places—we employ machines only and defy competition.

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DOUBLE TRACK ALL THE WAY
TORONTO-CHICAGO
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Unexcelled Train Service
Highest Class of Equipment

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Fast Trains—Choice of Routes
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Established 1840
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The old and Reliable Watchmakers and Jewellers

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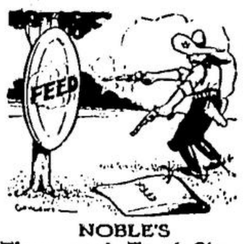

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ETOMOLOGICAL
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Our Sincerest Wishes

TO ALL OUR CUSTOMERS FOR A

Happy New Year

WE THANK YOU ALL FOR YOUR GENEROUS PATRONAGE DURING THE YEAR AND ARE PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE THAT DURING 1915 WE WILL BE IN A BETTER POSITION THAN EVER TO SATISFACTORILY SUPPLY THE SHOE NEEDS OF ALL.

Kenney Bros.
Main St. Acton

EXCELSIOR BAKERY
George Statham
Church St. - - - Acton

The bakery business of T. Statham & Son in Acton, which has been conducted for the past thirty years, has been purchased by George Statham and will be conducted in the same first-class manner as in the past.

All kinds of Bread, Cakes, Pastry, Wedding Cakes and Christmas Cakes will be supplied to the satisfaction of all customers.

GEO. STATHAM
Acton - - Ontario

IF YOU HAVE A
Wedding Present
TO BUY

NOW would be a good time even if the date of the event is some time ahead. Beautiful goods at big reductions to get ready for stock taking.

25 Per Cent Off
SILVERWARE
NICKLEWARE
BRASS GOODS
AND
LAMPS AND CARVERS

Write or call. Full particulars on request.

The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Phone 10-12 Ten-Twelve) GUELPH

Our Headache Curing Record

Hundreds have been freed from persistent headaches by our scientifically fitted glasses.

When we undertake to cure headache we do so or refund the money.

ALL LENSES GROUND ON THE PREMISES

A. D. SAVAGE
OPTOMETRIST & MFG. OPTICIAN
"Right at the Post Office"
Phone 437x - GUELPH

C. C. Speight
—FOR—
New Years Goods

Silverware in Tableware—Fine Variety
Also Fine Cutlery
Hardware, Tinware, and Graniteware—in Variety
Pandora Stoves and Ranges
Famous Heaters
Small Stoves. Oil Stoves

Many Articles Suitable for New Years Gifts

C. C. Speight
Mill Street, Acton

J. L. JONES ENGRAVING Co. Limited
10 ADELAIDE ST WEST TORONTO CANADA

The Bell Piano

A Piano—not only with a reputation, but with all the qualities to back—is

MADE IN GUELPH

By the largest manufacturers under the British flag and by the most skilled workmen known and is

SOLD IN ACTON

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.

C. W. Kelly & Son
133 Upper Wyndham St.
GUELPH - ONT.

SELLING OFF

Pringle's Jewellery Stock

Auction Each Day at 2.30 and 7.30

A discount on all Private Sales

33⅓ to 50 Per cent. Discount

The Sale is now on and will continue until the entire stock is sold. Come and get goods at your own prices.

G. D. Pringle
Jeweller
Wyndham St. - Guelph

Poetry.

A DEPENDABLE BOY

The boy who is bright and witty,
The boy who longs for fame,
The brilliant boy, his teacher's joy,
And the boy who leads each game—
Right cordially I greet them
And wish them every joy,
But the warmest part of my boy-loving heart
I give the dependable boy.

If he says he'll come at seven,
Ere the clock strikes he'll appear
At a fine brisk pace, with a glowing face,
And a greeting good to hear.
If he says he'll post your letter
It will be done, don't doubt it,
He will not tuck it in a dark pocket
And then forget about it!

He may be bright and witty,
He may be brilliant, too,
He may lead in the race, with manly face,
He may have all gifts and graces;
But naught can make such joy
And pride in me, as to know that he
Is a staunch, dependable boy!

—Selected.

BUSINESS MAN'S CREED

PROMISES

An acre of performance is worth a whole world of promises.

Select Family Reading

High Finance

By Effie Rayenscroft

DOLORES, having stopped in the midst of her packing and run down to the laundry to get a freshly ironed waist from the clothes-horse, stopped short upon the threshold. Now what could Jack be doing prowling notably around the unfamiliar (to him) regions of the laundry? And why was he scowling up at the ceiling? What could he possibly be seeking upon the ceiling of the laundry at ten o'clock at night?

"Jack dear," she said in the tone in which one is advised to address a sleep-walker, "whatever garment it is that you are seeking, it isn't here. All your clothes were carried upstairs and packed before noon. And, besides, if it were here it certainly wouldn't be on the ceiling."

Jack's eyes removed themselves from the ceiling and came down to Dolores' face and proved that Jack was very wide awake indeed.

"I am not seeking any garment whatsoever, Dolores," he replied with dignity. "I am seeking the irons and ironing-board. I had a faint recollection that the man who sold us this house said that closet over there was designed for laundry utensils. They are not in there. They are not anywhere where they should be. Therefore I conceived the brilliant idea that they must be in a place where they shouldn't be; therefore I've inspected all the unlikely places, including the coal bins and the ceiling. By the way, Dolores, where are the irons and ironing-board?"

During this recital an odd expression had settled upon Dolores' countenance. It strongly resembled stage fright. Her lips moved a few times before she succeeded in articulating.

"The ironing-board! The irons!" she exclaimed. "Why, what can you possibly want with them?"

"It's very simple," Jack replied. "I want to press my trousers. Where's the ironing-board and so forth?"

"But you never press your trousers, Jack—you'll ruin them!" Dolores objected. It was evident that for some reason she was evading the direct issue. Jack looked at her with a glimmer of suspicion in his eye.

"Fair one," he said, "it's a long story and a painful one and the hour is late. Nevertheless, I'll explain. Instead of taking my trousers—three pairs, flannel—to the usual place, I, being of a charitable disposition, took them to the humble chap, who has opened a shop down the road. I looked at 'em for the first time just twenty minutes ago. The crease upon which depend my poise and my reputation as the worthy husband of a beautiful woman is not there. In other words the trousers are pressed pillow slip. May one appear at Atlantic City thus? He may not. In the less opulent and more enthusiastic days of yore, I was some trouser-presser. Therefore, produce the ironing equipment.

Dolores did not answer; instead she looked appealingly, guiltily at Jack. Jack caught the expression and, from long experience, interpreted it. He sank into a chair and passed a hand across his brow.

"You've done it again, I see," he said uncoudgly.

"I—Mrs. Swayne—" Dolores faltered, and looked at him appealingly.

"So," commented Jack, "it is Mrs. Swayne who is your partner in crime—Mrs. Swayne, whom you saw for the first time one week ago I believe."

"You shall not put it that way; I won't have it!" Dolores exclaimed apparently upon the verge of indignant tears. "Mrs. Swayne, too, is going away to-morrow—going on a very early train. Her laundress disappointed her this week and she was in an awful dilemma, with all those little children requiring so many clothes. She managed to get two women in this afternoon, and as she has only one board and very few irons and I am the only person in the neighborhood who has called on her, she ventured to ask the loan of my board and irons. Of course I was delighted to help her out. Our own work was all done and how was I to guess that you would want the board? I didn't suppose you knew what an ironing board looks like."

"Of course—" Jack commenced; "of course—everything," he concluded, in a resigned tone that was maddening (as it was designed to be.) "You helped Mrs. Swayne, who is a stranger to you out of her unnecessary dilemma and thereby helped your husband into one. Now, Dolores, I've had a little lecture in my mind for some time; and conditions being propitious I am going to deliver it now although the hour is late.

"The whole matter is this: this open-handed generosity of yours is getting on my nerves as it has been getting on my pocketbook all along. It's too one-sided. I've never known you to borrow the small thing; somehow we always seem to have everything that is needed. Now, why shouldn't others have those things, too. Swayne for instance? His income is double mine; his wife's mental equipment is supposedly equal to yours; now why shouldn't they have an ample supply of laundry requisites? The fact that they didn't has cost me actual cash, to say nothing of the inconvenience. I shall have to pay again to have my trousers pressed—and pay at Atlantic City, too, which circumstance has a trenchant meaning of its own.

"This borrowing and lending business is a losing game, my dear; Shakespeare knew it. There's a Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving, and the enlightened members call themselves 'Spugs,' I believe. You and I are going to start a society for the prevention of Impositional Borrowing; we'll be 'Spibs.' You and I have never been borrowers, from this minute we cease to be wholesale lenders. This a commercial age; you have to keep your eye on the eternal 'me.' The next time you are requested to lend something that the would-be borrower can afford and therefore should have, say to yourself, 'We may need this ourselves,' and refuse. Mark, though, I'm not unreasonable. I say, 'something that the borrower can afford and should have.'"

Dolores' eyes were brilliant with indignation and amazement.

"But, Jack, do you actually expect me'—she commenced.

"Never mind the 'buts,'" Jack interrupted. "I repeat that this is a commercial age and you have to put a monetary value on even your heart throbs. A certain sort of selfishness is necessary; and it is not really anything so ugly as selfishness, it is self-protection."

* * *

Dolores awoke suddenly, somewhere in "the silent watches," and lay for a moment wondering why she had thus awakened. Suddenly the mystery solved itself; something was the matter in the other room. Some one in there was walking the floor and emitting sobbing breaths of pain. Dolores instantantly knew who the "some one" must be. It was the youth who sat at their table, the youth who was obviously a gentleman, obviously hard-pushed, obviously unused to being away from his family.

Dolores endured the pathetic sounds until her tender heart could stand the strain no longer. She hated to disturb Jack; they had been on their vacation only two days and he had had a very trying year and needed every minute of that rest which he was so thoroughly enjoying. But finally she aroused him.

"Jack dear," she whispered, "the boy in the next room—the boy at our table, you know—is sick."

Jack snorted impatiently, listened instantly for a moment, and threw on his bath-robe and disappeared. In a few moments Jack was back in his own room, kneeling before an open suit case.

"He has neuralgia," he announced, "and he has it bad, I tell you. He's simply wild! He's subject to it, and he went in bathing just as soon as he got here instead of waiting until he was acclimated to some extent. And would you believe it—he hasn't a remedy of any kind with him. What do you think of that for a commonsense exhibit. He was blubbering like a baby when I came out. He called up one doctor and the doctor was out; and would you believe it, Dolores?—he let it go at that. Lost his head, went crazy from pain and didn't call any more. Seemed to think there was only that one doctor in Atlantic City.

"I'm going back now with this rubbing stuff and if he has any skin left on his foolish face it won't be my fault."

Dolores had listened wide-eyed, and at the end of the outburst she went over to the hall and pushed it three times.

"What's that for?" Jack inquired, preparing for a second departure.

"Hot water," Dolores replied briefly.

"And what's the hot water for," he demanded.

"Hot water bottle, Jack," Dolores answered. "That rubbefacient is sometimes very slow in action. Besides, he may not be able to stand it. Some persons can't; it takes their breath—it affects me that way, you know. And he may not respond to the rubbing; everyone doesn't. And again, I know from my own experience that the hot water bottle is the only thing for neuralgia."

Jack's face had set into grim lines.

"Not the hot-water bottle, Dolores," he said with the low-toned firmness that Dolores had learned to recognize as her most potent adversary. "The rubbing material and the anti-pain tablets, if he needs them, but not the bottle. You yourself are subject to attacks of neuralgia, you remember, and it is perfectly possible for one to come on before daylight. And we are both run down and liable to attacks of something which will call for the bottle without delay and gentle loafers like yourself are not common in summer hotels, you know. We brought it for ourselves. Let him send out and buy a bottle to-morrow."

"But, Jack," Dolores faltered, "we can not stop to consider ourselves in the face of such suffering as that. And he would return it to-morrow."

"He probably would not," Jack replied in that same ominous tone. "He has his tennis racket with him, and his golf sticks and his clothes. His wardrobe literally papers his room. He has the most amazing collection of expensive ties that I've ever seen. But when he encounters an emergency like this he has to impose upon strangers. He asked me when I went in if we 'happened' to have a hot-water bottle and I gracefully evaded. No, I'm not a brute, Dolores—I am merely a twentieth-century philosopher. And I'll tell you about the doctor, Dolores. Night calls here are expensive luxuries, you know, and hot-water bottles are not to be had for the asking (except from you.) That boy is down here visiting his sweetheart and he's saving all his money for her. There's a rival. See?"

When Jack went into the next room, he left wide open the door leading into the hall, such being Jack's manish custom. And presently there appeared in the opening a white-eyed vision of pity, bearing an article wrapped in a white cloth. One of the occupants of the room ejaculated something under his breath and then regarded her in stony silence. But the one looked at her as the proverbial drowning man must look at the straw that is drifting his way.

"Is it a hot-water bottle?" the latter gasped.

"It is," she replied, cheerfully. "Just turn over and put your ear on that."

The sufferer obeyed with alacrity, and almost magically the drawn lines of his tortured face began to relax.

"I can't thank enough," he said to Dolores. "I shall never forget. This is the only thing that ever relieves me."

But he did forget. All the next day Jack and Dolores attended solicitously to his comfort, but he made no mention of the hot-water bottle.

And that evening they passed him on the board walk. He was holding caressingly over a vapid-faced bit of femininity dressed in ethereal blue, and he was blind to all else. And by these signs they gathered that he had no further need of their ministrations.

* * *

Four days later Jack and Dolores stood before one of the Japanese shops on the board walk. Dolores' lovely face was flushed and eager.

"There's the necklace, Jack!" she exclaimed. "It's just what they say—genuine imported coral. Did you ever behold such exquisite tinting? I never did. Just think how it would harmonize with the coral embroidery on my dress."

Jack swallowed hard. Dolores' desires along that line—her expressed desires rather—were so few that to deny her anything was actual physical agony. But their vacation was going to be expensive far beyond their calculations. Besides—

"We can't afford the necklace," he said. "I have to buy a hot-water bottle right away. Remember, you were complaining of a twinge on your jaw this morning. Our young friend forgot to return our bottle I prophesied would be the case, and he will probably forget altogether and carry it off with him. I certainly shall not ask for it; besides, we never meet him at the table any more and he is apparently never in his room. One bottle will not amount to much, I know; but I shall doubtless have to buy a number by the time you get through supplying the hotel."

Dolores' face crimsoned and her chin trembled; but she turned from the window without reply. Dolores was taking her promised medicine like a man.

That evening they discovered their bottle carelessly wrapped in newspaper, protruding from their mail box at the hotel. The clerk informed them that Mr. Hubbard had gone home and had left it with his thanks.

* * *

Jack about a month later looked up from his soup and caught Dolores regarding him with an expression so mischievous that it was almost impish. He laid his spoon down.

"Now what is it, Dolores?" he demanded. "You've been looking at me that way ever since I came home."

"I'm doing mental arithmetic, Jack," Dolores replied. "This is a commercial age—I have your word for it. You have to commercialize even your heart throbs, you said. Now, if you would invest a dollar-and-a-half heart throb and in a week get back your dollar and a half and in a month get at least fifty dollars as a result of the investment, wouldn't you consider the venture a good one?"

"Show me the investment," Jack replied laconically.

Dolores went into the next room and returned with a very impressive looking box and letter.

"They both came this morning," she said in low tone. "It appears that the boy at the hotel didn't forget after all. He told his grandmother who is all his family. She says that he has never ceased to tell her how good we were to him, and how we sacrificed part of our vacation for a total stranger. He noticed everything, even the little things we ourselves didn't notice at all. She writes—well, you'll have to read it yourself, Jack; reading it aloud would embarrass both of us. But she says," (and here Dolores blushed) "that Teddy told her I am 'young and beautiful,' and she has taken an old woman's liberty and sent me something that youth and beauty loved in her young days. Because Teddy you see is all she has, the orphaned son of her only daughter; and his neuralgia is a dangerous form. And he had gone to Atlantic City during her absence."

Dolores opened the sandalwood box and even Jack's thoroughly masculine soul expanded in admiration.

"It is is full of imported coral, Jack," she said. "I have no idea of its real value because I have never seen anything nearly so handsome and it is antique, besides. The brooch, you see, is a cameo, too. Fifty dollars is a low estimate; I know that because I have dreamed of owning a necklace. The monetary value doesn't matter, of course; I am talking that way because—well, you know why. Oh, I forgot. The letter says that she is glad that circumstances will permit her to express her appreciation to you in another form."

"Is that so?" said Jack abstractly, his eyes still on the coral. (Jack had no idea that coral would be so good-looking and he was wondering if a coral scarf pin wouldn't be effective.) "Now what can she mean by that?"

Quite casually he removed the card from the back of the jewel case and glanced at it.

"Dolores!" he exclaimed, so sharply that Dolores leaped to her feet with a gasped, "What is it?"

Jack transferred his glance from the card to her and contemplated her much as if he were seeing her for the first time.

"A somewhat large matter, my dear," he said slowly. "There has been talk in the last year of taking me into the firm. I don't need to capitulate to a business woman like you upon what it would mean to be one of the business cocks of a great city. And I've never mentioned the matter to you because I didn't believe it could come true. The junior members were both keen for it because they've reached the age when relief from responsibility would be a boon; and I grew up with them, you know. But the senior member, who lives in Philadelphia and has the controlling interest and the final say and is alleged to be somewhat cranky, would have none of me nor the small amount of money I could put in. No more partners were needed nor desired.

"Well, the senior partner is a woman, Dolores, and that fact has been carefully concealed even from me until a few days ago. Her name is Stonewall Jackson Marquis. And as this card says 'Stonewall Jackson Marquis' and the address is Philadelphia, it is apt to be her card."

He again contemplated Dolores for a long, long minute.

"My dear," he said at last, in a somewhat shaky voice, "you seem to have absolutely proved, mathematically and otherwise, that the commodity that has the greatest value—commercial and otherwise—is unquestioning brotherly love."

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, January 17th, 1895

Wood is coming in freely at present.

Fall wheat seems to have an upward tendency. It sold for 58 cents in Guelph this week. Pork brings $5.25.

The Epworth League of the Brick Church visited the League here on Tuesday evening.

A defective flue in Mr. William Perryman's house, Willow Street, caused a fire alarm on Tuesday. The fire was extinguished with slight damage.

A memorial service touching the death of Rev. G. R. Cooke was held in St. Alban's Church on Sunday evening, when Rev. Thos. Smith, of Elora, preached on: "Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." Rev. Mr. Smith had officiated at the induction of Mr. Cooke to the pastorate here.

Acton Branch Bible Society Annual Meeting was held in the Methodist School Room on Tuesday evening last. Mr. John Cameron, President, occupied the chair. Rev. Mr. Glassford, of Guelph, gave the annual address, which was an excellent deliverance upon the place and power of the Word of God. Revs. Messrs. Rae, Howell, Bryers, and Caldwell all were present and added appreciative remarks. Receipts for the year $60.21. Officers elected were: President—J. L. Warren; Vice-President—Wm. McPhail; Secretary-Treasurer—J. V. Kannawin; Executive Committee—Rev. J. E. Howell, J. S. Coleman, H. P. Moore, John Warren, John Robertson, Rev. J. W. Rae, Rev. Mr. Stevens, Rev. W. Bryers, A. Wenham, Samuel Worden, Rev. R. Caldwell, John Cameron. Collectors appointed were: Misses Hemstreet and Tovell; Misses McClure and Thurston; John M. Warren and Stafford Bennett; Alex. Waddle; Alex. McDonald; Samuel Worden and J. Watkins; Chas. Davidson and J. E. Snyder; Capt. Shaw and J. Moffat.

Mrs. Colquhoun, of Nassagaweya, celebrated her hundredth birthday, on Saturday last. Her centennial birthday cake was made by her grandchildren and finished by Mr. T. Statham, Acton. Over one hundred people called to see her. To Revs. Blair and Amy, who were visitors, she gave the assurance that her faith and trust was sure and steadfast.

On Thursday evening a fire even more disastrous than that which destroyed the Globe establishment the previous Sunday, occurred in Toronto. It started within fifty feet of the Globe ruins. Some 22 business places were damaged.

"MIGHT BE WUSS"

"Don't worry, don't fuss,
Don't fret, and don't cuss,
For as bad as it is,
It might 'a been wuss."

Rather uncouth in diction, perhaps, but running over with comfort in times like the present.

It blocks up the complaint road completely; there is no such thing as getting round it; things "might 'a been wuss."

Those who have passed through trials and tribulations worthy the name say that things are never as bad as they seem.

They should know for they have entered into dark clouds, stayed in them for some time, and have come out happy and hopeful.

A cheery rainy-day philosopher drew comfort even from Jonah's plight, than which nothing could be very much worse, and gives this bit of advice. "When down in the mouth, think of Jonah; he came out all right."

After all, there are many things for which to be thankful.

LIQUOR ADVERTISING

If my school teacher, after teaching my children, should, for a consideration, tell my children where they can get a certain brand of whiskey, and at the same time dilate upon the supposed virtues of said whiskey, and, if I do not wish my children to drink whiskey, would I be justified in discharging my teacher?

If my children attend church, where the preacher tells his hearers where they can get the best whiskey for the least money, am I not justified in the radical step of taking my children to some other church to worship?

If my newspaper persists in flaunting several columns of liquor ads in the face of my boys, and if I do not want my boys to drink whiskey, shall I stop the paper from coming to my home just as I would stop a whiskey drummer from coming to my home?

Every man who takes a paper that advertises whiskey is helping to sell whiskey.

If it is wrong to sell whiskey then he who helps to sell whiskey does wrong.—E. E. Lamb, in the Richmond Virginian.

"TIPPERARY" SELLS IN NEW YORK

A customer went into a store of a music publisher in New York the other day and asked the salesman if he had "The Watch on the Rhine," and the salesman said he had. "That's the song," said the man. "Give me the music of a little German band. That must sell like hot cakes now," he continued. "How many do you sell?" The clerk answered that that was the only call he had had, as far as he could remember. Then the customer picked up that popular Irish marching song, "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary," and said, "how many of this thing do you sell?" "Well, about 120,000 per week. We have sold nigh upon a million copies." What the man further said is not narrated.

IF

If you were busy being kind,
Before you knew it you would find
You'd soon forget to think 'twas true
That someone was unkind to you.

If you were busy being glad,
And cheering people who are sad,
Although your heart might ache a bit,
You'd soon forget to notice it.

If you were busy being good,
And doing just the best you could,
You'd not have time to blame some man
Who's doing just the best he can.

If you were busy being true
To what you know you ought to do,
You'd be so busy you'd forget
The blunders of the folks you've met.

If you were busy being right,
You'd find yourself too busy, quite,
To criticise your neighbor long
Because he's busy being wrong.

—Selected.

THE TWO AMERICAS.

The relations of the northern and the southern continents of the western hemisphere are certain to become much closer in the future. The opening of the Panama canal will itself markedly help to make them closer, and, great though the benefits of the canal will be to our own country, I believe that they will be, if anything, even greater to the countries of South America. I wish to see the trade between the United States and all South American countries increase, and in such intercourse the first essential is the stability to inspire confidence. It is for this reason that I feel a peculiar national pride in our having twice withdrawn from Cuba and having intervened in Santo Domingo purely for Santo Domingo's advantage. There is no brighter chapter in our history than that which tells of those actions. The United States does not wish the territory of its neighbors. It does wish their confidence.—Theodore Roosevelt to Brazilians.

FALSE LOYALTY

It has been said that every man should be as a brick in a wall of defense for his country. That is true loyalty and every one owes that much to the country that nurtures and protects him. But is a man really loyal who weakens that wall of defense by poisoning himself with intoxicants so that at best he can be only a rotten brick and probably he leaves behind him a race of rotten bricks, a burden instead of a help in time of need. Yet that is what thousands have done and what thousands are doing.

What is my authority for such a statement? I answer Government Commissioners in almost every civilized country and reports of eminent scientists who have collected the histories of thousands of families. Besides that any one with eyes can see for himself that it is correct.

The present war has been called a teetotal war. Russia and Norway have completely abolished the use of intoxicating beverages and England, France and Germany have partly done so. That should convince any one that alcohol in any form is a danger to the safety of the nation.

We talk of the destruction of life by war but there are literally hundreds killed by drink for every one killed in war. The "Committee of Fifty" computed that in the United States there are as many killed every four years by drink as were killed during the four years of the Spanish war. Two liquor journals admit the correctness of the conclusions of Mr. Phelps who says that intoxicating liquors cause the death of sixty-six thousand every year in the United States. No wonder that the German Emperor taught his soldiers that the sober nations would have the advantage in future battles both of peace and war. Every man who does not do all he can to destroy this greatest enemy of our country many talk loyalty but he is not loyal.

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

THE WRONG WAY OUT

The European diplomats may have wanted peace, they didn't go about getting it in the right way. Antiquated minds, feudal minds, selfish minds—in their efforts to win peace they were like the drayman and his helper.

A drayman, one hot afternoon, tugged and lugged and pulled at an enormous box in a doorway, but it was too heavy for him.

A muscular, well-dressed chap came to the drayman's aid.

"Here, let me help you, friend," he said.

And, like diplomats working for peace, the two fell upon the box, and lugged and pulled and tugged at it with all their might.

But the box did not budge.

"We can't budge her," said the well-dressed chap. "We'll never get her in that door."

"Get her in!" roared the drayman. "Why, you fool, I'm trying to get her out!"—London Opinion.

LIKE IRON

Higgins—I say, these trousers begin to look rusty already, and I haven't had them but about six months.

Tailor—That's all right. You know, I told you they'd wear like iron.

Wretched from Asthma.—Strength of body and vigor of mind are inevitably impaired by the visitations of asthma. Who can live under the cloud of recurring attacks and keep body and mind at their full efficiency? Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy dissipates the cloud by removing the cause. It does relieve. It does restore the sufferer to normal bodily trim and mental happiness.

Wise and experienced mothers know when their children are troubled with worms and lose no time in applying Miller's Worm Powders, the most effective vermifuge that can be used. It is absolute in clearing the system of worms and restoring those healthy conditions without which there can be no comfort for the child, or hope of robust growth. It is the most trustworthy of worm exterminators.