

# The Acton Free Press.

51. Every Subscription Paid in Advance. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 21, 1917. Subscription Price, \$1.00 Per Annum. SINGLE COPIES—FIVE CENTS.

**Savage & Co.**  
Established 1848  
**JEWELLER GUELPH**  
  
**The Old and Reliable Watchmakers and Jewellers**  
  
**Savage & Co.**  
Guelph Ont.

**PHONE 11**  
If you have any guests at your home, are going out of town for a visit, or know of any interesting news, let us hear from you. We always appreciate such favors. Phone 11.

**C. C. Speight**  
FOR—  
**UP-TO-DATE GOODS**  
  
Silverware in Tableware—Fine Variety  
Also Fine Cutlery, Hardware, Tinware, and Graniteware—in Variety  
Pandora Stoves and Ranges, Famous Heaters, Small Stoves, Oil Stoves  
  
EVERY ARTICLE IS OF EXORBITANT VALUE

**C. C. Speight**  
Mill Street, Acton

**NEW STORE**  
**DRY GOODS GROCERIES AND FURNITURE**  
**L. STARKMAN**  
  
Has removed from his former residence on Young Street and has opened a store in Arthur's Block on Mill Street, Acton  
  
WITH THE ABOVE LINES OF GOODS  
  
The patronage of the general public is invited  
  
L. STARKMAN.

**STRAW HATS**  
  
An excellent display of Men's New Straw Hats in proper styles this summer's wear, \$1.50 to \$4.00.  
  
PANAMA HATS  
In Fedora and Telescope styles, \$1.00 to \$10.00.  
  
Furnishings—All prices  
Shirts, pyjamas, hostery, underwear, ties, etc., from all the leading Canadian makers, as well as the famous English houses.  
**LOOK OUR STOCK OVER**  
  
**R. E. Nelson**  
Guelph Ont.

**WHEELERS**  
**and Reliable Marble Dealers**

**General Hardware**  
  
Mill Supplies  
Builders' Hardware  
Agents for Yale and Peterboro Lock Co.  
Louden Machinery Supplies  
Dry Supplies  
  
**The BOND HARDWARE Co.**  
Limited  
Phone 1012 GUELPH

**The BELL Pianos**  
  
The main essentials in a piano are tonal quality, high-class workmanship and durability.  
  
These are comprised in BELL PIANO as a result of patented improvements unique in piano manufacture.  
  
Sold only by  
**C. W. Kelly & Son**  
33 Lower Wyndham St.  
GUELPH ONT.

**SCIENTIST'S ESTIMATE**  
  
That seven out of every ten people do not see correctly. Only two of these seven are wise enough to wear glasses that produce accurate eye-sight. The other five are handicapped by dangerous uncorrected eye-strains. These strains disturb the entire nervous system causing headache, "nervous" irritability and depression.  
  
Don't procrastinate, consult  
**DR. A. D. SAVAGE**  
OPHTHALMIC AND ENT. SURGEON  
RESIDENT AT THE POST OFFICE  
GUELPH, ONT.

**A Good Ally**  
  
The man who saves nothing remains stationary, or goes behind. The man who saves progresses. Money makes money. Money out at interest works for a man and helps him along the road to success. It is his best ally next to his ability and integrity.  
  
Open a savings account with  
**The Bank of Nova Scotia**  
  
BRANCHES AT  
Acton, Guelph, Norval, Milton and Streetsville

**Our Acton Customers**  
  
Will be pleased to know of our change of address to better quarters—at the former H. Occomore store—  
**124-126 Upper Wyndham Street**  
  
We have moved our entire stock up here and are in a better position than ever to serve your needs, economically and well.  
  
**The Grinyer Co. LIMITED**  
GUELPH ONT.

**BOYS WANTED**  
  
"Wanted—a boy." How often we hear these words and how many boys are wanted for every thing under the sun. All that the men to-day can do, to-morrow the boys will be doing too. For the time is ever coming when the boys must stand in the place of men.  
  
Wanted—the world wants boys to-day. And she offers them all she has for pay. Honor, wealth, position, fame, a useful life and a dolesome name. Boys to shape the plow and pen. Boys to guide the plow and pen. Boys to forward the tanks again. For the world's great work is never done.  
  
The world is anxious to employ Not just one—but every boy. Whose hands and brain will ever be true To work his hands shall find no foe. Honest, faithful, earnest kind: To good awake, to will blind; Heart of gold without alloy. Wanted. The world wants such a boy.

**HIS REFERENCE**  
ANNA L. HANNA  
  
"GOOD-BYE. To-morrow by this time I shall be well on my way to Chicago."  
  
"I shall miss you more than I can say; but I suppose that it is an opening you cannot afford to refuse."  
  
"I would not refuse it for anything. It may be the means of my getting into the office here. I have tried for years and over again without success. If I manage that, I shall be home in a year or two. You will certainly write?" wistfully.  
  
"To be sure I will."  
  
"And go to see mother often?"  
  
"Of course."  
  
It was storming hard the next morning, but in spite of that Alice told her mother that she had decided to go to town.  
  
"You don't mind do you? To tell the truth, I feel all turned about by Will's leaving. I'm going to miss him so. I would go to see his mother to-day, but I know perfectly well that the moment she hears of it she will tell him I should cry, and I don't believe that would comfort her much. I love the snow, and I'll go and see some pictures and take lunch with Laura. It you are willing."  
  
"Perfectly willing, dear; only if you find that there is going to be any trouble on the road, you will come home on an early train, won't you?"  
  
"Yes, indeed. Good bye."  
  
Alice had had her outfit and was just seated, and the train was on the point of starting, that afternoon, when somebody asked: "May I sit beside you?"—and at the sound of the familiar voice she looked up, her eyes wide with astonishment.  
  
"Why—why, Will! You should be half-way to Chicago. You told me that they would only hold the position for you until to-morrow!"  
  
"Yes," quietly, "but—I have given up the position, Alice."  
  
"Given up the position! That means giving up all hope in the home office? Do you mind explaining, or would you rather I would not ask?"  
  
"No, I do not mind explaining—to you. It is simply this: I found that my mother was breaking her heart over it—my leaving home, I mean. She tried her best to hide it, but I found it out last night after I left you."  
  
"But—that's a terrible disappointment!"  
  
"Yes, it is a disappointment, and the more so for the loss of hope for the future here; but, Alice, there are two things which I have promised myself never to do. One is, "I'll not lift my head, "that for no earthly consideration will I commit a dishonorable act in or out of business; the other, that I will never, God helping me, grieve or disappoint my mother. There are, perhaps, with a faint smile, "other positions in the world; there is but one mother."  
  
An old gentleman, seated directly behind them, who had glanced up at Alice's words, now came forward and said: "I don't believe all this was meant for my ears," he growled, and I suppose I ought to be ashamed of myself for listening. But I'm not. I don't know that I ever did a better thing in my life. But how will I ever manage it? I wonder where he lives? I believe I'll speak to him."  
  
But before he had decided what to do the train stopped, and to his dismay the two young men in whom he had felt such a deep interest, got out, and he sank back in his seat with an expression of disappointment upon his kindly face.  
  
But to leaving the train at his own station, he went far up the road, he glanced involuntarily at the vacant seat, saw that a book had been left there. Picking it up eagerly, he turned to the fly-leaf, while waiting for the train to stop.  
  
"Not his, but it will serve," he exclaimed with satisfaction, as he eyed the post upon the same, "Alice M. Redland," neatly written there. With a gasp he recognized the trouble of taking charge of it.  
  
The next evening, when Will Stanley stopped at the post-office on his way home from the station, he brought the letter to the mail as usual.  
  
"An interesting-looking parcel, Alice," he said, "and a letter directed to the same hand."  
  
"Why, I wonder whose writing it is? I never saw it before." And tearing open the letter, in what Will called her "womanish manner," she glanced at the signature. "No help here!" she exclaimed. "Who over is James T. Worthington?"  
  
"James T. Worthington? Why, he's the head of the home office. Why, Alice, what is it?" For the girl had sprung to her feet, and was fairly dancing about the room as she cried: "Will, Will, listen to this!" And turning again to the letter she read:  
  
"My dear Miss Redland,—I return your book, which you left in the train last evening, thanking you heartily for so doing, as the finding of it has helped me out of a difficulty. I have to confess to having overheard a few words of a conversation between you and your friend, as I sat"

directly behind you. I only listened to a few sentences, and then changed my seat. But the result is that I wish you would oblige me by requesting Will—perhaps you, I know him by no other name—to come to my office to-morrow morning. He will know where to find me. I will be more than pleased to see you. The value of which he will understand more fully than you. A man who has two such aims in life as he declared himself to have, is the man I want. I require no other reference. Greatly your friend, James T. Worthington.

**ENGLISH AS TEA DRINKERS**  
  
One remarkable feature of English domestic life has been the increase in tea drinking. In 1870 the consumption of tea per head of the population of the United Kingdom was 41.2 pounds, in 1914 it was 63.4 pounds. The increase has been all to the good from the point of view of the nation's sobriety. It represents a real change in habit.  
  
Formerly it was customary for business men to drink a bargain over a glass of wine or ale. Now this custom is fast disappearing in the breach than in the observance. In busy cities tea is the beverage. The clerk, the foreman, the operative, the working woman, all drink tea, greatly to the advantage of health and pocket.  
  
The great increase in the consumption of tea is very largely due to the efforts of British planters in India. Formerly all the tea came from China. Fortunately, however, it was discovered that the tea shrub is a native of Assam, one of the Indian provinces. Energetic Britons started planting in Assam. The present day Indian planter is a very different individual from the luxurious gentleman of "The Garden of Eden" and the romance of Marryat. His life is one of ceaseless toil sweetened by all too brief furloughs.  
  
Luxury and extravagance are very far from being inevitable concomitants of his existence.  
  
In Darjeeling or Kotagiri he enjoys that sweet half-English air of which the poet sings. In the Terai, which stretches at the foot of the Himalayas, he has to contend against all the iniquities of a fearful climate. Always and everywhere he is the same cheery resolute fellow facing with equal aplomb the risks of disease, the perils of the sea, the dangers of the forest, the annoyances of the natives, the hardships of the work, the difficulties of the trade, the dangers of the sea, the perils of the forest, the annoyances of the natives, the hardships of the work, the difficulties of the trade.

**FATHER'S ABSENCE**  
  
Usually, at six, father turns the corner, opens the gate, waves his hand to the waiting group at the window, and runs up the path to the door. But tonight—no! He's coming home—he has gone on a trip. He may be gone a week. But the group stands at the window from force of habit. Then mother says, "Why children, father isn't coming to-night!"  
  
She sits there supper in the kitchen. Maybe he will not be so missed there. The table is small, and the children are crowded, but that's mother's life—there isn't any vacant place at the head of the table to stare at them!  
  
It is very queer to begin the meal without father. The children look at mother—she cannot get started at all. Mother lowers her head, and in her low, sweet voice, returns thanks. That looks queer, but how strange mother's little trembling voice sounds in place of father's deep, bass tones.  
  
The supper is rather a makeshift. Father's big jolly laugh is usually the last part of the meal. Finally it is over, and mother and the children go into the parlor. The big easy chair is empty. That is strange. Oh, yes, perhaps father is the other three—he is lying on the couch, of course! No, the couch stretches out long, brown and shiny, but he isn't there! The dilly lies on the table twisted just as the evening throes of father on the porch. Every thing speaks of father's absence.

**THE WINTER COUGH**  
  
The "winter cough" of people along in years is usually chronic bronchitis. The victims are fairly free from cough in the summer time, but each fall it starts up again, in spite of all kinds of highly recommended "cough medicines." The reason it returns every winter is that our houses are overheated and hence too dry. Especially in those cases where there are children, the fall with chronic bronchitis, and for two reasons: First the notion that bronchitis is due to cold weather encourages over-heating; and second, elderly people have a slow metabolism and therefore are inclined to feel cold, so they insist on cold-drafting, under the erroneous belief that excessive warmth of the air will maintain a constant body temperature—which is the contrary to the actual fact. The body temperature is, if anything, lowered by the continued breathing of overheated air. Dr. Wm. Brady, a noted authority, tries to explain how.  
  
Overheated air is dry. The higher you heat the more you dry it. Take the air of an ordinary winter day, which, by, say, 70 degrees Fahrenheit, and heat it up to 70 degrees Fahrenheit, and you make it drier than any air of the moist desert, so dry that it cracks and warps the furniture. No matter how you heat it, it becomes a strain upon the respiratory mucous membrane of everyone in the house, and especially the nose and throat. The trouble is caused by the dried out air, from the respiratory membranes as well as from the skin. This means irritation, catarrh, cough, tendency to "colds," bronchitis. It also means a feeling of chilliness, which the older people feel particularly. "Why call for more heat, which dries the air still more and aggravates the bronchitis, the bronchial catarrh, the dry catarrh."  
  
The remedy is obvious. Stop trying to keep your feet warm, and try keeping cool with heat. Let it up to 67 degrees F. the household temperature, and let the thermometer read, not any individual's momentary vanity feelings. This means a little to read about, but if you will put it into practice you will begin to think there is something in it.  
  
It is no joke, but a sad reality, that the old folks take their winter cold from the air to sufficient heating plant.

**HOW MARBLES ARE MADE**  
  
All boys like marbles; but who knows how they are made, or where they come from? "Marbles," says the Chicago Herald, "are made in great quantities in Saxony, for export to India, China and the United States. A hard, calcareous stone is used. This is cut into square blocks, and about 150 of these blocks are thrown into a mill, in which is a flat slab of stone with numerous concentric furrows on its face. A block of oak of the same diameter as the stone, a part of which rests on the slab, while water flows upon it. The whole process requires but a quarter of an hour, and one mill can turn out twenty thousand marbles a week. The mills at Oberstein, on the Nahe, in Germany, manufacture marbles and agates especially for the American market.  
  
The marbles are made going through the mill and getting the rough shape, but the edges are smoothed and the surface ground into globular form. And boys are made into men in much the same way, by being run through life's school which is their "mill" until their rough corners and edges disappear and they become rounded and smoothed and fit for use in the world.  
  
Poverty, adversity, hard times and hard fare all have their uses in this world to round men, and smooth them and polish them and fit them for usefulness here, and for glory hereafter.

**AN ENGINEER'S RECORD**  
  
John Adams, a citizen of London, Ont., who has just died in his 80th year, took pride in the fact that during a service of 44 years as a locomotive engineer he never met with an accident. The record is a worthy one and is proof of skill and carefulness on the part of the engineer in question. It is to the credit of locomotive drivers in general that quite a few of them retire from the service after many years without the necessity of a single serious accident.

**THE CALENDAR**  
  
Dear Mrs. Whitait—I found these lines in an old scrap book, and I send them on for the other members:  
  
"What the calendar year,  
Oh I one month I saw,  
And one month I weep,  
Sometimes I am joyful,  
Sometimes I weep,  
Give me a respite,  
One month to smile,  
When mine's a disaster,  
Let me be idle  
Night, morning, and noon,  
Home run riot  
In light of the moon,  
Let the year's playtime  
Be the fairest time,  
Mortals be merry  
Just for a while;  
Make this year your time,  
One month to smile."  
  
—Mary Baker.

**THE SCHOOLS' HONOR ROLL**  
  
The Pupils who won Standing at the Monthly Examinations  
  
The following are the pupils who won places on the "Schools' Honor Roll" for last month:  
  
HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT  
FORM III  
Olive Mowat, Margaret Stewart.  
FORM II  
Lena Campbell, Ethel Starkman, Ida Crawford.  
FORM I  
Jack Walde, Duff Wilson, Clara Leutz, W. H. Stewart, Principal, P. Z. Dyer, Assistant.

**PUBLIC SCHOOL DEPARTMENT**  
**THURSDAY DEPARTMENT**  
Sr. IV—Maxwell Hayes, Willie Stewart, Charles Mann, 67. Total 700.  
Jr. IV—Margaret Anderson, 183, Violet Davis, 185, Helen McNeill, 183. Total 250.  
**M. Z. Bennett, Teacher.**  
  
**THIRD DEPARTMENT**  
Sr. III—Martha Orr, 219, Isabel McNeill, 238, Marie Mowat, 227.  
Jr. III—Donald Kennedy, 246, Lloyd Forbes, 239, Minnie Blair and Joan Barber, 210. Total 231.  
**M. C. Williams, Teacher.**

**SECOND DEPARTMENT**  
Sr. II—Edna Cooper, 254, Laird McDonald, 187, Willie Gilmartin, 181.  
Jr. II—Eugene McPherson, 192, Alfred Bishop, 191, Dora Lambert, 182. Total 210.  
**M. H. Flanagan, Teacher.**  
  
**FIRST DEPARTMENT**  
Sr. I—Jean Orr, 236, Joseph Hurd, 228, Wilhelmina Hall, 223.  
Jr. I—Edna Margaret, 218, Willie Babcock, 204, Viola Waller, 203. Total 263.  
**D. Foulster, Teacher.**

**PRIMARY DEPARTMENT**  
**SENIOR PRIMER**  
Class A—Harold Reid and Herbert Fry, 61, Adelaide Hurd and Hugh Leary, 70, Fred Stanley, 67. Total 127.  
Class B—Marjorie Stenhouse, 90, Marion McLean, 87, Hazel Smith, 85. Total 128.  
Class C—Ina Smith, 83, Lois Morton, 71, Albert Hill, 60. Total 103.  
Class D—Jack Symon, 68, Zella Savill, 61, George Bristow, 45. Total 85.  
**M. A. Black, Teacher.**  
  
**JUNIOR PRIMER**  
A—Dorothy Cooper, Margaret Orindell, Dora Dan.  
B—Gladys, Scarrow, Leona Waller, Harold Wildgust.  
C—Marjorie Mann, Doris Lantz, Dorothy Ewing.  
**E. MONTYTH, Teacher.**

**PREPARED**  
  
Nagant (during rest on route march)—"Jack too heavy? Why, look at Jones there, he doesn't complain."  
  
The week—"Come on, don't, it ain't nothing for 'im." "E used to get out of school 'wiv 'is trousers!"  
  
—London Opinion.

**AFRAID OF WHAT PEOPLE WILL SAY**  
  
There is a great difference between being afraid of what people will say, and loving what is pure and good. Many good resolutions, if analyzed, would prove cowardice. It takes something more than avoiding criticism to make a character noble.  
  
**HOW ARE THOU BUILDING?**  
  
A saintly mother was asked by her daughter, "Mother, will I have a mansion in Heaven?" The answer was, "How much building material art thou sending up, my dear?"  
  
We know that we are building our heaven. As we journey along the way: Each thought is a nail that is driven in. A structure that cannot decay. And the mansion at last shall be given. To us as we build to-day.

**NERVOUSNESS**  
  
"Do you think you would be nervous in battle?"  
  
"I'm sure I would," confessed Mr. Chuggins. "Every time I heard a cannon I'd imagine another of my friends had burst."  
  
—San Francisco Chronicle.  
  
**Hills for Nervous Troubles.**—The stomach is the center of the nervous system, and when the stomach responds healthily action the result is manifold disturbances of the nerves, it allowed to persist, nervous stability, a dangerous ailment may ensue. The first consideration is to restore the stomach to proper action, and there is no real remedy for "the nerves" until the stomach is healthy. The "Hills" can take the virtue of these pills in curing nervous disorders.  
  
Millers Worm Powders are a pleasant medicine for worms-infested children, and they will take without objection. When directions are followed it will not injure the most delicate child, as there is nothing of an injurious nature in its composition. They will speedily rid a child of worms and restore the health of the little sufferers whose vitality has become impaired by the attacks of these intestinal pests.  
  
Warts will render the prettiest face ugly. Clear the skin of warts by using Holloway's Skin Cure which is thoroughly and painlessly.

**THE CALENDAR**  
  
From the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, June 24th, 1897  
  
The week of Jubilee has come. The people have been truly loyal and patriotic has been rampant.  
  
An Empire's Honor was joyfully paid to Queen Victoria on Tuesday. No words can describe the manner in which Britons honored their beloved sovereign on Jubilee Day. It was declared the greatest day in the history of the world. Canada was brought to the front. The flower of civilized nations was present in London. Everybody sang God Save the Queen.  
  
A sample of luxurious growth of red clover was left in the Fair Palace on Saturday. It was grown on the farm of Wm. Byers and measured 39 inches in length.  
  
The Garden Party given by Knox Church Ladies' Aid at the home of Councillor Stalker was a splendid success. The proceeds of the evening reached the gratifying sum of \$40.00.  
  
Major Nichol arrived home last Thursday from St. John N. B.  
  
What is considered the prettiest sight Acton ever saw transpired last Friday in connection with the scholars Jubilee celebration, when over 320 marched in procession from the school down Main Street to Mill, along Mill to Frederick Street; thence to Lower Street and along Flower Avenue to Willow Street and the Town Hall. The procession was headed by Band Leader Thos. Hunt, Sr. and Antioch Cornet Band. Each scholar carried a flag and wore a pretty Jubilee badge. The programme consisted of addresses, patriotic songs and cheers for Her Majesty Queen Victoria. The scholars sang "The Red, White and Blue" "My Own Canadian Home" and "The Maple Leaf." A chorus of senior girls sang "The Land of the Maple." Mr. Hynns was Chairman and addresses were given by Rev. J. E. Howie, M. D., Revs. J. K. Godden, M. A., Rev. H. A. Macpherson, George Nicklin, Col. Allan, H. P. Moore, and Rev. H. B. Cook. The stage was gaily decorated with flags, bunting, maple leaves and portraits of Her Majesty.

**GENTLE HITS**  
  
Premier Lloyd George says "The nation that is sucked on alcohol is doomed."  
  
The slogan of the aviators and anti-aircraft gunner's seems to be: "Swat the fiend."  
  
Our observation is that a little boy's favorite diversion is the one that keeps him out of school longest.  
  
In India the natives have a medicine they call "brain pill," extracted, it is thought, from the memory and relieves mental weariness. People who cannot remember to pay their debts should get some.

**RESULTS OF PROHIBITION**  
  
The liquor interest must be largely German. At least they have a similar reputation in falsehood persistently repeated. Mistakenly it is not only on prohibition of the liquor traffic next November, and the liquor interests keep warning the people through the press of the dreadful results that will follow if they vote for it. They frequently refer to Wichita, in the dry State of Kansas, as a dreadful example of the effects of prohibition. The truth is that Wichita and several other cities in Kansas refused to enforce the law until a few years ago, but that did not prevent the liquor interests from representing it as a prohibition city.  
  
Collier's Weekly tells the story thus:  
  
"Wichita a few years ago was the Gibraltar of the saloons in Kansas. Its saloons were running years after the Kansas law went into effect. Badlers were made at State conventions, and nominations were secured through the promise of open saloons for Wichita. The protest was long and couping, but it arrived and, like many other reform movements of the day, arrived with momentum. A dry Mayor was elected; heavy penalties for violation of the law were enacted. The saloons did hard, but they did not close the result.  
  
"Before the saloons closed, the bank clearings of Wichita were \$1,200,000 weekly. In three years they had increased to something over \$3,000,000. The city instead of going backward has steadily grown. One newspaper, changed from favoring the saloons to opposing them, six weeks its circulation had increased 6,000 copies. Merchants declared that their collect had increased. Workmen were paying weekly for insurance; before the saloons closed forty per cent. of those insured workmen were in arrears. Within a short time after the enforcement of the law these arrears had disappeared and many were paying in advance.  
  
"That editorial was written in 1911, but they say that conditions are still better now. The last year of Wichita's saloons was 1907, when bank clearings were \$55,000,000. For 1916 they were \$106,134,000. Wichita's bank deposits in 1907 were \$7,420,928. In 1915 they were for the same month \$17,048,969. Wichita's property valuation in 1906, the year before the saloons closed, was \$21,929,290. In 1915 the property valuation on the same basis was \$74,453,849."  
  
Collier's does not claim that the property valuation in every town that prohibition is bound to be tripled in five years, but they do claim that the above figures do prove the absurdity of the argument that booze brings prosperity. They also prove that law is a great educator. After three years of local option, Cardinal, Ontario, carried it again by ten times as large a majority as at first.  
  
H. Arnold, M.P., M.C.P.N.

**WORTHY INTENTIONS**  
  
Toddy had been invited out to tea. He wanted to have the afternoon off from school, but his mother would not hear of it. As his bedtime was at seven o'clock, the best rather a short stay, and he was leaving his home at seven o'clock. He had a very good intention of staying at school, but he was so tired that he could not do so. He had a very good intention of staying at school, but he was so tired that he could not do so.

**WORTHY INTENTIONS**  
  
Toddy had been invited out to tea. He wanted to have the afternoon off from school, but his mother would not hear of it. As his bedtime was at seven o'clock, the best rather a short stay, and he was leaving his home at seven o'clock. He had a very good intention of staying at school, but he was so tired that he could not do so. He had a very good intention of staying at school, but he was so tired that he could not do so.

**WORTHY INTENTIONS**  
  
Toddy had been invited out to tea. He wanted to have the afternoon off from school, but his mother would not hear of it. As his bedtime was at seven o'clock, the best rather a short stay, and he was leaving his home at seven o'clock. He had a very good intention of staying at school, but he was so tired that he could not do so. He had a very good intention of staying at school, but he was so tired that he could not do so.

**WORTHY INTENTIONS**  
  
Toddy had been invited out to tea. He wanted to have the afternoon off from school, but his mother would not hear of it. As his bedtime was at seven o'clock, the best rather a short stay, and he was leaving his home at seven o'clock. He had a very good intention of staying at school, but he was so tired that he could not do so. He had a very good intention of staying at school, but he was so tired that he could not do so.

**WORTHY INTENTIONS**  
  
Toddy had been invited out to tea. He wanted to have the afternoon off from school, but his mother would not hear of it. As his bedtime was at seven o'clock, the best rather a short stay, and he was leaving his home at seven o'clock. He had a very good intention of staying at school, but he was so tired that he could not do so. He had a very good intention of staying at school, but he was so tired that he could not do so.