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The Acton Free Press

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GENTRY-GO

I used to be so lonely when I waked at night and couldn't sleep;
But since my father went to war, I think, perhaps, he has to keep
The watch to-night; and up and down he marches, marches with his gun!
So then I walk in step with him the whole night long; we had such fun
Going for walks . . . when he was here . . . and when it's cold, I wonder whether
Perhaps he doesn't mind the cold so much if we're on guard together.
—Amelia Josephine Burr.

THE LITTLE PHARISEE

By Janet Wessels Howell

FROM a comfortable little rocker in Mrs. Newton's cosy living room Letha Knowlton looked out at the February day.

"I really should be running along," she said, "but it's so good to be here, and I haven't seen you in weeks. Ralph and I have been wanting to run in some evening when Mr. Newton is at home, but we never seem to have any free time."

Mrs. Newton smiled. "It's hard to find a free evening. Don't think of going yet—you just got here. We'll have a good visit, and some tea after a while. It's only a few minutes after three."

Mr. Newton was the principal of the large high school where Ralph Knowlton taught, and the two women were warm friends.

"Isn't this Mr. and Mrs. Wade coming down the street?" asked Letha, looking out of the window. "Are they coming here, do you suppose?"

Mrs. Newton's gaze followed Letha's. "No—they're on their way home from school. She meets him every day, and they walk home together. They always pass here about this time."

"Such devotion!" said Letha with a laugh as she watched the young couple but there was an unconscious note of envy in her tone.

The conversation turned to other subjects, and time sped. It was five o'clock when Letha took her leave. "Ralph will be home before I can get there," she kept repeating as she hurried along the dusky street.

As she neared her own home, however, she noticed that the windows were still dark, and her gladness at arriving first was somewhat marred by a feeling of resentment that Ralph could be so late. It was nearly half past six o'clock when he came bounding in, hungry as a bear, and glad to get home; but he paused halfway through his usual hearty greeting, perplexed by a change that he noticed in his wife's welcome.

"Sick, honey?" he asked solicitously.

"No," she answered in a cool manner.

"Something happen?"

"No—nothing unusual."

"Then what's wrong? Did I forget something you asked me to bring?" He stood, halfway out of his overcoat, regarding her anxiously.

"No," declared his wife. She was biting her under lip and looking away from him.

"Well, something's wrong—that's clear," Ralph continued as he hung his coat in the closet. "Did you get a letter that worried you?"

"There's nothing wrong," Letha answered coolly, "except that it's six-thirty, and school is out at three."

"O-oh!"

It was a queer "Oh!"—drawn out, and yet clipped off short at the end.

Letha flushed. "Mr. Wade goes home at three every day," she began defensively.

"Oh—Wade!" Ralph laughed.

"Yes, Mr. Wade. Every single day."

"Of course he does," assented Ralph. "He wouldn't coach the debating team, because his wife won't stay at home alone evenings.

Wouldn't assist in coaching the basket-ball squad either, because he doesn't want to go out of town Saturdays without her. He'll never get anywhere, either, unless he changes. School-teaching isn't just working from eight-thirty to three. It's doing things—and heaps of them—that aren't written down in your contract—things you never expect to get paid for in good hard cash. You don't want your husband to be a no-account, do you? I'm hungry as a bear. Is dinner ready?"

Letha smiled—a faint, April-day smile. She was not in the habit of faultfinding, and it was very evident that Ralph regarded her pettishness as a joke. Throughout the meal the talk was of other things. Ralph had brought tickets for a concert as a happy surprise, but still, down in the bottom of her heart, Letha nursed her indignation at having so little of Ralph's time.

A few days later she met Mr. Wade in one of the downtown stores. "Are you going to the Schoolmasters' Club over at Ann Arbor to-morrow?" she asked. "I'm getting a few little things Ralph wanted before he packs."

"No," said Mr. Wade. "Nettie could not go, and I didn't want to leave her alone for three days. She's new here, and I'm afraid she'd get pretty lonely."

Letha murmured something polite in reply. Out on the street, waiting for a car, she thought half-angrily, "Ralph wouldn't stay at home for that reason, and I'm just as new here as Mrs. Wade."

On the car she sat with her purchases on her lap, nursing her anger. Behind her two business men were discussing boiler efficiency and something or other called "scale"—"whatever that may be," thought Letha. From the conversation she judged that it was something very important and equally undesirable. It was interesting to listen to their very earnest discussion. "If they choose to discuss things in a public place so that anyone can hear, it's grist for anyone's mill that wants it," she said to herself.

"What do you think of young George Markey?" she suddenly heard one of the men say.

"I think he's a nice, clean young man," came back the answer.

"Uh-huh! I thought you'd be likely to know. You used to have him in one of your offices."

"A nice clean young man," went on the voice, "too nice and too clean to get his hands dirty at hard work."

There was a silence, broken only by the rumble of the car.

"Well, I wanted to know," finally continued the man who had put the question. "We're looking for a man to fill an important place for us, and we want one who isn't afraid of doing a little more than he's paid for. If we can find such a man—and they are scarce—we're good and ready to pay him for more than he does. George was married about a year ago—married a nice girl, too. Used to know her. She wouldn't stand for him not doing his share—not for a minute, if she realized it. She's hundred per cent."

"It makes a difference—a lot of difference," his companion answered slowly.

"I'd like to give that position to George," went on the first speaker, "but I get the same report on him wherever I go. He's too busy doing the society act. Had another young fellow on the string, too. Liked him first-rate, but his case was just the opposite. Wife's got him tied to her apron string, and you can't have that. A man's got to give his work the most of his time and the big end of his thought if he's going to make it go. And the more he thinks of his wife the more he'll want to think of his work for her sake."

The other man grunted his assent.

Letha suddenly felt her ears burning. She leaned forward to look out of the window as the car passed the high-school building, and when she looked furtively over her shoulder a few minutes later there was only one opposite. Wife's got him tied to her occupant in the seat behind her and he was buried in the evening newspaper. For the remainder of her ride she sat in deep thought.

It was almost seven o'clock when Ralph's step sounded on the front porch.

"I tried to get home early to-night. Honest, I did, Lee; but I was detained by something quite important," he began the minute he was inside the door and stopped with an unconscious expression of relief at sight of Letha's face.

"You must be terribly hungry," she smiled up at him. "Hurry and get ready for dinner, and we'll talk afterwards. I've something you like extra well."

"All right—good!" he assented gayly. "We'll talk afterwards."

"My, oh! But home seems good," he exclaimed a few minutes later, taking his place at the table.

When they were halfway through dinner the doorbell rang with a reverberating burr-r-r. Ralph hastened to answer it.

"Not through with your dinner yet?" Letha heard Mr. Newton's big, genial voice asking. "I'm sorry we came so early, but I couldn't wait any longer. How'd you come out? Did you see T. J.?"

Ralph laughed as he pulled up chairs. "I haven't told Letha yet," he admitted, looking at her as she entered the living room and held out welcoming hands to her guests. "I was afraid of spoiling her dinner."

She shot him a questioning glance. "What has happened? Is it a secret? Who's T. J.?"

"T. J. Blodgett, the big boiler man," Ralph explained. "He wants me to quit teaching school and come over to his plant."

"Made you an offer, did he?" asked Mr. Newton. "I knew he was after you. He's been camping on your trail for a month. He saw me the first of January, but he rather thought he wanted Wade then. I don't know what switched him over. I told him he could have Wade," Mr. Newton added with a least hint of a wink at his wife, "but I didn't know that I'm so enthusiastic over losing you. Think you'll go? I suppose he'll make it so much worth your while that we can't keep you."

Slowly the whole thing was dawning upon Letha, and she sat looking at her husband with eyes wide with wonder. Mrs. Newton reached over and patted her hand.

"We shan't lose you, if the schools do lose Ralph," she said.

"That's right!" boomed Mr. Newton. "T. J. asked about your wife as he did about you, Knowlton. Said something about wanting to be sure the wife of a man he got wasn't a 'netty'—whatever that may be."

Letha started guiltily. She knew.

The Newtons rose to go. "Go on with your dinner, folks," Mr. Newton said, laying an affectionate hand on Ralph's shoulder. "We didn't mean to interrupt. This is a big loss to us. But we mustn't think of that; I consider you the best investment the Fairmont schools ever made."

As Ralph closed the door behind the Newtons and waited to switch off the porch light, he turned to Letha, who stood looking at him with wide eyes and parted lips.

"A penny," he said teasingly.

"I was just thinking," she answered, with a blush and a half-ashamed laugh, "how glad I am I'm not 'netty,' and then I thought, 'Why, you little Pharisee!' But I think the Pharisee has taught a lesson that she will remember."

Acton's Biggest and Best Fall Fair

Beautiful Autumn Weather; Largest Attendance in the Fair's History

AN ALL AROUND IDEAL FAIR

Acton Fall Fair has another unqualified success to its credit. The Fair on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week was in every respect successful. Two of the finest days of the month fell to the lot of the management and the result was all that could be desired. The officers and directors were abundantly satisfied with the outcome; exhibitors in all departments were gratified with the treatment accorded them and the generous prizes awarded; and thousands of visitors, who attended thoroughly enjoyed their experiences at the fair and were loud in their praise of the splendid results attained.

The following is the list of prizes awarded in the numerous classes covered by the fair.

HEAVY HORSES

Heavy Draft

Brood mare—R. Tuck, Fuller Bros., James Barnes.
Spring Colt—James Barnes.
One-year-old gelding or filly—N. Gillies & Son.
Two-year-old gelding or filly—N. Gillies & Son.
Three-year-old gelding or filly—H Barnes, John Tuck.

Agricultural

Brood mare—W. H. Allan, W. Tuck.
Spring colt—W. Tuck.
One-year-old gelding or filly—R. Tuck.
Two-year-old gelding or filly—R. Tuck, J. Y. Norrish & Son.
Three-year-old gelding or filly—Jno. Tuck, Stanley Howart.

General Purpose

Brood mare—Thos. Ryder, James Brown.
Spring colt—Thos. Ryder, James Barnes.
Two-year-old gelding or filly—D. McDougall, W. E. Brownridge, Harry McDonald.
Three-year-old gelding or filly—Geo. A. Wilson, W. H. Allan, J. D. McDonald.

Heavy Horses in Harness

Span of heavy draft mares or geldings—R. Tuck.
Span of Agricultural mares or geldings—S. Stewart, W. C. Howard.
Span of general purpose mares or geldings—W. K. Scott & Sons, Geo. A. Wilson.

LIGHT HORSES

Carriage

Brood mare—Peter Cole, Hugh Black, Fyfe Somerville.
Spring colt—Peter Cole, Hugh Black, F. Somerville.

Roadster

Brood mare—Fuller Bros., W. H. Allan, Mann Bros.
Spring colt—Mann Bros., Fuller Bros., W. H. Allan.
One-year-old gelding or filly—Mann Bros., Fuller Bros., J. N. Chisholm.
Two-year-old gelding or filly—Jno. Nickell & Son, J. R. Elliott, Calvin Campbell.

Light Horses in Harness

Single carriage, 3-year-old gelding or filly—M. Given, D. McLean, R. Kerr.
Single carriage, mare or gelding—M. Given, F. Somerville, Peter Cole.
Span carriage, mares or geldings—F. G. Hutchinson, Robt. Kerr.
Three-year-old roadster, gelding or filly—D. H. Taylor & Sons, J. N. Chisholm, Alfred Watson.
Single roadster, mare or gelding—A. L. Chambers, W. H. Rutledge, S. H. Lindsay.
Span roadsters, mares or geldings—D. S. Robertson, W. W. Matheson, J. N. Chisholm.
Single roadster, mare or gelding, pacer—Harry Dovereau, W. H. Rutledge.
Saddle Horse, mare or gelding—J. Bessey, J. B. Dovereau, Jno. Nickell & Son.

Specials

Fastest road horse—Harry Dovereau, A. L. Chambers, S. H. Lindsay.
High stepping horse—D. McLean, W. J. Wilson, Leonard Warden.
Single turnout—W. H. Rutledge, Peter Cole.
Lady driver—F. Somerville, L. Worden.
Hackney pony—James E. Snyder.
Novelty race—D. A. McCutcheon.

CATTLE

Pure Bred

Cow, any age—Leslie & Pearen, R. McDonald, N. Gillies & Son.
Cow, showing dairy propensities—Leslie & Pearen, R. McDonald, N. Gillies & Son.
Two-year-old heifer—Leslie & Pearen, R. McDonald.
One-year-old heifer—Leslie & Pearen, N. Gillies & Son.
Calf heifer, senior—Alex. Waddie & Son, N. Gillies & Son, R. McDonald.
Calf heifer, junior—Leslie & Pearen, Percy Martin, J. Y. Norrish.
Bull, 2 years or over—R. McDonald.
Bull, 1 year and under two—J. Y. Norrish & Sons, N. Gillies & Sons.
Bull calf, senior—J. Y. Norrish & Son, L. West & Son.
Bull calf, junior—Neil Gillies & Son, W. H. Allan, W. H. Sutton.
Herd, 1 bull and 4 females—Leslie & Pearen, N. Gillies & Son, R. McDonald.

Pure Bred Dairy

Cow, any age—Chas. McKeown, W. J. Alexander, Neil McLean.
Cow, 3 years—Neil McLean, Chas. McKeown.
Two-year-old heifer—Neil McLean, Chas. McKeown, Norman McMurchy.
One-year-old heifer—Neil McLean.
Bull calf—W. H. McCullough.
Heifer calf—Neil McLean, J. Y. Norrish & Son, Chas. McKeown.
Bull, 3 years and over—Chas. McKeown.
Bull, 1 year, under 2—Chas. McKeown.

Grades—Beef Type

Best Cow, three years and over—R. N. Brown, R. McDonald, Percy Martin.
Best two-year-old Heifer—R. N. Brown.
Best one-year-old Heifer—R. McDonald, R. N. Brown, Percy Martin.
Best heifer calf—John Burnaldo, Percy Martin.
Best fat beast, steer or heifer—J. Y. Norrish, R. N. Brown.

Grades—Dairy Type

Best cow, 3 years and over—W. H. McCullough, R. N. Brown, Percy Martin.
Best two-year-old heifer Chas. McKeown, Neil Gillies & Son.
Best one-year-old heifer—Chas. McKeown.
Best heifer calf—W. H. McCullough, Chas. McKeown, W. H. Allan.

Specials

Fat beast—Alex. Waddie, Leslie & Pearen, Hugh Black.
Bankers' Competition, calf pure-bred or grade—Russell Smith, Beatrice Pearen, Margaret Brown, Dorothy Burnaldo, J. R. Norrish.

SHEEP

Leicester or Lincoln

Ram—Wm. Mullin & Son, W. H. Allan.
Shearling ram—W. H. Sutton, D. H. Taylor & Sons.
Ram lamb—Wm. Mullin & Son, W. H. Sutton
One ewe—Wm. Mullin & Son, W. H. Allan.
Shearling ewe—Wm. Mullin & Son, W. H. Sutton.
Ewe lamb—Wm. Mullin & Son, W. H. Allan.
Pen of four long wool lambs—Wm. Mullin & Son, W. H. Allan.

Cotswold

Ram—Fuller Bros.
Ram lamb—Fuller Bros.
One ewe—Fuller Bros.
Shearling ewe—Fuller Bros.
Ewe lamb—Fuller Bros.

Oxford Downs

Ram—J. N. Chisholm, Jas. E. Gray.
Shearling ram—J. N. Chisholm, Bruce A. McKinnon.
Ram lamb—Bruce A. McKinnon, J. N. Chisholm.
One ewe—J. N. Chisholm, Bruce A. McKinnon.
Shearling ewe—J. N. Chisholm, Bruce A. McKinnon.
Ewe lamb—Bruce A. McKinnon, J. N. Chisholm.
Pen short wool lambs—Bruce A. McKinnon, Jas. E. Gray.

Downs—Any Breed

One ewe—James Stark, (second.)
Shearling ewe—Bruce A. McKinnon.
Ewe lamb—J. N. Chisholm.

HOGS

Yorkshires

Boar, two years and over—Shirley Watson, Albert Young.
Boar, one year—Albert Young, R. N. Brown
Boar, under six months—Albert Young.
Sow, two years and over—Albert Young.
Sow, one year—R. N. Brown, Albert Young.
Sow, under six months—Albert Young.
Boar and two sows—Albert Young.

Tamworths

Boar, one year—James Stark.
Boar, under six months—Jas. Stark.
Sow, one year—James Stark.
Sow, under six months—James Stark
Boar and two sows—James Stark.

Special

Bankers' Competition—Two Pigs—George Young.

POULTRY

Orpington Cock—W. H. Allan, Neil Gillies & Son.
Orpington Hen—W. H. Allan, Neil Gillies & Son.
Orpington Cockerel—Chas. Doverell, Neil Gillies & Son.
Orpington Pullet—Chas. Doverell, W. J. Alexander.
Rhode Island Red Cock—W. J. Alexander, W. H. Allan.
Rhode Island Red Hen—Neil Gillies & Son, W. J. Alexander.
Rhode Island Red Cockerel—Neil Gillies & Son, W. H. Allan.
Rhode Island Red Pullet—Neil Gillies & Son, W. J. Alexander.
S. C. White Leghorn Cock—William Mason, Neil Gillies & Son.
S. C. White Leghorn Hen—Neil Gillies & Son, W. H. Allan.
S. C. White Leghorn Cockerel—Neil Gillies & Son, William Mason.
S. C. White Leghorn Pullet—Neil Gillies & Son, William Mason.
Brown Leghorn Cock—Neil Gillies & Son.
Brown Leghorn Hen—Neil Gillies & Son.
Brown Leghorn Cockerel—W. H. Allan, Neil Gillies & Son.
Brown Leghorn Pullet—Neil Gillies & Son, W. H. Allan.
White Wyandotte Cock—W. H. Allan, W. J. Alexander.
White Wyandotte Hen—W. H. Allan, Neil Gillies & Son.
White Wyandotte Cockerel—W. H. Allan, Neil Gillies & Son.
White Wyandotte Pullet—W. H. Allan, Neil Gillies & Son
Any other Wyandotte Cock—Neil Gillies & Son, W. H. Allan.
Any other Wyandotte Hen—W. H. Allan, Neil Gillies & Son
Any other Wyandotte Cockerel—Neil Gillies & Son.
Any other Wyandotte Pullet—Neil Gillies & Son.
Minorca Cock—W. H. Allan, Neil Gillies & Son.
Minorca Hen—Neil Gillies & Son, W. H. Allan.
Minorca Cockerel—W. H. Allan.
Minorca Pullet—Neil Gillies & Son, W. H. Allan.
Barred Plymouth Rock Cock—Neil Gillies & Son, W. H. Allan.
Barred Plymouth Rock Hen—Neil Gillies & Son, W. H. Allan.
Barred Plymouth Rock Cockerel—W. J. Alexander, W. H. Allan.
Barred Plymouth Rock Pullet—W. J. Alexander, Neil Gillies & Son.
Any other Rock Cock—W. J. Alexander, Neil Gillies & Son.
Any other Rock Hen—W. H. Allan, Neil Gillies & Son.
Any other Rock Cockerel—W. H. Allan, Neil Gillies & Son.
Any other Rock Pullet—W. H. Allan, Neil Gillies & Son.
Any other kind not mentioned Cock—Neil Gillies & Son, Chas. Doverell.
Any other kind not mentioned Hen—Neil Gillies & Son, Chas Doverell.
Any other kind not mentioned Cockerel—Chas. Doverell.
Any other kind not mentioned Pullet—Chas. Doverell.
Bantam Cock—Neil Gillies & Son, W. H. Allan.
Bantam Hen—Neil Gillies & Son, W. H. Allan.
Bantam Cockerel—W. H. Allan.
Bantam Pullet—W. H. Allan.
Rouen Ducks, old male—W. H. Allan, Neil Gillies & Son.
Rouen Ducks, old female—Neil Gillies & Son, W. H. Allan.
Rouen Ducks, young male—W. H. Allan, Art Nightingale.
Rouen Ducks, young female—W. H. Allan, Neil Gillies & Son.
Pekin Ducks, old male—James Stark, W. H. Allan.
Pekin Ducks, old female—James Stark, W. H. Allan.
Pekin Ducks, young male—W. H. Allan.
Pekin Ducks, young female—W. H. Allan.
Indian Runner Ducks, old female—Neil Gillies & Son.
Geese, male—Neil Gillies & Son, Percy Martin.
Geese, female—Neil Gillies & Son, Percy Martin.
Turkey, male—Percy Martin, W. H. Allan.
Turkey, female—Percy Martin, W. H. Allan.

Specials

Best Cock and Hen—Neil Gillies & Son.
Largest and Best Collection of Poultry—Neil Gillies & Son.

GRAIN

White Winter Wheat—Percy Martin, Hugh Black.
Spring Wheat—Wilbert Talbot, Harry McDonald.
Large Peas—Wilbur Talbot, S. W. Bingham & Son.
White Oats—Hugh Black, S. W. Bingham & Son.
Black Oats—Mrs. James Martin, Hugh Black.
Barley, six rowed—Mrs. James Martin, S. W. Bingham & Son.
Indian Corn—Mrs. James Martin.
Sweet Corn—F. B. Hutt, G. Skinner.
Ensilage Corn—Mrs. James Martin, R. N. Brown.
White Beans—Mrs. J. E. Gamble, W. H. Stewart.
Beans, any other kind—Leslie & Pearen.
Collection Grain in Sheaf, properly named and labelled—S. W. Bingham & Son, Mrs. James Martin.
Collection of Grain, not less than four varieties—Wilbert Talbot, S. W. Bingham & Son.

(Continued on Page Two)

THRIFT HALLMARKS A NATION

Saving the almighty dollar in order to gratify one's desires in the matter of personal purchases has been a working force in society for all time. To save for the sake of hoarding the golden ducats is a form of insanity that has afflicted the misers of all time. To save in order to make another stronger is the highest form of thrift known. And in exercising this virtue of laying aside extra dollars from our present surpluses, for the better living of society when times may not be so generous, we carry in us the marks of the true Canadian patriot.

He who loves his country is no waster. He knows his savings form the capital that makes business go. The dollar soon doubles itself and total savings of a thrifty people mark out the nation as a really great one. Love of our Canadian home land demands of every resident from the Yukon to Cape Breton, that he save his surplus dollars against a possible rainy day. The thrifty man is one of Canada's big patriots.

THE UNRULY MEMBER

"The homeless tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill," declares the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"
The Turks asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith,
"A lengthy tongue—an early death."

Or sometimes takes this form instead,
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"
Say the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

While Arab sages this impart,
"The tongue's a great storehouse in the heart."

From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung,
"Though feet should slip, no'er let the tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, October 6, 1898

The fall show season will soon be over. Erin show on Friday, 14th inst.

Bread is down to ten cents in Guelph.

Thursday, 24th November, has been set apart by the Government as Canada's Thanksgiving Day.

Mr. Robt. Wallace had his left foot seriously bruised between a waggon and a boulder several weeks ago. He is gradually improving.

Mr. C. McLaughlin heads the list for big apples now. He left a sample of Alexander variety at this office the other day which turned the scales at 16¼ ounces.

Acton grain market this week: Fall wheat 60c. to 62c.; goose wheat 50c. to 55c.; white oats 22c.; mixed oats 21c. barley 35c. peas 45c. to 50c.; rye 40c.

The raspberry patch at "Rose Cottage" is quite an attraction at present. A number of this season's canes are bearing profusely, well developed and delicious fruit. A sample left us by Mr. Arch. McNabb may be seen in the Free Press window.

Street watering is finished for this season. Contractor Williams has performed the work with the utmost satisfaction.

The first national prohibition battle ever fought at the polls took place last Thursday. The result shows that the electors of our Dominion are in favor of the annihilation of the liquor traffic. Halton voted a majority of 612 for prohibition. Acton a majority of 22.

Electric light is assured for Acton. The deputation's report was presented to the ratepayers, who unanimously voted in favor of a municipal system. The Council will take steps immediately to have the by-law put before the people and the vote will probably be taken about the end of the present month.

NOBLE SAYINGS

From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day the peaceful night;
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In Heaven's best treasures, Peace and Health.—Thomas Gray.

The wish fall often on my heart, that I may learn nothing here that I cannot continue in the other world; that I may do nothing here but deeds that will bear fruit in heaven.—Paul Richter.

Seek the favor of those to whom you wish happiness, rather than of those from whom you hope to gain an advantage.—La Bruyere.

Virtue, and Hope, and Love, like light and heaven, surround the world. —Shelley.

All men are liable to err; but prudent and happy is that man who, when he has erred, seeks a remedy for the evil into which he has fallen, and does not persist in his mistake.—Sophocles.

BAGDAD PROSPEROUS

Bagdad, in the Mesopotamia, taken from the Turks by the British some months ago, is coming into great prosperity under British control, according to a correspondent in the London Times. Some of the main streets have been paved and lighted, much construction work is under way, the commerce of the long ago is coming back, the population rapidly increasing, and new industries are coming into existence under British and American capital. The people are said to be greatly rejoicing.