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All accounts collected monthly.

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TAKE THESE

At all druggists, 25c., or by mail from Chamberlain Medicine Co., Toronto

THE OTHER FELLOW'S JOB

The man behind the harrow, with his jersey full of dirt,
Looks with ever-growing envy at the merchant's laundered shirt;
But the man behind the counter feels the nagging of the trade,
And would swap his polished scissors for the farmer's rusty spade.

In the night the sleepy doctor hears the clanging of the phone,
And, "I wish I were a lawyer," is his aggravated moan
But the lawyer in his nightly hears the doctor's car go past,
And he says, "That lucky doctor must be making money fast."

The man upon the vessel sees the coastline slowly dwarf,
And he longs for terra firma with the man upon the wharf;
While the other marks the vessel moving out alone and free,
And he longs for boundless freedom with the man upon the sea.

The little boy in rompers thinks his daddy first in grace,
And he wishes he were grown up with some whiskers on his face;
But his daddy feels the burden of the mortgage and the debts,
And he wishes he were Willy in his baby pantalets.

The young man sees his sister with her money-spending beau,
And he says, "If I were sister, I could save a lot of dough."
But the young girl sees her brother, with his volatile finance,
And she longs to be the owner of the tailor and the pants.

Says the peasant in his cottage, "What a grand and happy thing,
To have the mighty sceptre and the station of a king!"
Yet I have heard it whispered that the man upon the throne
Would rather be the peasant with a spirit of his own.

So if your lot is irksome, you can set your pulse athrob,
Just by moving on the virtues of the other fellow's job.

THE OLD FAMILY DOCTOR

HENRY C. BRAINARD

THE old doctor has broken down—fallen with the harness on. It had been an exceedingly severe winter, followed by a late, trying spring.

There had been an unusual amount of sickness both in the village and in the outlying country. Diphtheria had raged for weeks in Johnny-Cake Hollow, and the three miles of swamp road necessary to traverse to reach the Hollow road, as old Norris said, "Bin jest perfectly audacious."

Like another One, the doctor had spared not himself. Rheumatism had reached his heart. He had finished his course. "Time and toil his iron strength had spent," and he went up to his chamber to die.

The community was startled, quite shocked. "The doctor sick!" It was almost inconsistent. Liable never to be out again? Why, they could not spare him; he was a fixture in their lives.

"This undecorated soldier, of a hard, unequal strife,
Had fought such stubborn battles with the foes that sought their life;
And when many pined in sickness he had stood so strongly by,
That half the people felt a notion that the doctor couldn't die."

For weeks the doctor kept what his wife in the privacy of the family counsels indulgently called "open house." His daughter pronounced it "a continuous reception." His little grandson said: "Grandpa is holding an open clinic; it comes natural to him." But the old doctor smiled and said: "My patients are simply bringing back my calls."

Many of his visitors did not know each other, would not have spoken to each other on the streets. But the rich and poor, the saint and the sinner, each for reasons of his own, came, and he knew them all alike.

To many he gave some little word, or nod, or token which they alone understood, and would be the better for the remembering. All wanted to do something; some did things the reasons for which only they and the doctor understood.

One morning an elaborately contrived and magnificently upholstered invalid chair appeared in his room. An attached card bore this inscription:

"Presented by members of the common council in token of the years of service given to the public welfare."

Late one dangerously stormy evening there appeared at the doctor's kitchen door a strange, mysterious character. A silent, morose, some said villainous man, who lived alone in a little hut behind the swamps, and sustained a precarious existence, ostensibly by his dogs, his traps and his gun. He laid a large, fat squirrel, with a bullet hole through his head, upon the kitchen table. "For him," he laconically said, jerking his thumb toward the chamber.

The man was soaked in mud and water to his hips. Some one remarked that it was an awful night to be out. The man gruffly replied, "No worse than the night when—" then he suddenly checked himself, glanced apprehensively around, and immediately disappeared in the storm.

One bright morning, just as spring was blushing into summer, a cheaply-clad child bashfully stood in his doorway bearing in her hand a bunch of fresh wild violets. She was one of the children of Johnny-Cake Hollow who had come through the diphtheria in the winter.

The old man brightened, smiled at the child, while he held out his hand with an eager gesture for the violets. He buried his face in their dewy blooms and inhaled a deep inspiration of their woodsy aroma.

All that day a little bunch of wood violets, tied with a bit of wool twine, had a place upon his table by the side of the vase of exotics from Mrs. Judge Elliot's conservatory.

One day Solomon chanced to be tied within range of the doctor's window. Horse and master had broken down together. The doctor espied him, the sash was raised and the doctor called. Instantly Solomon's head went up. A flash of the old fire came into his eyes, his ears twitched, he whinnied, and expectantly raised one forward foot.

The next day Elder Eddy came in. The old circuit rider had been through the schools of life. He had studied throbbing hearts. He was well read in living men. He knew something about practical religion. He and the doctor had had many a battle in words, but their hands always met in warm grasp. They had "farden" together.

"Sit down," said the doctor, indicating a chair by the bedside; "I wish to talk with you." Then, without a word of sentiment, but straight as an arrow to its mark, the doctor talked.

"Elder, I have only a few days to live. I want you to conduct my funeral services; I want you to preach to the living and let the dead alone, because, (a faint smile shining in his face) I shall not be able to answer back. I do not wish—" The elder broke in—his voice a little husky—"See here! you stop! I admit you have downed me in many an argument, but I know you; and as the Lord liveth, and as my soul liveth, in this matter I shall not be bound."

The elder knelt by the bedside. With one hand he grasped the hand of his friend; with the other he seemed to be feeling after God. He found Him. Took hold on Him. Talked with Him as if He knew Him, believed in Him, and trusted Him. And the place was Bethel.

Toward evening, as the sunset hour was coming on, the doctor insisted on being helped into his arm-chair before the open westward window.

He looked lingeringly over across the valley. He gazed along the radiant pathway of light through the golden gate of the setting sun. He gazed steadfastly as if, like Stephen, he saw heaven opening and the glory of God.

His attendant, helping him to lie down, observed that he leaned heavily.

He carefully stretched himself upon his bed, deliberately folded his arms, closed his eyes, and said, "Shade the light and leave me alone; I shall sleep now."

The old doctor slept, and when the attendant came in later there was upon his face the look of one who has found God.

ALCOHOL AND EFFICENCY

One of the significant and unexpected results of the new campaign for scientific efficiency in industry is the movement against alcohol. Now comes the report of the Methodist Temperance Society, indicating how widespread is this movement.

This Society has made a careful investigation of conditions in the iron and steel trades of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and West Virginia. It finds sixty-three large concerns that have taken steps to determine the influence of the moderate use of liquor on working efficiency. Without exception these firms testify that the effect is bad. These corporations include such firms as the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company, the Harrisburg Pipe and Pipe Bending Company and the Illinois Steel Company. Eighty-three of the concerns questioned, in employing and advancing men, discriminate against those who use alcohol. To quote one of them, "Even the most 'moderate' use of alcohol is fatal to a man's chance of advancement." Among these eighty-three firms are the Oliver Chilled Steel Plow Works, the American Steel and Wire Company, and the Pennsylvania Steel Company. Ten great concerns have prohibited absolutely the use of alcohol on the part of employees. Among them are the Reading Iron Company, the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company, and the Lukens Iron and Steel Company.

Under the old rule-of-thumb management this situation would never have come about. The effect of alcohol on efficiency would never have been known exactly. But when the new and supposedly infallible methods of efficiency at times failed, the resulting investigation into the cause showed that it was due to individual usefulness caused by the use of alcohol. And when it was shown that even a little alcohol—as little as might be in two glasses of beer—was the cause, the result was inevitable.

In the scientific plan of efficiency it is necessary to use a military phrase, to hit the bull's eye every time. A bullet in the first ring won't do. In such circumstances a workman need not be anywhere near intoxicated to be inefficient. A glass or two of beer makes the difference between a bull's-eye and a shot in the first circle.

The new plan of efficiency is so profitable to both employer and employee that whatever stands in its way must go. Economic necessity is making converts to prohibition.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS A SALESMAN

When the conduct of man is designed to influence, persuasion—kind, unassuming persuasion, should ever be adopted. It is an old and true maxim, that "a drop of honey catches more flies than a gallon of gall." So with man. If you would win a man to your cause, first convince him that you are his sincere friend. Therein is a drop of honey that catches his heart, which, say what he will, is the great highroad to his reason, and which, when once gained, you will find but little trouble in convincing his judgment of the justice of your cause, if, indeed, that cause be really a just one. On the contrary, assume to dictate to his judgment, or command his action, or to mark him as one to be shunned or despised, and he will retreat within himself, close all the avenues to his head and his heart; and though your cause be naked truth itself, transformed to the heaviest lance, harder than steel, and sharper than steel can be made, and though you throw it with more than herculean force and precision, you shall be no more able to pierce him than to penetrate the shell of a tortoise with a rye straw. Such is man, and so must he understand those who would lead him, even to his own best interest.

FOOL FISH

"What fools these poor fish are to bite at and swallow gaily colored artificial bait," mused the philosopher as he gathered up a fine string of bass and left the lake.

Then he went back to town and invested a lot of money in oil well and gold mine stock.

THE HOME PLACE

"To the home place, to the home place,"
And all eyes are fair aglow with rapture.
The home place is grandpa's farm.

O, the hustle and the bustle. And the train moves almost too slow for the eager travellers. Even hours before the train reaches its destination a little pair of blue eyes and a little pair of brown eyes peep from the car window, each trying in turn to catch the first glimpse of grandpa and the team.

Before the train begins to stop Frances exclaims: "I see the horses!" Then there is a rush to see who can be the first to get grandpa's greeting.

The good, old-fashioned welcome is made more substantial by a box of fried chicken, cookies, etc., that grandpa hands us as he tucks the parents and the little blue eyes and brown eyes into the vehicle, and we start for our twenty-mile ride through the Ozark Mountains.

"Get up, Daisy; get up, Beauty," said Robert, impatiently shaking the lines as the surrey rattled up and down hills.

Grandpa answered many questions about the home folks, while we were drinking in the beauty of the ever-changing scenery about us.

The children were less buoyant when we reached the Osage River. There, dangling in midair, was the suspension bridge we had to cross. The bridge looks somewhat scary to the unaccustomed, yet it has proved a great blessing to the inland farmers. Every day in the year herds of cattle or droves of hogs, on the way to Eastern markets cross this wobbly bridge in perfect safety. The woods fairly ring with "Get up, Daisy; get up, Beauty," until at dusk the light in the window of the dear old farmhouse tells that all is ready and a glad reception is waiting.

Whether it is "Whoa, Daisy," or the crunching sound on the gravelled walk, we cannot tell; yet here comes grandma, brothers and cousins to extend another genuine welcome. How happy are we to be home, to be refreshed by the sweet association of a Christian home.

"How are you, dear?" exclaimed a chorus of voices, instead of "How do you do?" These stylish handshakes and high sounding phrases said oftimes in a perfunctory manner by city-bred folks are forgotten while we revel in the old familiar scenes. It is glorious to be away from fads and fashions. Some one suggested that we might get lessons for city life. Yet what are the achievements of human art compared with the glories of the natural world? What are potted plants to nature's rustic gardens? What are parks compared with the gurgling streams and the song birds everywhere?

In this "Spotless Town?" The home place looks fresh in a new coat of white paint, and everything indoors is equally spotless. Father's hair is even whiter since he paid the bill for shingling the immense roof of the old barn.

"The cattle of a thousand hills," as they used to seem to me, are no more than the Holstein herd grazing in the pasture. The little colts that used to scamper at our approach are now horses roaming in the meadows. The outcast one of the colts developed into one of the most spirited animals. He likes not only to throw his rider but to run away as well.

Frances and Robert played under the same hard maple trees that their father planted when he was a little boy. They threw pebbles into the same creek that their father had fished in when a youth; and while they were too little to swim in the same creek as their father had done, yet in an improvised pond they succeeded in ducking thirteen cats.

It was great sport for the children to gather the luscious fruit in the orchard, also to play hide and seek behind the shocks of golden grain that stood like silent sentinels guarding the sacred interests of the home.

"How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew."

Was there ever an October like this? Evening's lengthening shadows were fast covering the surrounding foothills of the Ozarks; the frosty gale was laden with the aroma of new-mown hay; the leaves of the oaks and maples were tinged with autumn colors—all forming as it were, a beautiful halo around the dearest spot in all the world—the home place.

"SEND IT ON APPROVAL"

"You might send that out," said the shopper languidly. "Charge it, please, to ——" She gave the address, then turned away from the clerk, who had spent the past hour trying to suit her with a wrap, and remarked to the friend who accompanied her: "I don't think I'll keep it. There is one out at the house now on approval from Brown's, but I really believe I'll get a suit instead of a coat. Still, I might as well have it sent out. It doesn't cost anything."

The two women laughed, not realizing that it did cost something to have the coat sent out, for the merchant had to pay the expenses incident to wrapping and delivering the garment. But that was only one article, you say? Then know that just twenty-five per cent. of the goods sent out to charge patrons of department stores are habitually returned. Women buy carelessly, secure in the comfortable feeling that anything which is not wanted can be returned and credit obtained for it. To make good the loss thus occasioned the obliging merchant quietly adds to the price of what he sells. Result: increase in the cost of living.

This caused largely by the thoughtlessness of women. The merchant who was responsible for the statement as to the amount of goods returned was not referring to the habit some buyers have of using goods sent on approval and then returning them. He spoke only of thoughtless customers who carelessly put department store owners to needless expense and thereby add to the cost of running the store and of the commodities sold. There are times of course when it is necessary to return unused purchases, but these times are not so numerous as to warrant the percentage quoted by the merchant. Consider next time you say, "Send it on approval," whether you really need to look at the article at home.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From Our Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, May 28th, 1896

Monday's rain did much to invigorate the growing crops.

A very violent thunderstorm passed over this section on Monday night. The heavens seemed in continual illumination with lightning. Many barns were burned in the localities north and south of Guelph. A fire between Hornby and Norval was plainly reflected here.

An excellent Sunday School Convention for Esquesing township was held at Ashgrove on Monday. Twenty-three were present from Acton.

Miss Annie Boomer returned on Thursday last from Schomberg suffering much from rheumatism.

Mr. John Uren, of Medina, spent a few days during the week with his son, Dr. J. F. Uren.

Miss Hattie Charles, daughter of Mr. John L. Charles, recently a merchant in Acton, was married at the home of her parents, Rosedale Farm, Bramsville, on May 13th.

Mr. George Williams, formerly of Acton, died at his home in Toronto Junction on Sunday. He was at one time superintendent of the Disciples' Sunday School here. The funeral was held on Tuesday to Everton Cemetery.

Canon Dumoulin, of Toronto, has been elected Bishop of Niagara Diocese.

Miss Lily McCoy, of Chatenham, was the guest this week of Miss Ada Francis.

IN THE NIGHT

It is past midnight in the village parsonage. The hall clock is pitiless; twice each hour it tolls through the sepulchrous of silence like some iron-throated iron-hearted ghoul. For there is silence—silence that will not hush; silence which, like the sphinx, challenges the wise with its age-long riddle: "Why should love outlive life? stricken sore but bleeding, loving all the more? Why should love's velvet curtain end in unsheathed claws?" These are some of the things the silence speaks. In yonder room the wife and mother, so tired, sleeps by the grace of the doctor's opiate, yet her mother heart aches and dreams under the drugged stillness. Near her with yet moist lashes, the girl of six forgets in childhood's sleep. And Guy—poor, brave, patient Guy!—sleeps too; he will wake in God's morning. In his study the pastor sits alone, entirely alone. The day has gone; God seems far away. More than one, standing above some little casket, he has spoken words of comfort to others; now it is night, and in his own need his mutinous heart refuses cologne to those words. Only a baby! Yes. He had seen the leaves growing and greening but one springtime; yet his thin, white fingers knew where the preacher's heartsprings lay and gathered them all in his little fist. He never spoke save in that dialect of heaven, a baby's prattle; but the smile which dawned from his curving lips, almost to the last pain, told of love beyond speech; and his deep, dark-gray eyes, following father and mother in seeming wonder that they—big, strong, and loving—did not give him ease and rest; the look of them hurt now, though the lids were sealed. Only a baby! Yet in the courier dreams of the pastor and his wife he had already grown into a tall fellow, strong and good; the wreck of that vision lies yonder in a little snowy casket.

The heartless clock tolls. The dawn, careless as the clock, comes through the lattice. It is the hour for the morning kiss; it is the hour of prayer. To the pressure of the pale lips there will be no response. Will there be no answer to prayer? The preacher is on his knees. His lips utter the old, old submission: "Thy will be done," his heart cries, "My boy, my baby!" Then, as his prayer deepens with the deepening dawn, the voice of the incarnate Love whispers: "Suffer little children to come unto me."

A LAWYER'S RECIPE FOR SUCCESS

Only the other day I was talking with an old friend, a lawyer who had built up a profitable clientele in a surprisingly short while. I had known him in the law school as a man, but highly respected and beloved.

"How have you done so well, Peter?" I asked, for I knew the long lean years that are the usual portion of the young lawyer who is without means or pull and I knew that he had neither.

"I figured it all out when I was in school," he replied. "I decided that the quickest way to be successful was to know a lot more than other lawyers about two or three subjects. To get this knowledge meant a lot of study and research, and to force myself to do this studying I decided to teach these self same subjects. In order to teach these subjects I had to know more about them than the ordinary lawyer, for teaching makes one dig down into the work and get well below the surface.

"It has worked out splendidly. Many young lawyers go into politics to get their start, but I have never had the time. It's only a little over ten years since I left the school now. I have two younger assistants or partners and the three of us are busy all the time. Later on when I have made a little more money I should like to go into politics—for fun."

And I wondered as I left him why his recipe for success wouldn't fit other men as well as a lawyer.

All Night with Asthma. Everyone knows how attacks of asthma often keep their victim awake the whole night long. Morning finds him wholly unfitted for a day of business, and yet, business must still be carried through. All this night suffering and lack of rest can be avoided by the prompt use of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy, which positively does drive away the attacks.

Many children die from the assaults of worms, and the first care of mothers should be to see that their infants are free from those pests. A vermifuge that can be depended on is Miller's Worm Powders. They will not only expel worms from the system, but act as a health-giving medicine and a remedy for many of the ailments that beset infants, enfeebling them and endangering their lives.

A LETTER FRAE HAME.

Be sure ye mind to write to me,
For aft I think o' hame;
When watchin' in the trench at nicht,
It a' comes back again.
I see ilk ane aboot the hoose,
The folk gaun out and in,
It's then I weary maist o' a'
For a wee bit screed frae hame

Ye canna think what joy it gi'es
To them that's far awa',
Whene'er they see a letter come,
Wi' a'an a line or twa.
It cheers them up, it helps them on,
It mak's them brave agen,
Ye widna credit what it does,
A wee bit screed frae hame.

There's maybe no sae much to say,
But jist it lets me ken
That ye're a' weel, and ilka ane
Aye gaun aboot at hame,
A sprig o' heather, or a leaf,
A photo o' the glen,
Jist anything that brings to mind
The wee auld house at hame.

IT WAS IN HIS NAME

On the field a young soldier lay dying. Kind friends had borne him to the most quiet place they could find and covered him the best they could, and he did not seem to be satisfied.

"Anything more we can do for you?" a comrade asked, bending over him, for his strength was fast going.

"I have been thinking of home and how we used to take the sacrament in the little old church. I wish—"

Then he thought how unreasonable the longing was.

"What is it?" An officer passing stopped to hear the words of the dying soldier. And the comrade told over the yearning of his fellow that in those his last moments he might somehow partake of the holy sacrament. And quickly the young Christian officer started to do his last for the one who was so soon to enter into the presence of his Lord.

Breaking a bit off one of his dry biscuits and kneeling by the side of the soldier, he repeated the words the best he could: "This is my body, broken for you. This do in remembrance of me." Then he put a sip of water from his bottle to the soldier's lips, whispering: "This is my blood which was shed for you."

With these simple emblems of the Lord on his lips and peace within his heart, the dying soldier went away to his Lord and Master. And surely he who sees all and knows all will accept the simple yet beautiful service; for it was the best they could do, and it was all in the spirit of the Christ.

Times come when it seems to us we must fail of receiving the approval of the Master because we have not the means to comply strictly with his commands. Perhaps we have for that very reason. It is not as good as we wish it might be. Is it really fit to offer One who has done his best and all he could for us?

Stop and think that if it is the very best we can do and if we are doing it in his name, there can be no possible doubt that he will accept it and bless it to the full. For it is not the rich treasure which alone is blessed; it is the gift which takes the most of sacrifice, the best of love, the sweetest of service.

All God asks is that everything we do shall be in the name of his Son for his sake.

A WAR INCIDENT

One of the stories that comes from the seat of war tells of a Scotch sergeant and two or three men who were unable to escape from a certain town when it was taken by the Germans. The little company took refuge in a garret, not more than a temporary respite. As they sat there, the sergeant proposed that they should have "church parade," for the last time, as they all thought. They sang together very softly the Twenty-third Psalm, the leader read a few verses from the New Testament and all stood up reverently to repeat, with bowed heads and closed eyes, the Lord's Prayer. As they prayed, steps were heard on the stairs, the garret door opened and the click of a German's heels was heard as he came to attention. Not one of the worshippers raised his head or opened his eyes. In a moment the door again opened quietly and the soldier's footfalls were heard descending the steps. He did not come back, and the Britishers finally escaped.

Doubtless they had often sung the Twenty-third Psalm before, but that day on the familiar lines about "death's dark vale" and the comforting "rod and staff" would have a new meaning, as they thought of their wonderful deliverance. —East and West.

HOW MUCH IS A BILLION DOLLARS? $1,000,000,000?

Before this world's war, a billion dollars was spoken of only with awe. A billion dollars has to-day, at a jump, become an everyday expression in modern financial topics.

A billion is a thousand millions, but this definition does not give a satisfactory conception of its magnitude, and it is necessary to find some way to make it clearer. These illustrations are suggested:

As to time:

If beginning at the time of the birth of Christ a dollar had been coined each and every minute since that date, over 1900 years would have been spent and the twentieth century would have grown to One Billion Dollars.

As to weight:—

A gold dollar weighs 25.8 grains, hence a Billion Dollars would weight over 1841 tons, enough to load 2 freight trains of fifty cars each.

As to work:—

It represents the combined earnings of 20,000 men at $5.00 a day for 35 years.

The British Isles spend a billion dollars a year on drink.

LOVE'S MINISTRY

It is not the want of love that is our fault, but the penuriousness which locks up the love and will not give it out to bless others.

How much better it would be if at all times we gave freer run to our lips in speaking kind and cheering words. We walk in cold silence, not saying the warm, rich words of love we might say and which would give so much comfort. We do not mean to be neglectful; we do not know that we could be such blessings to others as we might be. We are too chary of our heart-gifts.—Rev. J. R. Miller, D. D.