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All accounts collectable monthly.

H. F. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McCILL.
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L. R. F. P. & S. Glasgow.
Member Provincial Medical Association Ont.
Office—Frederick Street Acton, Ont.

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Physician and Surgeon,
Graduate Arts Experienced (Cor. Mill and John Streets, the former home of the late W. H. Storey Esq., Acton, Ont.

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Dentist.
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Office at Residence, Corner Mill and Frederick streets.
Honor Graduate of Toronto University.
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GARDNER BLOCK
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Sales attended with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms.
Orders by letter to Orton P. O., or Caledon East will receive prompt attention.
Sales may be booked at the office of THE FREE PRESS, where arrangements to suit dates and everything can be made.
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Special attention to sales in Acton and vicinity.
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Books and Magazines bound in Handsome and Substantial Covers.
Binding lettered in gold on Bibles, Hymn Books and other books.
ALL WORK PROMPTLY EXECUTED

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We are manufacturers and direct importers of all kinds of Monumental and Header work. We sell direct to our customers at wholesale prices, thus saving our customers the profit from hundreds of our customers in Georgian and other places, where others have to hand our sales in order to collect. We have the largest and best stock of Granite in the Dominion, at more than any other dealers in the Trade. We are Independent dealers and can pay no commission, and do not answer or pay attention to parties who ignorantly assume to solicit orders, claiming our employ. Inspection only and fully convinced.

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Established 1840
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The Old and Reliable Watchmakers and Jewellers

Savage & Co.
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The
Bell Pianos
"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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BEST FLOUR!
On the Market
BRITISH COLUMBIA POTATOES
Corn, Chopped Corn, Cracked Corn, Chopped Wheat, Bran and Shorts.
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Famous Heaters.
Small Stoves. Oil Stoves

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Mill Street, Acton

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Christmas and New Year's Fares

SINGLE FARE	Fare & One-Third
December 23, 24, 25, good for return until December 26th. Also December 30, 31, 1916, and January 1, 1917, valid for return until January 2, 1917.	December 21, 22, 23, 24, good for return until December 27th. Also December 28, 29, 30, 31, 1916, valid for return until January 2nd, 1917.

Above reduced fares apply between all stations in Canada east of Fort Arthur and to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock, Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge, N. Y.

Tickets now on sale at all G.T.R. ticket offices.

H. S. Holmes, Agent
ACTON Phone No. 15

The abundant, creamy lather of Lifebuoy Soap is laden with great cleansing power, and antiseptic properties as well.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

So, when you have used LIFEBUOY on skin, garment or anywhere in the house you can be sure of cleanliness and SAFETY.

The mild antiseptic odor vanishes quickly after use.

LEVER BROTHERS Limited TORONTO

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP 5¢ At all Grocers

The Bond Hardware Store, Guelph

Wishes its many Acton customers the "compliments of the season."

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Phone 1211 GUELPH

A Skilful
EXAMINATION
Of your eyes at this establishment cannot fail to reveal the real cause of your not seeing well.

And not to see properly means your eyes need attention.

Glasses prescribed and made by us will give you perfect vision.

WE GRIND OUR OWN LENSES

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OPTOMETRIST AND OPTICIAN
RIGHT AT THE POST OFFICE
Phone 1012 GUELPH, Ont.

WINTER SESSION
Opens Jan. 2nd in Shaw's Business Schools, Toronto—C. B. College with Seven Branch Schools. Free Catalogue on request. Write W. H. SHAW, President, Yonge and Gerrard Sts., Toronto.

HALTON COMMERCIAL COURSES
CLASSES NOW OPEN
Intending students should register at once. Full information upon application to
Mrs. Macknight, Principal
Fairview Place - Acton, Ont.
Near Acton High School

Thrift

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

The Bank of NovaScotia
PAID-UP CAPITAL - $ 8,000,000
RESERVE FUND - $ 11,000,000
TOTAL RESOURCES over $[illegible]
BRANCHES AT
Acton, Guelph, Norval, Milton and Streetsville

ACTON BRANCH
J. A. Wynne, Manager

HAPPY NEW YEAR

For thee I tried to pray,
One year ago to-day,
In loving strain;
And if it helped me bear
The cross thou canst not share,
I lifted not my prayer,
For thee in vain.

My only fear for thee,
Is that thou didst not see,
In all thy ways,
God's guiding hand unfold,
From deep-dug mines of gold
His will, that treat untold,
In blessing pays.

The world's a weary place,
For him who tries to face
His tasks alone;
But he who looks above
Will see the God of Love
Is always swift to move
Among his own.

And so I wish for thee
The vision clear to see,
A presence near;
That every hour of night
And all the days of light,
May with God's love shine bright.
All through the year.

—New York Observer.

TOMMY AND THE TRAMP

LAURA E. RICHARDS

A NEW YEAR'S STORY

IT WAS New Year's Eve, but the Tramp did not know that. He was tired and hungry. He had been walking all day and had not been treated well. At many houses he had been turned away without ceremony; at others work had been offered. Only one woman had taken him in and fed him for nothing, and she had given him cold bread, which always disagreed with him, and cold tea. The profession was not what it had been cracked up to be, thought the Tramp, and he began to think that the burglar had the best of it, after all. He had always called himself an honest man, and had now and then split wood, when he could not get food without, but, after all, was honesty the best policy? He knew burglars who had their little homes as neat and pretty as any one would ask to see. Twice round the walls, too, "God bless our home!" and all that. The Tramp liked a pretty text. This very afternoon he had been walking with a burglar—they separated when they came to the village in mutual though friendly distrust—who was going home, with a New Year's present for his little boy—a gold watch it was. He had taken it from an old curmudgeon who kept it locked up in a box, doing no good to anybody. That burglar was going home to have a cosy time with his wife and child and here was he, the Tramp, an honest man, and not able to get a bite of supper. Decidedly, tramping was not what he had been led to believe it. He thought he should try stealing, after all; he stopped, full of the thought, and looked around him.

A bright light shone from the window of a cottage hard by; the blind was up; the Tramp stepped to the window and looked in. A neat, bright, cosy kitchen; a little old woman busy over the stove. No sign of masculine presence anywhere.

"I'll try here!" said the Tramp.

He opened the door, without knocking, and went in. The little woman looked up. "Good evenin'!" she said. "I didn't hear ye knock. What can I do for ye?"

"I want some money!" said the Tramp, hoarsely, for he had made up his mind now.

"Well, I haven't got a cent!" said the little woman, "and if I had, I wouldn't be fool enough to give it to you. So there it is, you see! But you can do something for me!" she added, brightly. "You've come just in the nick of time. I want this soup taken to a sick boy round in the next street. His mother is sick, too, and can't cook things nice as he ought to have 'em; hasn't means to get 'em either, I suppose; and I set out that he should have something good and hot to go to sleep on, and begin the new year with nourishment inside him."

All the time she was talking, the little woman was busy getting out a bowl and cover and finding a clean napkin.

"There!" she said, and she poured some of the steaming broth into a small cup. "See if that ain't good! I guess likely 'tis."

The Tramp glowered at her, but drank the broth and said it was good.

"Then you 'tis!" said the little woman. "Go round the corner to the fourth white house, and say it's for Tommy. What ye waitin' for?"

"I didn't come here to do errands!" said the Tramp.

"Yes, you did!" said the little woman, sharply. "That's just what you came for. I've been waitin' the past half-hour for the Lord to send some one—I can't go out at night myself, fear of the asthmy—and he's sent you. Reckon he knows what he's about!"

She pushed the Tramp out pretty fast decidedly, and shut the door on him.

"Well, I swan!" said the Tramp.

He carried the bowl safely to the fourth white house from the corner. Once, indeed, he stopped on the way and muttered to himself.

"Tommy!" he said, and his tone expressed deep injury. "You'd think they might have called him William, or something else. There's names enough, you'd think, without hittin' on Tommy. But that's the way! A man don't have no chance!"

A horse and buggy stood before the white house, and when he knocked the door was opened by a short square man with "doctor" written all over him.

"What's this?" asked the Doctor.

"Soup!" said the Tramp, "for Tommy!"

"Who sent you?" asked the Doctor.

"Old woman, brown house round the corner! All right! If she sent you I suppose you are a respectable fellow. Just jump into my buggy and drive to 140 Gage Street! Give this note to my wife—Mrs. Jones—and bring back the medicine she will give you. Hurry, now! I can't leave this boy and I've been waiting half an hour for somebody to come along."

He scribbled, and shut the door.

"Well, I swan!" said the Tramp again. He pocketed the pale and drove rapidly away. He did not know where Gage Street was, but a few questions put him on the right track, and after a drive of some minutes he drew up before a neat white villa standing back among shrubberies.

A lady answered his ring. She began to speak before she saw him. "Why, John!" she cried. "Did you forget your key? I heard the buggy wheels—Oh, mercy! Who is this?"

The Tramp gave her the note, which she read quickly.

"Yes," she said. "Oh, certainly! I will get these at once. And while you are waiting"—she looked at the Tramp, doubtfully. "The Doctor sent you—it must be all—I wonder if you would be so very obliging as to look at the furnace for me? Our man is gone off; I don't know where he can be, and I am sure there is something wrong. The house is cold as a barn, and I can't leave the baby more than a moment, and my girl is sick. If you would be so kind!"

She showed him the cellar door and ran to get the medicine.

The Tramp stamped down the cellar stairs, shook the furnace thoroughly, put coal on and shut it up.

"Gramsie' isn't in this!" he said. "This goes beyond any expression I know. They don't give a man no chance."

When he went up the fire was burning well and the Doctor's wife was waiting for him with a packet and a cup of hot coffee.

"You must be cold," she said. "And I am so much obliged. I cannot imagine where Thomas can be."

"You're a lady, ma'am," said the Tramp.

On the way back he was hailed by a woman who came to her gate with a shawl over her head.

"Say, mister, was you goin' anywhere near the post office?"

"Most probably I was," said the Tramp. "I'm in the delivery business to-night."

"Then if you'd post this letter for me I'd be a thousand times obliged to you. It's to my son and, he'll fret if he don't hear from me on New Year's Day. Thank you, sir. I hope your mother feels comfortable about you this cold night."

The Tramp winced at this. He said nothing but took the letter and went.

As he drove by a street lamp a rough voice called to him to stop. He checked the horse and was aware of the burglar with whom he had walked and talked a few hours before.

"Hello, pal!" said the burglar. "You're to luck. "You're in luck. Seems to me you was the fellow that was goin' to stay an honest man, was you? And got a team a'ready. That's smart business. Gimme a lift!"

The Tramp grunted and shook his head.

"I'm on my errand," he said "for a sick child."

"Sick granny," said the burglar. "You go thaws or I'll holler and give you up."

He grasped the horse's bridle as he spoke and his looks were ugly enough.

"All right," said the Tramp. "Jump in!"

He threw back the robes and held out his hand. The burglar left the horse's head and was in the act of springing into the buggy when a well-planted blow sent him sprawling on his back in the road.

The Tramp drove on rapidly. "Some folks ain't no sense of what's right and fitin'," he muttered. "There's a time for everything. That's scripture."

He found the Doctor waiting at the door of the white cottage.

"Sharp's the word," said the Doctor. "I was getting uneasy my man."

"So was I," said the Tramp. He explained that the hired man was gone and the lady had asked him to see to the furnace.

"Good, has he!" said the Doctor, and his face darkened. "Then that's the last time. He needn't come back, the tipsy rascal."

Again he looked keenly at the Tramp, who was shifting a buckle of the harness in a very knowing way.

"Know anything about horses?" he asked.

"Reckon," said the Tramp.

"Who are you anyhow?" asked the Doctor.

"Well, I'm wonderin'" said the Tramp. "I took care o' horses five years. I been sick and since then I been trampin' a spell. To-night I started out to be a burglar but I ain't had no chance. I might as well go back to work again and done with it."

"I think you might," said the Doctor. "Come in and help me with this boy. He's pretty sick, and his mother's not much better."

"Well if it's all in the night's work," said the Tramp. "I'll be dreamin' this before I get through with this."

He stepped inside, but stopped short at the bedroom door with a white face. A child's voice was heard within asking for water.

"Who's that?" asked the Tramp staring at the Doctor. "Whose voice is that?"

"Tommy's," said the Doctor. Tommy Trent."

"O my Lord!" said the Tramp. "How did he come here?"

"His mother came some weeks ago," said the Doctor, "to get work in the mill. Good, steady woman. She was doing well till she fell sick and then Tommy took this fever. Nice boy, Tommy. Do you know anything about them? They seem to be quite alone. There was an older son, I believe, but he seems to have got into bad ways and gone off. Do you know anything about Mrs. Trent?"

"Reckon," said the Tramp. He hid his face against the wall for a moment; then he turned upon the Doctor with flaming eyes. "Something's loose after me to-night," he said fiercely. "Things is all of a piece. I don't say what it is. You may call it the Lord if you're a mind to. I don't say nothin'. I tell you I ain't had no chance." He put the Doctor aside with one hand and slipped noiselessly into the low room. "Tommy," he said softly, "how's things?"

The sick boy started up on his elbow with a cry, looked, then fell back on his pillow laughing and crying. "It's all right," he said. "Mother, it's all right. I'll get well now. Brother Jim's come."

"Reckon," said the Tramp.

Cordial Wishes for a Prosperous New Year to All

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, Dec. 31st, 1896

Knox Church Y. P. S. C. E. officers:—Hon. Pres.—Rev. H. A. McPherson; Pres.—John R. Kennedy; Vice-Pres.—Miss Armstrong; Recording Sec'y—John Moore; Cor. Sec'y.—D. M. Henderson; Treas.—Miss Mary Lambert. Convenors of Committees—Miss C. McPhail, Miss J. McDonald, Miss R. Anderson, Miss Cobbat, Miss Patterson, Miss M. McQueen, Miss A. Smith.

Methodist Sunday School Staff for 1897: Supt.—H. F. Moore; Home Dept.—Nettie Clark; Sec'y.-Treas.—R. J. Garvey; Ass't. Sec'y.—T. J. Edmiston; Librarians—C. Williams, A. E. Garvey, Chas. McLaat, Edwin Francis; Organists—Annie McMath, Lizzie McLaat; Orchestra Leader—Chas. Jenner; Ushers—R. J. Edmiston, W. McMath; B. B. Aides—T. J. Edmiston; Teachers—Rev. J. E. Howell, Mrs. H. F. Moore, Mrs. Crain, Mrs. James McLaat, Mrs. T. Francis, Miss Maggie Ebbage, Mrs. John Agnew, Mrs. C. C. Speight, Miss John Stephenson, Miss Maggie Mathews, Mr. J. R. Coleman, Miss Lottie E. Speight, Miss Walker, Mr. George Vincent, Mr. Harry Jeans, Mrs. James Moore, Ass't. Teachers—Thos. T. Moore, Thurlell Brown, Rev. W. Bryce, James Moore, Misses Clara Moore, Lois Howell, Annie Stephenson, Nellie Brown.

Average attendance, 203; receipts for year, $326.15 including $76 for missions.

The Methodist S. S. Anniversary on Christmas night was in the form of a Christmas Wigwam and a Christmas Chimney. There was a splendid programme rendered entirely by members of the school. Seven choruses; sixteen recitations.

Municipal Candidates:—Reeve—A. E. Micklin, James Francis. Councillors—William Brown, W. H. Deany, J. A. Murray, W. E. Smith, H. T. Arnold. School Trustees—James McLaat Robt. Walton, T. H. Harding; all elected.

The Free Press issue a Calendar for 1897 containing portraits of all the editors since the beginning in 1875—Y. H. Hacking, two years;—E. W. Galbraith, one year;—T. Albert Moore, one year; H. F. Moore, seventeen years.

Between sixty and seventy relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Forbes, were present and sat down to a beautiful Christmas dinner at their home at Crewsons Corner.

The Free Press entertained at dinner on Monday, Mr. David Fraser, special representative of the Aberdeen, Wash., Recorder, who is journeying on foot from that state to Boston via St. Louis, Detroit and Montreal. He left on July 4th and expects to reach Boston by Jan. 10th. He will receive $3000 if he makes the 3200 miles before Jan. 31st. He is the first man ever granted a pass to walk over the G. T. R., and registers at every station.

ROOM FOR THE BURDEN BEARER

Of all things recorded of Napoleon, not even excepting his military genius, none does him more honor than that day during his humiliating exile on St. Helena when, coming up a steep path, he met a poor wood gatherer. "Room for the burden-bearer," he cried, making his staff step aside; and he who had abdicated and been exhaled by the great world powers took off his hat to a humble porter bending under his load of fagots. Only the truly great recognize the dignity of common labor.

HIS REASON

"Why don't you buy something at my table?" demanded the girl at the charity fair.

"Because," said the smooth-tongued youth, "I buy only from homely girls. They have a so much harder time making sales."

And he worked this right down the line!

A Cure for Fever and Ague.—Disturbance of the stomach and liver always precede attacks of fever and ague, showing derangement of the digestive organs and deterioration in the quality of the blood. In these ailments Parmelee's Vegetable Pills have been found most effective, aborting the fever and subduing the ague in a few days. There are many whom subject to these distressing disturbances and to them there is no better preparation procurable as a means of relief.

It's difficult for a newly-married man to generate much enthusiasm over his bride's beautiful hair after he has seen her pile it in the bureau for the night.

HATCHING OF BEES.

Their Method of Escape From the Wax Cells of the Hive.

It is interesting to watch young bees in the act of hatching out from the cells of the hive. The wax capping which confines them is thin, but it is quite strong enough to give the tender young bee a good deal of trouble in nibbling it through.

At first one can only see a part of the insect's head through a small hole it has made. It gradually nibbles away the way till the hole is big enough for the entire head to get through, but are this stage is reached the young bee has been assisted in its efforts by several of the older bees, who, though no doubt engaged in some other work, pause on their way and very considerately nibble away a little of the capping with their stronger jaws.

Once the head of the young bee is out of the cell it has much more power, and, after pulling and twisting perseveringly, the thorax is gradually worked free of its prison. Then the abdomen slips easily after it, and the birth of the bee is accomplished.

When they are free of the cells the young bees stand for some time palpitating and apparently getting their breath again after their efforts, while some of the nurse bees gently stroke them and give them food.—London Tit-Bits.

NATURE AS A SURGEON.

Some Species of Trees Amputate Their Limbs Regularly.

Nature in many instances is her own physician, treating her ills without consultation and rendering unto herself most excellent treatment. Healing always takes place without infection, and no great strain is put upon the tree itself. Her surgery is bloodless and, so far as we know, painless, writes David Jiroch in the Scientific American.

Take, for instance, some of the poplar and willow trees. When the immediate environment is not adapted to the best growth of a twig or branch of these trees nature sets up a special cell formation, a corkline growth which gradually cuts off the nutrition from the part about to be eliminated. These abscess cells, as they are termed, form close up to the parent limb or trunk and encircle the part to be removed with such uniformity that little more plant tissue is involved than is really necessary.

When in the early spring a tree receives a great amount of nutrition numerous branches are sent out which later in the summer become shaded and of no value to the tree. It is then that the process of elimination takes place. These trees, as a rule, do not lose their branches until late summer.

Jumping Cocoons.

Many visitors to the southwestern states and Mexico have amused themselves by watching the queer motions of "jumping beans," the seed vessels of a plant, each of which contains the pupa of an insect whose spasmodic movements cause the bean to hop and roll about.

More remarkable are the "jumping cocoons" found in South Africa. The cocoon is formed by the mother insect and is very hard. The pupa when ready to emerge must cut its way out. The front of its head has a sharp, chisel-like edge, and by driving this against the inside of the shell it gradually makes a hole. The violent motions of the pupa within cause the cocoon to leap so that one has been seen to spring out of a small glass tumbler.

Wonderful Hand Weaving in Mexico.

The hand woven blankets made by the Indian girls of Mexico, to whom a dime a day is a good wage, although they begin work at sunrise and labor until sunset, are the admiration and despair of all who appreciate fine handiwork or value perfect color combinations. A small blanket bought in Mexico City five years ago, although it has been used as a wall tapestry ever since, seems as bright in every one of its rainbow colors as on the day it was bought. The weaving is so perfect that it has no right or wrong side.—National Geographic Magazine.

Not So Exacting.

"Are you in favor of an eight hour working day?"

"I don't go quite so strong as that," replied Farmer Corntossel, "if my boy Josh was to work three hours a day two days in succession I'd think he was doin' purty good."—Washington Star.

Cross Purposes.

She—You don't seem to understand that when I criticize I do it solely for your good. He—and you don't seem to understand that when I am required to listen it is impossible for me to think of anything that is good.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Man's Way and Woman's.

When a wife dies a husband says, "I would be a better husband if I had it to do over again." But when a husband dies his wife says, "Well, I did my duty by him."—Topeka Capital.

Called Down.

"I would like to see the man or place that could get my nerve."

"Did you ever try a dentist's chair?"—Baltimore American.

One can never buy a satisfactory brand of popularity at cut rates.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING

May it be yours that prize to see
Toward which your heart is pressing:
And may to you this New Year be
A year of constant blessing.
May you have grace and health and strength
To tread the path of duty,
Until in you the Lord at length
Shall show His perfect beauty.

—T. Watson.

NOVA SCOTIA PROSPERS.

More Attention is Being Paid to the "Passed-by" Province.

The industrial possibilities, as well as the tourist attractions, of Nova Scotia have received considerable attention in recent years, or since the tide of immigration toward western Canada set in. Some very informing and entertaining books have appeared dealing with Nova Scotian possibilities. Visitors to whom the Nova Scotian landscape has been a revelation, and the Nova Scotian highway a disappointment, have contributed their share to the general discussion. All appear to be in agreement on one principal point, namely, that the Nova Scotians do not realize what they have to offer the rest of the world, or, if they do, are short of understanding as to how to offer it. One very clever book with a London imprint points out that Nova Scotia is a "passed by" province, which is literally true. It has been "passed by" for years. The immigrant looking for a home, or the capitalist looking for investment, on arriving at Halifax has usually boarded a train for Quebec or Ontario or Manitoba or Saskatchewan or Alberta or British Columbia, without taking the time or making the effort to look about him in one of the garden spots of the world, Nova Scotia.

It is pleasant to read that "development of the province of Nova Scotia, agriculturally, industrially, socially, and as a stock-raising country is an aim of Canadian government officials." It surely should be, and promise of a successful outcome of the movement is made brighter than it would, otherwise be by the plan to have the development schemes carried out in co-operation with the provincial authorities. The general manager of the province's excellent railway system simply reiterates what has often been put down in writing when he says that the resources of Nova Scotia have hardly been touched. He would be within conservative bounds were he to say that the resources of the peninsula have never been fully understood, abroad or at home.

Everything claimed for the beauty, climate, fertility, and opportunities for industry offered by Nova Scotia to the desirable immigrant will be admitted off-hand by those who have seen the country. The one thing needful is that these advantages shall be advertised, and the one effectual method of advertising them is through the medium of cheap transportation, good roads, and plenty of well conducted, not fashionable, hotels.

Clergyman Wins a V. C.

The first Saskatoon man to win the Victoria Cross is the Rev. Francis George Frost, a student of Emmanuel Anglican College. The news reached his friends recently in a letter from a colleague who was with him in the trenches. "He leaped over the parapet and ran out under heavy fire to bring in a wounded comrade," is the simple story of the heroic action for which the greatest military prize was awarded.

The local Victoria Cross hero was a resident of Saskatoon for five years prior to enlistment during which he studied at the theological college. His action is rendered the more notable when it is stated that he did not display any outstanding traits either in scholarship or athletics which would have led his colleagues to suspect that he had buried deep within him the latent qualities of abnormal courage and great heroism. He was, however, conspicuous for impulsiveness and good nature to a high degree.

Born at Leytonstone, Essex, England, Frost entered Emmanuel College in September, 1909, and was awarded his college testamur in 1913. The same year he was ordained to holy orders and at the time of enlistment was reading for Emmanuel College, B.A. He enlisted in October, 1914, with the 28th Battalion, and was attached to D. Company, and the college authorities immediately granted him his degree.

The news of Private Frost's brilliant exploit at the front was sent to the college authorities by Private H. A. Jack, a fellow student and comrade-in-arms.

This is not the first student of Emmanuel College to win distinction in the present war, the D.C.M. having recently been awarded another student, Sergt. Walter Bard. Practically 75 per cent. of students training at the college at the outbreak of the war have gone to the front. In addition to 37 students who went direct from college, 10 others who are closely connected with the college in various capacities are under arms, giving Emmanuel a representation of 37 man serving King and country.

Mr. McMaster's Views.

On the eve of the re-opening of the British Parliament, the Weekly Despatch put to several of the members the question: "What ought to be done this session?" Among the answers published is the excellent one given by Mr. Donald MacMaster, the Canadian K.C. who sits for the Chertsey Division of Surrey. It is as follows:

(1) Apply conscription to every part of the United Kingdom.

(2) Provide that our sailors, soldiers, and munition workers shall have the opportunity to vote at the next election.

(3) Provide that the disabled sailors and soldiers shall be shepherded, here and in our great Dominions, and given the opportunity to resume civil life within the Empire.

(4) Tell the Government that war is war—that the full power of our fleet must be asserted in stopping imports into Germany, directly [illegible] directly; that Roumania must be backed up, and that there must be no more nonsense with Greece.

The Natural Response.

Wrathful Recruit: "Here, what did yer call me a thick headed idiot in front o' the colonel for?"

Astonished Sergeant: "Why, it ain't a secret, is it?"—The Tatler.

A pleasant medicine for children is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, and there is nothing better for driving worms from the system.

Misery is everywhere and so is happiness.—Ruffner.