...e Press
...1. 4, 1918

...rom one's own
...cup.
...laying down
...g up.
...a stony path
...ach new day
...y tread at ease
...ther way.
...at looks ahead
...her eyes
...t I give?" But
...ince?"
...hat other hearts
...oing.
...hat other lives
...ing.
...nces Camp.

...LOSOPHY

...'n outfitter, of
...attractive desk
...n to customers,
...ce on which he de-
...very-day philosophy.

...ad—forget it. To-
...come—don't worry.
...e it.
...an economist in
...no fear of your
...ty.—Zimmerman.
...ys earned to the
...adows will fall

...t to remain in
...news from the

...alue of money.
...en Franklin.
...u friends, but
...turn them into

...'t know himself
...other fellow."—

...d to the uttermost
...rize, be it what it

...ction, but perfec-
...gelo.
...hes a man some-
...learn.—Dickens.
...morrow you wor-

...in, make the one
...ord.
...w under responsi-
...swell.—Hubell.
...busiest man that
...ness.
...to-day means

...e right road

...h must be either
...met.—Longfellow.
...they come does not
...st as does giving

...ybody likes, gen-
...dy.
...lf-pity is self-de-

...olite name for the

...ne who makes the
...gets the worst of

...akes of others a wise
...is own.
...hopes is hopeless.
...le things that separate
...not the big ones.
...atisfaction in life is
...—Hubbard.
...ts into trouble only
...blow.
...a small sized grave.

...ll live as becomes a
...lled with good cheer

...ren Cry
...ETCHER'S
...TORIA

...hout honor unless it
...warm just keep
...the Kaiser.

...upon the vitality of the
...danger their lives. A
...ctive cure is Mother
...Exterminator.

...Y OUT OF LIFE

...en dining in state in the
...husband, who is a teacher
...as glad that little daugh-
...ved so perfectly. Mother
...happy frame of mind.
...umerous other diners in
...e parents were proud of
...ot a single thing had
...r the serenity of the
...y the meal was over
...to leave the car.
...them past all of the
...Suddenly the little girl
...ask a question.
...called in a shrill voice,
...k to wash the dishes?"
...News.

...FOR DAILY LIFE

...ll you can in the open

...lbows with the rank

...th someone every day
...to be your superior.

...OPINION

...mean by using such
...he presence of my wife?"
...ault, sir. She asked me
...f the kaiser, and I sup-
...ally wanted to know."

...GS HALF SAID

...a sort of malicious vitality
...g, half said. A woman at a
...otel was introduced to a
...man named Culver. The next
...the girl happened to pass a
...the piazza, at the centre of
...s her new acquaintance of
...ing before. The girl smiled,
...ly bowed, and then in answer to
...tion from some one in the circle
..., "Her name's Culver and that's
...know about her. I wonder if she
...ossibly be related to that Cul-
...in Illinois who embezzled all
...oney, you know, and killed him-
...hen he found he was likely to be
...ht."
...was able to offer any infor-
...n that point. If the speaker
...red her belief that the girl
...n was related to the criminal
...m she had referred, in all pro-
...ity she would have been asked
...easons. And as she had none,
...the bare fact of the likeness of
...the absurdity of the suggestion
...ad been apparent at once. But
...estion sank into the minds of
...mers, because no positive state-
...had been made. Gradually it
...ground that it was well to be a
...careful with that pretty Miss
...ter. She seemed very attractive.
...there was something in the family
...ory that would not bear inspection.
...friends the girl had formed grew
... Newcomers were put on their
...d. Her summer was spoiled and
...went home at last wondering why
...vacation which appeared so promis-
...had ended in a disappointment.
...Malicious people know the value of
...suggestion. Instead of bringing out
...nt accusations they drop hint
...ch sink into the mind all the more
...ily because there is nothing to
...ken the suspicion. Under skillful
...pulation untold harm can be done
...things half said.

A REAL BED AT LAST

When the war broke out, Lieut. Maurice Genevoix was a second-year student at the Ecole Normalle in Paris. Now, as a veteran of many campaigns, he describes in 'Neath Verdun what one night in a real bed means to the soldiers.

After months in the trenches Lieut. Genevoix and his company find themselves in a small village behind the lines. With his friend, Porchon, he goes to a small house. He says:

We are in a smoky kitchen, dimly lit by a single candle placed on the table. From a line across the room hang stockings, handkerchiefs, swaddling clothes, drying above a stove. The chairs, scattered here and there, are encumbered with a washbasin, a pair of trousers, some dirty dishes.

Our host is still a young man, sickly pale, thin as a skeleton; his moustache and hair are light-colored. He offers us his hand and says:

"We have been awaiting you. My wife has prepared beds for you in that corner there, against those sacks of bran."

We can see clearly now. Along the sides of the plastered wall sacks are stacked. In these sacks the miller has placed a plentiful litter of straw of an even depth all over. On the top of the straw she has placed a feather mattress, blankets and sheets. To-night we're to have sheets, a real bed. We're going to undress ourselves, to lie between two sheets, wearing nothing but our shirts. I steal a glance at Porchon; his face expresses his unfeigned delight. Suddenly he places his hand on my shoulder and, regarding me with affectionate eyes, says:

"You brick!"

Our bed that night was a thing never to be forgotten. Undressed in a twinkling of an eye, we plunged into its depths. And instantly it wrapped us from head to foot in a sweet, gentle embrace. There was no end to our surprise; each second produced some new discovery; we sought with the whole of our bodies for some hardness but there was no corner that was not soft and warm. Our bodies, which remembered all the stones of the field, all the gaps in the soil, the greasy humidity of the woods and the harsh dryness of the stubble fields; our bodies, bruised by nights of bivouac, by the straps of our equipment, by our shoes, by the weight of the knapsack, by all the harness of wanderers who know no roof—our bodies were unable swiftly to accustom themselves to so much softness and comfort. And we broke into shouts of laughter; we expressed our enthusiasm in burlesque phrases, in formidable pleasantries, each one of which provoked new laughter that knew no end. And the man laughed at seeing us laugh, and his wife laughed, and the urchins laughed; the hovel was full of laughter.

Then the woman stole out, and when she returned she was escorting five or six of the neighboring villagers. And all these women too, watched us laughing, and exclaimed in astonishment at this phenomenal spectacle—two poor devils so far scorned by death; two soldiers of the great war who had fought often, had suffered much, delirious now with happiness, laughing with the abandonment of children because they were sleeping for that one night in a bed.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

NOT PULLING

Mother: "Sylvester, what are you doing to that cat to make him holler in that way? Are you pulling his tail?"

Sylvester: "No, ma'am, I ain't pulling his tail. I'm just holding it; he is doing all the pulling."

What the world really needs isn't more great leaders, but more great followers.

Young Mothers

Reserve strength for motherhood is of two-fold importance and thoughtful women before and after maternity take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

It supplies pure cod liver oil for rich blood and contains lime and soda with medicinal glycerine, all important ingredients for strengthening the nervous system and furnishing abundant nourishment.

It is free from drugs. Insist on the genuine.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 15-20

IN MEMORY

"Flowers for the living" is my motto. When they lay me away, my soul will never rest in peace if it once gets an inkling that some poor human is hungry for the lack of money with which to buy food—the very amount of money some friend has paid for flowers to be strewn on my final bed.

The other day a soldier died in a hospital. On hearing of this, a woman of essential goodness sent the price of a funeral piece to the living soldiers in a certain camp—sent them money, cash, in memory of their comrade.

This offering was the best expression of genuine helpfulness and honest appreciation that has come to my notice.

This act was the very essence of the fragrance of sacrifice. It reminds one of the cup of water which the wounded Sidney gave to the dying comrade.

"Flowers are the sweetest things," said Beecher, "that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into."

My thought is this: Remembrance is the rosemary of life; kindness to the living is the golden chain that holds us humans together.

Let us respect the memory of the dead, but above all things let us be kind to the living.

Give me the flowers now.—The Silent Partner.

Asthma Doesn't Wear Off Alone. Do not make the mistake of waiting for asthma to wear away by itself. While you are waiting the disease is surely gathering a stronger foothold and you live in danger of stronger and yet stronger attacks. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy taken early, will prevent incipient conditions from becoming chronic and saves hours of awful suffering.

THE GRAY LOAF

A contributor to an English weekly says that persons who look with disfavor upon the gray loaf that has displaced white bread, and think of the dingy edible as something new,—owing to the war,—should remember that fifty years ago the white loaf was a rarity.

English millers had the shock of their lives when they discovered the whiteness of foreign flour. The British mills could produce nothing to satisfy the baker, who in turn had to please his customers with white bread. Imports of flour increased alarmingly, and all because the British public demanded white bread.

Rumors of wonderful machinery producing white flour in Budapest caused English millers to visit Austria-Hungary. The result of this deputation was that in 1872 the first complete plant to reduce wheat to white flour was installed in Hilston. So started the English manufacture of white bread. The people are bidding farewell not to an old friend but to an alien invader.

AT SCHOOL

The young "pride of the family" had been to school for the first time in his short six years.

"What did you learn?" asked his mother, as mothers always ask on the afternoon after the morning before.

Little Johnny frowned.

"I didn't learn nothin'," he replied. "I have to go back to-morrow."

Because you cannot get to the top of the ladder is no reason for not going as high as you can.

IN MISERY FOR YEARS

Mrs. Courtney Tells How She Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Oskaloosa, Iowa.—"For years I was simply in misery from a weakness and awful pains—and nothing seemed to do me any good. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and got relief right away. I can certainly recommend this valuable medicine to other women who suffer, for it has done such good work for me and I know it will help others if they will give it a fair trial."—Mrs. LIZZIE COURTNEY, 103 8th Ave., West, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Why will women drag along from day to day, year in and year out, suffering such misery as did Mrs. Courtney, when such letters as this are continually being published. Every woman who suffers from displacements, irregularities, inflammation, ulceration, backache, nervousness, or who is passing through the Change of Life should give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its long experience is at your service.

BETTER THAN HIS WORD

"He didn't give me any real encouragement. He just said he'd see what he could do."

"Did Mr. Wilbur say that? Did he promise to see what he could do? Then you're all right."

The face of the young man thus reassured, wore a blank expression. "All right?" he repeated. "But I tell you he didn't promise me a thing. He only said he would see what he could do, and half a dozen men have promised that."

"Yes, I know," laughed his friend, "but Mr. Wilbur is different. He's always a little better than his word. Other people say they'll see what they can do, so as to put you off, and let you down easy. When Mr. Wilbur says it, it means that he won't leave a stone unturned in trying to help you. He'll see what he can do, and he can do more than any man in this town, so that's settled.

There are few people who have the peculiarity, characteristic of the man referred to, of being a little better than their word. In fact the promises of most of us are so decidedly ahead of our performance, that the general tendency is to discount a promise a third or a half. The people who redeem our faith in human nature are those who make a promise and then surpass it, who go a little farther in action than in speech, the people in short, who are better than their word.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

A man may be successful without being rich, and what's more, he may be rich and not be successful.

The Oil for the Farmer.—A bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the farm house will save many a journey for the doctor. It is not only good for the children when taken with colds and croup, and for the mature who suffer from pains and aches, but there are directions for its use on sick cattle. There should always be a bottle of it in the house.

THE SANCTITY OF FUN

We are doing part of our life work when we are making a good time for somebody. The world has been a little slow to realize the sanctity of wholesome gayety, and too often has made fun and duty rivals instead of fellow workers. Stevenson spoke of his "great task of happiness" as if that were a paramount duty, and he was in the right of it. Happy people, whether their happiness is the spontaneous gayety of a little child, or like Stevenson's, secured through brave self-conquest, are benefactors of their kind.

Some one has said that next to the virtues, the fun in the world is what we can least spare. On earth peopled with beings who never smiled, never laughed, and never frolicked would be a dismal spot.

There is no poisonous ingredient in Holloway's Corn Cure, and it can be used without danger of injury.

ARE KNOWN BY WHAT THEY LAUGH AT

It has been observed, says the New York Evangelist, that the general characters of people can be determined by their natural laughs. The condescending laugh of the supercilious, the superficial laugh of the hypocrite, the repulsive smirk of the cold-blooded and natural villian, the fawning smile of the tricky schemer, "the noisy laugh which shows the vacant brain," and the genial laugh of the large and true-hearted man, all are tellitales.

A more certain knowledge of the real character of people may be easily gained by noticing the things at which they laugh. In spite of whatever disguises they may assume, we need make no mistake in determining the real character of those who laugh, or even smile, over the sufferings or sorrows of any living being, animal or human; over the low or obscene jest, the scoffs of the infidel, the perplexities and troubles of the unfortunate, or over any conditions or circumstances that bring pain or discomfort to those who have tried to walk orderly and honorably; or even over the sorrows of those who have not. There need to be no difficulty in this matter of placing a person after we have noticed what he laughs at.

BUSY BOY SCOUTS WORK

President Wilson has named the 370,000 Boy Scouts of America as dispatch bearers for the government in circulating bulletins prepared by the Committee on Public Information. Each Boy Scout is expected to place in the hands of fifteen influential persons in his community the pamphlets entrusted to him for delivery and to obtain the promise of each person to read the pamphlet and then place it where the information will likely do the most good.

I'VE GOT HIS NUMBER

Of course, you've heard this expression—"I've got his number." Here follows a real story about it as told recently in Association Men, by a Y. M. C. A. worker in France:

"The other night a big Hammie khaki boy sidles up. We talked about the World's series, and French grub and hand grenades and other things we didn't know much about. We got to talking about those graves. He leaned down, sort of confidential-like—you know how they get—and he says:

"Listen, here's the way I figger it. I was standin' by one of those graves the other day. I've got his number in this I'll book—See? V673—See that? And I says—'Well, old scout, I don't know your name, but I've got your number—and I want you to understand sumpin'. It's this. I'm over here to take your place. I've got your number. I'm V673.' An' I meant it, too.

"For I reckon they's about two million Frenchmen has died, and it's going to take about two million of us Americans to turn the trick. I'm takin' the place of V673."

Say, you Canadians who have read this, have you taken some fellow's number? You know of some fellow who won't be back to finish the work he was so interested in, in the church and in the community. Someone else will have to "carry on." Someone else will have to further the ideals for which he stood. Is that someone going to be you? Whose number have you got?

THE WAITER'S VIEW

The waiter rubbed his hands as a stout lady, followed by a family of seven hungry-looking boys and girls, entered the restaurant. The head of the flock looked at the bill-of-fare, and selected steak as being fitted to her requirements.

"Steak for you, Reginald?" she inquired of the biggest boy.

"If you please, ma."

"Steak for you, Bertha?"

"Please, ma."

"Ah!" she said, when all the seven had fallen in with the steak idea. "Bring me one nice steak, waiter, and eight plates.

The knight of the serviette gasped.

"Do you hear me?" inquired the lady.

"Yes, ma'am," stammered the waiter. "I was only thinking that if your family sat at the table next the lift, and sniffed 'ard, they's got more of a meal!"

Miller's Worm Powders not only make the infantile system untenable for worms, but by their action on the stomach, liver and bowels they correct such troubles as lack of appetite, biliousness and other internal disorders that the worms create. Children thrive upon them and no matter what condition their worm-infested stomachs may be in, they will show improvement as soon as the treatment begins.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

After a woman has been married to a man for a few months she begins to realize how he must have suffered when he was spending that money on her during their courtship days.

Away with Depression and Melancholy.—These two evils are the accompaniment of a disordered stomach and torpid liver and mean wretchedness to all whom they visit. The surest and speediest way to conquer them is with Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which will restore the healthful action of the stomach and bring relief. They have proved their usefulness in thousands of cases and will continue to give relief to the suffering who are wise enough to use them.

REFUSE TO BE IMPOSED ON

Letting other people impose on you is not a good way to make friends, or to keep them. The very ones who take advantage of weak good-nature despise it. Be kind and helpful, but refuse to act in the capacity of a doormat. Your acquaintances will like you all the better if they respect you as well, and somehow the attitude of willingness to be imposed on lessens the respect of others if it does not diminish your self-respect.

Children Cry for Fletcher's
CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.
In Use For Over 30 Years
The Kind You Have Always Bought
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Get the Genuine
Grafonola

Avoid disappointment. Refuse imitations. Only genuine Columbia Grafonolas and Records bear this trade mark. Look for it before you buy.

Columbia Grafonola

FOR SALE BY
C. C. Speight - Acton, Ont.

A Truck for the Farmer

FARM equipment which will effect a time and labor-saving, and therefore a money-saving, must be carefully considered by every good farmer now-a-days.

The farm wagon, which for years was the most useful of all farm equipment, is now being replaced on the best farms by a sturdy, dependable motor truck. The truck will haul any farm product—fruit, grain, vegetables, stock, fertilizer, or wood—around the farm, or to the town or city many miles distant, in half the time, and at a much lower cost.

The Ford One-Ton truck is a rapid, economical and very serviceable means of transport. One of these on your farm will save you weeks of time in a single season and will enable you to pass through a crisis of labor shortage with less difficulty.

The Ford truck is supplied as a chassis only. This permits you to select any of the many body styles especially designed for the Ford truck and already on the market. Thus you can mount the one which suits your individual requirements.

Price $750 f.o.b. Ford, Ont.

Three of the many body styles that may be mounted on the Ford truck chassis

H. A. G[illegible]ke, Dealer - Acton, Ont.

Railway Time Tables
AT ACTON

Grand Trunk Railway System

Going West

No. 29	8.13 a.m.
No. 31	10.29 a.m.
No. 33	2.21 p.m.
No. 189	5.53 p.m.
No. 37	8.12 a.m.

Going East

No. 28	9.06 a.m.
No. 30	11.24 a.m.
No. 32	3.28 p.m.
No. 34	7.02 p.m.

Toronto Suburban Electric Railway

Going West

9.17 a.m.	Daily except Sunday
3.17 p.m.	Daily except Sunday
8.09 p.m.	Daily except Sunday
11.02 a.m.	Sunday only
6.32 p.m.	Sunday only

Going East

7.48 a.m.	Daily except Sunday
1.58 p.m.	Daily except Sunday
6.18 p.m.	Daily except Sunday
9.58 a.m.	Sunday only
6.48 p.m.	Sunday only

DO YOU REALIZE

that the Central Appeal Judge's decision re Bank Clerks means that the positions vacated must be filled by young ladies and the younger men.

OUR COMMERCIAL COURSE

gives the necessary training for "Banking positions."

NOW is the time to prepare. Special rates to those starting March 18 and April 1.

GUELPH BUSINESS COLLEGE
Herald Bldg. - At the Post Office
A. L. BOUCK Prin.-Prop.

We want Now

A Reliable Agent in Halton County to sell Pelham's Peerless Fruit and Ornamental Trees during Fall and Winter months. Good pay, exclusive territory, free selling equipment.

OVER 600 ACRES

Of the choicest Nursery stock including NEW varieties controlled by us. Handsome up-to-date selling equipment and a splendid Canadian-grown stock to offer customers. We are not jobbers. Write now for agency terms to

PELHAM NURSERY CO.
TORONTO - ONTARIO

N. B.—Catalogue sent on request to applicants for agencies or purchasers of Nursery stock.

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LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE

Having purchased the livery and goodwill of the business from Mr. A. McCann, I solicit with confidence the patronage of the public.

Comfortable rigs supplied at reasonable rates.

Special attention to supplying conveyances for weddings and funerals.

Motor Cars furnished when required.

BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS

L. E. ATKINSON
Acton Ont

Grain Chopping

Well Done and Quickly at only 5 cents per bag.

HARRIS & CO., Limited
ROCKWOOD - ONT

When You Need
BOOTS SHOES
At Any Time

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W. WILLIAMS
ACTON - ONTARIO

FAMOUS FOR
Satisfactory Footwear
REASONABLE PRICES

PATENTS
PROMPTLY SECURED
In all countries. Ask for our INVENTOR'S ADVISER, which will be sent free.
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