The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY DECEMBER 16, 1915

THE BRAVEST BATTLE

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
It was fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battleshot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield;
But patiently, silently, bore her part—
Lo! there is that battlefield.

No marshalling troops, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave;
And oh! these battles last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen—goes down.

—Joaquin Miller.

A BOY AT NINETY-TWO

THE oldest working newspaper man in America, if not in the world, a veteran, who defies time, space, distance, and years, a venerable figure, who particularly as it may seem, becomes more active the older he grows.

This is a picture of Sir Mackenzie Bowell, of Belleville, Ont., former Premier of Canada, who, at ninety-two years of age, has been wandering over the harvest fields of the prairie Provinces. The other day the veteran Knight turned up rather unexpectedly in Vancouver on a visit to his son, John. He had gone to Winnipeg to attend the sessions of the Most Worshipful Grand Orange Lodge of British America, of which he is a Past Grand Master, and also Past President of the Triennial Council of Orangeism. So well did he stand the trip, that Sir Mackenzie decided to go on to the Coast, making the entire journey of nearly three thousand miles alone and waving aside any proferred aid with his luggage. The citizens of Vancouver were so pleased with his visit that they requested him to conduct the formal opening ceremony of their splendid Exhibition, which he did on August 18. Uprightly and blithe as ever, a by-stander humorously remarked that Belleville should advertise for a lost boy of ninety-two.

To speak of the journalistic career of Sir Mackenzie Mowell seems like narrating a chapter of ancient history. Over eighty years ago he entered the office of the Belleville Intelligencer as a printer's "devil," and there you will find him to-day busily engaged at his desk writing editorials, reading exchanges, and cordially receiving visitors—that is, when he is not at Ottawa attending to his legislative duties or making flying trips across the continent. Such a record of continuously long service and devotion to the duties of a profession is one of the marvels in the annals of newspaper-making and editing.

It is interesting to recall in this connection that you cannot undermine or permanently injure the physical or mental efficiency of some of Canada's eminent men. Sir Charles Tupper, also a former Premier of Canada, residing at Bexley Heath, Kent, England, and now in his ninety-fifth year, had an attack of pneumonia at ninety years of age and completely recovered. The disease would likely have proved fatal in the case of less young and less vigorous persons. John R. Booth, of Ottawa, the widely-known lumberman, manufacturer, and capitalist, now in his ninetieth year, while actively engaged a couple of years ago, in dismantling a saw mill, which had been partially burned, was struck by a falling timber and had his collar bone and several ribs fractured. When carried away by loving hands, Mr. Booth remarked in a tender tone to several of his life-long employes who gathered about him: "Good-bye boys, I fear this is my last." They replied: "Oh, no, Mr. Booth, we hope we will see you again in the yard." And they have, for the veteran railway builder and captain of industry mended and is as good a man physically and mentally as ever.

Some three or four years ago, when Sir Mackenzie Bowell was a guest one evening at the Albany Club, Toronto, he slipped, while mounting the stairs, and fell heavily to the floor. For a few weeks his life hung in the balance, but he rallied, although then verging closely to ninety. The late Lord Strathcona, Canadian High Commissioner, in his ninety-third and in his ninety-fourth year, crossed the ocean several times to visit Canada and consult with the authorities at Ottawa on Imperial problems. It is the opinion of those who knew him best that the noted statesman and philanthropist would be alive to-day had it not been for grief and sorrow borne over the death of his wife, for as she was laid away in her final resting place, the desolate husband reverently remarked in low tones: "There goes my heart," an evidence of tender devotion which touched every bystander.

Another long-lived Canadian was the late Senator Wark of New Brunswick, who, when a hundred years of age, attended the sessions of the Senate of Canada at Ottawa, being the oldest legislator in the world. He insisted on making the trips to the Capital, and was usually accompanied by his daughter. Once he remarked, when she attempted to assist him from the train, that she might better have remained home and not tire herself out travelling the long distance, as, in such busy days, it was enough for a man to visit Ottawa alone without having to look after a woman.

Sir Mackenzie's active political career is widely known, and to-day he stands as one of the veteran political leaders and public men of the Dominion, and apparently is in fine fettle for many more years of usefulness and service.—Toronto Star Weekly.

Commands His Own Uncle.

As chief of the Fourth Brigade at the front, Brigadier General Garnet Hughes, son of the Minister of Militia, will be in the unique position of "commanding" his own uncle, Lieut.-Col. W. St. Pierre Hughes, who is in command of the 21st Battalion.

The Blue Heron.

Notwithstanding the nature fakirs who write wonderfully unsound natural history, the heron does not spear prey with its bill (nor does the loon); it bites them, nips them between the long, sharp mandibles. We have full captive herons and have seen thousands of wild ones all over this continent, and they do not do the silly trash told of them by the nature fakirs.

Some of the nests are as big as a small haystack, built upon year after year until they reach enormous weights, very often up to 500 pounds.—Outing.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to us all, my dears! God bless us! God bless us every one, said Tiny Tim the last of all. CHARLES DICKENS.

MEN cannot live isolated; we are all bound together. No higher man can separate himself from the lowest. CARLYLE.

EVERY day is a fresh beginning. Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain and, spite of old sorrow and older sinning, take heart of the day and begin again. SUSAN COOLIDGE.

ROUGH going, ardent and sincere earnestness—there is no substitute for them. CHARLES DICKENS.

REALIZE that doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life. SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

YET to have gently dreamt precludes low ends. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

CHRISTMAS time I have always thought of as a good time—a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time. CHARLES DICKENS.

HEAP on more wood, the wind is chill, but, let it whistle as it will, we'll keep our Christmas merry still! SIR WALTER SCOTT.

REJOICE, O young man, in thy youth and let thy heart cheer thee. THE BIBLE.

I SAID it in the meadow path; I say it on the mountain stairs—the best things any mortal hath are those which every mortal shares. LUCY LARCOM.

SO the first glance told me there was no duty patent in the world like daring to be good and true myself, leaving the show of things to the lord of show. ROBERT BROWNING.

THEN arose a joyous clamor from the wildfowl on the mere, and a voice within cried: "Listen! Christmas carols even here!" CHARLES KINGSLEY.

MAY the fair goddess, Fortune, fall deep in love with thee! Prosperity be thy page! SHAKESPEARE.

AGAIN at Christmas did we weave the holly round the Christmas hearth. The silent snow possessed the earth and calmly fell on Christmas eve. TENNYSON.

SO ever keep hope, for this is strength, and he who possesseth it can worry through typhoid. RUDYARD KIPLING.

Electricity In Toyland

It is only recently that electricity began to play a conspicuous part in the Christmas holiday. Of all the electric toys the little trolley car is one of the best. It gets its power from the lighting circuit and will run on its circular track quite well, as well as its big cousin runs in the city streets. Toy motors and generators to run toy machinery are especially interesting to boys. For girls modern doll houses are illuminated with tiny electric lamps.

This year Santa Claus will have in his pack a new toy for little girls, a miniature electric range. It is a complete practical range that cooks and bakes perfectly, the very thing for which little girls have longed with all their hearts. It is a safe plaything for children, and when using it they not only occupy themselves happily, but they actually learn to cook. There is a complete set of utensils furnished free, with a cookbook for children written so simply that they can understand it without difficulty. This small range is fifteen inches high, with six burners and a practical little oven.

"Yule Doughs" and Mince Pies.

The Yule doughs (little cakes), mince pies and plum porridge (now plum pudding), were old especial Christmas dishes. The first, also called Yule babies, had their origin in Rome, where images of the child Jesus and the Virgin Mary were sold by the bakers on Christmas eve. The following account of the English mince pie, as recorded by an old traveler, will doubtless be interesting to housewives of the present day: "Then every family against Christmas made a famous minched pye, called Christmas pye; it is a most learned mixture of meats, tongues, chicken, eggs, sugar, raisins, lemon, orange peel and various kinds of spicery. Pray also made a sort of soup with plums, which is not at all inferior to the pye, which is in their language called plum porridge." Herrick, in his account of the ceremonies of Christmas eve, writes:

Come guards this night the Christmas pye,
That the shiefe, though he'er sly,
With his flesh hooks don't come nie
To catch it

From him who all alone sits there,
Having his eyes still in tye care,
Of a dole of frithly fare
To watch it.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Relieve The Kidneys and Bladder Like Ordinary Medicines Do The Bowels.

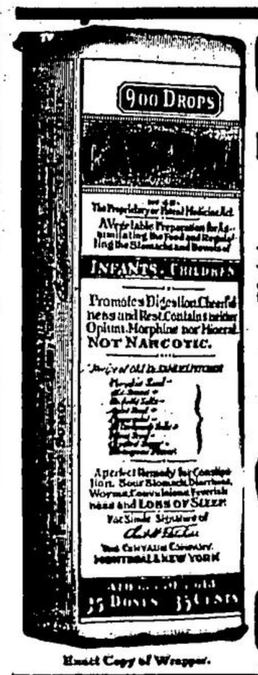
When the kidneys get out of order the back is sure to become affected, and dull pains, sharp pains, quick twinges all point to the fact that the kidneys need attention.

Plasters and liniments will not cure the kidneys, for they cannot get to the seat of the trouble, but Doan's Kidney Pills do, and cure the kidneys quickly and permanently.

Mrs. Lizzie Melanson, Plympton, N.S., writes: "I am sending this testimonial telling you what a wonderful cure Doan's Kidney Pills made for me. For years I had suffered so with my kidneys I could hardly do my housework. I used several kinds of pills, but none of them seemed to be doing me any good. At last I was advised to try a box of Doan's Kidney Pills. When I had taken the first box I found relief. I have used five boxes, and to-day I feel like a new woman. I cannot recommend them too highly."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50c. per box, 3 boxes for $1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

When ordering direct specify "Doan's."



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For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Acton's Electric CHOPPING MILL!

CHOPPING DONE DAILY

Chopping and rolling both satisfactorily done.

B. F. CALDWELL, Proprietor

ACTON, ONT.

You will never "find" time for anything. If you want time you must make it.—Charles Buxton.

The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust.—Emerson.

Do not think that years leave us and find us the same!—Owen Meredith.

Trust not him that hath broken faith.—Shakespeare.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

The Poor Man's Friend.—Put up in small bottles that are easily portable and sold for a very small sum, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil possesses more power in concentrated form than one hundred times the quantity of many unguents. Its cheapness and the varied uses to which it can be put make it the poor man's friend. No dealer's stock is complete without it.

Dr. Johnson's Homelinesss.

Samuel Johnson was himself—and this is a quality rarely found in "plain" men—under no illusion as to his personal appearance. Dr. Burney tells us that on one occasion while Miss Burney was examining his portrait he peeped over her shoulder and, with a ludicrous half laugh, exclaimed: "Ah, Iss, Sam Johnson! I see thee—and an ugly dog thou art!"—London Times.

Mechanical Riddles.

Engineers say that among the things that will never be settled are the following: Whether a long screwdriver is better than a short one of the same family; whether water wheels run faster at night than they do in the daytime; the best way to harden steel; which side of the belt should run next the pulley, and the right way to lace belts.—London Express.

Mistake Somewhere.

Servant (answering bell)—My master isn't in, sir. You may leave the bill if you wish. Caller (in surprise)—Bill? I have no bill. I wish to— Servant (in surprise also)—No bill? Then you must have called at the wrong house.—Pittsburgh Press.

COUGHED SO HARD

Would Turn Black In The Face.

SHE WAS CURED BY USING DR. WOOD'S Norway Pine Syrup.

Mrs. Ernest Adams, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., writes: "My little girl, six years old, had a dreadful hard cough. At nights she would cough so hard she would get black in the face, and would cough for several hours before she could stop. We tried different kinds of medicines and had several doctors, but failed to do her any good. She could not sleep nor eat her cough was so bad, and she was simply wasting away. A friend advised me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I got a bottle and saw an improvement, and got another. Now I am only too glad to recommend it to all mothers."

Too much stress cannot be laid on the fact that a cough or cold should be cured immediately.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will cure the cough or cold and prove a preventative from all throat and lung troubles such as bronchitis, pneumonia and consumption.

"Dr. Wood's" is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25c and 50c, per bottle.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Got a Cold?

You should aid Nature to throw it off promptly. To loosen the cough, relieve the lungs and heal the inflamed throat tissues, try the old reliable

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY

It is quick acting and very effective. Keep a bottle always on hand. All druggists. Price 25c and 50c.

The Beauty of a Clear Skin.—The condition of the liver regulates the condition of the blood. A disordered liver causes impurities in the blood and these show themselves in blemishes on the skin. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills in acting upon the liver act upon the blood and a clear, healthy skin will follow intelligent use of this standard medicine. Ladies, who will fully appreciate this prime quality of these pills, can use them with the certainty that the effect will be most gratifying.

CONSTIPATION

Is Productive Of More Ill Health Than Anything Else.

If the truth was only known you would find that over one half of the ills of life are caused by allowing the bowels to get into a constipated condition, and the sole cause of constipation is an inactive liver, and unless the liver is kept active you may rest assured that headaches, jaundice, heartburn, piles, floating specks before the eyes, a feeling as if you were going to faint, or catarrh of the stomach will follow the wrong action of this, one of the most important organs of the body.

Keep the liver active and working properly by the use of Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills.

Miss Rose Babineau, Amherst, N.S., writes: "Having been troubled for years with constipation, and trying various so-called remedies, which did me no good whatever, I was persuaded to try Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I have found them most beneficial, for they are indeed a splendid pill. I can heartily recommend them to all who suffer from constipation."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c a vial, 5 vials for $1.00, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

NATURE NEVER WASTES ANYTHING

Nature never wastes anything. We hear folks speak of them who smoke, wasting their money. Of them who drink, wasting their money and time; but it is not so. They all get something for their time and money, only it is evil instead of good. You may misspend your money, and misspend your time, but neither can be quite wasted, for Nature will compel you to take something in return, even though it be a curse.—T. H. Evans.

Corns and warts disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Cure, without leaving a scar.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

What folks want most they may never get; what they need most they may already have.

All the world loves a lover even if he is a married man and the object of his affections is his wife.

They who think before they speak may not have to worry about what those who have heard them speak think.

What is remote and difficult of success we are apt to over-rate; what is really best for us lies always within our reach, though often overlooked.—Longfellow.

Peevish, pale, restless, and sickly children owe their conditions to worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will relieve them and restore health.

MEXICAN FOLK TALES

Of all the relatively larger cities on the American hemisphere, the capital of Mexico is by far the oldest. Its beginning was long before Columbus sailed on his memorable voyage of discovery, when it was the seat of the Aztec empire. Civilization of a sort flourished there long before the first hardy pioneers settled along the northern Atlantic coast.

It has been a city of many vicissitudes. It has been held by Indian and Spaniard, by viceroy, by republican, by revolutionist, and by northern invader. Many of its streets are of the greatest antiquity. Many of its traditions are so old that no man knows whether they originated in the days of Montezumas or of the Conquistadores.

As is inevitable, the City of Mexico has its own peculiar folk lore, its mysterious legends. There are old tales that have been handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth and are still told by Mexican nurses to the children as they were told centuries ago.

A relic of Aztec folk lore is the tale of the Wailing Woman. Once, a long time ago, the story runs, there was a very bad woman in the City of Mexico. She gave birth to many children, but children bored her, and, as fast as one came upon the earth, she drowned it. Finally her conscience began troubling her. It is supposed that her punishment was to go through eternity looking for her children.

Frequently since then, it is said, watchmen have seen a woman in white, with a white mantilla over her head, roaming through the streets at night. Those who have inquired her business have received an answering inquiry as to where her children can be found. The greatest misfortune always overtakes those who question her. Most of them are stricken dead or become insane. This latter fate is said to have overtaken a gifted young army officer, who once tried to flirt with the Wailing Woman. It is said her lamentations are still heard at night, sometimes.

One story with a foundation in fact is the legend of Don Juan Manuel. As the tale survives in the folk lore Don Juan was an amiable enough gentleman, except that he had a bad habit of wandering out nights and murdering people. His custom was to approach somebody on the street, ask him the time, and, when he replied, telling him he was lucky because he knew the hour of his death, stabbed him to the heart. This went on until one night Don Juan killed his dearly beloved nephew, whom he had not recognized.

Stricken with remorse Don Juan confessed to his priest, who for penance ordered him to go alone at midnight to a certain church, before which was a gallows, and to tell his rosary under the gallows. Three nights he attempted to fulfill the command, but was driven back by the groans of the persons he had murdered. After begging in vain for a lighter penance he finally reached his goal under the gallows. And then angels from heaven came down and hanged him.

As a matter of history there was such a person in Mexico in 1641 and he was a dishonest collector of revenues. He was jailed, and, to secure his liberty, his wife was compelled to suffer incredible humiliations at the hands of a judge. Don Juan broke prison, went to his home, found the judge there, and stabbed him to death. Later he was mysteriously lynched one night before the church, and from this grew the legend that the angels had punished him for his sins.

A striking story of ghostly revenge is the legend of Don Juan de Nava, priest and guardian of his orphan niece, a beautiful girl. A Portuguese nobleman, Don Duarte de Barraza, fell in love with her, and she reciprocated the attachment, but the priest rejected Don Duarte because he was known as a gambler. One night the priest came upon Don Duarte talking to his niece through her window. Duarte struck the old man with his dagger, which was imbedded in his skull, killing him. He threw the body, dagger and all, into a ditch. Just one year later Don Duarte was found dead at the site of the crime. Kneeling over him, one of his bony hands gripping his body by the throat, was a skeleton in priestly garments, with a dagger sticking in its ribs.

Decidedly creepy is the story of Father Lecuona. This good priest, hurrying to the home of a friend, was met on the street by a woman, who told him a dying man wished to make a confession. Yielding to her entreaties, he went to a hovel to which she led him. There he found the emaciated form of a man who looked as if he had long been dead. The man told him that in ancient times he had died unshriven and had been blistering in hell ever since. As a special favor, however, he had been permitted to return to the earth to see if he could find a priest who would hear his confession.

Padre Lecuona thought he had to deal with a madman. He heard the confession and administered absolution. When he told his story at the house of his friends they scoffed at it, one of them saying the hovel had been uninhabited for many years. To make a test of it the priest and companions went to the house the next day. They found the door covered with cobwebs as if it had never been disturbed. When they finally unlocked it and went inside they found nothing except a fresh handkerchief. The priest identified it as one he had carried the night before.

Heart Was So Weak Could Not Go Up Stairs Without Help.

When the heart becomes weak and does not do its work properly the nerves become unstrung and the whole system seems to go "all to pieces."

When this happens you need a tonic to build up both the heart and nerves, and Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will accomplish this for you, providing you do not let your case run too long and allow it to become chronic.

Mrs. Evangiliste Loverdure, Fort Coulonge, Que., writes: "Last summer my heart and nerves were so bad I could not sleep at night, and my heart was so weak I could not go up stairs without help. My doctor said he could do no more for me as my heart was completely done. A cousin of mine came in one day and told me that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cured her completely. I immediately gave her 50 cents to bring me a box, and since that day there is a box always on my sideboard. I am now well, and my heart and nerves are stronger than when I was a little school girl. I advise anyone with heart trouble to try them. No doctor can beat them."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c per box, 3 boxes for $1.25, for sale at all dealers; mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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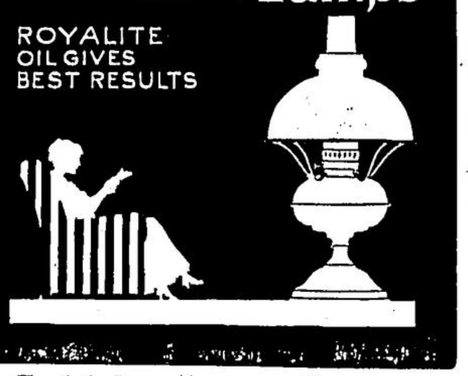
Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

most light—
no smoke—no smell

Rayo Lamps

ROYALITE OIL GIVES BEST RESULTS



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Come and See The Bargains for This Week

Men's Fleece lined Underwear at 45c. a garment
Men's good heavy Wool Sox at 23c. a pair
A good assortment of winter caps at 47c.
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Blankets, large sizes, 2.00 a pair
Quilts, about 50 pair to clear at 89c.
A big assortment of rubbers and boots and shoes at clearing prices.

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The Brick Store Opposite New Post office

Worth Crowing About

The big snap in Scotch suitings, 25 Suits, of the genuine all wool Scotch Suitings. Worth to order $30 to $35 a suit. On sale to-day, made to your order and made correctly, at per Suit $25.00. See goods in windows.

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GOING EAST		GOING WEST	
No. 11	7.19 a.m.	No. 29	8.15 a.m.
No. 93	9.14 a.m.	No. 31	10.00 a.m.
No. 39	11.21 a.m.	No. 33	2.21 p.m.
No. 51	4.45 p.m.	No. 75	5.10 p.m.
No. 13	6.52 p.m.	No. 37	8.05 p.m.

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Equipment the finest on all trains

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Winter Tours Tickets now on sale. Low fares. Choice of Routes. Stop over privileges allowed.

Full particulars and berth reservations on application to Grand Trunk Agents.

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George Statham
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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.

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Acton — Ontario

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All Lines of Footwear at Right Prices

All Men's Rubbers at Bargain Prices

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Having purchased the Livery Business and goodwill of the estate of the Late John Williams I respectfully solicit the patronage of the public. Comfortable rigs will always be supplied at reasonable charges.

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