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All accounts collected monthly.

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All at Lowest Prices.

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(100% Pure Guaranteed)
The Bond Store carries every Spring Hardware necessity. Write or call. All information cheerfully supplied.

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

If You Think
Of personal adornment above all else you are branded as vain,
IF YOU THINK of everything else before good appearance you are branded as slovenly. There's a baker's dozen of COMMON SENSE reasons for wearing our new eye glass mountings—and they can't help making you look your best. They're made that way

NOTICE
The Spring term in Shaw's Business Schools Toronto, from April 3rd merges into the summer term for July and August. Start now and be ready for position in Autumn. No vacations. Free catalogue. W. H. Shaw, Pres.

A WONDERFUL BURNER

WHY RUIN YOUR EYES?
If you could have the gas or electric light in your home at the same cost as your oil lamps, you would have it installed at once.
The White Light Mavo Lamp Burner will give you as bright a light as either gas or electricity, and as cheap as your ordinary smoky, stinky lamp and it will give as bright a light with the cheapest coal oil as with the best American Oil. Try it and you will never do without it. Special Offer—Send 75c. for a No. 2 Burner which fits any lamp that uses a one-inch wick. It is used the same as an ordinary burner. Order to-day or write for descriptive circular. Agents wanted everywhere.
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Footwear
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Spring is Coming and we have a full assortment of boots and shoes and rubbers and rubber boots suitable for the wet weather.
Several lines of
Slaters', Regal, Ames-Holden for Men
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We have school boots for children and farm boots for men and women. Rubbers and Rubber Boots to suit all needs.
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TORONTO CANADA

THE HUB
The sort of a suit you want is one which fits and becomes you and which conforms to the other demands of both style and the money. If men really knew just how the clothes we make look and wear they would all come here. Order your Spring Suit now and get your choice of the new spring goods.

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Custom Tailor
Mill St. - Acton

LET US BE KIND

Let us be kind;
The way is long and lonesome,
And human hearts are asking for this blessing only—
That we be kind.
We cannot know the grief that men may borrow,
We cannot see the souls storm-swept by sorrow,
But love can shine upon the way to-day, to-morrow—
Let us be kind.
Let us be kind;
This is a wealth that has no measure,
This is of heaven and earth the highest treasure—
Let us be kind.
A tender word, a smile of love in meeting,
A song of hope and victory to those retreating,
A glimpse of God and brotherhood while life is fleeting—
Let us be kind.
Let us be kind.
Around the world the tears of time are falling,
And for the loved and lost these human hearts are calling—
Let us be kind.
To age and youth let gracious words be spoken,
Upon the wheel of pain so many weary lives are broken.
We live in vain who give no tender token—
Let us be kind.
Let us be kind;
The sunset tints will soon be in the west.
Too late the flowers are laid on the quiet breast—
Let us be kind.
And when the angel guides have sought and found us
Their hands shall link the broken ties of earth that bound us,
And heaven and home shall brighten all around us—
Let us be kind.
—The British Weekly.

The Boy Who "Had No Chance"

ETHEL POWELSON HURSTON

IN some of the mountain-surrounded cities of Colorado, the residents living high on the hills are unable to buy ice in the old, time-honored manner with a wagon making delivery at the door. The ice companies think the wear on horses and wagons costs more than the money for the ice, and refuse to make delivery. In such cases, boys with their sturdy hand wagons are utilized. They go to the ice house, buy the desired amount of ice, and haul it home in the little wagon for the sum of five cents a trip—the five cents in addition, of course, to the price of the ice. And every spring ambitious lads run about the neighborhood seeking ice customers. The first boy who came to our door was an Italian, small sized, too slender, but with bright, dark, clever eyes. We readily made a bargain with Carlo, and then tried to get acquainted with him. It was no use. He had very little to say, for or against him. He answered questions in the briefest way, volunteering no items on his own account.

But the weeks passed, and every other day Carlo climbed the hill to our door with a good-sized piece of ice, as regular and reliable as the sun himself, and always departed with his cap in his hand and a seemingly heartfelt "Thank you, ma'am." So we asked the neighbors about him.

"Carlo has never had any chance," they said, with unanimity. "He is to be pitied. He's never had a chance."

His father had been killed in a mine accident when Carlo was little more than a baby. His mother was confined to the house with an incurable deformity. One sister worked in a candy factory, and two other, very bright sisters were kept in school, looking forward to the extravagantly rich profession of school-teaching. But Carlo was "just a runt" his mother said, tenderly, and he made no progress in his studies nor in anything else. He worked hard tending the few chickens owned by the family, making garden, doing odd jobs about the little shabby home. He tried most persistently "to get work" down town, but his smallness, and his delicate appearance, stood in his way. So he spent the long hot summer days hauling ice, mowing lawns, and doing the other neighborhood tasks that take much time and energy, but give small remuneration.

"Carlo will never amount to anything," people said, his own family more loudly than any one else. "He was injured when he was little, and he doesn't grow, and he can't study, and he can't do anything. He's never had a chance to get ahead."

One day we were resting in the little park near by. Two boys, with wagons, passed on the path just behind us.

"Hello, Carlo."

"Hello, Lloyd."

"I'm just going for my ice."

"This is my second trip."

The boys stopped, and Lloyd lifted the gunny sack to examine the piece of ice.

"That's a big piece. Is it a fifteen-center?" Who's it for?"

"It's for Mrs. Willis. It's a ten-center. Mrs. Lee is the only one of my customers who gets fifteen cents worth."

"Say, Carlo, you chump, why don't you take this piece to Mrs. Lee? It's plenty big enough for fifteen cents. And then you can keep the extra nickel."

Carlo rubbed one foot on the other. "I got it for Mrs. Willis," he said. "The man gave it for ten cents."

"Well, it's too much for ten, and she'll never know the difference. Aw, go on and keep that extra nickel. It's all right. Why won't you do it? What's wrong about it?"

"I don't know what's wrong about it" said Carlo, gloomily, "but I ain't going to do it, Lloyd. It don't look right."

"There is more to Carlo than folks have imagined," we said.

After that, watching, we found that Carlo's habit of life was just doing or not doing, according to whether things looked right or not. He did not reason them out. He did not argue. But some things "did not look right," and Carlo was not to be tempted.

And then, one time, Carlo was in a salvation meeting, and during a sermon there came a flash into his heart. A little later Carlo wished to be taken into the church. Summer passed, and school days came, and Carlo went back to school. His teacher said to the writer later: "There's something in Carlo. I don't know what, but he is different. He's going to make a chance for himself, I believe."

Talking with Carlo, we found that books did not appeal to him, but he was looking ahead into the years and he saw Service. And with his new knowledge he felt that he must be prepared.

As the fall went on, how the Italian boy did work! Every minute, outside the time when he was tending chickens, or shoveling snow, he pored over the old, detested textbooks.

"Carlo," I said one evening, over a year later, "your teacher tells me that you are making it, she says you are getting ahead."

He smiled broadly and twisted his cap in his hands.

"She says you are changed this year. Won't you tell me about it?"

We were friends by that time, and I had his confidence. He looked up with intense, beautiful earnestness, and said:

Every one always said I never had a chance to do anything, and that I never would get anywhere, and it seemed silly to work hard when it wouldn't amount to anything anyhow. But you remember how I got converted that night. Just quick like. Then I said, 'I'll work my head off if I have to, but I'm going to be ready if any chance ever does come my way!'

Carlo is not proving one of the most brilliant, most quick-witted students, but he is one who can be relied upon. His purpose is unchanging, his determination unflagging. He had his vision and the inspiration came. When the "chance" comes to Carlo, he will be ready for it.

THE BOY AT THE BACK DOOR

It was an alert, bright-faced boy who knocked at Mrs. Scott's door. But Mrs. Scott was discussing with her husband the question of whether the dining room should be papered or not, and she was not interested in half-grown boys. "Nothing to-day," she said.

"It's your grass," explained the boy quickly, before she could get the door shut. "It needs cutting."

"Yes, it does," Mrs. Scott admitted, "but I generally give that work to a man who comes round every now and then." Again she started to shut the door but the boy was not quite ready.

"I guess he's a little late this time," he said with a twinkle.

"Yes, he is," admitted Mrs. Scott. Indeed she complained so often of the unreliability of the man who did her odd jobs that she could not deny it now. "But he's a big strong fellow," she added in a tone implying that size and strength were what she was after.

"A fellow doesn't have to be so very big and strong to cut grass," said the boy. "Some of those six-footers make you pay extra for their height." He smiled at her in a friendly fashion as he added, "Now I'm not tall enough to charge for anything but the work I do."

Mr. Scott, who had listened with interest to the conversation, now took an unexpected part. "Isn't your father out of work?" he inquired. "And aren't there eight children in the family?"

The boy laughed. It was plain that he understood the point of Mr. Scott's inquiries.

"No, sir," he said. "I'm hustling a job but I'm not begging. My father's the steadiest kind of a workman, and there's only four of us. But I like to earn a little money to help out."

"I think I'll let you do it," said Mrs. Scott, making up her mind in the sudden way she had, and she gave directions as to where to find the lawn mower.

After the familiar music began under the windows, Mr. Scott said to Mrs. Scott, "If that work is done as well as I think it will be, and that boy wants steady work, I think I'll take him on at the office and train him to be a salesman."

"A salesman!" Mrs. Scott cried. "Why do you think that he will make a salesman?"

"I think he's one by nature. Did you plan to have the grass cut to-day?"

"No-o."

"Did you mean to have him cut it?"

"No, I meant to wait for Harris. But you know Harris—"

"Yes. I understand that. Did you care to bother with a stranger just now?"

"No, I didn't," acknowledged Mrs. Scott. "But he wouldn't take no for an answer."

"That's it. He was persistent and yet polite. He interested you when you didn't wish to be interested. He showed you that you wanted the grass cut when you didn't know it. These things make salesmanship. If in addition he is a fellow that 'makes good,' he is the sort I am looking for."

THE BOY WHO IS OVER-HELPED

The worst difficulty any boy has to contend with is too much help. The assistance of a private tutor may help him to stand well up in his classes, but it is fatal to the self-reliance on which his future largely depends. His father's money may give him a start in life, but it will not provide the training and discipline another youth possesses who has worked his way up from the bottom of the ladder. The boy who is over-helped makes the man who does not know how, to help himself, and there is a danger that when he wakes up to a realization of his deficiencies, it will be too late for him to learn.

SUCCESSFUL PEOPLE WORK TO THE LIMIT

Thy friend who is continually telling you that you must not work too hard, probably means well, but it is a question whether he is doing you a real service. Overwork defeats its own ends and undermines efficiency, instead of promoting it, therefore the line must be drawn this side of overwork. But only just this side, remember. Successful people are those who work up to the limit of their strength and ability. The desultory worker who thinks more of not overtaxing his strength than of getting things done, is not the man who is heard from. Underworking is a more serious danger than overworking.

WHAT CONSTITUTES SUCCESS

THAT man is a success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and gave the best he had. Whose memory is a benediction.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

LIQUOR FALSEHOODS

To the Editor:

The public should be warned of the misrepresentations and falsehoods published by the liquor interest for the purpose of casting doubt upon the value of prohibition of the liquor traffic. They are fighting a desperate rear guard fight in defence of what they consider their right to make easy money by the sale of what is now acknowledged the world over to be a very harmful drug.

They seem to have a regular organization of writers whose business it is to cast discredit upon prohibition or any other restraint of their business. Their principal weapons are misrepresentation of real facts and the persistent assertion that prohibition is a failure in some distant place. They give figures that seem so fair that they deceive many people who do not know the facts. For instance at one time Prince Edward Island our only Province that has prohibition had more insane than any other Province. For various reasons Prince Edward Island had attracted a number of patients from outside the Island and they hold this up as a proof that prohibition causes insanity. As many insane are insane for life, it takes some years of prohibition before much reduction is seen, but drunkenness and crime show a marked reduction almost immediately.

They are careful not to tell that some of the wet Provinces have nearly forty times as much crime as our only dry Province, yet the last census report shows that to be the fact. In fact drunkenness and crime are almost absent in Prince Edward Island, the statistics showing only 1.1 per ten thousand population.

They used figures to show that certain cities in the State of Maine had so much drunkenness as before prohibition but they carefully concealed the fact that these were cities that refused to close the saloons. They did the same thing about Kansas. They now point to the State of Kansas as having as many prisoners in penitentiary as license States have. They do not tell that in Kansas there is a very large Federal penitentiary to which prisoners are sent from all over the United States and that there has not been a Kansas in it for years. There is a State penitentiary in Kansas the Governor of which declares that prohibition has been a great success.

Sometimes they resort to absolute falsehoods trusting that few will know the truth. Thus recently they wrote that Nova Scotia which is half prohibition, had more drunkenness and more arrests for drunkenness than any other Province. The latest statistics show that Nova Scotia had only 8.0 per thousand population while British Columbia had 21.3 and when Nova Scotia had 14.8 convictions for crime per ten thousand British Columbia had 42.3 and Alberta 43.0.

The fact is that a prohibitory law even though poorly enforced is a great blessing, as thousands are glad of the excuse to break away from the ruinous treating habit.

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

THE TENDENCY TO KNOCK

An editor started out the other morning to ask his friends for subjects for a few editorials. He interviewed each of them, and asked what he should write about next day. Five of them suggested that he "take a fall" out of something, meaning in the language that he write scathing criticisms of this or that. One fellow suggested that he say something about the advantages of a thing in which he was himself interested.

Five-sixths of the people interviewed wanted to knock something. Not one out of the six had a helpful suggestion to make—at least not an unselfish suggestion, for the loss individual who wanted something boosted knew it would be in his interest to boost it. So the editor went back to his office somewhat disgusted with the tendency of people to knock, and opened his mail.

There were eight or ten letters addressed to him. Some of them intended for publication and some of them were not. Those intended for publication without the exception of one contained a knock, and in a few instances the knocks were so radical, so personal, so abusive, that the letter could not be printed. The balance of the letters were condemnations of certain statements which the editor had made during the past few days. And still no hint, but everybody in the world wanted to knock.

Then the editor did as he pleased to do: he wrote several little articles of pleasantness, never a knock being in evidence. He felt good from top to bottom, much of charity, of happiness, much of beauty—and told about it. He didn't allow the tendency to knock to effect him in his writings. And while folks didn't take the trouble to write to him, he felt and knew that his efforts to brighten the world a little, were appreciated.

So he came to the conclusion that the tendency to knock is only superficial; that people speak that way without serious thought; that at heart most men are kindly. But the heart lies deep in the body like pure water that flows beneath the surface of the earth; you must bore for it, but it is worth boring for.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From Our Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, May 7th, 1896

Mr. James Matthews has planted 2,300 apple and pear trees and small fruits on his farm this spring.

Mr. George Wilds has bought from Mrs. Wilson Ramshaw her house and lots on Main Street for $600

Mr. Daniel Robertson, of Nassagaweya, brought to this office on Saturday evening a large bouquet of pure white wild lilies of superior size and beauty. They were honored as floral decorations in the Methodist Church on Sunday.

Messrs. Savage & Co., Petrolia, have their plant in operation boring an artesian well for the new tanyard for Beardmore & Co. Mr. M. Hinz, Eramosa, has a large gang of men at work on the construction of the long bridge over the ravine from the end of John Street to the tannery, and men and carts are busy removing portions of the old building and making necessary excavations.

The Municipal Assessor has completed his list. Acton property is assessed at $271,700. The population is enumerated at 1325. 70 dogs are assessed.

The memorial service and requiem mass in St. Joseph's Church for the late Rev. R. D. Maloney, of Durham, a native of Acton, was conducted by six of the clergymen of the diocese on Thursday morning last. Miss Jessie Blanchfield, of Oustic, sang a solo during the service.

There are now twenty-four bicyclists who ride wheels here, with eighteen different named machines. The riders are: W. Watkins, T. Gibbons, P. Kirkness, E. J. Moore, Geo. Agnew, Rev. R. J. McIntyre, Miss Jessie Nicklin, James Brown, Fred Bailey, Robt. Moore, D. Kopman, John Davidson, Miss Bella Hill, Jas. Fleathbrook, W. Stark, W. J. Pollard, H. Ramshaw, C. Jenner, J. C. Matthews, Fred Smith, L. Campbell, F. H. Storey, W. H. Adams, Geo. Midgely.

Revs. James Harris and Wm. Savage, of Guelph, and their partners in life have decided to pay an extended visit to England. These reverend gentlemen were schoolmates in the old land over sixty years ago. Both are well-known in Acton.

Rev. Wm. Bryers preached the communion sermon at the Brick Church on Sunday morning, and administered the sacrament there ..... Mr. R. J. Edmiston preached at Everton on Sunday evening. ..... Rev. D. Strachan, of Rockwood, preached in Knox Church on Sunday and officially declared the pulpit vacant.

THE SUCCESSFUL CLERK

The clerk was discouraged. An elderly lady had just walked out of the store.

"That woman comes here every afternoon," the clerk complained. "She takes up more of my time than I can really afford to give her. I've had to keep it up. The question that bothers me now is whether these extra services we extend to people really pay."

"You bet they do," the clerk's friend replied. "Remember this: The person who pulters around a shop, talking a whole lot and gossiping with everyone that comes in, follows the same habits outside. These people are a great source of loss or gain. That woman is probably the best word of mouth advertise you've got.

This advice was good. Unless he violates a settled policy of his store, no clerk can afford to give less service than the customer asks. If he does he'll be doing himself and his employer an injury.

A woman may enter a store to buy a five-cent spool of thread. She may take up fifteen minutes of a clerk's time finding just the right shade. The clerk would be foolish to attempt to sell the woman something that was not exactly right.

Next week the same woman may re-enter the store and buy $50 worth with less than ten minutes' work on the part of the clerk. —Modern Retailer.

A JUST JUDGE

There is an old New England squire whose knowledge of the statute law is limited, but who decided views as to common justice. Not long ago a certain Zed Smith was brought before him charged with larceny. It appeared from the evidence that Zed had rented a horse from a farmer to do some hauling and that during the period the animal had remained in his possession he had fed it from the owner's stock of grain, the agreement having been that Zed himself was to supply the feed. He was charged by the farmer, therefore, with the theft of two bushels of oats and corn.

"The statutes made and provided," announced the old squire ponderously, "says that theft is to convert to your own use the property of another. The horse is the servant of the owner, not of Zed; and Zed converted them oats to the horse's use, not his. So I acquit Zed of steelin' them oats. He ain't guilty of larceny."

Zed rose, thanked the squire, and was about to leave the room when the old man called him back. "As I said, Zed," he remarked with a gleam of humor in his eye, "you ain't guilty of larceny, but you shore air guilty of something, and I'm goin' to send you to jail for a month for it."—Youth's Companion.

"DUST WILL KEEP BUT VIOLETS WONT"

The spring is here—house-cleaning time
Descends upon the land;
And busy house-wives rush about,
A nervous, worried band.
For with the dawn of springtime fair
They fain must fight the foe,
And scores of microbes, tons of dust
Into oblivion go.

The scent of flowers is in the air,
But what reck they of this?
The birds are singing everywhere,
All this delight they miss;
For don't you know, house-cleaning time
Has come upon the land,
And flats must be turned upside down,
And men won't understand.

O sister mine, hold on a space
In your dreadnaught campaign;
A few weeks more, the self-same place
Will show more dust again;
Just take a sniff of spring-time air
And let the cleaning wait;
For "dust will keep, but violets won't,"
Assome find out to late.

"THE BRAVEST MAN YOU HAVE"

The president of the engineering college leaned back in his chair and thoughtfully studied a list of names in his hand. His visitor watched him closely. Presently he spoke. "We want the bravest man you have. It is no child's task. It is an opportunity that seldom comes to young graduates, but it carries with it big responsibility, and some danger. Bout America is a land of promise, but lands of promise always abound in risks for young workers. That is why we say, give us the bravest man you have."

"There are three men here who may do," said the president slowly. "They are all clever, energetic, ambitious. They are all healthy. They are leaders in the school. In some respects they are very similar—in others widely different."

"I want the bravest."

"Well, here is one who has no conception of the word fear. He will risk anything. He has perfect confidence in himself. He has perfect mastery of himself. He shrinks from nothing. He is resolute, daring—a little reckless."

The other nodded but did not speak.

"Here is one—perhaps the most brilliant in the class, from an engineering point of view. He has great initiative. He is full of what we call 'go-ahead.' He is persistent, too, and patient. He is willing to wait a long time to see results, but he keeps working. He is what the boys call a 'good fellow.' He has a good time—though, I must say, he does not neglect his work in having it."

"I want the bravest," repeated the visitor.

"The third man has a certain amount of fear," said the president. "For instance, he will not touch one glass of intoxicating liquor. The boys may laugh—he is not afraid of laughter. But he says he is afraid if he starts with one glass, he may and, as many do, taking too much! He will not play games of chance—even with stakes at a dime. He is afraid the passion for it may get into his blood. He will not run unnecessary risks in his work—he is afraid of risking too much! He prefers spending an extra day, or week, or year on a task, rather than risk spoiling what he has done, or causing great loss of money, or loss of life. He is afraid of going too far."

The visitor rose at once. "You say he is one of your best engineers?"

"One of the three best. The other two are perhaps more brilliant than he—and they have no fear of anything!"

"I say that he is your bravest man. Do you agree with me?"

The president rose, too, and folded the list. Then he put it in his pocket.

"Yes, I agree with you. His kind o fear is the highest form of valor."

"Quite right. Will you send him to my office at ten to-morrow! He has made no other arrangements for work, has he?"

"I think not."

"We will make it worth his while to come to us. Good-morning!"

TO TEACH CAUTION

The Safety First Federation of America has planned a novel campaign to be carried on in the public schools. Boards of Education throughout the country will be asked to cooperate in giving to children verses and other printed matter, which keep safety measures in mind.

Following is a sample, intended for small boys:

"There is a boy in our town,
And he is very wise;
He always stops and listens,
And uses both his eyes.
He's never in a hurry
To get across the street,
He'll never get run over,
Because he is discreet."

The "literature" of the campaign has been in course of preparation by experts for many months.

For older boys the instruction is practical; the following section will illustrate:

"I must not run my bicycle too close to an automobile or street car."

Education in the prevention of fires is also a part of the programme.

INITIALS SPELL "MOTHER"

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. McClory of Chicago have six children, Mildred, Olive, Theodore, Harry, Elizabeth and Robert, whose initials, properly arranged, spell "mother." This happened by chance, as Harry is the oldest and Elizabeth the youngest.

Women and Asthma. Women are numbered among the sufferers from asthma by the countless thousands. In every climate they will be found, helpless in the grip of this relentless disease unless they have availed themselves of the proper remedy. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy has brought new hope and life to many such. Testimonials, sent entirely without solicitation, show the enormous benefit it has wrought among women everywhere.

Sleep is the great nourisher of infants, and without peaceful sleep the child will not thrive. This cannot be got if the infant be troubled with worms. Miller's Worm Powders will destroy worms and drive them from the system, and afterwards the child's rest will be undisturbed. The powders cannot injure the most delicate baby, and there is nothing so effective for restoring the health of a worm-worn baby.