The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XLII.---NO. 18. Every Subscription Paid in Advance ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 2, 1916. Subscription Price, $1.50 Per Annum. SINGLE COPIES---FIVE CENTS

The Acton Free Press

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT THE

FREE PRESS BUILDING

MILL STREET, ACTON ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—$1.50 per year strictly in advance. $2.00 to subscribers in the United States. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid is expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

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

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

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

All accounts collected monthly.

H. F. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

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WE are manufacturers and direct importers of all kinds of Monumental and Mandalong work. We sell direct to our customers at wholesale prices, thus saving our customers 50 per cent. We have the best appliances and the only mechanics in the Dominion who can operate pneumatic tools properly. We can give references from hundreds of our customers in Toronto and other places, where others have to hand law suits in order to collect. We have the largest and best stock of Granite in the Dominion, or more than any three dealers in the West. We are legitimate dealers and employ no agents, and do not annoy or pester customers by sending out ignorant agents to solicit orders—we employ mechanics only and defy competition.

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Savage & Co. Established 1840 JEWELLER - GUELPH

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The most substantially built Piano

The Piano with the sweetest tone, the easiest action, the neatest case.

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Electric Stoves, Lamps and Irons, Garden Implements, Oil Stoves, Paints and Oils, Chi-Namel a specialty.

Gramophones and all of the latest Records. Call and hear them.

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Semi-ready Special Order Tailoring

WHAT IT MEANS

ONE FIRM in Canada tailors Semi ready garments — and only one.

Semi-ready Tailoring is a development of custom tailoring carried on in a wholesale system by efficiency methods by tailors who are trained to digital speed and to expert workmanship.

Savings result to the profit of the wearer.

Precise fitting garments are guaranteed, and the materials and workmanship are warranted satisfactory.

Twenty years of satisfaction behind our trade mark.

That is why our "label in the pocket" is to-day the Hall Mark of Dress Culture

SUITS and overcoats and any other garments are tailored to measure in four days at the Semi-ready shops.

This four-day schedule is rigidly adhered to.

The Special Order Department is the Good Service System. It is manifestly impossible for any merchant to carry every size in every cloth pattern of expensive imported cloth.

Over 300 new patterns of British Worsted, Serges, Cheviots and Tweeds are shown in values varying from $18 to $21, $23, $25, $28, $30, $32 and $35.

Some 30 style models are shown in exclusive Semi-ready designs.

Each Special Order is cut from the web of cloth and is forwarded without the delay of a single half-hour in its evolution from the cutters' table to the express office.

Physique type measurements are taken and with these in hand a precise fit is assured as certainly as though the tailors had the actual customer to "try on."

Step in and inspect Samples and Styles at our Store.

Sole Agents in Guelph

R. E. NELSON MEN'S OUTFITTER

Sporting Goods FALL 1916

Would like to sell you a Stevens Fire Arm—a Fire Arm, popular, satisfactory, a credit to its owner and not expensive.

Stevens Rifles from $4.50 to $14.00
Stevens Shot Guns, $6.25 to $30.00
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Dominion, Eley and W. M. C. Shot Shells, Black and Smokeless Powders.

Pleased to show our stock or answer enquiries.

The BOND HARDWARE Co. Limited Phone 1012 GUELPH

Quality Glasses!

Perfectly Fitted after a Careful Examination is Our Way. Try it!

WE GRIND OUR OWN LENSES

A. D. SAVAGE OPTOMETRIST AND MFG. OPTICIAN RIGHT AT THE POST OFFICE Phone 1036 GUELPH, ONT.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

HOMESEEKERS EXCURSIONS

Round trip tickets to points in Manitoba Saskatchewan and Alberta via North Bay Cochrane and Transcontinental Route, or via Chicago, St Paul or Duluth, on 1st and each Tuesday until October 31st inclusive at low fares

Through Tourist Sleeping Cars to Winnipeg on above dates leaving Toronto 10.45 p. m. no change of cars via Transcontinental route.

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BEST FLOUR! On the Market

BRITISH COLUMBIA POTATOES

Corn, Chopped Corn, Cracked Corn, Chopped Wheat, Bran and Shorts.

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GET THE BEST. IT PAYS— ELLIOTT Business College Yonge and Charles Sts YORONTO, ONTARIO

Is strictly first-class in all departments. We had more than 100 positions to fill in two months this year. Enter any time. Catalogue free. W. J. Elliott, Principal.

BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA 1832

War Orders

The present industrial activity is due largely to war orders. These, however, will cease with the close of the war. A period of readjustment and retrenchment will probably follow. The prudent man will guard against this now by saving a substantial part of his present earnings or increased income. 40

Open a Savings Account with

The Bank of NovaScotia

PAID-UP CAPITAL - $ 4,000,000
RESERVE FUND - - 13,000,000
TOTAL RESOURCES over 194,000,000

BRANCHES AT Acton, Guelph, Norval; Milton and Streetsville

ACTON BRANCH M. L. Wyndt - Manager

A BETTER WAY

So brief a time we have to stay
Along this dear, familiar way—
Should we not kind and tender be
To those who walk with you and me?

The hands that serve us every day,
Should we not help them while we may?
They are so frail that none can know
How soon these hands from us must go.

The heart that loves us, at the best
Must soon be laid away to rest;
Then might we not their faults forgive
And make them happy while they live?

The feet that walk beside us here
So soon must find the crossing near,
Why should we pause to blame the pace
At which our brother runs his race?

So many faults in life there are,
We need not go to seek them far;
But Time is short, and you and I
Might let the little faults go by.

And spend the hours of Life's brief day
In helping all that come our way,
And just be tender, true and kind
With all the little faults we find.

—Selected.

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY

LEWIS BOWMAN had been an assistant bookkeeper in the Third National Bank of X —— for nearly a month. When he took this, his first position, his father had given him the usual parental advice. "Save your money, son," he had said. "Begin now, and you will acquire the habit."

"Yes, sir," Lewis had agreed, and had even gone so far as to figure that out of his forty-dollar salary he could save at least ten dollars a month.

But thirty days elapsed between this good resolution and pay day, and in that length of time fine intentions were forgotten in the strain of ten hour work days. At noon on the first pay day Lewis stood fingering his four ten-dollar bills and enjoying the unaccustomed elation of money in his pocket which was all his own. One of the bookkeepers, noticing his absorption, slapped him on the back, "Wake up, kid," he exclaimed. "Going to buy an automobile or a flying machine with that little fortune you've got there?"

Lewis grinned good-naturedly and shook his head. "No, I am going to eat," he replied succinctly, recalling with disfavor the quick lunches he had been taking until his salary was due. "Come on and have something with me."

"Sure!" the other accepted readily.

A few minutes later found them seated in a cool and inviting cafe. Lewis ordered generously, with the delightful thought that he was able to afford it—able to pay with his own money. True, he was somewhat astonished to see from his bill that the luncheon had cost him two dollars and fifty-five cents, but there was nothing save astonishment on his part—no dismay lest perhaps he had been extravagant. He laid three one-dollar bills on the tray. "Just keep the change," he directed the waiter, who instantly became frantically obsequious in his service, so much so that Lewis left the cafe in a secret glow of satisfaction.

"That was a mighty good lunch," his friend said as they re-entered the bank.

"Don't mention it," Lewis replied, and went back to his desk with a newly-acquired sense of personality and importance.

That afternoon, when Lewis started for home, he met three or four friends. "Hallo fellows," he hailed them. "Come on and let's have something cool to drink. I'm as hot as a lizard."

When they left the soda fountain if Lewis had taken the trouble to notice his check, he would have seen that it read fifty cents. But he did not notice. Instead he picked up the change from a two-dollar bill and threw it carelessly into his pocket and hurried out to catch his car. He stopped a moment to buy a baseball extra.

"You'll have to wait, mister, while I get change for your dime," the newsboy said.

"That's all right, kid; keep the change," Lewis called as he boarded his car. Of course eight cents di l's amount to anything. He would have been half-ashamed to wait for such a paltry sum.

At home Lewis met his mother on the porch. As he bent over to kiss her he pressed a ten dollar bill into her hand. "There's my board," he laughed.

"Oh, Lewis," his mother protested almost tearfully, "I don't want to take it but your father says I must. It seems too dreadful to have one's own child pay board."

"Father's right," Lewis insisted, "and I am going to pay more when my salary's raised."

The hot days of July went by slowly, but Lewis rather enjoyed them. He went often now to the cool, expensive little cafe around the corner, and several times took a friend with him. "Bowman's a good spender," he heard one of the bank clerks say to another one day, and involuntarily he had felt complimented.

Meanwhile Lewis' popularity among the young employees of the bank grew daily, and he basked in the pleasure of it. He became quite a patron of the nearby soda fountain, and the newsboys had long since learned that a penny, more or less, meant nothing to this young plutocrat. But one evening, about the twentieth of the month, when Lewis boarded his car and thrust his hand into his pocket for his fare, he was startled by an unexpected emptiness in that usually jingling compartment. He found a nickel, which he handed to the conductor, and then he began exploring farther, sure that his resources were hiding in some other pocket. By diligent research he collected sixty-five cents. With dawning dismay he realized that this was the sum total of his salary left to carry him till the first of the month, still ten days distant.

Lewis' mother noted his silent pre-occupation at dinner. "You aren't ill, are you, son?"

"No, I'm all right," Lewis answered so shortly that his father glanced at him frowning.

"Nothing wrong at the office?" Mr. Bowman demanded.

"No, sir," Lewis replied more briefly.

"The heat's just sort of done me up to-day, I reckon."

That night, when Lewis had gone to bed, his mother came in and felt his head and hands solicitously. "I couldn't sleep for worrying lest you had fever," she explained half apologetically as she rearranged his covers.

"I feel all right," Lewis replied; "but I say, mother—"

"Yes, son?"

"Could you let me have ten dollars till the first?" There was a distinct edge of embarrassment in his voice, and he wiggled uncomfortably.

"Why, of course I can," Lewis' mother exclaimed, relieved. "Is it that that has made you so silent?"

Lewis nodded ruefully. "I don't know how I came to run out of funds. I didn't think I was spending much."

"You won't tell father about this, will you?" Lewis said the next morning when his mother slipped the ten dollars in his hand. "He doesn't need to know, because I'm going to pay you back on the first."

"All right," Mrs. Bowman agreed smilingly, though there was a shadow of anxiety for the boy in her eyes as she watched him walk briskly away.

The ten dollars just tided Lewis over till pay day. He had not realized before how many demands were made upon him. Somehow, when he was out with his friends, he was always the one to pay for everything; and, try as he would, he could not bring himself down to the level plane of economy. Such a procedure, he felt would declass him with "the fellows." Consequently, when he drew his July salary, the forty dollars which a month previous had seemed so much looked pitiably small now, especially when he considered that twenty of it was due his mother. He was contemplating remaining in her debt a little longer, when his attention was attracted by an animated group around Robert Stevens, one of the assistant bookkeepers. "What's the excitement about?" Lewis inquired, strolling up.

"O, Bob's just been doing some high financering," someone replied.

"What'd you do, Bob?" Lewis asked a bit patronizingly. He didn't think much of Bob, as he was such a stick-in-the-mud, never seeming to spend anything on himself.

"Oh, I didn't do anything much," Bob replied modestly. "Just turned over a hundred dollars and made it a hundred and thirty-five."

Bob grinned good-naturedly as the bookkeepers began to laugh. Lewis looked mystified. "Turned over a hundred dollars?" he asked. "What do you mean?"

"I'll tell you what he means," one of the boys volunteered, chuckling. "Three years ago, when he entered this bank, he decided to compose a book called 'The Romance of a Nickel.' He felt, however, that he couldn't do this till he had lots of experience with a nickel; so he got a nickel and planted it here in the bank, and after a while, when he went to look at it, it had grown into a dime, and then—"

"Shut up, Jim!" Bob interfered, laughing. "I just managed," he explained, turning to Lewis, "to save up some money and invested it properly, and it has turned out so well that these fellows are sore."

"Say, Bob," one of the boys persisted, "aren't you going to set us up, or celebrate, or something?"

"Sorry," Bob grinned, "but I've already celebrated my money."

There was a general laugh.

Lewis returned to his ledger absorbed in thought, but ever and anon stopping to gaze at Bob curiously. Finally, when banking hours were closed, he went over to the latter's desk. "I say," he began. Bob looked up. "I hope you won't think I'm meddling, but did you save that money you're investing out of your salary?"

"Yes. Why?"

"You didn't begin saving till you were making more than forty dollars a month, did you?" Lewis inquired tentatively.

"I began the first month I was in the bank," Bob replied. "I was making thirty-five dollars."

"How'd you manage it?" the other asked.

"Well, I didn't do the way you do," Bob answered frankly, with a slight twinkle in his blue eyes.

Lewis flushed up. "What are you driving at?" he demanded.

"Well, just this," Bob explained. "When I had worked ten hours for twenty-four days in every month I got so I rather respected the money that was paid me for doing it. I don't mean I reverenced it, but I respected myself enough to respect my salary too much to throw it away every chance I had."

Lewis looked away uncomfortable. A ray of understanding was beginning to penetrate the obscurity of his inexperience.

"You needn't think, though, Bowman, that it has been as easy sailing as the telling is," Bob continued. "Right now, when I get my salary in my hands, I'd like mighty well to chase around and get a nice luncheon or set the fellows up. I've had to fight the temptation of having the fun of spending my money."

Lewis nodded sympathetically, and yet admiringly, as he gazed at Bob.

"But I can't afford to spend," the latter said gravely. "My father hasn't any money. If I'm ever to get a start, I've got to make it myself. I didn't begin with a nickel," he added with a grin as he remembered Jim's chaff, "but it wasn't much more. I saved just two dollars that first month."

"Giving lectures in high finance, old fellow?" Jim asked Bob as he passed the two.

"No, he's giving me some common sense," Lewis interposed soberly.

That evening the newsboy on the corner was quite astonished when Lewis allowed a car to pass while he waited for change. Time passed, and the expensive little cafe around the corner knew him no more.

"Bob ruined you for entertaining purposes," Jim complained once to Lewis. "Your salary was raised yesterday, and you haven't asked us to celebrate with you yet."

"I've celebrated with myself," Lewis laughed, and displayed to Jim a savings account bank book.

Jim contemplated it mournfully. "Goodbye," he finally said sorrowfully and wrung Lewis' hand. "You'll never be a good fellow again, but you'll probably be prestimb of the bank."—Gleaner.

LEARNING TO SAY "NO"

In learning a lesson, of course one must begin at the beginning. In learning to say "No" learn first of all to say it to yourself. To say "No" to one's self is very hard. Self-will cries out, "I will have it," and Laziness, Pleasure and Desire each have much to say on the subject, so that one needs to be very resolute to resist all these voices and say a good stout "No" at the right time and place.

But this is a splendid beginning in one of the great lessons of life. To say "No" to one's self when the temptation to yield is very strong and no one is near to say anything at all, takes strength and courage and perseverance that can come only from above. When one has begun by this brave "No" to himself, it is much easier to say it to temptations that come to others, and easier to say the word to others. Indeed this denial must come first to himself before a person can keep on saying "No" to any one else. Make a trial of this brave beginning and keep on.

THE FACE THAT MIGHT BE

A beautiful young woman who had just received a number of proofs from a photographer, brought them to her artist uncle to get his opinion. "Don't you think that is a pretty face?" she asked with a smug assumption of conceit, as she laid one of the proofs before him.

"I like it better now than I shall later," was the enigmatic reply, and the girl's brows wrinkled with perplexity as she answered somewhat petulantly, "I don't understand you."

"Then I'll show you." He took his pencil and modified some of the lines in the pictured face. The supercilious curl of the lip hardly noticeable in the proof, became a sneer. The almost imperceptible frown between the brows appeared a fretful furrow. Other lines were deepened until they expressed ill-nature and impatience. The girl looking over his shoulder, uttered a vexed cry. "Oh, uncle, what are you doing?"

"I'm showing you how you will look in fifteen or twenty years."

The young beauty stood staring "Why, uncle," she gasped, "how unkind! You don't think that I'll ever become such an ill-tempered fright. You're just saying that to tease me, aren't you?"

"No, my dear." The artist spoke with decision.

"I am telling you a plain truth. The lines of fretfulness and impatience and intolerance. They are faint at present, but fifteen years will emphasize them, probably more than my pencil has done. I did not add a line to your face that was not already there. I only showed what the years would do with them."

The girl stood looking down. "I know there would be changes, of course. People have to grow old. But that?" Her lips trembled. "You really think—"

"I know," her uncle said quietly. "The thing is as certain as sunset, unless you change. Massage doesn't eradicate those lines, my girl. If they are wiped out of a face, the change comes from within."

She walked away with the altered proof in her hand, glancing at it now and again with an odd fascination that was half repulsion. She had seen the picture of her face as it might be, as it would be, unless she changed. She set her lips with determination, resolving that she had seen the face that would never be, since she had seen it in time.

THE BEST NEWS

The best news possible for any season is the "good news" of the gospel.

The human mind cannot conceive of better intelligence than the gospel brings. It is just what man wants. He is sinful; the gospel reveals holiness. He is moral; the gospel brings immortality to light.

How our race should shout for joy over such glad news!

Suppose that the gospel came to us with temporal dominion and power for all who embrace it. Would that be better than the revelation of thrones and crowns in the eternal world? Suppose the gospel supply gold and silver to repletion for all believers! Would that be better than the true riches which it supplies in unlimited quantities forevermore? Suppose the gospel to be laden with all forms of pleasure; suppose its primary purpose to be to make people merry and gleeful as long as they live? Would that be better than the solid satisfaction the religious life affords here and the endless rapture it guarantees hereafter?

How could the gospel be better than it is? Study the question until the truth burns into your heart that this gospel of Holy Writ is the sweetest, richest, most gladsome and most glorious intelligence that could reach the ear and heart of dying man.

THE DUTY OF BEING WELL

A well-known physician and author, of the city of Boston, is quoted recently as saying that two fifths of the sicknesses of the present generation are caused by morbid mental and spiritual conditions. Another physician nearer home tells us that there are a great number of people in Canada who are to-day suffering from certain well-defined diseases directly caused by the burden of anxiety, and foreboding, and grief due to the war. Now we are not of those who believe man can go through life always walking on the sunny side of the street, neither do we think it possible for any real man to go care-free in these days of tragedy and sorrow, yet we do think that every man among us ought frequently to remind himself of the fact that a measure of hopefulness and wholesomeness of mind and spirit is a duty, and that such always tends toward the health and vigor of the whole man. To see life whole, in a Christian spirit of confidence and trust and courage, is the only way to be strong for all life's battles and duties.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From Our Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, Nov. 9th, 1896

Hespeler's population is 2,057.

Mr. Joseph Anderson has purchased a farm in the North-West, and intends to move thereon in the spring.

The long-drawn out Harvey case at Guelph terminated on Saturday by the acceptance of $10,000 as restitution and a sentence of three months without hard labor. This appears to be a gross miscarriage of justice.

The windstorm last week blew the end out of the Methodist Church shed at Crewsons Corners, and also blew one of Mr. William Murray's barns to pieces.

Miss Hill, of Minneapolis, was the guest of Miss Miss Walker last week.

Miss Annie Stephenson and Miss Fanny Bryers visited in Cheltenham last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Kennevile left for their new home in California. Numerous friends were at the G.T.R. to say good-bye. Their removal is much regretted.

In the Council the tax-collector was instructed to ascertain the names of the members of the fire brigade who faithfully perform the duties required and remit their poll tax.

BORN

McKENZIE—In Acton, on November 6th, to Dr. and Mrs. H. A. McKenzie, a son.

MILLS—In Acton, on November 6th, to Mr. and Mrs. David Mills, a daughter.

KENNEY—In Acton, on November 5th, to Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Kenney, a daughter.

IF BRITAIN "WENT DRY"

The British drink bill for last year was $600,700,000, and probably they are now spending a billion dollars a year on something which many people in the United States and England manage to get along without. This war has cost Great Britain about $7,500,000,000. If we subtract from this the loans to other countries, which will presumably be repaid, and the money spent on feeding the soldiers, who would have had to be fed and clothed anyhow, though not so well in time of peace, we should have left, using the estimate of Sir George Paish, a net loss to the country of about $2,500,000,000. If then, Great Britain should go dry, as Russia has, its total war losses could be paid up within the next three years, not allowing anything for the gain in industrial efficiency and the saving from the crime and impaired health which incidentally results from the consumption of a billion dollars' worth of liquor a year.

MUSIC HASTENS WORKERS

A dry cleaning establishment in St. Louis has added a phonograph to its equipment. The work of the establishment includes a good deal of ironing and pressing. The phonograph is kept busy turning out lively music and the workers at the ironing board unconsciously move in time with the music, greatly accelerating their speed. The idea has been taken from the South American countries, where music is considered one of the necessities of life, and is furnished in some form in almost all industries. The proprietor claims a 10 per cent. increase in the amount of work turned out in the same period of time since the phonograph has been installed.

SOLOMONIC DECISION

Two brothers inherited a farm and quarrelled violently as to its division. Now there lived in their village a certain shrewd and wise old man, noted for the soundness of his advice. Him the brothers determined to appoint arbitrator. Whatever he said they would abide by. They laid the matter before him. For a long while he thought, then delivered judgment, "You," said he, pointing to the elder, "shall divide the farm as you think fair. And you," he continued, pointing to the younger, "shall have the first choice."

THE WAY HE SAW IT

Once little sister was not very well, and all day long she had been fractious and domineering. At last six-year-old Johnnie's patience came to an end. "Mother," he demanded, "don't you want sister to be a good wife like you when she's big?" "Of course, my son." "Well, then, why don't you start her right? You persist on my giving her everything she wants just because she's a girl and littler'n me; but you're a great deal littler'n daddy, and yet every night when he comes home you jump out of the Morris chair and say: 'Here's your chair, John, dear; here's the new magazine; let me run and get your slippers.'" And before his surprised mother could frame a reply Johnnie swooped down and tore his cars from the hands of the screaming baby. "She'll be a terrible wife if we don't begin to train her," he remarked calmly as he strode from the room, his treasures under his arm.

The man with long limbs has a good start for a family race.

JOHNNY AND THE RAIN

"Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day,
Little Johnny wants to play?

But the flowers in their bed
Hadly shook each drooping head
At wee Johnny, as they said:

"Nay, for days we've sighed in vain
For the cool, refreshing rain,
And we want it to remain!"

Then the froggies hopped about
In the pools to bathe and rout,
Fondly splashing in and out!

And a thrush, with might and main,
Rang its praises of the rain
In a happy, joyous strain.

Froggies, birdies, flowers and all
Loved to see the raindrops fall,
And in chorus came the call:

"Johnny, Johnny, go away,
Rain, rain, fall all the day,
"'Tis the time we love to play."

—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

REMEMBER THE KIDDIES!

A tempest in a teapot can wreck things as completely as a storm at sea. Temper and pride can blast lives as utterly as the wickedest sin can.

Here's a story to prove it! A young couple—both under thirty—have been married four years, and have a little girl three years old. Both husband and wife are upright, honorable people, but they are undisciplined, and lack self-control, and so they quarrelled about all sorts of foolish things and got upon each other's nerves, until last summer they decided that they would be better apart and separated.

The wife went to live with a married sister. The husband went his way, and the child was given over to the care of the maternal grandmother, who remained on very friendly terms with her son in law despite the separation between him and his wife.

Both of the little girl's parents visit her continually, and to both of them she puts up the ceaseless plaint, "Where is my papa? Where is my mamma?" as the case may be, and "Why don't you both live here, like my grandmamma and my grandpapa do?"

"But you have your mamma, dear," the mother will soothe her by saying. "Yes; but I want my papa, too," the child will wail, "I want you but at the same time, and I want my home."

The child's cries have gone to the father's heart. He realizes, perhaps too late, that the first duty of parents is not to themselves, but to their children, and that no child is getting a square deal in life that isn't reared in its own home, and under the watchful and loving care of both its father and its mother.

In the light of this new knowledge, and with the pathos of his baby's cries for her own rising in his ears, all of the petty squabbles and spats over nothing seem very small to the man, and he is trying to get his wife to come back and make a new start in a new home that will be built on a sounder foundation than the old one.

After all, what a sordidly pitiful thing it is to think of a home being wrecked, of a little child being orphaned by temper! What a confession of weakness it is on the part of two grown-up human beings not to be able to control their tongues! How little people must love their children when, for the sake of saying a few biting and unpleasant things, they are willing to jeopardize that child's whole life!

In plain English, that's what the whole situation amounts to. Every man and woman in the world who thinks as all knows that it takes a mother and father working together in harmony to bring up a child properly. Everybody knows that the most pitiful thing in the world is a half orphan child.

Yet, knowing this, simply for the sake of indulging their temper, husbands and wives will quarrel until they can endure it no longer, and then separate, thus deliberately orphaning their children.

Everybody knows that next in importance to parental influence and affection comes environment, and that only in a home does the child really flourish. This is so indisputably true that an effort is continually made by all the children's welfare societies to take children out of orphan asylums and put them in private families, in homes.

DON'T SHIRK, BOYS

The boy who is afraid of a job where he has to sweep the floor will not amount to much. When the proprietor of a drug store told the editor of the Philadelphia Public Ledger that a sixteen year old boy refused to work as a messenger because he could not run an automobile and that a seventeen year old negro boy threw up a job because he was asked to sweep floors, the newspaper man did a little reviewing of the lives of successful men. He found that Frederick Douglas, B. K. Bruce and Booker T. Washington, three well known negroes, swept floors when they were boys. The late James J. Hill swept the floor of a little store in Canada, Thomas A. Edison was a good sweeper in his youth, and John Wanamaker used to dust off his own counter. Asa Packer, who built and endowed Lehigh University with his millions, was a tanner's apprentice and then a carpenter, but when he died he was the richest man in Pennsylvania.

With so thorough a preparation at hand as Miller's Worm Powders the mother who allows her children to suffer from the ravages of worms is unwise and culpably careless. A child subjected to the attacks of worms is always unhealthy and will be stunted in its growth. It is a merciful act to rid it of these destructive parasites, especially when it can be done without difficulty.

Asthma Cannot Last when the greatest of all asthma specifics is used. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy assuredly deserves this exalted title. It has countless cures to its credit which other preparations had failed to benefit. It brings help to even the most severe cases and brings the patient to a condition of blessed relief. Surely suffering from asthma is needless when a remedy like this is so easily secured.

It is easy for a good man to make bad breaks.