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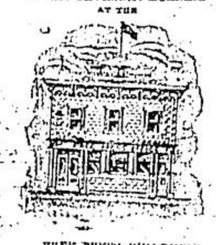

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THE CORRECT SHAPE
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Perfect Models of the latest Hats out
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LIMITED
FLOUR
BEST
When you look at the biscuits
You are glad to see that they are just done to a nicety. They have that beautiful snowy interior that is the result of
PERFECT FLOUR
OUR FLOUR, being without fault in making, easily responds to the efforts of the bread and pastry cook. The best flour naturally comes out best in the baking.
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'Warming Up'
Exercise with spirit and life buy a pair of
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Gloves—$1.50 to $5.00 pair.
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The Piano with the sweetest tone, the easiest action, the neatest case.
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WE GRIND OUR OWN LENSES
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Cash paid for all kinds of live poultry.
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THE KITE STRING

He stood aside from his playmates.
His sightless eyes to the sky,
And the cord in his hand was tightly drawn
By the kite that flew so high.

In his big eyes, wondering, beautiful,
On his pale little slender face
There shone such a rapture, such keen delight,
That someway it seemed out of place.

And I could not forbear to pause and to ask,
"My laddie, what pleases you so,
As you hold your kite in the far-off sky,
Since its motion you cannot know?"

He turned and smiled as he softly said,
And his voice with joy was full,
"I can't just explain—but it makes me glad,
When I feel that upward pull."

That Upward Pull! how it comes to us
In the daily grind of life,
How it lifts us up and gives us rest
In the weariness of strife.

When we stand bewildered, blinded, and hurt,
'Mid the fall of our cherished dream,
It is good to know that we cannot fall,
If we follow the heavenly gleam.

And never an hour may be so sad,
Nor over a sky so dull,
But we may, if we will, reach out and feel
That God-given, Upward Pull.

—Helen M. Wilson

THROUGH A FOREST FIRE

GRAYMAN ANDREWS

LOOKING a potato from the live ashes of the camp fire, Ned Darrow jabbed it with a pointed stick.

"Huh! Hard as a bone. Well, back you go!" he exclaimed, and rolling the potato into the fire again covered it with ashes.

He went and squatted on a log where he could not catch the tantalizing odor of the half a dozen brook trout that were toasting on a slab before the fire, and gazed round him. Behind him lay the tumbling heights of Eagle Crag, from which two mountain chains branch out to form a giant V—Indian Range to the east and Bitter Berries to the west. In front of him lay the inclosed valley known as The Valley of the Lost Shepherd. Far to the south, where the mountains lie farthest apart, there is a gentle, undulating patchwork of apple orchards, but at the point of the V the valley becomes a rugged canon that ends far up the slope of Eagle Crag.

Ned's tent was pitched near the mouth of that canon beside Bitter Creek, which races tempestuously out of the deep gully and winds down the valley.

John Larkin, a travelling salesman, had employed Ned as guide for his annual hunting trip; and he had not made a mistake in his choice. Darrow was a boy of the outdoors. For eighteen years he had lived in that part of western Washington, and he knew the mountains thoroughly.

As the sun rose over Indian Range, Ned started from his reverie.

"Time to get up!" he cried, throwing a stick at the tent. "What do you think this is, a rest sanitorium for invalids?"

A sleepy yawn answered him; then a voice more sleepy than the yawn. "Ned, you're a hard master (yawn). Do you always (another yawn) get a fellow out this early?"

"Early?" Darrow scoffed. "I've caught and toasted a mess of trout since early morning. Shake round in there. How can you expect me to show you a bear if sleep till noon?"

John Larkin, a clean-cut, energetic, businesslike man, thrust his tousled head out of the tent.

"What a morning!" he cried enthusiastically. "We'll get a bear to-day, Ned."

Their expedition took them far back into the canon that morning—so far that there was nothing to remind them of civilization except a plank-ribbed board tube, about four feet square, that was strung along the side of the gulch two hundred feet above the creek. The tube was an irrigating flume that carried a stream of water from the source of Bitter Creek down to the apple orchards miles away; it ran down the canon with just enough fall to make a steady current, while Bitter Creek foamed and raced and fell over the cataracts and falls, farther and farther below the man-made waterway. Occasionally, as the hunters crossed a small clearing, a flock of grouse whirred into the air; once a coyote loped over a ridge and met a bullet from Larkin's 30-30; but they could find no trace of a bear.

As they were resting at noon, Darrow looked up with a puzzled expression on his face. "Do you smell anything, Mr. Larkin?"

The older man sniffed in all directions. "No, I don't—well, yes, now I do. What is—"

"It's smoke." The boy jumped up and pulled Larkin to his feet. "There's a fire somewhere. Come on!"

Ned had turned pale. Racing at top speed to a little ridge from which he could survey the canon, he jumped upon the highest point and fixed his gaze toward their camp, which now lay far below them.

"There—there it is—a forest fire!" he cried, pointing.

A column of smoke rose from the heavy pine woods between them and the camp. As they watched, too much dumfounded to move, a tongue of fire licked up the sides of the canon, like two long arms spreading out to make sure that the trap was closed. The column of smoke changed into a long, unbroken, devastating blanket that swept up the gulch toward them. They were caught like sheep in a runway—Eagle Crag was at their backs, Indian Range and the Bitter Berries shut off their escape to left and right, and fire was in the canon below them!

Larkin stared in alarm, first at the advancing line of fire and then at the mountains.

"We're trapped, Ned!" he cried huskily, as he realized their position. "What can I do?"

Darrow was scratching his mind for a plan of escape. Stories of forest fires and plans for fighting them flashed through his mind. He tried to remember some accessible clearing big enough to shelter him and his companion; but there was no large open space that they could possibly reach.

"There must be something that we can do," Larkin said, seeing the hopeless look on his guide's face.

"We'll back-fire, but I'm afraid it's too late."

They worked like mad gathering brush, chopping wood and piling it under of the smaller trees. Then they touched fire to it and began to spread the blazing branches.

The long line of licking flame and belching smoke below them had swung its ends round in a semicircle, and was racing up the gulch not a mile away. Huge blankets of ash rose and whirled like storm clouds; a murky pall of smoke hung over the entire sky. As it grew darker, long flames spit their tongues high above the trees, and the crash of falling pines became a continuous roar.

Pausing breathlessly in their work, the two men looked from the advancing fire to their small, retreating back fire.

"It's no use," said Larkin. "Can't we climb over the mountain to a clearing?"

"It's more than six miles. The fire will be here in fifteen or twenty minutes—" He stopped short and looked toward the flume. "Come on—run!" he shouted.

Throwing aside their rifles, they clambered up the steep slope. They cut their hands on the rocks and their clothes on the brush, but they never paused. As they reached the flume and jumped upon its board covering, a large black bear met them, but only growled menacingly and passed on. With Larkin close behind, Ned ran down the flume to a place where the roof boards had been removed.

"As soon as the—the fire—gets too hot for us," he said, panting, "we'll crawl into this flume—and float down—through the blaze. The boards and water will protect us enough if—if it doesn't burn through and let the water out before—before the fire passes.

Larkin looked at the wooden flume doubtfully; but when he glanced down into the fiery mouth of the canon, his hesitation vanished.

"Good!" he shouted. "But how shall we get out?"

Ned put his hand on the axe. "Chop."

The fire was scarcely a quarter of a mile away. Its hot breath was on their faces. Midday had been changed into midnight—a night hideous with the roar of fire and the screams of wild animals.

Ned tugged at Larkin's sleeve and, shouting something that was drowned in the terrible din, plunged into the tube. Larkin followed him. Although the icy water made them gasp, it was a welcome change from the hot air outside. The flume carried a stream two and a half feet deep; they could wade and float down the current.

As they went on—seemingly for miles into the inky blackness—the rumbling of the fire increased. The water grew tepid and the air became stifling hot. Ned knew that if they could stand it only a few minutes longer they would be safe beyond the line of fire.

After minutes so long that they seemed like hours, the roars began to diminish and the air partly cleared itself of the intolerable smoke. Ned grasped Larkin's arm and they tried to stand against the current while he chopped at the boards. To their horror the water so hindered his strokes that he could hardly make an impression with his axe. They could not keep a foothold against the current for more than a few seconds. They were trapped in the flume!

Neither spoke a word as, backing, pounding, slipping, struggling, they were driven slowly down the flume. Each realized his fate. Farther down, a small valley cuts the side of the canon and intercepts the course of the flume. At that point there is a long sag, and the water fills the entire tube. There they would be drowned like rats in a cage.

As the current bore them slowly downward, they chopped and tore at the planks like madmen. In two or three places the walls were beginning to burn through, and tiny streams of water were trickling out.

Perhaps there was still hope, for Ned remembered that just above the sag there was a gate in the side of the flume, which was occasionally opened to empty it. If they could open that gate from the inside, they could crawl out. The water, gurgling as it poured down into the depression roused him to action.

"Larkin, Larkin," he shouted, "over to this side! Quick!" A gleam of light was shining through a slit above the gate. "Get your fingers in there and hang on!"

Ned suited the action to the word, and his companion obeyed mechanically. They stood thus, panting and spent, with their hands clutching in the crack and and their bodies braced against the gliding, tugging current. Larkin was the first to speak.

"But how—how do we get out?"

For answer Darrow raised the camp axe with one hand and began to strike at the gate. "If we can cut a hole here at the side, we can reach through and slip the bolt that holds it!"

For what seemed an interminable time they clung to the gate and took turns with the axe. Chopping was next to impossible; but finally they hacked a narrow opening and Ned, thrusting his hand through pushed back the bolt. The gate gave way with a rush, and the prisoners tumbled out after it and rolled over and over down the sloping side of the canon.

Ned lost consciousness. When he woke, Larkin was chafing his hands and talking incoherently. The boy rolled over wearily and closed his eyes; and if he did not say anything, it was because he was too happy.

PROLONGING IT

Two English workmen were discussing the war.

"It'll be an awful long job, Sam," said one.

"It will," replied the other.

"You see, these Germans is takin' thousands and thousands of Russian prisoners, and the Russians is takin' thousands and thousands of German prisoners. If it keeps on, all the Russians will be in Germany and all the Germans in Russia. And then they'll start all over again, fightin' to get back to their 'omes." Tit Bits

WHO IS HAPPIEST?

Goethe in some of his writings puts this question and answers it pointedly, yet briefly. He asks: Who is the happiest of men? He who values the merits of others, and in their pleasures takes joy as though 'twere his own.

Then speak your appreciation to the teacher who is giving of his or her life to help your children along the rough pathway of knowledge. For,

If any little love of mine
May make a life the sweeter;
If any little care of mine
May make a friend's the fleeter,
If any little lift of mine may ease
The burden of another,
God give me love and care and strength to help my toiling brother.

HIS VOICE WAS ENOUGH

Nothing can surpass in richness and sonorousness the utterance of a genuine Tipperary Irishman who is endowed by nature with a fine baritone voice and has lost none of his native brogue. One such is employed in a certain large station of the Pennsylvania Railroad as a train-announcer, and there could not have been a better selection for the post. His voice is melodious and superb, and his enunciation distinct. He is attentive to his business, and is polite to all inquirers. It is worth coming a long way to hear him call out, in a voice that awakens the echoes of the great station:

"Aal aboorrd for Rrrahway, Lizabeth, N'th Aalmbh'y an' Rid Bank! Aal aboooarrrrd!"

One day, when he had just called a way-train, a little Jewish woman, who held by the hand a sharp-featured little boy, approached the train announcer and asked:

"Zay, meester, vot time go the negat drain for Neoark, Noo Chairsey?"

With due dignity Michael responded, in a clear loud voice, "The nixt train for Nyoeark, Nyoo Jarsey, l'aves at wan-thorrty Pay Im!"

The woman and boy appeared satisfied, but they lingered near, and in about five minutes they came to him, and the woman once more asked:

"Zay, meester, vot time-leave de negat train for Neoark, Noo Chairsey?"

Recognizing them as the questioners of a few minutes before, Michael responded with great clearness:

"The nixt train for Nyoeark, Nyoo Jarsey l'aves at wan—thorrty—Pay—Im! All aboorrd for Thrinton, Philadilphy, Baaltimore, Waashin't'n, an' aal p'ints South?"

Within ten minutes the same Jewish woman and the same little boy approached him again, and the woman repeated her question; and Michael now somewhat impatiently responded:

"I tould you twice, ma'am, that it do l'ave at wan-thorrty! Now may I ask you whoy you ask me tho thorrd teime?"

"Oh, vell," she answered, "I care nodings about the drain for Neoark, Noo Chairsey. My Ikey, here, he like to hear you shpeak!"

It was the elocutionist, not the train-announcer, to whom the woman had applied.

BEAUTIFUL

One day a little girl in a white frock and with a bunch of flowers passed by a boy who was playing in the dusty street. Somehow the sight of that dainty figure stirred the spirit of mischief in the boy's heart, and suddenly a handful of dirt struck the edge of the white dress and fell in a shower upon the kid shoes.

The girl stood still. Her face flushed pink. Her lips trembled as if she would cry. But instead a smile broke over her face; and taking a flower from her bunch, she tossed it to the boy, who stood waiting to see what she was going to do.

A more surprised boy no one ever saw nor one more heartily ashamed. He hung his head, and his cheeks reddened under their tan and freckles. His unkind fun was quite spoiled, just because in return for a handful of dirt some one had thrown him a flower.

What a changed world this would be if everybody, big or small, were as wise as this six-year-old maid! How quarrels would go out of fashion if for angry words we threw back gentle answers.—Exchange.

KEEPING HIS WORD

One of the recruiting canvassers in an English provincial town was a well-known Magistrate. In most cases he succeeded in obtaining the promises he wished, but at last he knocked at one cottage door, which was opened to him by a sturdy son of the soil.

"My man," said the Magistrate, are you willing to fight for your King and country?"

"No, I beant, sir," was the prompt reply. "An' I be surprised at you asking me to do it. Two years ago next month you yourself fined I twenty shillings for fighting wi' Bill Smith, and you said it wor wicked to fight, an' I promised you as I wouldn't repeat the offence, an' allus kept my word."

SLIGHT MISTAKE

Female passenger in airplane some thousands of feet up—excitedly, "Please, oh please, won't you go down? I've just dropped my pearl cufbutton!"

"Calm yourself, madam—that's not your cufbutton, that's Lake Erie."—Puck.

ACCURACY

"I am delighted to meet you," said the college student, shaking hands warmly with the professor. "My son took algebra from you last year, you know."

"Pardon me," said the professor, "he was expected to it, but he did not take it."

Knock on the unsightly bill board and continue to knock.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, April 1st, 1897

The shop of Mr. E. H. Schlimme, the new tailor on Main Street, was burglarized on Monday night.

Thirty dollars and thirty-two cents were ordered to be paid by Esquesing Council to Messrs. Keith, Gibbons, Carty and Sproule, as two-thirds value of sheep killed by dogs.

Revs. McPherson and Langford gave addresses in Knox Church on Sunday afternoon in a memorial service having reference to the late Mrs. Donald Mann.

The Guelph Herald has had an interview with Mr. William Stephenson, formerly of Acton, but now of Morris, Manitoba. Mr. Stephenson, was a well-known plow-maker here, and has invented a plow which will plow an acre of prairie in 43 minutes. It gathers up grass for fuel as it goes along, a mowing machine having previously passed. The same engine by removing the gang and placing a thresher on will thresh wheat out of the shocks by travelling around the field.

Mr. Thos. Gibbons, saddler, left on Tuesday for Winnipeg.

Officer R. D. Graham has been confined to the house the past week with malarial fever.

Mr. John Williams was up to Dundalk this week to visit his mother who is seriously ill. She is in her eighty-second year.

The House of Commons opened Thursday. The first session of the Mackenzie administration was opened exactly twenty-three years ago, the seconder of the address then being Mr. Wilfrid Laurier who now is Premier.

BORN

ALLAN—In Erin township, on March 28th, to Mr. and Mrs. John Allan, a son.

McKENZIE—At Ballinafad, on March 13th, to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew McKechnie, a son.

VINCENT—In Acton, on March 30th, to Mr. and Mr. and Mrs. George Vincent, a son.

DIED

McKERSIE—In Eramosa, on March 17th, the wife of Gavin McKersie.

TOVELL—At Everton, on March 28th, Samuel Tovell, aged 82 years, 3 months.

BRIEF

Hearty co-operation of citizens and club members in work undertaken will effect wonderful results.

Improve school rooms and grounds so they will be attractive to both children and citizens.

Lead a crusade for the city beautiful.

Never say quit when it is a question of health and beauty for your home town.

Keep on milking twice each day, and regularly, if you milk at all.

Feed the cows so that it will pay to milk all winter.

Supply sufficient food in the stables to keep up the milk flow and condition.

Supply plenty of bedding, straw shavings or sawdust. No cow can do well if obliged to lie on a bare, cold, floor.

Don't let the liquid manure run through the cracks in the floor.

To cut butter in small even squares for the table, use a coarse wet thread as this leaves no ragged edges.

The small pin feathers which are so hard to clean from very young chickens can be wiped off with a damp cloth in much less time.

Cold water closes the pores of the skin and makes it firm. A little vinegar or cologne added to the water also assists in the hardening.

The pineapple and Spanish moss are botanical relatives.

ARTIFICIAL MILK

A process has been discovered in England for the manufacture of artificial milk for human consumption. It is claimed that a wholesome and inexpensive substitute can be made from peanuts, soya beans, sugar, water, and the mineral salts found in milk. The milk so produced, it is stated may be condensed and sold in tins in the usual way or dried to a powder and sold in bottles. It may be given a certain percentage of cream by the addition of cocoanut or one of the other tasteless nut fats. The residual meals, rejected after the special factors required have been taken from them, are dried until they contain only ten per cent. of water, and used as food for cattle.

As a curiosity the "milk" thus produced would be interesting. Though it is questionable whether it would prove an acceptable substitute.

Miller's Worm Powders can do no injury to the most delicate child. Any child, infant or in the state of adolescence, who is infested with worms can take this preparation without a qualm of the stomach, and will find it a sure relief and a full protection from these destructive pests, which are responsible for much sickness and great suffering to legions of little ones.

WHY DO WE WORRY

Why do we worry about the past?
We only stay for a day,
Or a month, or a year, at the Lord's behest,
In this habitat of clay.

Why do we worry about the road,
With its hills or deep ravine?
In a dismal path or a heavy load
We are helped by hands unseen.

Why do we worry about the years
That our feet have not yet trod?
Who labor with courage and trust not fears
Has fellowship with God.

The best will come in the great "To be,"
It is ours to serve and wait;
And the wonderful future we soon shall see,
For death is but the gate.

FRESH AIR IS THE BEST PREVENTIVE OF DISEASE

A brief bit of wisdom, directed against the old-fashioned idea of excluding fresh air from dwellings, is propounded by Kathleen E. Stacey, in the February issue of "Everywoman's World."

"Cold weather," she says, "is to many mothers the signal to paste up the windows and close the doors.

"Certainly we do not want to 'heat the whole out-of-doors,' but neither do we want to breathe 'second-hand' air, and that is exactly what we do, unless a sufficient supply of fresh air is permitted to enter.

"Air is not fresh once it has been taken into the lungs and breathed out again. When it is taken into the lungs it contains oxygen, but when it is breathed out again it contains carbonic acid gas, which in small quantities is dangerous and in large quantities is a poison.

"It is clear, then, that to have pure air in a room there must a way for air to go out and also an inlet for fresh air; therefore windows should be opened at both top and bottom. Heated air is lighter in weight than cold and ascends and will go out through the higher opening, the cold, fresh air coming in through the lower.

"A draught is very bad, and an opening an inch wide will cause a more dangerous draught than if the window or door were wide open.

"As a rule, the curtains and blinds break the draughts at the top, and a window board should be used at the bottom. Nail a piece of board six inches high to the lower sill and raise the window on this; then the air enters in through the space between the two sashes."

GENTLE HITS

The time now is when no one knows
Just when to shake his winter's clothes,
For if you wear them you feel bad,
And if you don't, you wish you had.

The wise man keeps his overcoat within easy reach.

Germany's sea sorrows are the submarines that come not back.

Nature is said to be infallible, yet she gave the rooster a comb, but no hair.

Like a postage stamp, a man's value depends on his ability to stick to it until he gets there.

Now that we put a 40 cent muzzle on a 10 cent dog we must not complain of the high cost of living.

When "money talks" most people see cents in what it says. One has suggested that it mostly says "good-bye."

"That which people sow, that shall they also reap," does not always apply to the pictures on the seed packages at this season of the year.

In twenty days more we venture to say
The sky will be bright and the sun will be gay,
The grass will peep out as much as it dares
And burnt carpet-rags will enliven the airs.

ENCOURAGING

He was one of those young men who never seem to know when to go home. She had tried yawning, but even that failed to get rid of him.

Presently a clock outside in the hall began to strike in low deep tones the midnight hour.

"Oh, I say, Miss Goldilocks," said the late-stayer brightly, "is that an eight-day clock?"

Miss Goldilocks smiled coldly at him.

"Well," she said, stifling another yawn, "why don't you stay a little longer and find out?"

USEFUL

"Now, this is the kind of movie I like. It's educational."

"Why, it's all about a vampire."

"Just so. I may meet a vampire some of these days and then I'll know how to protect myself."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

THEY ALL TRY IT

"He's a clever photographer."

"Makes pictures of people as they look, I presume."

"Cleverer than that. He makes them as they think they look."—Detroit Free Press.

Praises this Asthma Remedy—A grateful user of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy finds it the only remedy that will give relief, though for thirteen years he had sought other help. Years of needless suffering may be prevented by using this wonderful remedy at the first warning of trouble. Its use is simple, its cost is slight and it can be purchased almost anywhere.

Externally or Internally, it is Good—When applied externally by brisk rubbing, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil opens the pores and penetrates the tissue as few liniments do, touching the seat of the trouble and immediately affording relief. Administered internally, it will still the irritation in the throat which induces coughing and will cure affections of the bronchial tubes and respiratory organs. Try it and be convinced.

When boiling meat which is inclined to be tough add one teaspoonful of vinegar. This makes it tender, and gives it a good flavor.

Allow two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder to each cup of flour when no eggs are used.