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All accounts collected monthly.

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"When it comes to fine hardware you certainly have the goods."

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WHAT CAN A LITTLE CHAP DO?

What can a little chap do
For his country and for you?
What can a little chap do?

He can fight like a Knight
For the truth and the light—
That's one good thing he can do.

He can shun all that's mean,
He can keep himself clean,
Both without and within—
That's another good thing he can do.

His soul he can brace
Against everything base,
And the trace will be seen
All his life in his face—
That's a very fine thing he can do.

He can look to the Light,
He keep his thought white,
He can fight the great fight,
He can do with his might
What is good in God's sight—
Those are excellent things he can do.

Though his years be but few,
He can march to the queue
Of the Good and the Great,
Who battled with fate
And won through—
That's a wonderful thing he can do.

And—in each little thing
He can follow the King.
Yes—in each small thing
He can follow The King—
He can follow The Christ, The King.

—John Oxenham in Princess Mary's Gift Book.

FAITHFUL

HARRIET L'MMIS SMITH

IT was very early that morning when Dan opened his eyes. Outside the world was a miracle of silvery gray, the sky tinted with pink, the sea opalescent. After the sun had mounted higher, there would be a rosy splendor in the east, and the silver water would turn blue. Sometimes in the early morning Dan went over to the window, wrapped in a blanket, and sat watching the daily miracle which never lost its wonder.

But this morning he was not thinking of sky or water. His eyes went to the figure beside his bed, a slender figure with something in its appearance suggestive of excessive weariness. Dan moved only his eyes. His body lay rigid, motionless. But his father saw the flicker of the eyelids and rose immediately.

"How do you feel now, my boy?"

Dan tried bravely to smile, but made bad work of it.

"Father, it hurts pretty bad. I'm afraid it's something worse than bruises."

"Hurts to touch, does it?" The father lifted his hand, to lay it on the boy's side. It almost seemed as if in his recoil from the possible touch, Dan's body sank into the mattress. His eyes were terrified.

"Don't father," he begged. "I—I couldn't stand it. The mere thought had brought out the sweat on his forehead.

The man's arm dropped to his side. He sighed deeply. "Yes, I guess it's worse than bruises. A broken rib, most likely. I'll have to get you a doctor," he ended with finality.

"Yes, I'll have to have a doctor," the boy agreed. His gaze followed the tall figure as it crossed the room. "You have not slept at all, have you, father?"

Waldo Davis shook his head. "That's nothing," he said shortly and then added, "It was near daylight when you went to sleep yourself." He was making his preparations to go ashore, his son could see, and it was with difficulty that he refrained from pleading with him to make haste. That pain which stabbed him whenever he drew his breath, which made the thought of motion a terror, was becoming intolerable.

"I hate to leave you all by yourself," Mr. Davis paused by the door, looking back at his son. "Nothing but a dog to keep you company."

"Shut the door so he can't get in, father," said Dan. "He might jump on the bed; he wouldn't understand." He shut his eyes, calculating. It would take his father a couple of hours to row ashore, two more to return. Four hours, not counting the time necessary for finding a doctor. "I don't know how I'm going to stand it," thought Dan. "That's what mother said when we came to this island. What if any of us were taken sick all of a sudden?"

The thought of his mother did what the pain of his injury had not been able to do, and brought the tears splashing down upon his cheeks. Of course he always missed her. Even if he had loved her less, he could not but have missed her in the solitude of the little island, where his father and himself raised chickens and did their best to coax a few vegetables to grow on the lee side of the lighthouse. But when either of them was sick, the yearning grew keener. Every painful breath he drew emphasized her loss and his loneliness.

They were not the sort of family one would expect to find in a lighthouse on an island along the coast. Waldo Davis had been meant for different things. One glance at his clean-cut, sensitive face told that. But he had played with fire, like many another, overconfident of his own strength, and the time came when his appetite had become his master. Humiliated and incredulous he pitted his strength against it in many a battle, each time to fall ignominiously. It was the wife who had thought of the lighthouse as a chance for him to regain his lost manhood. On that little rocky circle of land, with the blue waters about it, there would be no temptation. She believed that here he could fight and conquer.

If she had lived she might have seen her hopes realized. She was a wonderful woman, how wonderful Dan realized better with every day that passed. She had made the little island, not a prison, but a home. She had kept them all light-hearted. She had studied with Dan, and planted in his heart some of her own inextinguishable ambition. But she had died in little more than a year. And though this had made no change in their way of life Dan knew that his father had not mastered his appetite. Occasionally, not oftener than once in six weeks or two months, he took the boat and went ashore. His short-

HON. DAVID HENDERSON
ACTON

Two of the veteran members of the House of Commons, Mr. David Henderson, of Halton, and Mr. Andrew Broder, of Dundas, have been made Privy Councillors. These two venerable and popular members were the recipients of innumerable congratulations from their fellow-members of both sides of the House. Both members have long and honorable political careers, and while the new titles carry no additional emolument and no added duties they are regarded as perhaps belated tributes to their worth as public men. They will now be known as "Honorable"; will be entitled to be called, if their advice is desired, to the Privy Council meetings; will have precedence over their fellow-members at state functions and will have the right to wear gold braided uniforms, including even knickerbockers.

Mr. Henderson was first elected to the House of Commons in a bye-election in 1888, but was unseated. He was returned as member for Halton in 1891 and has continuously represented this County since that date.

est absence had been twenty-four hours. His longest was nearly a week. And while he was gone, Dan tended the light and waited heart-sick and afraid. Each time his father returned red-eyed, disinclined to speak, offering no explanations, and took up his work again. But Dan suspected that this could not last. Even though the light burned clear each night, if its keeper were ashore in a drunken stupor, the authorities were sure to find it out, sooner or later.

Dan heard the splash of the oars in the water. Then he heard the dog whining at his door. After a time the clock struck six. He told himself he must be patient. The doctor could hardly get there before eleven. If he had endured the pain since his fall from the spruce tree in midafternoon of the preceeding day, he could certainly bear it five hours longer. Yet put as brave a face upon it as he could, the five hours stretched before him like an eternity.

He slept fitfully that morning. Once or twice he moved and roused himself shrieking with pain. The end of the broken rib stabbed him torturingly. The clock struck nine soon after, and he congratulated himself that his time of waiting was more than half over. Two hours or perhaps less than two remained. Perhaps his father would be able to find a doctor and start back in less than an hour. Yet while he struggled to keep up his courage, he realized that now the minutes seemed endless.

Eleven o'clock came at last. He listened for the splash of his father's oars, the sound of his voice, and of two pairs of feet, crossing the sandy dooryard. The clock struck twelve. He thought of what that hour meant in the towns, the tooting of factory whistles, children pouring out of school, workers freed, and hurrying to their noon meal. The thought of that pulsing life made him feel more desperately lonely and deserted.

By two o'clock his mood had changed. He was no longer straining his ear for the sound of an oar. He was facing the possibility that his father was not coming. Knowing his weakness as he did, Dan had never thought of this, that he could leave his son suffering, tortured, while he lost all semblance to a man in some low drinking place along shore. If he could do that, he would not remember the light.

"I couldn't get up those stairs," groaned Dan. "I believe it would kill me." He had spoken aloud after the fashion of those who are much alone, and his words brought a familiar phrase into his mind. "Be thou faithful unto death." He heard himself saying it over mechanically. "Unto death." For all his almost sleepless night, he did not doze off again.

At five o'clock he faced the truth. His father was not coming, and the light must burn. Though every movement hurt incredibly, he tore a strip from the sheet, and bound it around his body. The tightly drawn bandage kept the broken rib from scraping so cruelly. He lay back when he had finished, dripping with perspiration, ghastly white, but grimly determined. Come what it might, the light must burn.

The dog broke into frantic and delighted yelping as Dan opened the door, and then seeming to comprehend the situation, instead of leaping upon his master, as he would have done ordinarily, crouched and whimpered, licking his hand. Dan staggered to the kitchen. He had not eaten for more than twenty-four hours, and he dared not trust himself to begin the painful ascent of the stairs without food. There was no fire, but he found a bowl of cold soup left from the day before and he forced himself to drink a little of it. Then he made his way to the steep iron stairs leading up to the big lamp and the reflectors, upon whose warning the safety of some good ship might depend.

"Faithful unto death. Faithful unto death." The words went through his mind again and again as he dragged himself up the endless stairs. But when the light shone out clear, like a sister to the evening star, just visible in the west, Dan lay unconscious on the floor, wrapped in merciful oblivion. The dog, sitting like a guardian beside him, lifted his slender muzzle and howled piteously.

Morning had come again when a boat had reached the island, carrying three men. Dan's father was first ashore, but hardly had his foot touched the strip of beach before the was dog bounding down the stairs barking furiously. Dan opened his eyes to see his father bending over him.

"Dan, Dan, my boy! I didn't mean to do this." His grief was terrible, but the doctor put him aside with authority.

"Not now," he said. "The boy mustn't be bothered with that now."

As a matter of fact, it was weeks later in the hospital, when at last the pendulum had swung back toward life and health, that Dan heard his father's story.

"I never thought that you couldn't trust me, my boy. I'd have struck a man down who'd have suggested that I could have failed you at such a time. But I was in a hurry to get ashore, and I took that short cut. And in the narrows my boat overturned. Some fishermen picked me up and as I was wet and shivering, one of them gave me his flask. I emptied it. Dan, and then I was dead to everything but that horrible craving. I begged for more and they gave it to me, grinning and winking to see me pour it down. When I got to land at last, I was too far gone to know what I had come for. I had another drink or two, so they told me, afterwards, and that was the last of me till about three o'clock the next morning. I wakened then and remembered."

Dan shut his eyes tightly. He could not bear the look of reminiscent agony in his father's face.

"I staggered out of doors. I don't know what I was ready to do, but I realized that I was too vile a thing to live any longer. And then I looked out to sea and saw the light. Dan, at the sight of it, I was as sober as I am this minute. I dropped to my knees and promised my God I'd never touch another drop of liquor. I've been ashore now five weeks, passing saloons every day, and I've never even wanted to go inside. You've gone down to death's door to do it, Dan, but with God's help you have made a man of your father."

A tear trickled from under Dan's closed lids. He moved his thin hand feebly and his father's fingers closed tightly over it. For the first time Dan remembered that there was something more to the verse which had been his inspiration in the crisis of his life. For to those who are faithful unto death, is promised an abundant reward.

SAFEGUARD YOUR POISONS

Many of these are used in this age of modern agriculture development and they are truly very necessary. At the same time the wise farmer will take ample precaution that they will not be a possible source of danger to children or to others in the house.

For the sweets used to attract flies will also attract the toddler just beginning to explore the mysteries and the wonders of the old home. Paris green is also an alluring powder to a child, and carbolic acid and other dangerous but necessary germicides and disinfectants are sometimes taken by mistake for medicines.

These materials should be stored in a place where they cannot be readily secured by children, preferably under lock and key, and should be placed in tight vessels properly labeled. All fly-killing solutions containing poisons, especially those containing arsenic in dangerous proportions, should be placed where children can by no means reach them.

Now that spring is drawing near with its usual visitation of bugs, blights and flies, the matter should be carefully considered. Remove all chance of danger from your home. Build a small poison cabinet, build it now and keep it locked.

BY THE RULES OF THE GAME

Little Mary Lou was eager to get back to her new doll and didn't know there was going to be any dessert. She slipped quietly from her chair, hoping she would not be observed.

Out in the hall she met the cook with the ice cream, and as quietly as she had left it she slipped back to her accustomed place at the table.

"Mary Lou," said her mother reprovingly, "I thought you had finished your dinner. It isn't polite to come back."

"But I didn't excuse myself, mother," the little girl said quickly.

GRATEFUL

"My boy," said the elderly millionaire at the end of a lecture on economy, "when I was your age I carried water for a gang of section hands."

"I'm proud of you, dad," answered the gilded youth. "If it hadn't been for your pluck and perseverance I might have had to do something of the sort myself."

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From Our Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, March 12th, 1896

Mr. Oliver Lesby has purchased from Mr. J. R. Cripps, the adjoining fifty acres, part lot 31, con. 6, Nassagaweya.

The noble St. Bernard dog of Mr. Samuel Laird was poisoned last week. He was valued at $50.

Mr. H. T. Arnold has purchased the old family residence on the Moore homestead, corner Church and Frederick Streets, and will remove it to the lot in the rear of his glove factory, corner Mill and Wilbur Streets.

Mr. H. Swackhamer's new house on Main Street is about completed, and will be occupied by Mr. John McQueen, of Rockwood, who has opened agricultural implement warerooms in the building opposite C. C. Speight's shop on Main Street.

Acton Temperance Union holds very well-attended weekly meetings. Last Friday's meeting was of unusual interest. Instrumental selections by Miss Turton, and Messrs. Allan Campbell and Warren Pollard; solo, "The Cricket on the Hearth," Miss Nellie Matthews; solo, with auto harp, Miss Edna Thurston; and choruses "Vote it Out," "The Sweetest Draught," and "Good-bye," by the Temperance Glee Club. In addition, an excellent twenty-minute speech by Mr. Harry Jeans on "The Enemies of Prohibition."

Rev. R. Hobbs, of Brantford, who commenced his career as an ordained minister in Acton in 1877, preached missionary anniversary sermons in the Methodist Church last Sunday. His morning text was "Give ye them to eat," Matt. 14, 16; and in the evening from Solomon's Song, 6, 10. Mr. Hobbs has evidently lost none of his old-time energy.

Ottawa, Mar. 11.—The Remedial Bill is the all absorbing topic and will continue to be so for some time to come. The debate, which has now been in progress for ten days, is almost certain to drag out until the end of next week. The political situation is most difficult to fathom, and no one on the ground at present will venture a prediction as to the possible outcome.

DIED

CARVNER—In Milton, on March 7th, Isaac Carvner, postmaster, aged 60 years.

McPHERDRAN—In Nassagaweya, on February 28th, Maggie McPhadran, aged 36 years.

THE LITTLE FIREMAN

David looked sadly at his fireman's suit that last Christmas had brought him. It had been his favorite gift of all, but now he wondered if he really ought to wear it. For when he had put it on the other day, the big high school boys who lived in the apartment above had laughed at him, and cried:

"You're a pretty fireman, you are! Why, you couldn't blow out a match!"

David did not know—how could he?—that the big boy's Latin grammar had not agreed with him, and that that was the reason why he was so cross.

So he spread the suit out on the lounge and looked longingly at it. Then he slipped on the high boots, struggled into his jacket, and last of all, cocked his hat at an alarming angle on his head, and called boldly in the direction of the upper floor:

"Guess I can play fireman if I want to!"

He stamped heavily out into the hall, and then all at once he saw his chance to show if his courage was real or make-believe, for curling in the upper story there was smoke, and everywhere a choking sense of fire. David thought very quickly for a six-year-old boy. Certainly he must not scare mother; she was sick. And the janitor was so old and deaf and slow, and you had to ring his bell over so many times! That would not do, either. No, he must run quickly to the engine-house on the corner. And he ran, quicker than he ever thought he could run, almost as fast as he ran in his dreams at night. Then everything happened so quickly that it really did seem like a dream, after all, when he thought it over. For as he stammered out his message to the chief, the fireman swung into line, the horses came out to their places and galloped away, and the whole engine-house was empty quicker than I have told you this. David ran after them as fast as he could, and stood at the edge of the crowd that had gathered thickly, as such crowds always do, a pathetic, little tired-out figure in his rakish fireman's outfit.

The chief saw him, and—the fire was soon out—pushed a place for him through the crowd, and let him stand with his hand resting on the hose itself. David was a real fireman at last! And how proud he felt when he heard the chief say to a man with a note book standing near, "Yes, a small fire, of course, but it might have been a much bigger one if this plucky little fellow hadn't run to tell us in time!"

The next day the newspapers printed the story of David's courage. A hero and a fireman all at once! David could hardly believe it! But he was pleased when the high school boy stopped him on the stairs and shook handswith him and said, "Say, boy! That suit's all right! You're a real fireman, after all!"

ADVERTISING

Advertising pays but not in advance.

If ever you reach the point in business where you do not have to advertise somebody else will own the business.

Some men imagine they are advertising when they buy space and fill it with words.

Don't expect the advertising man to root out the fattest grubs if you put a ring in his nose.

There never was an advertisement that cost too much if it was worth it.

Advertising is teaching and the more we teach the more we learn.

Knocking the other fellow's advertisement doesn't improve your own.

Publicity promotes goodness and prevents badness.

As much can be learned by studying mistakes as successes.

Advertising is not a gamble; the fellow who tries to do business without it is taking all the chances.

Some advertisements read as if the writer had forgotten what he had to sell.

WINTER MAGIC

Desolation in the garden,
Where the royal roses grow;
Where the crackling seed-pods harden
In their film of frozen dew;
Where the cedar-tree stands warden
Of the litt'e path we know.

Where the wind comes up and, sighing
With a voice of throbbing pain,
Whispers through dead branches, dying
When the long night comes again,
And the sleeted grass is lying
Like a swath of silver grain.

But the hearth-fire bright is burning
And the kettle starts to sing,
While the my-tery we're learning
That there is a magic thing
With the wand of fancy turning
Winter's evening into spring.

And again we walk together
Where the softer breezes blow,
Side by side, and wonder whether
Other hearts can ever know
Of love's garden, where June weather
Always tids the roses grow!

—Eldredge Denison.

TRUE HOSPITALITY

"Dear me," said Nan Burton. "Mother thinks we really ought to do something for Alice Fordyce before she goes back to the city."

"Well," said her sister Katharine, brightly, "I think so myself. She has been perfectly lovely to us all summer. She has taken us driving and motoring and invited us to luncheons and tennis parties and teas."

"But how can we? Sarah couldn't serve a luncheon properly to save her life and besides we haven't bouillion cups or ramekins or anything we really need."

"Besides," said Katherine, "we couldn't afford it and she wouldn't enjoy it. When I go visiting I don't care to take long motor trips into the country, no matter how beautiful it is. I see country enough at home. I want to see beautiful houses and museums, and flatten my country nose against the shop-windows and I believe that when city folks go into the country they don't want to attend fine entertainments like they go to all winter long.

"I am going to ask Alice Fordyce to go off on an all-day pic-nic with just you and me and Bess. We'll drive up to North Conway by the Rabbit Track, and for luncheon we'll take doughnuts and apple butter and grape tarts and all the things that Mrs. Fordyce never has on her elegantly appointed table."

Nan gasped with horror. "Why, Katharine Allis Burton. I should consider it almost an insult to ask a girl who is accustomed to motors and matched spans and footmen to jog up to Conway in our rickety antiquated carriage. Old Jack stops to ruminate at every fence-post."

"That is just why I am asking her," returned Katharine, "because it will be so different. I heard her say once that their automobiles and horses went so fast she could never stop to pick wild flowers. You know how conventional everything always is at the Fordyces'. At two they lie down, precisely on the note of three the horses dash up to the porte-cochere, the ladies seat themselves, the horses dash down the river road and back through Allenville and return by the river road.

"They never get any of the delightful thrills and surprises that come to the explorer of new roads; they never have any of the real fun of the country."

"It quite brings the tears to my eyes to hear you discourse so plaintively on the sorrows of the rich," murmured Nan, ironically, nor was she convinced of the wisdom of Katharine's invitation even when she heard the city girl accept it with enthusiasm.

But as the day drew closer for the pic-nic wore on, Nan was obliged to confess to herself, and finally to Katharine, that Alice Fordyce was not merely pretending to have a good time, and they were becoming better acquainted than they had become during all the formal intercourse of the summer.

They exchanged greetings or stopped to chat with half the old farmers they met; they left the old horse contentedly nibbling by the wayside whenever the fancy seized them to scramble up a steep bank in search of maidenhair or rock ferns, to plunge into the depths of the cool forests, or dabble their feet in the singing brooks.

They ate their luncheon on a great flat rock at the foot of a cataract that dropped exhausted into a deep, sullen pool and then ran noisily away beside the climbing, winding Rabbit Track.

It was the elegant Miss Fordyce herself who tipped the lunch box to get the last crumb of a cooky. And when at the end of a long day Alice laid down her armful of flowers, that she might better thank the two sisters "for the loveliest day of her whole summer," it was Nan who looked down from her seat in the shabby carriage into the glowing eyes of her city friend and invited her to a husking party in the old barn.

"Just as soon as the men bring up the corn and pumpkins," she called, dapping the reins upon Jack's shaggy old back. "You'll think it great fun, I know."

TIME TO BE CAREFUL

Genial Squire—Many happy returns, William. I was just going to call on you with a little present of tobacco.

William (aged eighty)—Thank ye kindly, sir, but I be done wi' smokin'.

Genial Squire—Why, how's that?

William—Well, I've 'ead that between eighty and ninety's a ticklish part o' a man's life, so I be takin' no chances.—London Punch.

Relief From Asthma. Who can describe the complete relief from suffering which follows the use of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy? Who can express a feeling of joy that comes when its soft and gentle influence relieves the tight-toned, choking air tubes? It has made asthmatic affliction a thing of the past for thousands. It never fails. Good druggists everywhere have sold it for years.

Simple and Sure.—Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is so simple in application that a child can understand the instructions. Used as a liniment the only direction is to rub, and when used as a dressing to apply. The directions are so plain and unmistakable that they are readily understood by young or old.