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All accounts collected monthly.

M. F. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

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L. R. C. S. & L. R. P. & S. GLASGOW.
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Men's and Women's Cushion Soles in best makes.

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Ice Cream Freezers	75c. up
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Preserving Kettles and all utensils.	

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PAID-UP CAPITAL - $ 5,500,000
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Gramophones and all of the latest Records. Call and hear them.

C. C. Speight

Mill Street, Acton

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
When I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from His "hollow hand,"
And hung his bow upon thine awful fronts
And spoke in that loud voice, which seem'd to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for His Saviour's sake,
"The sound of many waters" and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks,
Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
Oh! what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side?
Yea, what shall the riot that man makes
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!
And yet, bold babbler, what are thou to Him
Who drowned a world, and heap'd the waters far
Above its loftiest mountain?—a light wave,
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

—Brainard.

THE JUNIOR MEMBER

MABEL MCKEE

WHAT latter had been a provoking one—just because it was so commanding, and yet so ambiguous. Feeling that it bore a special delivery stamp the maid had put it on the table right beside Nelle Worman's bed so that she would be sure to see it before she went to sleep that night. And now her early rising was the result of three things combined—the latter, the woe bronze alarm clock, and the thought of the big real estate deal which her firm hoped to "put through" that afternoon.

You see, Nelle Worman was a very valuable, in fact the most valuable, clerk in a real estate office. Two year before when she had been graduated from Lessler college, having decided upon a business career, she went straight from the exercises in the little college chapel to the office of the Lowe Company, Marion's leading real estate firm. Half unwillingly, Mr. Lowe had given her a minor position in his office—partly because he himself felt that the real estate business and women were quite foreign to each other. Now, as his head clerk, Miss Worman, was longing to become a member of the firm. "Just a small share," she had secretly longed. "Just a wee bit for a beginning. I shall ask Mr. Lowe for it, too. If I can help pull through a big deal soon."

That morning at exactly half past seven, Nelle was getting off the train at Elmwood—that absurdly short, yet imperative letter still crushed in her pocket, and a perfect jumble of real estate in her mind. "If we get that deal with the Bigelowe Trust Company through successfully this afternoon, I will ask Mr. Lowe about entering the firm—I'll ask him to-morrow and—"

Crash! Nelle's soft fur turban flew from her head, and she herself almost fell from the suddenness of the collision. Trying to murmur an apology, she stooped and lifted a rusty derby. A low laugh greeted her exclamation of dismay. "Oh, really that is mine," a masculine voice full of laughter informed her.

Ruefully Nelle held out the derby toward the little old man whose bare head proved his claim, and whose laughing eyes told her how much he was enjoying her disconfiture. "It is all my fault," she said flushing. "I was hurrying and not looking to see where I was going. And your hat is quite damp."

"Quite wet," corrected the little old man. "But please don't feel disconcerted over the matter. I will go into the station and hold it over the radiator. When it is dry I can brush off the mud. But I'm really much obliged to you, for you made me laugh when I had just discovered that I had missed the train to the city. I felt like doing some kind of 'wooden' swearing, instead you made me feel quite content. But where is your hat, Miss? Did you lose yours, too?"

Nelle then started to hunt for the bit of velvet and soft fur. After a long, rankling struggle she extricated it from under the feet of the passersby. "My hat has been served worse than yours," she said, shaking out the crown and eyeing the small bit of headgear with disapproval. Placing it over her brown braids, she gave a confused laugh and cheery farewell to the little old man and hurried away.

"I think I can see why some people claim that a woman should stay out of the real estate business," she confessed to herself, a trifle ruefully. And then a quick smile curved her mouth as she added, "But I believe a school teacher or a newspaper woman might have a collision and look just as I do now."

Laughing, she thrust her hand into her pocket and heard something crack. It was that letter. "I feel like tearing you into shreds," she scolded to herself. "Not content with bringing me out here in all this rain, you have managed to have my best hat ruined. How am I, wet and muddy, and wearing this hat, going to accomplish anything with that company? Now—" her voice trailed away indistinctly as she hurried down the street toward the large apartment house which the Lowe Company had built a few months before. As she turned the corner she saw it, massive and luxurious-looking. A feeling of pride over the possibility of being at some future time part of it took possession of her. In it, all the other "mere incidents" of the morning were forgotten.

On the porch she rang the bell. Just as the custodian answered it Nelle turned her face toward the west. "Well, well," she ejaculated in amazement as the man opened the door. "Now what is that?"

"Yes, ma'am, that's why I wrote you to come immediately," answered the custodian. "That's a spite fence, ma'am. Mr. Mattix of the Clay Real Estate Company just finished it yesterday, and three families have left our building, ma'am; they moved out yesterday. It's very dark in our apartments now, it is."

"But why did he build it?" asked Nelle, as she stared hard at the offending fence. The fence stood as near to the beautiful new apartment house as the boundary of the lot would permit. It was offending to all eyes. No wonder the tenants of the apartment house were moving away. Thus far had the spite fence accomplished its aim.

"He's a crank, ma'am—that's why he built it. He hates Mr. Lowe, too," explained the custodian. "He claims that our apartment building has ruined his place. You can't reason with him. Why he said yesterday that he was going to build it higher before he quit. I thought if you would talk to him—but he told me last night that he would sue anybody from our company, man or woman, who stepped on his premises."

"You should have telephoned me, if you knew that," said Nelle, a trifle out of patience. "It was rather hard to come down here in all this rain for nothing. But I'll tell Mr. Lowe, and he'll send down a lawyer, and sue him if necessary. Mr. Lowe thinks too much of this building to have a spite board fence ruin its reputation."

Five minutes later Nelle went down the walk. Reaching the sidewalk, she stopped to survey the small house on the west. "Well, it ought to have a spite fence all around it," she laughed. "It's the shabbiest house on the street. If it were gone this would be the prettiest square in Elmwood. I believe they just want to draw us into a lawsuit."

She hurried back to the station dismissing the spite fence as a detail and considering the proposed Bigelowe Trust Company deal as the issue of the day. She learned that the next train for the city would leave in twenty minutes. She looked around the room. A half smile rewarded her scrutiny; it came from the little old man, whose hat she had rescued.

"He looks like some sort of a retired teacher whom I have seen somewhere," mused Nelle, as she crossed the room. "I wonder if he is poor, and if that is all the hat he has. I must find out before we reach town, because it is all my fault that he has ruined this one. No, it wasn't," she disclaimed, emphatically. "The spite fence was at the bottom of it. If it hadn't appeared, I wouldn't have been summoned in such haste." As she stood beside her new acquaintance, she tried, as skillfully as she could, to probe into the affairs of the little old man. But equally as skillfully he parried with her. As they waited, not one fact about his financial affairs was revealed. The little old man talked of finance, of science, and even of literature, but not one word of himself.

He may be a miser, and able to buy a dozen hats to my one," Nelle consoled herself. However, I'll give him my card, and if he is needy and not too proud. I may repay him yet."

The little man took the proffered card with courteous appreciation. "I may want to call," he said. "Our conversation has been very interesting."

As Nelle entered the Lowe offices, her spirits became even more depressed. Mr. Henry Lowe and his brother were at the desk. They hardly noticed her. They did not seem to hear what she said about the spite board fence. And then she learned the reason for their seriousness. The Bigelowe deal was threatened.

"The Bigelowe Company has been warned to wait and investigate our land deals," explained Henry Lowe. "And while it is waiting the Clay Company will interest them in their subdivision, I am sure.

"But our land deals are perfectly correct," protested Daniel Lowe. "I can show them—"

"You can't show anything," interrupted Henry Lowe. "I've tried to see one of the Bigelowe brothers, and all they do is to send back word to see their lawyer. And you know that lawyer is making delay to get the deal away from us. He has an old grudge against us."

At noon Nelle started toward her favorite restaurant for lunch. All the way through the rain, she thought of her failures of the morning. "'Misfortunes never come singly,' she quoted. "The spite fence started this troublesome day. See how troubles race up."

And right then she almost ran into the little old man of Elmwood. He was struggling with a very old, and very refractory umbrella. Nelle noticed that his hat looked even worse than it had when it was first dried. "I must get him to allow me to replace that hat, for I ruined it," decided Nelle. "I feel sure that he is a retired professor. He looks like some professors I've seen. I'll sit at the same table where he sits, and try to find out more about him."

A queer smile came into the little man's face, as he recognized the one taking a chair opposite him. "Any collisions this morning, Miss Real Estate Dealer?" he inquired, his eyes again twinkling.

A look of surprised inquiry flushed Nelle's face. "I have your card, you know," he laughed. "I asked a few questions this morning, because I wanted to know who ruined my hat."

"But I want to replace it," Nelle protested. "I really do." The little man laughed.

"Not to-day," he said. "We'll talk of other things now, and you'll tell me where you learned to be a real estate worker, and how you know the courtesies that can be taken even into business affairs." Nelle flushed but answered bravely:

"Why, as to courtesies, you see, my parents were my teachers. As to the other, Lessler College gave me training. It's the little college just west of town. It's a wonderful school."

The little man's eyes glowed. "It is indeed," he affirmed, enthusiastically. "I have always told the boys that of all colleges, I believe it is my favorite, my dear."

When the clock struck one, Nelle was aware that she had found out little about her new acquaintance. But he had found out a good deal about her. How heartily he had enjoyed her tales of different deals at which she had worked for the company. How thoroughly he had laughed about the spite fence.

"Why, my dear, there is an old ordinance against building spite fences," he told her. "I suppose most people don't know anything about it, but it is still in force, and you won't have to have a lawsuit. The city will remove that fence, if you notify the officials."

With a partly relieved mind, Nelle went back to the office. "You can find out something worth knowing from every one you meet," she mused, "and it looks as though that collision was worth while."

The dark rainy afternoon slowly dragged along. Henry Lowe was impatient with the clerks; the clerks snapped at each other. But the senior partner relieved every one by his entrance at four o'clock, as he was in such a pleasant good humor.

"The Bigelows have consented to go through our land deals with us," he said to his brother; "and if they satisfy them, they'll not wait for their lawyer's investigation. I'm going up there now to look through them with Mr. Bigelowe. You'd better come along—you and Nelle, they asked particularly for Miss Worman.

Too elated to wonder why she should be specified, Nelle accompanied these two members of the Lowe firm to the Trust Building where the Bigelowe firm held sway. As the door of their magnificent private offices opened to her for the first time, she became a little nervous. She could see that the Lowe partners were a trifle uneasy. Clenching her hands for courage, she raised her eyes, and viewed the members of the Bigelowe Company. They were the prosperous-looking men she had often had pointed out to her as the Bigelowe Brothers, and beyond that at a little table, sat the little rusty old man of morning.

"Mr. Bigelowe, my father," introduced one of the younger men. "He hasn't lived in Marion since your firm came here, Mr. Lowe," he finished, "but he says he's come to stay."

The little man's eyes twinkled. "I met Miss Worman this morning quite early," he said gravely. "We had a very interesting and exciting meeting."

The deal was almost closed when Daniel Lowe learned that the Senior Bigelowe's meeting with Nelle had caused him to look into the abstract question instead of leaving it to the lawyer. "I just happened to come up town early this morning," he smiled genially, "and the boys told me about the deal. After I had learned that Miss Worman was a member of your firm, I was confident it was a square deal. She's a Lessler College girl, boys," he said to his sons, "and she wanted to buy me a new hat when she knocked mine off into the gutter, as we collided."

The hearty laughs that followed added to Nelle's confusion. But soon the younger men began to tell tales of their father, and she forgot her self-consciousness and laughed with them. The little man himself told of the collision, the trip to town, and even of the spite fence. And as he talked he twisted his mouth into a queer, set expression, and ended it. Nelle gave a short exclamation. "Why, you were one of the member of Lessler's first class!" she said, when he looked inquiringly at her. "I thought I had seen you somewhere, this morning, and I know, now. You are in that first class's picture in the library."

Exulting the little man laughed and looked at his sons. "Didn't I tell you that was a good picture?" he said.

Although it was still raining when they started back to the real estate office, Nelle was too light-hearted to mind it. "Oh, that spite fence!" laughed Henry Lowe. "If that trip of yours hadn't brought through the deal for us, I'd feel like dedicating that centerfire for bothering you with such a thing."

"You might give some honor to Miss Nelle's fortune of good manners," offered the elder man slowly. "They've quite a valuable asset even in business life. I think they captured this deal. And now, let's see—Bigelowe said he 'thought you were a member of the firm.' didn't he? Well, suppose we follow his suggestion. What do you say to being a junior member, Miss Worman?"

"It's what I've been longing for," said the proposed junior.

As she shifted her umbrella to shield her eyes half full of glad tears, it struck her hat, and knocked it up. "I like you, even if you are completely ruined," she said softly as she caressed the hat affectionately, "and now you must prepare to ascend to the head of the newest member of our real estate firm. We've got the deal through, and the spite fence will have to go down, and I have mounted a new rung on the ladder of success. I wonder if mother knows how grateful I am to her for my college course and the many seeds of courteous honest living she has implanted in me."

"TWO BLADES OF GRASS"

"And he gave it for his opinion, that whosoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together." This from the great Irishman, Dean Swift. Attila, the Hun,—an ethical relation of the present Kaiser—boasted that grass never grew on ground once trampled upon by his horses's hoofs. Here are two ideals, one to be encouraged, the other to be crushed. The Hun is again at large. While many of our countrymen are in Europe attempting to save the world from the ravages of his armies, those of us who are left behind can do no greater service to our country than to make the two ears of corn or the two blades of grass, grow where but one grew before.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From Our Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, Aug. 20th, 1896

Fire was discovered by a G. T. R. brakeman on Thursday morning in the small dwelling belonging to T. J. Halstead, near the track on Bower avenue. By the prompt action of the Fire Brigade the flames were soon gotten under control, but not until some of the roof and sides were torn, off as the fire was in the top flat of the house.

Mr. John W. Bews, of Milton, was married to Miss Lottie Hemstreet, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hemstreet, Acton, at the family home here yesterday afternoon. Rev. J. C. Howell, pastor, assisted by Rev. T. Albert Moore, a cousin of the bride, performed the ceremony.

Mr. W. G. Smith, one of Guelph's best known citizens, and twice mayor, died suddenly at his home on Wednesday of last week. His father John Smith, was Guelph's first printer and first mayor.

Miss Nellie Brown and Master Rolston have been visiting friends at Ponsonby.

Messrs. Chas. Jenner, Warren Pollard, W. McNabb and Fred Smith wheeled to Grimsby Park on Saturday morning.

Mr. Thurtell Brown, manager of the principal drug store in Exeter, spent a few holidays this week at the old home.

HOW TO BE LESS WEATHER WISE

If you want fine weather, look for fine-weather signs, says A. D. Baird, in St. Nicholas. Here are some of the most reliable, for they are based upon scientific facts:

When the sunset sky is red, you may expect clear weather on the following day.

At night, when the moon is clear and shows clean edges, with no halo or ring of mist surrounding it, there is little danger of rain.

When the wind blows steadily from the west the weather will continue fair.

Watch the smoke from a chimney or from your camp fire—it is a good barometer. If the smoke rises high it means clear weather.

A gray early morning, not a heavy, cloudy one, promises a fair day.

A heavy dew at night is seldom followed by rain the next day. Think of it this way and you will remember: wet feet, dry head.

Animals are said often to show by their actions what the weather will be, and there is reason in this. Some of them certainly have a knowledge of coming storms. We are told that spiders are especially sensitive to weather changes, and when they make new webs the weather will be fair; if they continue spinning during a shower, it will soon clear off.

COMMONPLACE VIRTUES

The "commonplace" virtues are after all the best of all foundations for friendships. Brilliant qualities attract, but they, do not necessarily hold the heart they have dazzled. There may be nothing very noticeable or striking about this young man. He is a steady-going, reliable worker, a good son and brother, a fellow of clean life and exemplary habits. But he has no accomplishments. He cannot talk brilliantly. There nothing about him that would fascinate a stranger at sight.

The youth of an entirely different stamp who does a score of things excellently, and can keep a dinner table lively by his bright witty speeches, is not necessarily unreliable. There is no reason to warn you against him, simply because he knows how to be entertaining. But the trouble is that you are not likely to ask yourself what is under this fascinating exterior, and the friend you select because he can tell a funny story better than any one you know, or because he can sing entertainingly and play his own accompaniments, is very likely to disappoint you. The basic things in friendship should be commonplace virtues that do not dazzle, it is true, but here with a steady, unfailing light on the darkest days.

"LIFE" AT A GERMAN SEASIDE

This is, of course, the great holiday season in Germany. Each family in the Fatherland "saves" for it all the year round. Some idea of the conditions that prevail this year will be gathered from the following instructions issued by the Government press in Berlin:—

All seaside guests must have complete identification certificates.

Take bread-cards and other ration-cards along, especially sugar tickets.

As seaside places are prohibited areas and photographs are prohibited, leave cameras at home.

Don't talk about the war in the trains. You never know who is listening.

Don't expect luxurious food. Be content to know that you will get enough.

Everyone who goes away for a holiday should assure himself if he will be needed during his absence as a litigant or witness in court and arrange to be present without fail.

Don't go away without providing for prompt payment of taxes.

Behind the darkest cloud the sun is shining, but that beautiful thought won't keep you dry if you're caught out in the rain without an umbrella.

OPEN THE DOOR

Open the door, let in the air;
The winds are sweet, and the flowers are fair,
Joy is abroad in the world to-day;
If our door is wide, it may come this way.
Open the door!

Open the door, let in the sun,
He hath a smile for every one;
He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems;
He may change our crosses to diadems.
Open the door!

Open the door of the soul: let in
Strong, pure thoughts which shall banish sin.
They will grow and bloom with a grace divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine.
Open the door!

Open the door to the heart; let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin,
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware.
Open the door!

—British Weekly.

A NEIGHBOR'S ADVICE

To the Editor:

The following excerpts from an editorial in the Hamilton Spectator should help to convince those who are honestly in doubt as to the wisdom of a prohibitory law.

Adjoining British Columbia is the state of Washington where prohibition went into effect at the beginning of the present year. How it works was told at a mass meeting of citizens in Victoria about a week ago; a distinguished visitor and the chief speaker was former Mayor Cotterill of Seattle.

The State of Washington, he said, had not gone hurriedly into the extinction of the liquor traffic. It had been a matter of education and experience through two or three generations. Prohibition was forced on Seattle somewhat against its will. With an adverse majority of fourteen thousand in the city itself, that majority had been swamped by the much bigger majority the other way in the whole state, at the vote in November 1914. The new regime went into effect January of this year. "There has been no complaints, everyone is satisfied." In February 1915, under the license system, there were 1463 arrests in Seattle for all causes. In February 1916, the arrests for all causes totalled 701. In February 1915, there were 415 arrests for drunkenness, in February of this year only 117.

Just as in a Canadian Province, under the McDonald Act, while sale within the Province is forbidden, there is nothing to hinder the people of the State of Washington from purchasing liquor in any other state for personal or family consumption.

What is the effect of such partial prohibition? The result has been that under prohibition we are spending on liquor only one par cent. of the average for the U. S. Under the license system the liquor of the state was not less than thirty million dollars. The liquor of Seattle alone was a million dollars a month. Now the whole state is spending only about three hundred thousand a year. Of course the money that was worse than wasted in drink is now spent in wearing apparel, table supplies, and other useful articles. There is far more domestic comfort than there was, and legitimate trade of all kinds is booming.

What has become of the men formerly in the liquor business? Mr. Cotterill says many of the expensive bars of the city have been fitted up as lunch, ice-cream and tea rooms. The proprietors are taking in more money than they did with their bars and besides this they have a source of self respect that they could not have when they were in the liquor business.

With thirty million dollars turned into legitimate channels of trade, it is no wonder that Mr. Cotterill says "There has been no complaint; everyone is satisfied."

H. Arnold, M.B., M.C.P.S.

IT WAS "SOME BATH" ALL RIGHT

Lord Milner tells an amusing story of bath he once had.

It was in Johannesburg. The weather was appallingly hot. The city gasped. Lord Milner arrived at a certain hotel and ordered a bath. The order made the hotel people gasp afresh, but they carried it out.

After his bath a deputation of perspiring citizens waited upon Lord Milner. They explained their grievances. Water was so scarce the poor people were forbidden to use it for washing, they said. What could Lord Milner do in the matter, they asked.

"But, gentlemen," he replied in astonishment, "I had no idea there was any scarcity of water in Johannesburg. Why, I had a bath full to splash in when I came here."

The deputation eyed one another. Then said the spokesman: "My lord, I think, if you care to inquire, you will find that your bath was filled with imported English soda-water at two shillings a bottle."

The spokesman was right too.

"The years that bring us many ills and pass so stormfully over us bear away with them the ugliness, the weariness, the pain that are theirs, but the beauty, the sweetness, the rest, they leave untouched, for these are eternal."

Mother is the name for God in the lips and hearts of little children.—Thackeray.

The veil that covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy.—Bulwer Lytton.

A Remedy for Earache.— To have the earache is to endure torture. The ear is a delicate organ and few care to deal with it, considering it work for a doctor. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil offers a simple remedy. A few drops upon a piece of lint or medicated cotton and placed in the ear will work wonders in relieving pain.

Sleeplessness.—Sleep is the great restorer and to be deprived of it is vital loss. Whatever may be the cause of it, indigestion, nervous derangement or mental worry try a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. By regulating the action of the stomach, where the trouble lies, they will restore normal conditions and health speedily will follow. They exert a secretive force upon the nerves and where there is unrest they bring rest.

HOW INDEED

The fussy woman was picking over the undressed kid gloves while the weary clerk answered queries.

"Will these gloves wash," asked the woman.

"They will wash in a solution," replied the clerk.

"Are they guaranteed not to shrink, 'she asked.

"How can you guarantee undressed 'kids; not to shrink from washing?" demanded the clerk.