The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XLI.---NO. 36. Every Subscription Paid in Advance ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 2, 1916. Subscription Price, $1.00 Per Annum. SINGLE COPIES---THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
AT THE

PRIZE PRESS BUILDING
MILL STREET, - ACTON ONT

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year strictly in advance. $1.50 to subscribers in the United States. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

ADVERTISING RATES — Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Contract display advertisements, for 50 or inches more, per annum, 10 cents per inch each insertion. Yearly contracts for reading matter 25 cents per inch each insertion.

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.

Advertisements will be changed once each month, if desired. For changes oftener than above mentioned the extra composition must be paid for at regular rates.

All accounts collected monthly.

H. F. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL.
L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH.
L. R. F. P. & S. GLASGOW.
MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION Eto.
Office—Frederick Street Acton, Ont.

OSTEOPATHY

DR. VERNON G. ALDERSON,
OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Of Guelph—Telephone Block—Douglas St.
Office Hours—4 to 8. Tuesdays and Fridays at the Dominion Hotel, Acton.

CHIROPRACTIC

DR. HARPER B. HOLLOWAY,
CHIROPRACTOR.
Herald Building - Guelph, Ont.
STARTING Monday, Dec. 20th, I will be at the home of Mrs. Wm. Anderson, Mill Street, Acton Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of each week, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

VETERINARY

JOHN LAWSON
VETERINARY SURGEON,
Acton - Ontario.
Graduate of Ont. rio Veterinary College Med.
Office—Arthurs' Block. Residence, Mill St.
Calls day or night promptly attended to.

LEGAL.

A. J. MacKINNON
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
OFFICE—Mill Street, In Perryman Block.

WM. A. McEWAN
Barrister, Solicitor and Notary Public
Office—No. 8 McLean's Block, Douglas street Guelph.
Money to loan. Estates given special attention.

DENTAL.

DR. J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.
DENTIST.
ACTON. Phone No. 29
Office at Residence, Corner Mill and Frederick streets.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
The latest anaesthetic used if desired.

DR. L. L. BENNETT, DENTIST,
GRENVILLE BLOCK GEORGETOWN

MISCELLANEOUS.

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER,
Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario
(Over Williams Store.)
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Music a specialty. Work promptly done.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
H. F. MOORE
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued week-days and evenings.
Free Press Office, ACTON

R. J. REID
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington, Halton, Peel and Dufferin, and the city of Guelph.
Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms.
Orders by letter to Acton P. O., or Catalon Telephone in residence in connection with the Bell, where arrangements as to dates and advertising can be made. Orders left at FREE PRESS office, Acton, will receive immediate attention. Special attention to sales in Acton and vicinity.
FARMS TO SELL OR RENT.

D. ALEX. NIVEN
Ontario Land Surveyor and Civil Engineer
Surveys, Subdivisions, Plans, Reports, Descriptions, Blueprints, etc. Certificates for purchasers and mortgagees; Surveys for Architects, Builders and Municipal Councils; Drainage Reports, Estimates, etc.
MERCHANTS BANK BLDG.
GUELPH (Phone 1054) ONT.

J. B. CHEEVERS
BOOK BINDER
Quebec St. East - - Guelph, Ont.
Books and Magazines bound in Handsome and Substantial Covers.
Names lettered in gold on Bibles, Hymn Books and other Books.
ALL WORK PROMPTLY EXECUTED

The Old and Reliable
Granite and Marble Dealers

WE are manufacturers and direct importers of all kinds of Monumental and Headstone work. We sell direct to our customers at whole sale prices, thus giving our customers 40 per cent. We have the best appliances and the only mechanics in the Dominion who can operate pneumatic 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 pest customers by sending out ignorant agents to solicit orders—we employ mechanics only and defy competition.

HAMILTON & SONS
Cor. Norfolk and Woolwich Sts. GUELPH

Savage & Co.
Established 1848
JEWELLER - GUELPH

The Old and Reliable
Watchmakers and
Jewellers

Savage & Co.
Guelph - Ont.

The Bell Piano

AS A SEASONABLE GIFT is a present superb. No other Piano appeals so strongly to both teacher and pupil, both musician and housekeeper, because both the tone and the appearance of the Piano is par excellence.

SOLD ONLY BY

C. W. Kelly & Son
33 Lower Wyndham St
GUELPH - ONT.

C. C. Speight
—FOR—
Up-to-Date 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
Mechanical Toys, Sleighs
Hockey Sticks
Gramophone Records

Every Article is of Exceptional Value
C. C. Speight
Mill Street, Acton

DUSTBANE

Not only collects and kills microbes in dust but it also catches the dust particles themselves, keeps them from rising into the air—to settle on furniture and curtains—and therefore practically does away with the necessity for dusting.

Many diseases are contracted from sweeping dust.

Order a tin to-day from your grocer.

See that you get Dustbane, for imitations are not so good.

Dustbane Mfg. Co., Ltd., Ottawa

Grain Chopping
Well Done and Quickly at only
5 cents
per bag.
HARRIS & CO., Limited
ROCKWOOD - ONT

A Compliment

Builders, Contractors and Owners say to us:
"When it comes to fine hardware you certainly have the goods."
We guarantee that if you see our buildings hardware lines you will see hardware that will please you as to style, quality and price. We stand firmly behind Bond Hardware. Write for information. "We have just what you want."

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

Quality Glasses!
Perfectly Fitted after a Careful Examination is Our Way. Try it!
WE GRIND OUR OWN LENSES
A. D. SAVAGE
OPTOMETRIST AND MFG. OPTICIAN
RIGHT AT THE POST OFFICE
Phone 1039 W. GUELPH, ONT.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
WINTER RESORTS
SPECIAL ROUND TRIP FARES
LONG LIMIT-STOPOVERS
Asheville and Hot Springs, N. C.; Charleston, S. C.; Nassau, N. P.; Hot Springs, Ark.; French Lick Springs, Ind.; Jacksonville and all Florida Points; Havana, Cuba, and New Orleans, La., via New York and rail (or steamer, according to destination,) or via Buffalo, Detroit, or Chicago.
BERMUDA AND WEST INDIES
Other Health Resorts—Mount Clemens, Mich.; Battle Creek, Mich.; St. Catharines Well, Ont.; Preston Springs, Ont.
Full particulars on application to Grand Trunk Agents.

H. S. Holmes, Agent
Phone - No. 13

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers
WHERE WHERE WHERE?
At Kenney Bros.
THE DOMINION SHOE STORE

That is where you find everything in footwear. We stock up with nothing but the best makes such as the Regal, Ames-Holden and the Williams Shoes for men, and the Empress and Classic for the ladies.

We have also a large assortment of Boys, Youths, Misses and Children's and the prices are right.

We do not sell you a $3.00 shoe for $2.99 or a $1.50 for $1.49 but a $3.00 is $3.00 and $1.50 is $1.50.

Rubbers of all kinds always in stock. Repairing promptly attended to.

Kenney Bros.
Main St. - Acton

THE JONES ENGRAVING CO.
TORONTO CANADA

Robt. Noble
LIMITED

FLOUR
Norval, King's Choice, National and Five Roses.
FEED
Bran, Shorts, Wheat Chops, Gluten Meal, Molasses, Cotton seed Meal, Oil Cake, Flax Meal, Oat Chop.
HERBAGUM
The great Stock Tonic.
All at lowest prices.

J. L. WARREN
MANAGER
TELEPHONE - NO. 46

"HURTING BUSINESS"

Much time as men who love reform strive earnestly to place
A good law on the statute book to benefit the race,
There comes a mighty wail of woe, with half-baked reasons clinched,
From all and sundry in distress whose pocketbooks are pinched.
"Hurting business, hurting business," thus the mournful wail
Rises from law breakers who are languishing in jail,
And from others waiting sentence, who are out on bail.
Each good law will hurt somebody's business.

When the stalwart policeman comes in sight upon his beat,
"Hurting business," whines the burglar, now in full retreat.
When the farmer with his shot-gun comes upon the scene,
"Hurting business," screams the hawk, "no wonder I am lean."
Hurting business? Hurting business? Better for withdraw
From a business that is hurt by any righteous law.
Sooner toil with pick and shovel till the hands are raw,
Than be fed and clothed by such a business.

Prohibition movements stir up many angry cries,
"Hurting business," chief amongst them, soars unto the skies,
Voiced by liquor men and friends, who surely are afraid
That such movements will prove fatal to the liquor trade.
"Hurting business," hear them crying. What their business, pray?
Wrecking soul and body. Making drunkards every day.
Filling up jails and asylums. What a price to pay
For the fear of hurting such a business.

As for hurting other business, who the man would choose
To have folks believe his business all depends on booze?
Hurting business? One thing certain, each man who employs
Such an argument loves dollars more than he loves boys.
Hurting business! Hurting business! Hurt it all you can!
Give each boy a chance to grow into a sober man.
Hurt the business that's been hurting since it first began.
Work and vote to hurt the liquor business.

THE COST OF IT

IT did not get into the papers—Lucille's father is a prominent merchant and a profitable advertiser—but the next morning after Benjamin Putney's big touring car ran into a fallen tree and was ditched on a lonely road ten miles out, every tongue in the community was wagging with the news and every pair of ears was listening eagerly to what every other pair had heard. Each man, woman, and child in town knew that Lucille Roland was in the car; that she was supposed to be spending the night with her Aunt Emma in the city; that Mr. Roland had put her on the early train for the junction and telephoned that fact to her aunt from the drug store. Worse, they knew that Lucille had been obliged to spent most of the night on that dark hillside, because no house was near and Putney was disabled, having a broken leg and many bruises. Just before dawn the driver of a passing milk wagon had carried a message to the nearest doctor and Putney had been hurried to a city hospital. Lucille had been taken home, to her amazed parents. To what everyone knew they added what they thought. Lucille was eighteen, Putney was a married man of thirty-five, reputed a leader in the "fast set."

When I heard about it I was just finishing my second cup of coffee, and I rose from my chair and was making my way to the door in the time it took to set the cup down. A lifelong, intimate friend, I did not wait for a summons to the home into which trouble had forced an entrance. As I hurried along the street, I kept thinking: "Where on earth did Lucille meet that man?" Putney and his gay wife—particularly the gay wife—had furnished considerable material for gossip in that gossiping loving town. She spent most of her time in the city or at various resorts, her interest apportioned among her clothes, her success at "auction," and her Pomeranian. She talked glibly of "affinities." He was rich, good-looking and forceful; a clubman, a politician, a player for high stakes. The man called him an "all round sport;" the women of our conventional suburban town said he was "terribly common."

Lying on a couch in the shade of drawn curtains I found a harrowed mother.

"Please talk with Lucille," she said. "Her father and I are terribly shocked, and we thought best to wait until we had calmed down before being severe with her. We cannot understand this deception—this recklessness! We have always been so careful with Lucille. Where in the world could she have met this man? Surely, none of her friends know him well enough to introduce them!"

I sought Lucille. When she responded to my knock I opened the door of her pink-and-white room to find her packing, her things scattered everywhere. No tears there! Lucille is of the high-strung, effervescent type. Just then she seemed electrified. Her black eyes were like stars. Her crimson cheeks made her smooth skin seem startlingly white.

"I suppose you despise me! Have you come to scold?" She threw her words at me.

"No Lucille, I do not despise you, and I did not come to scold. I have loved you ever since you were a baby, child, and I am sorry for you. Tell me how this wretched affair started—but first, were you hurt at all?" And why are you packing?"

"I am not hurt a bit physically. I am packing to go away."

"Where?"

"First, I shall go to Aunt Emma's. I thought it all out last night—all those hours—on that dark road. I can't stay here—now—and I want to get some work to do—I must be doing something. You know, hats are my hobby, and I have made my own and mother's for years, so I shall find a place in a millinery shop. It will be in the workrooms, though, where customers never come. I never went to sell anything to anybody again!"

"But why cannot you stay here, Lucille, and live this thing down? And why should you sell anything?"

Her hands were rolling ribbons like mad, and she did not answer. I came back to my original question. "Lucille, where did you meet Mr. Putney—not at a friend's house, was it?"

"No, indeed! Mother never let me meet anybody except boys just out of the kindergarden, and their grandfathers!" She stopped work and seated herself in a low chair before an open window, her eyes fastened on the distant hills.

"Do you remember," she began, slowly, "when we were selling tickets for the charity flower show last fall? Well, Mabel Barrett and I won the prize for selling the most tickets. We were supposed to go together, but we hit upon a scheme that beat that. When we came to an office building we took separate floors, and covered the ground twice as fast that way. I went into Mr. Putney's office, and he was just as nice as could be. He bought ten dollars worth of tickets, and asked several friends to buy from me. I was surprised—I had heard so much against him. After that, whenever we were selling tags, or buttons, or tickets, he always found out my 'stand' and came and bought a lot, and sent other people to me. He would take just a few minutes and then go away. We girls tried to be nice to everyone who bought, so no one noticed. Mother and the rest of you were proud of my ability to sell. I got so that I didn't mind stopping anybody on the street to offer tickets."

"But Lucille, you didn't meet Mr. Putney anywhere else, did you?"

"Not at first. Then, one day, I was over in Pootown on an errand for mother and he came along in his car and gave me a lift. After that the thing happened a number of times, and we became good friends. I feel very sorry for him. You know he and his wife are not one bit congenial. She is always away, and he is lonely. If people only knew him better, they wouldn't say such mean things about him. And he would be a better man if he had more sympathy!"

I suppose that the only reason that men don't try to find new bait for women's interest is that they don't have to—the women swallow the old varieties so well.

"Last night—"

"Well, last night—we intended to ride until ten o'clock. I telephoned to Aunt Emma from the junction, and she said she would send the car to meet me at twenty when the next train arrived. I told her I was with friends, and when I did not come at all I suppose she thought I was staying with some people I knew at the junction. If nothing had happened, no one would have known—now, I suppose every old cat in town is taking about me—so I'm going away."

"My dear girl, don't you realize the danger you were in? If nothing had happened, you would have gone on and on—. Don't you understand?"

"Of course I do! Didn't I tell you I had hours and hours to think last night, in those dark woods, beside that poor groaning man? He was unconscious part of the time, but when he could talk he told me how sorry he was, and said it was all his fault. But it wasn't. I wanted to have a good time. I thought it smart to have good times that the other girls didn't know about. Oh, yes, I know what I have done, and I know that it can's be undone. The people here will never forget it. It will be easier—for father and mother, for them and for me—if I go away at once."

Talking with the father and mother I said: "I am going to tell you something that I know you will not believe, now. This accident is the best thing that could happen, for Lucille. She had a narrow escape. No real harm has come to her, but she was going deeper and deeper into danger, and what the end would have been I am afraid to guess. Now, she is brought up short, made to face her mistake, and to rely upon her own strength of character to work out her salvation. Of course she will suffer, and so will you, but in the end you will have a strong, disciplined, self-reliant woman for a daughter.

"And remember this: She was sent into danger. We did not realize it, but we used her beauty and high spirits as bait, and stood her in public places to induce men to contribute to our charitable enterprises. Of course, not all girls have Lucille's pleasure-loving temperament, nor have all men—thank heaven—the moral make up of Putney, but if I had a thousand daughters, Lydia Roland, I would never, never send one to strangers, with bits of pasteboard, an ingratiating smile, and the coaxing question, 'Can I sell you a ticket?'"

"It takes all of thirty years to make a real man and sometimes that won't do it."

A TOAST—HERE'S TO LAUGHTER

The sunshine of the soul, the happiness of the heart, the heaven of youth, the privilege of purity, the echo of innocence, the treasure of the humble, the wealth of the poor, the head of the cup of pleasure. It dispels dejection, banishes blues and mangles melancholy for it's the foe of woes, the destroyer of depression, the enemy of grief, it is what kings envy peasants, plutocrats envy the poor, the guilty envy the innocent; it's the sheen on the silver of smiles, the ripples on the water's delight, the glint of the gold of gladness; without it humor would be dumb, wit would wither, dimples would disappear, and smiles would shrivel—it's the glow from a clean conscience is Laughter.

A GIRL AGAIN

Little Mrs. Judson kissed and hugged each of her three children three times round, making nine tearful good-byes. She solemnly adjured her husband to write each day a detailed account of the family health and doings and he promised acquiescence as cheerfully as if he had not made the same promise five times before.

The more familiar scenes once left behind Mrs. Judson's mind leaped forward to the tenth re-union she was on her way to attend at her beloved alma mater. Some of the girls—for "girls" they would always be to her—she had not seen since graduation, and her lips curved with smiles in anticipation of the delightful time they were sure to have together.

"Marian Bixby!" exclaimed a voice as she stepped into College Hall, and she felt herself clasped in the embraces of three of her classmates. One of them held her off at arm's length and looked at her with mock severity.

"Who would ever dream, Marian Bixby, to see you so youthful and fresh, that you are Mrs. Robert F. Judson and have three kiddies at home. "I refuse to believe it."

"You needn't, Clara. I can hardly realize it myself, now that I am back in college," and little Mrs. Judson laughed happily.

But as they passed the alumnae post-office on their way to the registrar's desk, she looked involuntarily into one of its littered pigeon-holes, and confided to Frances Hale Severance, "I should like to hear from Rob to-night though and learn if the children cried for me when Maggie put them to bed, and if Rob remembered Junior's teddy bear."

The following morning she went over for her mail. There might be even three letters for the twins had promised to write. She could picture their facial contortions, the little fingers gripping unwieldly pencils that traced strange characters which she alone could decipher. But to her amazement the pigeon hole into which she peered so eagerly was empty. She even thrust an incredulous hand into its yawning emptiness. However, she reflected consolingly, letters would undoubtedly arrive on the twelve o'clock train.

She was promptly on hand for the next distribution of mail, missing thereby an important class meeting, but again her pigeon hole yielded no spoils. The second day brought no better results and when the third dawned and waned with no letter to its credit, little Mrs. Judson became emphatically nervous.

She composed a fifteen-word telegram.

"There," she said, "I shall send that 'collect,' and I imagine it will bring Robert to his senses. He has spoiled my re-union already by his thoughtlessness."

As she went out of the door she met Clara Folsom coming in, her arms loaded with letters and newspapers.

"Here," exclaimed Clara, "here is your mail, Marian Bixby—four letters from husband and two from the twins, judging from the chirography, not to mention numberless letters and papers from other sources."

Mrs. Judson stared at her in stupefaction. "Where did you find them," she gasped.

"Where any reasonable mortal would expect to find them," retorted Clara severely. "In the pigeon hole marked J. You have been looking all the time under B."

A smile of comprehension dawned in the eyes of Marian Bixby Judson. "I—I forgot I was married," she murmured sheepishly.

Then she tore up the telegram and sat down happily in the midst of her letters.

BIBLE TERMS

Here is a handy table which it would be well for you to cut out or copy for reference in your Bible studies:

A day's journey was about twenty-three and one-fifth miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

A cubit was nearly twenty-two inches.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eights inches.

A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

A shekel of silver was about fifty cents.

A shekel of gold was $8.

A talent of silver was $538.30.

A talent of gold was $12,800.

A piece of silver, or a penny, was thirteen cents.

A farthing was three cents.

A mite was less than a quarter of a cent.

A gerah was one cent.

An ephah, or bath, contained seven gallons and five pints.

A hin was one gallon and two pints.

A firkin was about eight and seven-eighths gallons.

An omer was six pints.—Christian World.

"One of the things that pays best is to have certain lines of goods out where the public can handle them and steal them if they want to."

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From Our Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, March 5th, 1896

Miss Macdonald, daughter of the late Senator John Macdonald, of Toronto, is conducting evangelistic services in Norfolk Street Methodist Church, Guelph.

Mr. John I. Charles is removing from Acton. He has been in the grocery business here for three years, and is going to Beamsville, where he will engage in fruit farming.

Rev. Mr. Howell preached an able sermon on Sunday evening in connection with the recent death of Mrs. Harry Eldage.

A little son of Mr. Duncan McDonald stepped into an open cistern, at the home, corner Main and Church Streets, on Monday. After some little difficulty he was rescued from his perilous position.

Contracts have been let for a new brick residence for H. P. Moore on the old family homestead, corner Church and Frederick Streets. Mr. John Cameron has the carpenter work, and Mr. Henry Hill, who built the Public School, Reeve Havill's store, and Mr. A. A. Secord's house, the stone work, brick and plastering. As far as possible the work will be done by local mechanics.

Mrs. H. P. Moore went to Palmerston on Tuesday to spend a few days at the home of Rev. T. Albert Moore, whose wife's illness has been previously noted, and of whom there is now no hope of recovery.

Ex-Reeve Fyfe is about to remove his family from Barrie to Acton again. Mr. Fyfe is engaged with a Toronto wholesale house.

Miss Tena Blair, of Paris, visited her sisters here the past week.

The total enrollment of the Public School last month was 221; the average attendance 168.

BORN

ALEXANDER—In Nassagaweya, on February 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Alexander, a daughter.

MARRIED

MCLAUGHLIN-AMY—At the home of the bride's parents, on February 26th, by Rev. Thos. Amy, Nelson McLaughlin, son of Hugh McLaughlin, to Mary, daughter of Robt. Akins, all of Nassagaweya.

DIED

SHULTIS—At Rockwood, on February 26th, David Shultis, aged 62 years, 2 days.

BOYLE—At Brampton, on February 27th, Rev. Robert Boyle, D. D., in his 71st year.

CRAWSHAW—At Limehouse, on February 26th, the widow of the late Henry Crawshaw, aged 86 years, 7 months.

DENNY—At his home near Orangeville, on March 3rd, Thomas Denny, son of the late Robert Denny, Acton, aged 45 years.

THE PRESCRIPTION OF PRUE

Ever since the Kennedy young people could remember, Grandmother Kennedy had been their dearest comrade. She was a tiny, sprightly woman with a heart as gay as a child's, and an infinite variety of most desirable accomplishments, from the making of delicious "cocked-hats" pies and marvellous gowns for tableaux to the singing of half mournful but wholly fascinating Scottish ballads.

Somehow it never seemed possible to any of them that grandmother could ever change and when one winter she nearly slipped from them, the family could not do enough to show their devotion. They found a hundred ways of petting her—they hardly permitted her to lift a finger for herself; as she became able to get about the house, they followed her round with wraps and shielded her from drafts, and pursued her with easy chairs and footstools.

Yet in spite of it all, although she was always grateful, grandmother was not happy. Her old sparkle and saucinoss were gone, and in unguarded moments they found her brooding, with a look that went to their hearts.

"What more can we do?" Constance asked sadly of her mother. "There isn't a thing she can possibly want that we don't try to discover before she does, and fly to do it for her."

"It's just—that grandmother's old, dear," Mrs. Kennedy answered. "We never realized it before, but this illness has shown us. We can's expect her to be the same again."

There was one member of the family, however, who refused to accept this conclusion, and that was eighteen-year-old Prue, who had been her grandmother's particular chum. Under her tumbled, red-brown hair Prue was thinking hard. It was a long time before she had an opportunity to put her conclusions into practice, but at last the moment came, upon a morning when everybody else was out. Prue went into grandmother's room and perched upon the arm of her chair.

"Grandma," she said, "I want some real old-fashioned, puffy molasses cookies."

Grandmother looked startled, then half-frightened, then excited. "Prue," she cried, "do you think I could—"

"Come down to the kitchen this minute," Prue commanded, "and you needn't wear a shoulder shawl, either."

It was a glorious hour that followed. Grandmother made the cookies and Prue ate three hot and gave some to the grocer's boy. And just as they took out the last case Mrs. Kennedy returned.

"Why mother," she cried in consternation.

Grandmother looked up triumphantly.

"They're the best I ever made," she declared. "I'm not on the shelf yet, Clara."

Cheapest of All Oils.—Considering the curative qualities of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil it is the cheapest of all preparations offered to the public. It is to be found in every drug store in Canada from coast to coast and all country merchants keep it for sale. So, being easily procurable and extremely moderate in price, no one should be without a bottle of it.

The Pill That Leads Them All.—Pills are the most portable and compact of all medicines, and when easy to take are the most acceptable of preparations. But they must attest their power to be popular. As Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the most popular of all pills they must fully meet all requirements. Accurately compounded and composed of ingredients proven to be effective in regulating the digestive organs there is no surer medicine to be had anywhere.

TO SLEIGH-RIDING ROMEOS

When you've tucked the dainty creature
Snugly in the robes of fur,
Spring that speech you wish to feature,
If you would be sure of her;
For there's nothing like the sleigh-bells
And the moonlight on the snow
To convince your Pearls and Maybelles
That you are a steady beau.

When her eyes begin to filter,
And her nose gets good and red,
And her heart seems out of kilter
After all that you have said,
Then just trust the reins to Cupid—
He's been driving all his life!—
And hold both her hands, you stupid!
That's the way I won my wife!

DRUG FIENDS

That alcohol is a habit forming drug is denied by no one but its devotees. It's denial would be useless because every one knows men who have become the victims of the alcohol habit that cannot break away from it. Nothing is more pathetic than to see some of these men trying to break off the habit, suffering untold tortures and failing time after time until they give up in despair and plunge in deeper than ever, in hope of ending their misery.

Morphine is also a habit-forming drug, but it is very little used compared with the various alcoholic liquors, because it is not pleasant to the taste and because the habit of treating to a dose of morphine has not become popular. It's action is very similar to that of whiskey or brandy. In moderate doses it dulls the sensibility to pain and in large doses causes a stupor resembling profound sleep. Like alcohol, once the habit is fully formed, it is almost impossible to break off. Men who make a specialty of treating the drug and alcohol habit, tell me that it is easier to cure permanently a morphine fiend than an alcohol fiend. That is probably due largely to the habit many have formed of urging their friends to drink. The day is not long passed when some would take it as an insult if you refused to drink their dope. Both these drugs have the effect of blighting the moral sensibility so that a drinking man will do or say with perfect indifference what he would have shrank from with horror before he acquired the habit. Examples of this we have had in plenty of late, when man stoop to the most despicable acts, utterly indifferent to the need or fate of their country. Anyone who has studied the question knows that much of this moral degredation has had its origin in drink on the part of the person or his ancestors. Morphine and alcohol are both poisonous drugs and both have the tendency to affect the higher moral centres first.

It is dreadful to contemplate the power which the traffic has acquired. In England France and Germany they have defied the government and the War Office to do more than slightly curtail their business. In Sweden the people voted a hundred to one in favor of Prohibition, but they did not get it. In Ontario people have voted by large majorities on three different occasions in favor of prohibiting the traffic. Not only that, but resolutions and petitions almost without number, have poured in to the Government, begging that the bars be closed. On the other hand, no one but a quiet deputation of liquor dealers have asked that the business be allowed to continue. But that deputation seems to have more influence with Governments than the votes of the people, the resolutions of the most important bodies and all the petitions that have been presented humbly pleading that the great evil be stopped.

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

ARE YOU ONE OF THESE GIRLS

There are many girls who try to shun all household duties and, beyond making themselves neat and attractive, are utterly useless. Every girl ought to be eager to lift some of the burden of household management from her mother's shoulders on to her own; but unfortunately some of them are so averse to labor that they wait to be asked to do things, instead of being constantly on the lookout for little duties which they are capable of doing. If girls would be of any real use in the home they must be quick to notice what is wanted—the room that needs dusting, the flowers which require rearranging, the curtain which has lost a ring, and is therefore drooping. And then they must not only be willing to do it pleasantly, but without making people feel that they are suffering martyrdom.

EDISON GIVES ADVICE

A New York reporter is an interview with Thos. A. Edison at his laboratory at West Orange, N. J., on his sixty-ninth birthday last week, had the following advice handed out to him:

"To live long and happily cut down your food and cut out your booze.

"Cigarettes ought to come under the Sullivan law—even their possession should mean the penitentiary.

"Beer with only two per cent. alcohol might be all right, but whiskey should be classed with narcotics.

"Woman ought to have the vote—we can't stop them if we would."

"The allies will win."

WHAY BROUGHT HER BACK

A husband was recently very sad because his wife had gone on a visit which she would not shorten in spite of his appeals to come home.

He finally hit upon a plan to induce her to return. He sent her a copy of each of the local papers with one item clipped out, and when she wrote to find out what it was he had clipped from the papers he refused to tell her.

The scheme worked admirably. In less than a week she was home to find out what it was that had been going on that her husband did not want her to know about.

DR. HOWARD KELLY'S VIEW

Dr. Howard A. Kelly, of the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, one of the greatest authorities in the medical world, recently said:

"Liquor in all its forms and used for any purpose whatever, I believe to be an unmitigated evil. I believe in fighting it in every way possible. For about fifteen years I have never prescribed or recommended it for any cause whatever. Tell your surgeon who prescribes alcohol and says it does good that he is living just ten years behind this age."