The Acton Bree Press

. THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1919

SPRING SONG

Behold, the winter is past; He hurrien over the bills, His showy parments dissolving fast In a fringe of shining tilla; The watern glad and free Clap their white hands for glee; They frap up into the light at las For lo! the winter is part.

The rain is over and gone, The blue sky bends above; And gloriously the aun looks down On garden, field and grove. Heavily fell the showers Through the long-clouded hours: But every drop was a good send sown

The rain is over and gone.

The flowers appear on the earth, Springing on every aide; After the winter creeping north With nummer's rising tide. Each lovely shape and hue A miração over now: . Each but a separate, wondrous birt The flowers appear on the earth.

The time of the singing of birds In come. Each fluttern and sings As if a joy that could find no words Lay under those reatless wings. Through every land and clime. Each tree they find a home, Each field a table spread. The time Of the singing of birds is come. -liebocca Palfrey Utter.



O XIONES NEED NO. AKE WINNEPURKIT, a stal- times he was forced back. Suddenly wifter toward Bandy' Point Light, could not believe his sonnes. No, there There was an ugly look in his eyes, could be no mistake. He saw it-Presently with a grunt of impatience Handy Point Light. Bright and clear he walked up from the shore and en- it shone. It seemed to him that there tered a cabin which stood two hundred was something uncanny about it. He feet or more back of high water mark. was morally certain that there was no "Winnepurkit, the Silent," he was call- person on the island, and yet-there od, and being alient, his evident anger was the light brightly burning. expressed itself by his general bearing. All that night he watched, fearful

across the river from Jonathan Clay- con, and, as the day began to dawn, ton's woodland, bringing with him a he gained control of his nerves. hundred or more traps, which, follow- With the coming of daylight the ing his custom of years, he had that wind abated, and at aunrise Clayton morning started to set. Foxes and was on his way. The sea was yet

Puzzled, Winnepurkit, stared at it until the constable, recalling the In- nepurkit rolled in a blanket on the next day. dian's inability to read, explained to floor. That feeling of respect and uphim that the law forbade the trapping preciation which at times makes all of hares in that section, for one year. | men brothers, overwhelmed him. Silent enough for the endurance of hard much attention to what he maid, but Further, the trapping of foxes would he stood looking down at the sleeping knocks. Man lives only from moment this remark seemed so odd that she not be permitted, inasmuch as the fox Indian. He saw it all now. He re- to moment. A whole day is a lengthy closed her books and stared at him

an amendment to the county game close was night at that time, and, as determine to make it unique in your cottage." laws, but this Winnepurkit failed to he pictured the perilous trip between whole life history for the light you can comprehend. He saw but one hand the outer and the inner bar, it seemed cost about you. behind the drastic command, an order to him that each curling wave was which deprived him of means of sain- photographed. ing a livelihood, the hand of Jonathan. The Indian stirred uneasily. He formed. Every morning should find they haven't nice pictures like ours. Clayton, the keeper of Sandy Point drew a deep breath and rolled over. Light, the owner of that big strip of The action aroused him and he opened

wood land where he had been accus- his eyes. He saw Clayton. In an in-Yen, he figured it out long before ablaze he stood looking at the man shine. night fell, the day would come when before him. Clayton, at a loss to acrevenge would be his. It might be a count for the Indian's unmistakable and saying. month and it might be a year, but fury, nevertheless advanced with outsometime, somewhere, the keeper of stretched hand. the light would be at his mercy. Then, then could be utterly crush the man

who had thus deprived him of his into his pocket, drawing forth the Winter was at, hand, and for a fortnight Winnepurkit busied himself which he had attributed to Clayton, making snug his cabin on Sandy Point. Winnepurkit flashed it before the light-Scrub birches and alders which he house keeper, cut half a mile inland, he laboriously dragged homeward, and, as the pile of fuel grow from day to day, he grunted ginning to dawn. "Big chief of the with matinfaction. There were no state ordered you, me, everybody not notices posted on that side of the river, to trap. See, Winnepurkit, there is

and, although trapping amounted to his name." shut down in carnest and it was to ton gripped it. the Indian's liking. He enjoyed hear-

fire spoke of revenge. to releat. A week of almost spring pressive manner. .

like weather carried off the snow. The ice in the river broke up and moved ing keenly at the constable." "Clayton neaward. Winnepurkit, taking advan- | neo big chief. Tell big chief bout tage of the open spell, worked hard light. I thank."-The Young People's replenishing his stock of firewood. Weekly. Weatherwise, he foresaw a menace in the balmy days. One morning, when the sea was al-

most like glass, Jonathan Clayton got into his dory and started for the village, four miles up Beabury River. came upon the dog first, a beautiful. Certain stores he was running low on, golden-brown collis with a white ruff the replenishing of which was impera- about his neck, and big lustrous eyes. tive. He intended to return very short- There was a threatening black cloud ly, but chancing to meet an old friend in the west, and plainly the dog felt at the village store, who was a great the gravity of the situation. He ran checker-player, he decided to indulge from one cock to the next, barking in one or two games before going back furiously. He wagged his tall approvto the island. Time passed swiftly lingly whenever a forkful was pitched and, before Clayton was aware of it. to the top of the load. If the stock the afternoon was on the wane. It is alopes made hard pulling he encourdoubtful, if he would have come to his aged the hornes by leaping up and senses then, had not the storekeeper rubbing his head against their noses. advised him of the fact that the wind "He thinks he is helping, doesn't had whisked around to the northeast he?" we said patronizingly, when we and, to use his expression, was "blowin" had watched the pretty scene for ten

Clayton aprang to his feet, upsetting boy in his shirt-sloeven turned from the checkerboard, and picking up two his work to answer. "He does help, bankets of provisions which he had lie's just as much help as another man. purchased, he hurried out of the store. He's so interested that he keeps a fel-It took him less than five minutes to low feeling good in spite of anything." reach his dory, and sturing the two Many a time since we have thought bunkets away in the stern of the boat, about that dog in the hayfield, and we he pushed off. It was now half-past have come to the conclusion that the two, and realizing that he had no time freckle-faced boy was tight. Enthusito lose, he settled to the oars at once. asm and interests are always helpful. With a head tide and a head wind, Good spirits that never flag do as much he made slow progress down the river, for others us the busiest pair of hands and at four o'clock he was fully a mile can possibly accomplish. While we from the mouth of it. The wind had should do our best to become skilled increased to a gale, and at times it workers, those of us who are never was about all he could do to hold his very wise nor very experienced are own against the heavy sea which was not altogether shut out of the privilege

sweeping in from outside. Winnepurkit was watching. At the coille in the Vermont hayfields could mouth of the river he stood with folded not handle a pitch-fork, but he could arms, his eyes fastened upon the show scal and enthusiasm, and could plunging dory. Again the fire of re- rejoice in all the workers accomplished. sentment was lighted within the In- It would be a pity if boys and girls dian's eyes. 'Oradually triumph shot | could not do as much, forth. The oarsman was weakening. He was no longer holding his own. BELIEVE IN WHAT YOU MAY BE He was being forced backward. Winnepurkit had seen the keeper of the light when he departed in the morning are, but in what you may be. Hellevo and he knew that he had ample op- not only in the powers you have used, portunity to return before the storm but in others that have not had a broke. A fatture to light the beacon chance yet. Have confidence that you meant instant dismissal for the light are going to do bigger things than you keeper from the government service, have even thought of. Those who perhaps imprisonment. With a gesture dominate deatiny early learn to believe of satisfaction, Winnepurkit returned not only in actualities, but in possi-

The ahadows of night were beginning to deepen. Winnepurkit, going to the window, stood for a moment looking out across the waste of waters. He beheld the lighthouse on the island, Nover before had he falled to see its

cheery light as night come on. But somehow the tovenge he had pictured had lost its force. Night had shut dut the distant sea, but it seemed to the Indian that he could see a close-recfed vessel plunging on before the gale. Taking an extra pair of oars from the corner of the cabin, the Indian ran down to the shore where his dory was pulled up out of reach of the tide. It took him but a moment to yank the boat over the sand to the edge of the water, and, storing the extra oacaaway where they could be easily reached, he pushed off.

The northeast wind favored him and, before night had actually closed down, he was well away from the points A quarter of a mile ahead, were two barn some five hundred feet apart. It was between these two bars that Winnepurkit must pass. A slight error of judgment meant certain death. New that the blackness of night had settled over the water, there was but one thing to guide him-the four of the breakers as they pounded on these bars. The Indian pulled steadily at the ours-and listened, as only an Indian can listen. Yes, his keen care detected the deeper sullen roar of the outer bar on the right, us contrasted with the somewhat less ominous thun-

der of the inner bar. Between the two he held his course and held it true. At last the great danger had passed. Ahead was the island. He could not neet it, but he heard the roar of the aurf an the waves dashed against its rugged shore. Presently he made out its dim form and rounding it, he pulled to the lee of it and, without mishap,

Exhausted by his hard pull at the cars. Jonathan Clayton, unable to make any headway before the gale or even hold his own, had been driven until his dory grounded on a small island in the river. There, as one bereft of his senses, he had paced to for his folly. Twice he had attempted to launch his boat and again make an effort to reach the island, but both wart young Indian, the last of he paused and stood staring seaward, his tribe, stood with folded his eyes fairly starting from their arms, storing out across the sockets. Was he going mad?. He

lest the seeming miracle should fail, An hour previous, he had rowed back but there was no dimming of the bea-

hares were the game he sought, game rough, but he managed to moet it sucwhich in the past had provided the consfully, and an hour from the start wherewithal to keep body and soul to- he was through the mouth of the river gether. There that morning he had and heading for the island. Presently been roughly seized by the town con- he landed and, with a feeling akin to day at a stretch, and then disappears family of cousins, and though he had stable. The latter had led the Indian awe, he approached the lighthouse, his until the next day. to a tree upon which was tacked a eyes fastened upon the still burning

There inside the light he found Wintraps would endanger the hares as called sceing the Indian the previous period as compared with the space of "Did you say that Aunt Emma had a afternoon, remembered that lone figure each heart-throb. As a matter of fact, the notice was down at the point. He realized how

stant he was on his feet. His eyes

"Brother!" said Clayton. The answer was a thrust of his hand notice which he had torn from one of the trees in the woodland, the notice

"You try starve Winnepurkit." "No!" replied Clayton, the light be-

little in a commercial way, he did The Indian looked where Clayton manage to secure an occasional hare pointed at the bottom of the notice. Suddenly the fire faded from his eyes. The latter part of November, winter He slowly put out his hand and Clay-"Winnspurkit think wrong," said the

the wind whistle about his cabin. Indian. "No read; no un'atan'.".... Snowbound, he liked to sit by the win- The following week, in answer to a dow and look seaward, watching the letter which Clayton wrote to the Govgreat combers roll in across the various ernor of the State in which he told barn. The more tumultuous the sea, about Winnepurkit's bravery, the local the higher rose his spirits. Looking constable received a command that seaward, he saw, too, Sandy Point one Jake Winnepurkit, an Indian of Light, and recalling the posted notice Seabury should be allowed to trap in across the river, a deep fire of resent- a certain tract of woodland known as ment would gleam from his eyes. The Clayton's woods. This letter the constable took to Sandy Point and finding Early in January, the winter seemed Winnepurkit, read it in a slow im-

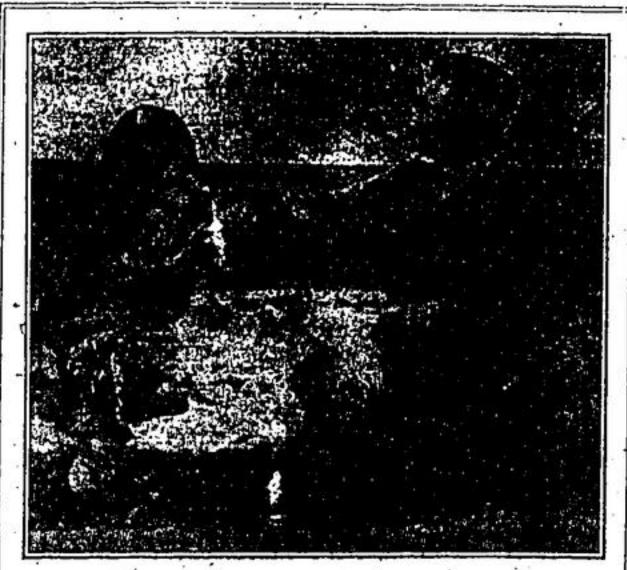
"Say thank," raid Winnepurkit, look-

THE DOG THAT HELPED IN THE

It was in a Vermont hayfield that we minutes or more. And a half-grown

of helpfulness. That golden-brown

Have faith not only in what you



"IN FLANDERS' FIELDS"

"Through all his life and through all his letters, dogs and children followed him as ahadows follow man. To walk in the street with him was a slow process. Every do ; and every child he met must be apoken to and each made answer." This is from Bir Andrew Macphail's blography of the life of Col, Jain McCrae in "In Flanders' Fields," just published by William Briggs and probably evidences very strongly wherein the accret of the man's strength lay-his humanism, and his life of love and service. It was from these things that John McCrae gained the strength of mind and character which enabled him to write such things as "In Flanders' Fields," "The Anxlous Dead," "The Warrior," and any one of half a dozen others from the collection just given

Half, of the book is given over to what Hir Andrew Macphail calls "An Louny in Character," from which the above lines are taken. with the Force in South Africa in 1900, to characteristic bits covering the experiences in Figurers which were productive of the poem whose stanzas and whose spirit has run through the English-speaking world. Perhaps a man who has gone is better judged by strangers by his letters than in any other way, and an opportunity for judging Col McCrae in given in a dozen or more missives to various friends and relatives reproduced in the book, some of these from Bouth Africa, but the greater part from the midst of the fighting in France in April and May, 1915. Specially characteristic among these are several written in the name of his horse, "Bonfire," to intimate friends at home, each telling the heart of the man. Another feature of interest is a reproduction of an autographed copy of the great poem, a copy of a sketch made by Dr. McCrae of one of the military positions over yonder, and a reproduction of a most intimate photograph of the late Colonel and his dog "Bonneau," taken among the ruing of some Flemish town.

Canadians have read, sung and revelled in the great tittle poem and they will appreciate this remarkable memento of a really great Canadian who has produced something, idealistic though it may have

been, which has made the world greater and better. Col. McCrae's home was in Guelph, where his parents still live.

ONE DAY AT A TIME

The sun warma.us by his beams, one

you with a clean record. The duties of each day are these: ful there?" Speak better words, do nobler acts, bo

All life is summed up in being, doing and nobody scolds or teases."

them,-Solocted.

best one day at a time and then re- where he had been so happy. "I like freshes himself for his level best the to stay there," he told his sister Alice, thereof." Short periods are long Robert, and she did not always pay beautiful home, Hob Ryerson? What Take just one day at a time and a funny idea! . It's just a plain little

Work while the day lasts, and leave their furniture is real old, and some What makes you think it is so beauti-Rob thought a minute before he more godly, disseminate more sun- answered: "I guess it must be because everybody is so nice to everybody else,

At first the older sister smiled, and "Work while the day lasts." The then the color rose in her checks. Sh clock cannot separate you from your saw that her brother was nearer right record, if you meet life's obligation than herself. A fine house and expensive furniture and pictures on the Life has its days, and they are walls are not the things most important. Love and courtesy and kindness Blessed is the man whose heart does can make the plainest, poorest hom not reproach him for wasting any of beautiful, and the lack of them w

People buy a motor car and are very with the horse very many people are Com the first moment spoiling their troperty and doing themselves monetary damage. I know from experience Through anding out an inexperienced been voted by various German municiman-wholn I had been told was :. that man had absolutely rulaed the unimal. I had a very nice quality horne that I wan just going to show in the hunter class, where the manners of the hornes count chiefly. Because the horse got nervous at a passing train, this man hit him over the head. After that, the home would duck his head and try to get rid of his rider every time he got a little bit frightened. People do that port of thing if a borze illps, or stumbles, and after a time the horse runs away from fear. It shows that it is stupid to bully a horse, even from the low point of view of his value; for you cannot nell him afterwards if you treat him illio that. There is another consideration of

WHY KINDNESS TO HORSES PAYS

policy; I have several times had my life dependent on my horne. I have had a horse lying on top of me, and my head between his bind legn. If had ill-used the horse I might have had my brains kicked out. But my horse lay without moving until they got me out, then he got up and rubbed his head against my shoulder. Another thing. With a motor car, if the brake does not act when going down hill, the car will take you over a cliff. But if you are friends with your horse he will prevent such a thing happening. At Brighton, at "Black Rock" there is a steep hill which leads to the cliff. I was going down there one morning and the horse was very lively. He cracked one of the shafts and that broke the other shaft; but . I shouted "Whoa" to him, and he stopped, and I got out and took hold of his head. I found that his hocks had been cut to pieces with the broken shafts, yet he pulled up and stopped. In both the cases I have told you of, kindness saved my life; and it shows how stupid a man is who is so cruel as to illtreat a horse, or lot him be ill-treated.

Mothern can easily know when their children are troubled with worms, and they lose no time in applying the best of remedies-Mother Graves' Worm!

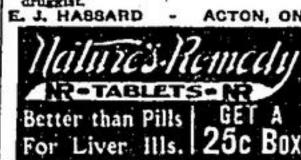
-Walter Winans.

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careful not to get it hurt. They would thoritatively that radium has no value not have a chauffeur who wrenched the in the treatment of cancer. Now we teeth off the changing fear or bumped learn that the German authorities are buying the whole available supply for this very purpose, and German modical practice is of the severely conservative lind. Over a million dollars ling palities for the purchase of radium. spod man withen borne-in ten minutes and this is about the value of the there is another product similar to radium and with the name medical value. It is called mesotherium, and its price is only \$60,000 per gram. It is said that the Austrian government. has a practical monopoly of both the radium and meaotherlum.

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