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All accounts collected monthly.

M. V. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor

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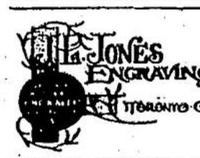

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We are manufacturers and direct importers of all kinds of Monumental and Mausoleum work. We sell direct to our customers at wholesale prices, thus saving our customers 40 per cent. We have the best appliances and the only mechanics in the Dominion 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 jaw 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 know or pay customers by sending out ignorant agents to solicit orders—we employ mechanics only and defy competition.
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"BUILT TO LAST A LIFETIME"
The most substantially built Piano
The Piano with the sweetest tone, the easiest action, the neatest case.
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For Coal and Wood
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COMMERCIAL COURSES
CLASSES NOW OPEN
Intending students should register at once. Full information upon application to
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Fairview Place - Acton, Ont.
Near Acton High School

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—HARDWARE—
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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Mill Street, Acton

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LIMITED

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On the Market
BRITISH COLUMBIA POTATOES
Corn, Chopped Corn, Cracked Corn, Chopped Wheat, Bran and Shorts.
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Has the finest assortment of Sleighs ever offered in Guelph. Boys' Sleighs and Girls' Sleighs, Baby Sleighs and Kiddy Sleighs, Rail Sleighs and Baby Cutters, Wagon Box Sleighs, Bobsleighs, Sleighs from 20c. to .. $3.00
Fine coasters from .. 75c. up.
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Phone 1017 GUELPH

GUELPH!
The Home of Good Glasses
Take advantage of the special railroad rates to the Winter Fair, December 1st to 8th, and have your eye needs properly attended to. Fifteen years' experience. No advance in prices
A. D. SAVAGE
OPTOMETRIST AND MFG. OPTICIAN
RIGHT AT THE POST OFFICE
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gives thorough courses in operating and station work by home study plans or to those who attend day or night sessions. Full particulars sent on request. Write W. H. SHAW, President, 3 Gerrard East, Toronto.

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The longer the war continues, the greater the financial burden that Canada will have to bear. It is, therefore, a patriotic duty and necessity to save as large a portion of our earnings as we can. The larger the savings, the better the country can finance its obligations, and the better the individual will be prepared for any emergency.
Open a Savings Account with
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PAID-UP CAPITAL - $ 4,500,000
RESERVE FUND - - $ 13,000,000
TOTAL RESOURCES over $198,000,000
BRANCHES AT
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This school stands without a superior in Canada. Write for Catalogue.
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Be Safe!
Don't take for any disease with spavin, splint, curb, ringbone, bog spavin, swellings and of lameness. Use the old reliable remedy—
KENDALL'S Spavin Cure
In the 30 years it has proved its worth in hundreds of thousands of cases.
Mr. Fenton, Dec. 4th, 1915.
Will you please mail to my address a copy of your Treatise on the Horse. I have been using your valuable remedies for some time, and found them safe and reliable. JOSEPH L. DAYZINGER.
$1 a bottle—6 for $5, at druggists—or write for copy of our book "Treatise on the Horse" free.
Dr. B. J. KENDALL COMPANY
Enosburg Falls, Vermont, U.S.A.

PERFECTLY FRATERNAL

She stood upon the step above me,
Asking coyly, "Do you love me?"
(Anything wrong in that?)
"I've loved you long, I'll love you ever,"
I answered, "I'll deceive you never!"
(Anything wrong in that?)

She placed her hands upon my shoulder,
Nestled closely while I told her—
(Anything wrong in that?)
Her curls went wandering, wayward tresses,
They minded not my warm caresses—
(Anything wrong in that?)

The moonbeams lightly shimmered o'er her,
Revealed her cheek—I stood before her—
(Anything wrong in that?)
I caught her in my arms and—kissed her
The darling girl—why, she's my sister—
(Anything wrong in that?)

AUNT JANE'S DIAMOND

CLIFFORD B. GREGORY

"IT HATH a right pretty diamond—Ruth," Aunt Jane remarked, as she bent closer to examine the sparkling stone on her niece's finger.

Ruth blushed prettily. "It isn't very big," she answered, "but it is the best that John could afford, and I wouldn't trade it for the finest jewel in the world."

Aunt Jane sighed, and her usually happy face took on a wistful expression. "It has been the ambition of my life to have a diamond," she confided. "I've never told much to anyone about it, but I know you will understand."

Ruth nodded, though the idea of Aunt Jane's longing for anything as frivolous as a diamond had never entered her head.

"Hiram was shipping logs at a dollar and a quarter a day when we were engaged," Aunt Jane went on. "It was out of the question for him to think of buying a diamond, even as cheap as they were then, and I knew it. I made him believe that a plain ring would do as well, and tried to look the other way when Ann Walton got engaged to a city man and came out with a diamond as big as a pea.

"Well, after a while Hiram got quite a pile of money laid by, and we were married and went to Chicago on our wedding trip. We happened to be walking past one of the big jewellery stores one day and the show window was full of diamond rings. I just stopped and gasped. I guess Hiram saw from the look on my face what I was thinking about. 'I never did get you a diamond yet, did I Jane?' he said, with his good-natured laugh. 'You pick out the one you want now and we'll go right in and get it. I've just been wondering what to do with that fifty dollars I made out of that horse trade with Squire Perkins.' He laughed heartily at that, for he was slightly pleased to think that he had beaten the old squire. Then he reached back to see if his wallet was still there, and you ought to have seen the look on his face. Yes, sir, his pocket had been picked, and I had just enough money left in my purse to pay the hotel bill; so we had to leave for home on the first train.

"Of course that was the end of my diamond, for there was two hundred dollars in that wallet. Hiram didn't say any more about the diamond for twenty years, until he had the farm paid for. I didn't say anything either, though I did a good deal of thinking, and it seemed as if I wanted it worse every year. I don't know why, either, for I never was much of a hand for finery. It just seemed as if my heart was set on a diamond, and I couldn't be happy until I had one.

"One day a few weeks after the mortgage was paid Hiram came in and counted out twenty five dollar bills on the table. 'That's for your diamond, Jane. I know how bad you have been wanting it, and I guess we have come to the plane now where we can afford it.'

"I was so excited that I could hardly sleep that night, for I planned on having Hiram drive me to town the first thing in the morning so I could get that diamond. Before he got the team hitched up, though, there came the mail man, with a letter from my sister Emily in the West. Her husband was well-meaning, but between drought and grasshoppers, he never seemed to get ahead any. She told about her oldest boy being lame on account of having hurt his knee on the ice, and how the doctor said he never would get any better without an operation, and that the operation would cost a hundred dollars, which they didn't have and didn't know how to get.

"It made the tears come to my eyes to read that letter, for I knew what a hard time Emily had always had. Then I thought about my diamond money, and I sat down thoughtful-like and began to take off my hat. I guess I took it off and put it on half a dozen times before Hiram finally drove up to the door. I handed him the letter. 'I guess a good leg on that boy is worth more than a diamond on one of my old fingers,' I told him when he had finished. 'You always was soft-hearted, Jane,' he said, 'but I guess maybe you're right,' and he went and put the team away.

"Then Hiram lost his health and we had to sell out and move to town. What with doctor bills and taxes and all, there wasn't any more talk about the diamond. It wasn't only about two years after that when Hiram was taken down sick abed and he never got up again. Just before he died he called me to him and said: 'I don't want you to decorate my grave with any fancy monument, Jane, I want you to put the money into a diamond instead.'

"Well, by the time things were straightened up and the bills all paid there wasn't very much left, for doctors' and lawyers' bills do count up fast. I had the house here and that was about all. I told Annie and her husband that they could have the house when I was gone if they would move here now and look after me a little. They moved in, and they have been mighty good to me ever since.

"But to get back to the diamond. I had just seventy-five dollars left when everything was settled. I knew it was foolish to spend my last cent for a piece of jewellery, but I just felt as if Hiram would not rest easy in his grave unless I did. I had just about made up my mind what kind of diamond I was going to get, when one of Brother John's boys stopped off here to see us one day. He was on his way home from some Eastern college where he had been studying to be an electrical engineer.

He was a strong, manly young fellow, and I told him we'd all be mighty proud to have such a good-looking engineer in the family, especially when he got to digging Panama Canals or building sky-scrapers. He looked sort of grave at that. 'It doesn't look now as if I'd ever get to be an engineer,' he said, and then he told me about the bad luck his father had been having, the result of which was that he couldn't give the boy any more money to continue his schooling with. 'I could get along all right and earn my own way if I had a little to start on,' he concluded, 'but it's hopeless trying to get a start without a cent to pay my entrance fees and buy my text-books.'

"As soon as he said that I knew Hiram wouldn't have any diamond ring for a monument for some time to come. I got up quick before I had time to change my mind and went and gave the money to the boy. He wouldn't think of taking it at first, but after I explained to him how it was and told him how much better it would be for Hiram to have an engineer in the family than for me to have a diamond, he finally gave in, and I could see that he was powerful happy at the idea of going back to school again. 'I won't forget this, Aunt Jane,' he said, as he left. 'I'm going to take half of my first year's wages and buy you the biggest diamond on the market.' But you know how long it takes a boy to get a start."

"And you gave up the idea of having a diamond then?" Ruth asked sympathetically.

"Not entirely. I knew it wasn't much use to think of ever getting enough money together again at my time of life, though I felt as if I ought try, as long as it was Hiram's last wish. I've been saving a little, though I don't have much to save from. Last spring when Annie was going to quit keeping chickens on account of the town's getting built up so and the roosters waking up the neighbors in the morning, I persuaded her to let me keep them for her on shares. I shut the roosters in a dark coop every night and they didn't have any idea that it was daylight until I turned them out at seven o'clock in the morning. If any of the neighbors want to sleep after seven they'll have to get used to the roosters' crowing. I have about thirty dollars saved up, now, and if the chickens do well and the price keeps up, maybe I can get a small diamond this fall. I wouldn't care for a very big one." Aunt Jane smiled hopefully.

Ruth jumped up impulsively and kissed the old lady's wrinkled cheek. "I'm sure you deserve a diamond if any one ever did," she exclaimed. "You make me feel selfish every time I look at mine."

Several times that summer Ruth ran to see how Aunt Jane's chickens were doing. They were growing at a prodigious rate, and the only cloud on Aunt Jane's horizon was the proposal of the city council to prohibit chicken-raising altogether within the city limits. This danger finally passed over, however, and the chickens reached frying age unmolested by law.

Ruth had been invited to spend the summer with a cousin in Manitoba, and it was late in September before she returned. Almost the first thing she did on reaching home was to go over to see Aunt Jane.

"Yes, I've sold the chickens," Aunt Jane said in reply to Ruth's question. She smiled and shook her head as Ruth glanced down at her hands. "No, I haven't bought my diamond," she said, in answer to Ruth's unspoken question. "The fact is, I've decided not to."

"Oh, Aunt Jane!" cried Ruth. "After waiting all this while—"

"Well, you see, it was this way," Aunt Jane explained. "I had sixty-four dollars after the chickens were sold, and I knew just where I could get a diamond ring for sixty, because I'd priced them before I took my money and started down town yesterday afternoon, with my mind made up to get the diamond this time.

"I hadn't any more than got outside the door, though, when I saw the big policeman that is on this street come along and drive the boys out of that vacant lot on the corner where they meet every afternoon to play ball. They're good boys and don't do anybody any harm by playing ball on that lot, not half so much as if they were playing marbles or something in the street. I walked up to the policeman and asked him what he was doing that for, and he said that the man who owned the lot wasn't going to have it used for a ball park. He said he was real sorry, but he couldn't do anything but obey orders.

"Just then an idea came to me, and I left the policeman and went up town to see the owner of the lot. He did not not very pleased to see me, but I made him listen to what I had to say, and the upshot of it was that I rented the lot of him for two years for fifty dollars.

"Then I went back as fast as I could with the lease in my hand. The boys were playing catch in the street in a half-hearted way, feeling pretty sore. I walked right up to the policeman and showed him the lease, and told him to let the boys play ball on that lot all they wanted to. Then I called the boys and told them what had happened. They gave three cheers for me and the captain spoke up and said that if the lot was going to be theirs to play ball on without anyone to interfere they ought to name it and put up a sign, and another of the boys suggested that they call it 'Aunt Jane's Baseball Diamond.'

"You can see the sign over there now if you look out of the east window. I have an idea that Hiram will be just as well satisfied with that kind of diamond for a monument as with one with more sparkle to it, and come to think of it, I believe I am going to enjoy it a good deal more."—Christian Observer.

PARTIAL VIEW OF ACTON TANNING COMPANY'S WORKS

A corner of the great tannery premises showing in the centre the top of the cupola of the building destroyed by fire last month.

A TESTING TIME AFTER A SURPRISE

A testing time is often a time of surprises. Most of our virtues we take on faith. The average young man believes implicitly in his chivalry, honest and courage. The average girl is confident of her truthfulness and loyalty and kindness of heart. And while some of these qualities are put to the test frequently, others are practically untested till an emergency takes us by surprise. And then the results may be very different from what we had expected.

A young man, alone in his employer's office in the evening, made the discovery that a large sum of money instead of being put in the safe for the night lay in a roll in one of the drawers of his employer's desk. He had never dreamed that his integrity was a weak point, till he saw that unguarded money under his hand. A number of people had been in the room since the safe was locked. If the money were to disappear its disappearance would be a mystery. There was no reason why suspicion should attach to himself.

The direction of his thoughts terrified him. He seemed like one impelled by an invisible force to the edge of a precipice. When an inward voice suggested to him that he might take the money home with him, and decide at his leisure what to do with it, he was wise enough to realize his peril. He hurried to the telephone, called up his employer, and told him that quite a sum of money had been left in one of the drawers his desk.

The employer uttered an exclamation of astonishment. "Is it possible that I could have been so careless?" He reflected a moment. "You don't understand the combination of the safe, do you?"

"No, sir."

"Then suppose you take the money home with you, and bring it to me in the morning. It will be safer in your care than lying around loose in the office. And thank you for calling my attention to the matter."

It was a cool night, but as the young man hung up the receiver, he found the perspiration trickling down his cheeks. He had met the test successfully, but his victory was not altogether reassuring, for he had not dreamed that he would be tempted in this matter of personal honesty.

Experiences like these should teach us not only humility but compassion for those who fall. Character is in doubt until it is tested. Perhaps the difference between ourselves and some despised transgressor is chiefly in this, that he was tempted and we were not.

INCOMPATIBILITY

A young man named Older know an old man named Younger.

Old man Younger had a son younger than Older and another Younger.

The older Younger liked the younger Older, and the older Younger's elder was pleased.

But the younger Younger disliked the elder Older simply because he was younger and the other was older.

Friction grew between the older Younger, the elder Younger and the younger Older through this dislike of the younger Younger, and to this day the Olders and Youngers do not mingle.

INVENTION OF INSECTS

An American inventor, in commenting upon the remarkable achievements of modern engineers and inventors, recalls the fact that many creatures in the animal kingdom have shown an inventive capacity ahead of the human. For example, he says the spider made the first suspension bridge, and some spiders make excellent airships. One variety of them even makes a diving bell.

The bee still makes a wax that human beings cannot imitate. The bee and the wasp used a hypodermic needle before man ever thought of them, and the bee uses formic acids as an antiseptic to preserve its honey from fermentation.

To these may be added the ant which makes tunnels and subways, the moth bee with its cement works, and the great peacock moth. The latter calls its kind from a distance by a wireless telegraphy, while the silkworm is still the unrivalled manufacturer of silk.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From Our Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, Nov. 26th, 1896

THANKSGIVING DAY

Saturday's snow storm looked like the beginning of an old-fashioned winter.

Mr. Donald McDonald recently erected a considerable addition to his house on Main Street.

Mr. J. A. Cornfield had his right wrist badly cut with broken glass while ejecting a drunken man from his store Saturday night.

Fretbrook's fish hatchery is beginning to yield returns. 5000 young trout were shipped this week to London.

Rev. Mr. Stephens, who was pastor of the Disciples Church here the past year or so, has taken a new charge in Prince Edward Island. Mr. Hugh Black, of Kenmore, President of the Disciples' Co operation, has had charge of the services here for several weeks past.

The annual Acton Branch Bible Society meeting was held in the Disciples' Church on Friday evening. The annual address was delivered by Rev. J. E. Lancaley, of Brampton. $64 had been collected which was reported. Mr. J. W. Kannawin, secretary, sent in his resignation, owing to his intended removal to California. A cordial resolution of appreciation moved by Messrs. H. P. Moore and John Cameron, was adopted. Mr. John Robertson was elected president, and Mr. Thos. T. Moore, secretary. The devotional exercises were conducted by Rev's. H. A. Mellhenson and W. Bryers, and are solution of thanks to Rev. Mr. Lancaley was moved by Revs. O. G. Langford and R. B. Cook, Mr. James L. Warren, president, occupied the chair.

Mr. George Edwards returned to his home in Cannington this week.

Mr. James Renshaw arrived from Wyandotte, Mich., yesterday and will remain at home till after the holidays.

Mr. Robt. Wallace, jr., returned last week from Hartney, Man., looking well and reporting times very good there.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Henderson, M. P., went to Florence this week where Mrs. Henderson's sister, Mrs. Wm. Gordon, is very ill.

DIED

FREEMAN—At Rock Springs, Wyoming U. S. on November 11th, 1896, Mary, Frances, second daughter of the late James Cobban, M. D., Milton, and wife of William Freeman, M. D., Georgetown, aged 38 years.

PROHIBITION SUCCESS

To the Editor:

The experience of prohibition in Ontario has justified all its friends claimed for it. The reports astonished the reader at the number of places that did not have an arrest for drunkenness during the first two weeks. In the city of London three days in one week there was not a single drunk and the police were almost idle. At Camp Borden there was not a drunk for a week among twenty-five thousand men and there was a marked improvement in discipline of the entire camp. The St. Thomas Journal is quoted as saying, "the predictions of the wets that there would be a large bottle business has been knocked into a cocked hat by actual results."

Probably the best proof of the success of prohibition has been furnished by Toronto. On Monday the 16th there were 135 drunks in the police court, on Tuesday 6, on Wednesday none, on Thursday 2, on Friday 2, and on Saturday 2. Evidently prohibition works well in Toronto, Hamilton and London.

Another result of prohibition is a considerable improvement on business. The Pioneer remarks "Already the money saved from bar-rooms is helping legitimate business of every city and town in the Province in which local option was not in force." "Street car conductors told how much quieter were their night loads, policemen had an easier job, and many wives who before had done their Saturday marketing alone, carried home larger parcels than usual walking beside their sober husbands. Even a newsboy reported having sold twenty more papers than usual."

The Star is quoted as saying "The majority of a score of merchants were emphatic in their statements that prohibition has benefitted their business by materially increasing the number and amount of purchases made by their customers." One merchant said "Last Saturday was pay day and I noticed that old customers whose purchases were limited to one dollar, during the last week's call made purchases of five dollars or over, something these men had never been known to do before. And they seemed happy to have the money to spend."

Mr. Geo. Wright, of the Walker House said in part "We have been doing a very good business during the past two weeks. Our hotel has been filled to capacity."

Who would want to go back to the old way?

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

Others may not be able to cash it, but time is money for the plumber.

A fool and his money is a combination you don't meet every day.

THE CANADIAN NURSING SISTERS

They came from the land of the maple leaf,
of sunshine and rolling plains;
East and West nobly stood the test, for
the parent-blood coursed through their
veins;
They did not shirk the arduous work, for
they have the Motherland's stamp;
One request did they ask, just to take up
the task of "The Lady of the Lamp."

They came from their homes of luxury,
they came from their homes of ease,
From city and town they came flocking
down, such a splendid chance to seize;
The women-folk of a nation spoke, with an
ardour nought could damp,
For they longed to follow the footsteps of
"The Lady of the Lamp."

They came from their hives of industry,
they came from their homes of love;
One and all, when they heard the call rushed
forward their worth to prove;
They had heard the song of the brave and
strong, they had heard the steady
tramp,
And they knew there was work for the followers of "The Lady of the Lamp."

They came to succour their wounded and
maimed, to win them back to health;
For Canada's sons had shouldered their
guns, a token of Canada's wealth;
O Empire grand, that one fair land should
bear hood of kinship stamp,
By sending that host of followers of "The
Lady of the Lamp."

They came, and now hand in hand with
God they labor to lighten pain;
Their faces the while ever wreathed in a
smile, their efforts are not in vain;
For many a lad, both good and bad, modest
person, and erst while scamp,
Will ever remember those followers of "The
Lady of the Lamp."

Cpl. Franklin, 13th Batt. C. E. F.

"I JUST KEEP A-GOING"

Early in the winter, a crippled man of about sixty years, went through the neighborhood seeking work.

"I'll be glad to turn my hand to anything," he said earnestly. "Tending furnaces, shovelling snow, washing windows, or kitchen work! My daughter says I'm real handy about a kitchen—I help her a lot. And I'm strong in my arms—it's only my feet that aren't right!"

Since the accident that had crippled him and kept him in the hospital for some months, he had been out of "steady work," and "couldn't bear to be burden to folks," he explained. "I do anything," he repeated.

More from pity than from any other motive, the woman to whom he made the application, began to look about for work which he could do, thinking that the expenditure of money would be an act of charity.

"You may try shovelling the walks," she suggested, somewhat doubtfully. The snow had been heavy and the hundred and fifty feet frontage of the lots made it seem a rather difficult task. "You may do as much of it as you like, and I'll pay you for whatever time you put in!"

Gladly the man sallied forth, armed with a snow-shovel.

In a surprisingly short time he appeared at the back door, a broad smile on his face. "I'm done!" he announced.

"How much of it did you do?" she inquired.

"All of it," he replied promptly. "Would you mind taking a look at it, please?" And in surprise she complied. The walk was beautifully clean, and the whole hundred and fifty foot length of it. It was not a mere ribbon-shaped path in the centre of it, either, such as many a younger workman had been accustomed to making. The entire width of the walk was cleaned.

"But how quick you are!" she exclaimed involuntarily. "There will be no trouble about you finding plenty of work at this rate."

"I'd be much obliged to you if you could recommend me to any of your friends," he said.

Since that beginning, this man has become a well-known figure in the neighborhood. As long as the snow lasted he was in great demand. "He does twice as much in an hour as any young man I've ever employed," said one and another. It was soon learned that he could be depended upon to come at regular hours and interview refractory furnaces and to empty overflowing ash-boxes. It was found that his daughter's praise of him as "real handy about a kitchen," was no empty boast. He polished windows till they shone, and he scrubbed floors till they suggested Spotless Town indeed. "How does he manage to do it all—crippled as he is?" speculated one of his pleased employers. Spring following winter rather abruptly, brought him still plenty to do. The family for whom he had done his first work as a snow-shoveller, engaged him to rake over the garden plot for seeding. Again they were called upon to marvel. In ten hours the work was accomplished, and well done, too. "And last year we paid that young Friable for two days' work and he didn't do it half so well, either," commented one of the family.

"You have done more in these ten hours than any man we've had yet," he remarked as he paid the two dollars and a half into the roughened palm.

The man looked up with a pleased smile. "I'll tell you how it is," he said confidentially, "It isn't that I'm really any quicker than other folks, it's just that I keep a going!"

There is a whole world of good sense in his methods, too. "Just keep a-going" and what can't all of us accomplish?—especially we who are not handicapped by physical troubles such as his?

Here is Fred, who has only a very "aver age" mind and no special aptitude for mathematics, but he is determined to make a success of his school work, and he "keeps a-going." He turns a deaf ear to the entreaties of his friends to go to the ball game, when he knows to-morrow's studies are unprepared, and so next day he is able to solve the difficult problem that the brilliant boy of the class falls ignominiously to do. You see he just "keeps a-going" till the right time had come to stop. And he carries this spirit through the entire high-school course, with the result that the parents of some of the other boys are surprised to see Fred's name in the honor list at Commencement time. How strange it seems when every one knows that he isn't half so brilliant as many of his classmates who merely "get through" by a narrow margin. Ah, but the secret of it all is plain to see. "Just keep "a-going" in the right direction, and success is almost sure to be yours!