The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XLIII.---NO. 11. Every Subscription Paid in Advance. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 13, 1917 Subscription Price, $1.50 Per Annum. SINGLE COPIES---FIVE CENTS

The Acton Free Press

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT THE

PRICE PRESS BUILDING

MILL STREET, ACTON ONT

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

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

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

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

All accounts collected monthly.

H. F. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL
L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH.
L. R. F. P. & S. GLASGOW.
MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION
Office—Frederick Street Acton, Ont

DR. J. A. McNIVEN,
Physician and Surgeon.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: Cor. Mill and John Streets, the former home of the late W. H. Storey Esq., Acton, Ont.

VETERINARY

JOHN LAWSON
VETERINARY SURGEON
Acton Ontario.
Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College 1903. Office—Arthurs' Block. Residence, Mill St. Calls day or night promptly attended to.

LEGAL.

A. J. MacKINNON
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER
OFFICE—Mill Street, in Ferguson Block.

W. M. A. McLEAN
Barrister, Solicitor and Notary Public
Office—No. 3 McLean's Block, Douglas street Guelph
Money to loan. Estate given special attention.

DENTAL.

DR. J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.
DENTIST.
Acton. Phone No. 29
Office at Residence, Corner Mill and Frederick streets.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY
The latest anaesthetic used if desired.

DR. L. L. BENNETT, DENTIST,
GERRIEMAN BLOCK GEORGETOWN

MISCELLANEOUS.

STRANGE BURNS
CONVEYANCER
Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario.
(Over Williams store.)
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Roller work and promptly done

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
H. F. MOORE
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued residence in the evening.
Free Press Office, ACTON

R. J. KEHL
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington, Halton, Peel and Dufferin, and the city of Guelph.
Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms.
Orders by letter to Orton P. O., or Caledon telephone in residence in connection with the Hall, where arrangements as to dates and advertising can be made. Orders left at FREE PRESS office, Acton, will receive immediate attention. Special attention to sales in Acton and vicinity.
FARMS TO SELL OR RENT.

D. ALEX. NIVEN
Ontario Land Surveyor and Civil Engineer
Surveys, Subdivisions, Plans, Reports, Descriptions, Blueprints, etc. Certificates for purchasers and mortgagees; Surveys for Architects, Builders and Municipal Councils; Drainage Reports, Estimates, etc.
McLEAN BLDG., Douglas St.
GUELPH (Phone 1064) ONT.

J. B. CHEEVERS
BOOK BINDER
Quebec St. East Guelph, Ont.
Books and Magazines bound in handsome and Substantial Covers.
Names lettered in gold on Bibles, Hymn Books and other Books.
ALL WORK PROMPTLY EXECUTED

The Old and Reliable
Granite and Marble Dealers

WE are manufacturers and direct importers of all kinds of Monumental and Mausoleum work. We sell direct to our customers at whole sale prices, thus saving our customers 25 per cent. We have the best appliances and the only mechanics in the Dominion who can operate pneumatic tools properly. We can give references from hundreds of our customers in Toronto and other places, where others have to hand law suits in order to collect. We have the largest and best stock of Granite in the Dominion, or more than any three dealers in the West. We are legitimate dealers and supply no agents, and do not employ men to canvass for orders. We supply the trade only and deal direct with the consumer.

HAMILTON & SONS
Cor. Norfolk and Woolwich Sts., GUELPH

Savage & Co
Established 1840
JEWELLER GUELPH

The Old and Reliable Watchmakers and Jewellers

Savage & Co.
Guelph - Ont.

TENNIS SHOES
BOWLING SHOES
RUNNING SHOES
All Styles at
KENNEY BROS.

SHOES FOR SUMMER WEAR

In all lines for Ladies and Gentlemen. Buy now as Shoes continue to advance in price and will go higher.

Our Repairing Department
Is always ready promptly to supply your needs.

Rubber Heels while you wait.

Kenney Bros.
Acton - Ontario

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 EXCEPTIONAL VALUE

C. C. Speight
Mill Street, Acton

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.

New Fall & Winter Stock

All kinds Blankets
All kinds Wool Socks
Good makes of Pants and Overalls
Fine Wool Sweaters
Splendid assortment of Dry Goods
We buy live poultry for cash

L. STARKMAN

General Hardware

Mill Supplies
Builders' Hardware
Agents for Yale and Peterboro Lock Co.
Louden Machinery Supplies
Dairy 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.

YOUR EYEGLASSES

Should be given very careful attention.
Perfect fitting spectacles and eyeglasses can be obtained only at an establishment where the utmost care is exercised in every department.
You are invited to call upon me for Optical Service with the full realization of absolute security in the selection of your glasses.

Sweater Coats

—LADIES—
Brush Wool Coats. Handsome styles. See them in the window.

—MEN'S—
Wool Sweater Coats. No. 1 quality in brown, grey and maroon. See samples in window.

—AUTO DUSTERS—
Single and double breasted, up-to-date.

$2.50 to $4.00

R. E. Nelson
MEN'S OUTFITTER
Guelph - Ontario

Acton -- Awake

A postal card or a phone message will bring us to figure on the installation of your

Plumbing, Heating, Electrical
OR
Sheet Metal work

And now is the time to have it done.

The Grinyer Co.
LIMITED
124-126 Wyndham St. Guelph
Phone 568 for all departments

WHEN TEACHER GETS CROSS

When teacher gets cross and her brown eyes get black
And her pencil comes down on the desk with a whack,
We chillens in class sit up straight in a line
As if we had rulers instead of a spine.
It's scarry to cough, and it's not safe to grin,
When teacher gets cross, and the dimples goes in.
When teacher gets cross, the tables all mix,
And the ones and the sevens begin playing tricks;
The pluses and minuses are just little smears,
When cry babies cry all their slates up with tears,
The figgers won't add, and they act like sin—
When teacher gets cross, and the dimples goes in.
When the teacher gets cross, the readers gets bad,
The lines jiggle round till the chillens is sad,
And Billyboy puffs and gets red in the face,
As if he and the lessons were running a race,
Till she hollows out "Next" as sharp as a pin—
When teacher gets cross, and the dimples goes in.
When teacher gets good, her smile is so bright
The tables get straight and the reader gets right,
The pluses and minuses come trooping along,
And figgers adds up and stops being wrong,
And we chillens would like (but we flassent) to shout,
When the teacher gets good, and the dimples comes out.

—Exchange.

NO TRESPASSING

HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH

IT was several years since Richard had been home. There was little in the big house of which he was sole owner to draw him. The short vacations he had usually spent with some of his classmates. One summer he had accompanied a tutor to Europe and another he had spent at a camp in the mountains. But now that he was coming home for a year's rest before entering college—a holiday on which his physician insisted—he was surprised to find himself looking forward eagerly to the familiar scenes.

An aunt of Richard's, a Miss Ashbourne, who had lived in the big house ever since the death of Richard's father was at the station to meet him. She had seen her nephew several times since his last visit to Oakleigh, yet she was rather surprised by the changes of the last year.

"Dear me, Richard, how you have grown," she said as she kissed him. "Or are you so much taller? There seems a change of some sort."

"Perhaps it's only that I'm growing up," smiled Richard, and his aunt laughed. Sixteen seemed so far from grown up. As the automobile swung away from the little station, Richard was all questions. He was interested to hear all about his old friends and neighbors. But when he began on the subject of the factory hands, Miss Ashbourne glanced at him with an amused smile.

"Really, I have no idea, Richard, and I don't see why that should interest you."

Richard looked thoughtful. "I should think it ought to interest me very much." Then as the auto turned a corner, he leaned forward with a laugh. "That fellow must have a mean disposition."

Miss Ashbourne looked at him in amazement. "What do you mean, Richard?"

"Don't you see? He's got his place placarded with those things." The boy waved his hand toward a sign nailed to a handsome oak near the iron fence:

"No trespassing. Trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the Law."

"Afraid some boy will get a chestnut or somebody will have a little fun out of his place," Richard went on, "and it looks big enough to hold all the town."

"Richard," cried his aunt, "don't you know where you are, or are you joking?"

Richard's face changed in an extraordinary fashion. "You don't mean that it's Oakleigh." And then as if she had already answered, he looked angrily at the sign repeating the warning of the one he had just pointed out. "I can't have that," he said.

"Can't have what?"

"Those dog-in-the-manger signs. I haven't been home for three years, but even if I were home all the time, I couldn't occupy all those woods. And why should I tell everybody else to keep out?"

"You don't understand, Richard. The young people from the factory district are very hard to control. Even with these signs and the fence and all, they sometimes damage things."

"Of course. A sign like that is a sort of a challenge to a fellow. Makes me feel like throwing stones myself," ended Richard with a whimsical smile. Miss Ashbourne laughed and changed the subject. She saw her nephew so little that she supposed the matter was settled.

But at the end of a week, Mr. Forbes, Richard's guardian and the manager of the mills from which Richard's income was derived, came to her in some perplexity.

"Has Richard said anything to you about their trespassing signs?"

"He spoke of them the first day. They seemed to annoy him, but I imagine he has forgotten all about them."

"He wants them all taken down. Says if our neighbors can get along without them, there is no reason why we should not."

"He doesn't realize, of course, that the factory hands have no especial grudge against the Ashbournes," said Richard's aunt.

"He realizes it now, for I told him, and I'm afraid I made a mistake. Right away he wanted to know why that was and I can't flatter myself that the explanation satisfied him. He seemed to feel that not only that state of affairs must be changed, but that he was just the one to do it."

Miss Ashbourne frowned. "After all," she said, "Richard is only a boy—barely sixteen. Exercise your authority. Tell him he doesn't understand such things and that you will allow no interference."

This suggestion failed to commend itself to Mr. Forbes. While it was true that Richard was only sixteen, at twenty-one he would be the sole master of his fortune, able among other things, to appoint a new manager of his mills if the present incumbent did not satisfy him. Under those circumstances Mr. Forbes could see no reason for offending his ward unnecessarily. The result of his diplomatic mood, combined with Richard's determination, was the removal of the "No Trespassing" signs which dotted the Ashbourne estate. And next he was called on to approve Richard's idea of organizing ball teams and playing ball on Saturdays on part of the grounds ideally located for the purpose.

Mr. Forbes did not yield very graciously to the latter suggestion. "My dear boy, you will find plenty of associates of your own class in the neighborhood."

"I hope I can help them," replied Richard. "Anyway," he declared cheerfully, "it's worth trying."

Ball teams were organized among the younger of the factory operators, boys for most part about Richard's age, and a match game was appointed for the following Saturday. It was a somewhat tentative affair.

Richard invited several of his friends to witness the game and about twenty of the factory hands, who were not on the teams made their appearance. The young owner of the place gave the latter cordial greeting, but for this Richard showed an inclination to keep in the background. It was not till the fifth inning, when a member of one of the teams made a home run, and a big youth down in the front were a round oath of approval, that Richard showed any tendency to exercise authority. He walked up to the workman who had sworn and spoke to him quietly, though his voice was audible to the most of those watching the game.

"We do not intend to have rules here," Richard said pleasantly, "but we do intend to cut out things not worth having, among them such words as you just made use of."

The youth regarded Richard with a scowl. "Oh, going to make it Sunday-school affair?"

"Not exactly," Richard answered cheerfully. "But I don't see that swearing need be considered in our recreations."

Looking around, the would-be swearer was surprised to encounter disapprobation on the faces of his friends.

Other innovations followed the ball game. School children whose parents worked in the Ashbourne factories were invited to Oakleigh each week, the girls one week the boys the following, and diversions were provided so that Friday afternoons after school became the gala time of the week. Miss Ashbourne acknowledged to her intimate friends that her nephew, Richard, was doing some wonderful things, and doing them successfully.

The year went by. Richard left for college a little reluctantly though he had promised to come back for all his vacations. He left for the East by an evening train, and a crowd of boys was at the station. In hilarity the crowd somewhat resembled a wild west show pulling out after a successful exhibition. Richard stood on the platform and waved his hand as the train moved out. No honors that he was to win later in life would mean as much to him as the shout heard above the noise of the train:

"What's the matter with Dick Ashbourne?"

"He's all right."

Richard reached his majority in a troubled year, economically speaking. Labor was restless, capital full of foreboding. Richard's guardian was anticipating trouble at the factory. He said as much to Richard when the young man came home.

"A strike is almost certain. We've got these contracts and they know it. They believe they can drive us into giving in to their demands."

"Tell me just how the thing looks to you, and then I'm going to talk it over with some of the boys and see how it looks to them. Probably the truth lies between the two extremes."

After he had heard Mr. Forbes' side of the question, Richard started out among the men. The few years since he had taken down the signs against trespassing at Oakleigh had wrought changes. The boys on the first ball team were stalwart young men. The lads who had come to Oakleigh on Fridays after school, were many of them factory hands. And when Richard went among them to learn their point of view, he came less as an employer than as a friend.

There was no strike in the Ashbourne factories that troubled year. Every man in the factory understood that Richard had just come into the control of his property and that a serious strike, paralyzing the industry for some time might be disastrous. They were certain that he wanted the best things, not for himself alone, but for them. Certain concessions were made to the workmen and a general advance of wages promised as soon as the earnings of the factory justified it. "And he'll do it, too," the men said to one another. They had confidence in Richard.

"You'll deserve the credit of whatever we accomplish this year," Mr. Forbes acknowledged to his ward. "I couldn't have held the men, I own that. And it all goes back to what you started when you were a boy of sixteen. I thought it nonsense at the time."

"Proves that one doesn't need to wait till he grows up to start reforms," laughed Richard. And then he added, "But it was only a start. I hope I'll live long enough to accomplish much more that I have in mind for our fellow workers here."

EARLY-RISING FARMER

Farmer A boasted that he was the earliest riser in the neighborhood. Farmer B. thought he was lying and set out to prove it. He rose at 2 o'clock the next morning and went and rapped on Farmer A's door. His knock was answered by the housewife.

"Where's your husband?" he asked, expecting to find the boaster still abed.

"He was around here early this morning," answered the wife, "but I don't know where he is now."

Kissing as a theory is far less satisfying than a practical example.

THE BEST THINGS

The best philosophy, a contented mind.
The best law, the Golden Rule.
The best education, self knowledge.
The best statesmanship, self government.
The best science, extracting sunshine from a cloudy day.
The best war, the war against one's weakness.
The best journalism, printing the true and beautiful only on memory's tablet.
The best telegraphy, flashing a ray of sunshine into a gloomy heart.
The best navigation, steering clear of the laborating rocks of personal contention.—Exchange.

A STRONG APPEAL

To the Editor:

The Archbishop of Armagh, Lord Primate of Ireland says in part, "It almost seems as if it would take some new and terrible catastrophe to rouse our people in Great Britain and Ireland to repentance and reformation with regard to our national sin of intemperance. Many of us hoped that the splendid example of our King and Queen in banishing all intoxicating liquors from the Royal Palaces during the continuance of the war, would have stirred the national conscience and produced a universal habit of self denial. Such hopes have been doomed to a bitter disappointment. Our sailors and soldiers when they come home for a short leave, are still the victims of misplaced hospitality, and our men in preparation for a life and death conflict are daily exposed to such constant temptations as many of them are unable to resist.

Apart altogether from the sin of intemperance, our nation is now called upon to face the absolute necessity for economy and thrift. Thank God the nation is absolutely determined by God's blessing to spend her last drop of blood and her last penny of money to drive away forever from the world the hideous nightmare of German militarism. Nothing would help more in reaching this result than the great national resolve to banish during the war the use of all intoxicating drink as ordinary beverages. The wheat and barley and maize employed in the manufacture of alcoholic drink are lost for food purposes. The cost of bread for man and food stuff for cattle would be lowered by so much if this grain were available. We are assured that on an average every family in the United Kingdom expends six shillings and sixpence per week on alcoholic drinks. The reduction of this enormous national expenditure, even by one half, and the proceeds invested in the new war loan, would mean an addition to the capital of $400,000,000 per annum.

And what a saving in other ways would be brought about? National sobriety would mean a diminution in crime, a lessening of insanity and pauperism and above all, an increase in the national vigor and power of endurance on the continuance of which depend victory and a lasting peace. Will not our clergy of all denominations, and men and women all over the Kingdom, who love their native land, unite in one great crusade for national abstinence, at least while the scourge of this awful war falls heavy upon the land? The hourly self-sacrifice of our gallant men by sea and air and land surely calls for this one act of self-denial from us who stay at home."—H. Arnott, M.B., M.C.P.S., for Methodist Dept. of Social Service.

FRESH AIR IN SLEEPING ROOMS

Now that the nights are growing chill it is well to continue the safe and healthful habit of breathing fresh air during the hours of sleep. Whoever would be immune from colds when winter comes may as well begin the custom of sleeping in an out of door temperature. Open the bedroom windows at top and bottom, draw the bedstead away from the wall and let it stand where the air can sweep across it. Have no terror of a draught. Old people and children should be warmly clothed at night during the autumn and winter. A night-gown long enough to tuck around the feet is a comfort to those who are not restless, but a better provision for comfort is made in the shape of knitted bedsocks coming up well over the ankles. If the feet are warm, the danger of taking cold is very slight. At this season thin blankets are desirable and as additional coverlet at the bottom of the bed to be drawn up, if needful, is an item in the furnishing of a sleeping room not to be overlooked. When cold weather really comes and occasionally snow-flakes blow in at the window, prudent folk wear something resembling a night cap; not the old-fashioned one tying under the chin, but a woollen cap coming over the ears and finished with a little tassel at the top. If dressed in a way that defies the temperature, the most delicate person will rise in the morning thoroughly invigorated after a night of breathing pure fresh air.—Aunt Marjorie.

THE CORRECT WAY

The young man sidled into the jeweler's shop, with a furtive air. He handed the jeweler a ring with the stammered statement that he wished it marked "With some names."

"What names do you wish?" enquired the jeweller, in a sympathetic tone.

"From Henry to Clara," the young man blushingly whispered.

The jeweller looked from the ring to the young man and said in a fatherly manner, "Take my advice, young man, and have it engraved simply, 'From Henry.'"

SERIOUS MATTER

"What's the trouble between young Mrs. Flubdub and her husband?"

"Her husband tried to keep something from her."

"Oh, men will have their little secrets. They are not serious."

"This was serious. He tried to keep two dollars of his last week's pay."

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, Sept. 16th, 1897

Old Sol did some lively scorching last week. It was regular mid-August weather.

Nine or ten of the pupils attending Georgetown High School have engaged a bus and now are driven to and from school daily. This plan gives much more convenient hours than the G. T. R. train.

Messrs. Thomas C. Moore & Son have concluded to sell out their grocery business by auction next Wednesday.

The big plum crop has caused a famine in preserving jars.

Owing to the scarcity of apples in Canada, Canadian buyers are in Kansas contracting for the crop.

Mr. Paul Kennedy, of the fifth line, has a crop of corn fourteen feet high.

The mounted police in their progress to the Yukon only travelled eighteen miles in ten days.

Messrs. Lawson and McPhail two practical glove makers of Acton, are in charge of the Georgetown glove shop.

The first thanksgiving and harvest festival services ever held at the Congregational Church, Churchill, were held on Sunday and Monday. Rev. H. A. Macpherson preached on Sunday afternoon and on Monday evening after a sumptuous tea had been served a very interesting programme was given.

Addresses were given by Revs. T. H. Rogers, Georgetown and H. A. Macpherson, Acton. The Acton Cornet Band played during the evening. A programme of music and recitations was given.

BORN

MORTON—In Milton, on Monday, Sept. 6th, to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Morton, Barber, a son.

DIED

KENNEDY—At the old homestead, Acton, on Wednesday, 15th September, Margaret, daughter of the late Malcolm Kennedy.

WIT AND HUMOR

"I am sorry to hear, Daniel," said he, "that your good wife is dead."

"Sure, 'tis a sad day for me, sir!" replied the Irishman. "The hand that rocked the cradle has kicked the bucket."

"Does your husband worry about the grocery bills?" asked a housewife. "No; he says there's no sense in both himself and the grocer worrying over the same bills."

Farmer—"Why haven't you harnessed that horse yet, Mike?"

The Lady Help, holding bridle and bit—"I can't get this into his mouth, so I'm waiting for him to yawn."

"Well, I'd be ashamed if I had as bald a head as you! Look at my head of hair!"

"I just want to ask you one question."

"Yes?"

"Did you ever see grass growing on a busy street?"

Pat had gone back home to Ireland, and was telling his friends about New York.

"Have they such tall buildings in America as they say?" asked the parish priest.

"Tall buildings, yu ask, sor?" replied Pat. "Faith, sor, the last one I worked on we had to lie flat on our stomach to let the moon pass."

The following amusing passage took place between the counsel and witness in a disputed will case:

"Did your father give you no parting admonition?"

"He never gave much away at any time."

"I mean to say, what were his last words?"

"They don't concern you."

"They not only concern me, sir," remarked the barrister severely, "but they concern the whole court."

"Oh, all right," was the reply, "Father said: 'Don't have no dispute when I'm gone, Tim, 'cos lawyers is the biggest rogues unhung.'"

WHAT GASOLINE IS

Gasoline was originally used only for cleaning gloves and ejecting hired girls through the roof, but has now been taught a great variety of interesting tricks, such as running automobiles, aeroplanes, motor boats, windmills, street cars, hearses, corn shellers and bicycles.

By the aid of gasoline we can travel 60 miles an hour through the air, 75 miles an hour over the land, and 8 feet into the ground with the greatest ease.

A gallon of gasoline can do as much work in an hour as a horse can do in a day, and it doesn't have to be fed and bedded down at night.

A gallon of whiskey at a Saturday night dance can cause a great deal of trouble but it is tame and kittenish beside a gallon of white water and certain drivers.

Gasoline is a clear, nervous liquid which is composed of speed, noise and trouble in equal parts. It is made of kerosene reduced to a more violent stage, and is kindly supplied to the restless portion of mankind by the famous Standard Oil Co.

IN MEMORY

Of one of the bravest soldiers who ever fought in Britain's cause—Major General Sir H. A. MacDonald, K. C. B., D. S. O., A. D. C.

Far from his own true land he lies
In the dim silence of his last, long sleep;
No protest from the poor, pale lips arise
Toward the cruel blow that sank so deep,
Closed are the eyes that flashed with martial fire,
In the still piece that marks a tired child;
And the brave heart, so filled with glorious fire,
Lies broken now, by tongues of bitter enmity reviled.
Fear not! thou gallant soldier, rest
Unsullied, undisturbed shall yet be thine;
The hard-won laurels laid upon thy breast,
In face of all thy vile calumniators shine undimmed.
No tarnish on thy bright career shall stain
The glorious record of thy honoured fame;
Clan Donald's hero thou shalt still remain,
Thine honors ours, and ours to clear thy name.
Rest! brave, true son of Scotia, rest!
The hearts that loved thee mourn thee, done to death.
O! that some javelin thrust had pierced ably breast,
And thou wert sleeping, with the quiet, still breath,
On some Egyptian battlefield of thy renown;
Where no envenomed lie, with poisoned dart could pierce
The silence of thy warrior's peaceful grave;
Or bitterness avail, in pursuit long and fierce,
That laid thee low at last, thou bravest of the brave!

—Alice O. MacDonnell (of Keppoch),
Bardess of Clan Donald.

THE ORANGE SECRET

It was told me by Maritza, a little Greek girl in far-away Turkey, and I am going to tell it here and now to everyone, because I never have found an American child who had discovered it.

I was finishing my breakfast one morning when I heard a little sound at my elbow. It was Maritza, who had slipped off her shoes at the outer door, and came so softly through the open hall that I had not heard her.

After I had taken the parcel of sewing her mother had sent I gave Maritza two oranges which were left in a dish on the table. One of them was big and the other quite small.

"One orange is for you," I said, "and the other you carry to Louka. Which one will you give him?"

Maritza waited a long time before answering. At any time she would have thought it rude for a little child to answer promptly or in a voice loud enough to be easily heard; but this time she waited even longer than good manners required. She looked one orange over and over, and then the other. After a little more arguing from me she whispered: "This one". It was the big one.

Curious to know of the struggle which made her so long in deciding, I said: "But why don't you give Louka the small orange? He is a small boy.

Maritza dug her little stockinged toes into the carpet and twisted the apron hem before she answered.

"Is not Anna waiting for me at the gate?" she said. "Anna and I will eat my orange together. Mine has twelve pieces and the other only eleven. Anna would not like to have six pieces if I had only five."

"You cannot see through the orange skin, Maritza, to tell how many there are. How is it you know?" I asked.

Then Maritza told me the orange secret, and this is it.

If you look at the stem end of an orange you will see the scar where it pulled away from the stem is like a wheel with spokes going out from the center. If you count the spaces between those spokes you will find that there are just as many of them as there will be sections in the orange when you open it; and so you can tell as Maritza did, how many "pieces" your orange has.

Perhaps you think every orange has the same number, just as every apple has five cells which hold its seeds; but you will find it is not so. Why not? Well I do not know. But, perhaps away back in the history of the orange, when it is a flower, or perhaps when it is only a bud, something may happen which hurts some of the cells or makes some of them outgrow the rest. Then the number of cells is mixed; and, no matter how big and plump and juicy the orange becomes, it has no more sections than it had when it was a little green button just beginning to be an orange.

The next time you eat an orange try to find out its secret before you open it.—Little Folks.

APPLE PIE

Patrick had called on his Betsy, and she gave him a handsome helping of her special make of apple pie. Patrick was loud in its praise.

"I tried a new way," said Betsy beaming. "I put a few gooseberries in to flavor it."

"Begorra!" cried Patrick. "If a few gooseberries give so good a flavor to an apple-pie, what a darlint of an apple-pie it would be made o' gooseberries entirely!"

If Miller's Worm Powders needed the support of testimonials they could be got by the thousands from mothers who know the great virtue of this excellent medicine. But the powders will speak for themselves and in such a way that there can be no question of them. They act speedily and thoroughly and the child to whom they are administered will show improvement from the first dose.

Costiveness and its Cure—When the excretory organs refuse to perform their functions properly the intestines become clogged. This is known as costiveness and if neglected gives rise to dangerous complications. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will effect a speedy cure. At the first intimation of this ailment the sufferer should procure a packet of these pills and put himself under a course of treatment. The good effects of the pills will be almost immediately evident.