I'm'thinking to-night of the long, long lice life was so burdened with care I see in my streaming an altar aglow-

An ultur of family prayer. And there by the hearth is a chair Where father would alt when the Bible

And read for our family prayer. The light from that altar still shines on my way And glows with a splendor so rare Twill linger about me till life's closing

This light from our family prayer. How sacred the circle that gathered (When father and reother were there Their lives, at sweet incense, with glory have crowned, Their ultur of family prayer.

Now, in a bright manufon, a home They dwell in a region so tair; In answer to family prayer.

## A Storm-Delayed Decision-

CRLY, I hear you're going leave the farm, Alan," said the city to study dentistry," said Alan

"Well, good luck to you. I wish I like an armed host. He did not notice filment of her soul's ambition.

were going to do something. It's all even when it blotted out the sun very Well to raise the hue and cry beating down on his broad-brimmed A FATHER'S TRIBUTE TO HIS SON about the need of patriotic farmers on hat. It was only when the air becorn for somebody in the city to est, and became conscious that the breeze of Dr. Edward Leigh Pell, of R and it has to pass through the hands that had been fanning his cheeks a Ve. a youth of brilliant mind and of two or three middlemen that each while ago had died down. He shoul- rare promise, died a few weeks ago. want nearly as much profit as the fel- dered his hoo just in time to make His father, confined to his bed low that-hops the corn in the hot sun. the house before the storm. Down it sickness, dedicated the following tri-I got pretty well thood of it sometimes; came with a orash, beating wildly bute, which was read at the funeral but there's no use to talk to dad about upon the windows and making little by the officiating minister;

but most of it is as level as a tennis for the reward. He could pleture her about to take him away to the hoscourt. You noticed that wheatfield to doctoring poor little children in alleythe south of the house? Isn't that a ways and by-ways who could not have boy, you know I have beauty. Every bit of the farm's till- afforded the best of cure; he could see you with all my heart." able but that little piece down at the her bearing the light of the Spirit as . "And I have loved you with all my northwest end, where that stream runs well as the curing of the body, to bods heart, too," he replied; "but, pape, through the coders. That's a good of pain. He saw in her a soul in don't worry; I don't mind the operatrout stream, too. The corner makes whom one might get a glimpse, a somea dandy pasture, good running water thing of the revelation of the Great and it will make you worse. Don't on it too-artesian well, good build- Physician who healed for the love of ings. Of course, the house needs some modern improvements. It is a mere matter of a little expense to connect to get your dinner here in town and heard the unwhispered words on the look after that little business you spoke lips of the boy at the close, "Thy will

of before we go out," Herbert Maynard left the knoll on which the two were talking and Alan stolled toward the barn, the summer breeze off his own wheatfields fanning his face. He looked over at the corn Father was not hocing this morning. neither was he. Noone felt like work It was a day of nervous tension. Even the smoke of the kitchen chimney, as the car struck the bridge rail and turnhe looked toward it, seemed to curi ed turtle-Mr. Matheson hurt-shaken forth in lazy, half-suppressed whisps as Though It had no ardor about cook-

peighbors, Doug Robertson and Alf Walton, had gone and done the same lars and cuffs in the morning and glory just over the Maxwell scres. having a -maid, serve breakfast, and for him the farm was being sold.

again that voice that speaks to us lawn amidst which we gased with our first high aspirations, the old fashioned bed beside which we knelt in child hood's prayer, the stars people's down through the white curtains, the patch of moonlight upon the rag-carpeted floor-these are among the memories whose price is above rubles, the things

Alan reached the barnyard. He was roles of his father within. He was talking to the horse-old Cult—the oldest of them all. Alan could not see him, but he knew kust with what touch he was patting the chestnut neck. part with you.". Alan gulped. Cliff long till we're parted for the last long work. I believe I don't want to give The leather has diready been used too old for farm work now, and young if you want to send somebody to the other articles. The rubbit fur is not eure. One dose gives that at the profolks don't want farms these days. Cliff city to educate that'll shine in the prowasted, but, being removed from the Price, 75 cents. Take as substitute.

When they don't want 'em."

They don't want 'em."

They don't want 'em."

The rubbit fur is not eure. One dose gives that at the prowasted, but, being removed from the None genuing without my-signature. -they don't want 'em." There was slience and Alan know medical course. I'll work on the farm utilized for making fait for hate and that the old man had buried his head and help you earn the money and we'll other purposes. "."

n the horse's neck and was shedding the bitter, bitter tears of age. Half an hour later they sat round the dinner table, the little family of four. Dad looked the obserlest of them all. He was a good soldier, dad, and mother was his equal. And Mabel, the daughter, looked as if the were doing her best to be bright. Alun felt a little sorry for Mabel. ' She had had such a passion for the study of medicine. As a little child he romembored how she mud to bundage the limbs of her playmates and turn the bob sleighs in the barn into hospital beds, and perform operations with blunt sticks. He remembered how she had mixed an eye water and put in eucalyptus oil that made the children scream, till she was severely punished. He felt a little guilty of his professional ambitions when he compared them with Mabel's. With father retiring, they felt that they could not afford to keep both sister and himself.

money and take that-medical course It was strange, but Alan was the only silas une at that dinner table, and all he wanted. "What's the matter, boy? Thinking about extracting touth?" anid his

at college, so Mubel was going to

teach. Haknow in his negrot heart the

meant to teach long years and save

father. Alun made some evasive an-- Vather took out his watch at the lose of the meal. "Quarter to four." he said. "Mr. Hurgoss and that man from the city will be here to close the

He said it quite us though it were someledy calling to buy a helfer; and mother looked up us calmly. "Shall I finish hoolng that corn, dad, corn, boy; thank God, we'll hoo the

this afternoon!"

two splendid-looking lads stood on the at his watch. It was nearing the be boys. little knoll overlooking the undulating important hour. Mabel moved about acres of the Maxwell farm. Herbert restignsly, then walked to the window to us fresh from the tree, enveloped in had been taking a short out from the to look out upon the storm, as it abat- its great shaggy covering. The good-Whitehall's where he had been to get | ed a little, she laid her hand on her | ness is all within, and you must crack brother's shoulder. "Well, I hope you like very beart to find it. You never At the same moment in a real estate will make a good dentist, Alan," she know what is in the heart of a boy parts or plants removed, and when office in the nearest country town two said, "when this is all over, I hope until it has been cracked by some hard replanted see that the tope are kept men were discussing the same subject. You will make a good and great one.

The real estate man tipped his chair back on his head, and his hat back on his head, and apostrophised the prospective buyer from the city, in that hour she was solemnly connot such a buy in the farm line any booked up at his care, nice, rich loam a regular pan of gold dust for anyone that likes to but most of it is as level as a tennis for the reward. He could pleture her but most of it is as level as a tennis for the reward. He could pleture her but he was solemnly contained by the could be squared his frail shoulders to bear his squared his fast is squared his frail shoulders to bear his squared his fast is squared his squared his fast is squared his fast

"Suppose," said the father, "we take down the old Book and read while we it. with the liydro now and put in are shut in here together. We can do bathrooms and, so on. It's a marvel nothing else and we may not be toto me that old Maxwell will part with gether here very long. I understand it. It's just on account of the son. Matheson wants to move in here right He went him to school till he got a away as soon as he gets possession, good high school education, and by before the heat of the summer is that time his head had got, too big well on." And the father took down for a broad-rimmed straw hat and the Hible and road. It was something work in the sun: He's got to go off of a sacramental service. He read to the city and make for one of the the selemn scene of the Last Supper: professions. It's a bad move for the then they knelt and he offered a simple old couple, and like enough for him, prayer for the keeping and the guidtoo. But that's not your show. Nine snoe of his children; and no one could thousand buye-it. I've fixed the hour have guessed from his words the for settling up about a quarter to four depths of the night of sacrifice through this afternoon. That'll give you time which he had passed, and no one

> he done." It was a late hour at which "Tin-n-n-g!" . It was the 'phone calling. Mabel answered, but they could all hear in the room the voice of Mr. Burgess, the real estate man, and get enough scrape to know the purport of his message: "Hurrying down the hill to get through ahead of the stormup a good deal-car damaged-stay ut Lawsons-will not be able to get out

till to-morrow morning." Father Maxwell looked years older when Mabel delivered the message. He had been trying to keep up until the hour was over; he could not bear The storm ceased, the sun came

It seemed to form a protecting arch of That night when the moon was out Alan Maxwell stole down to the quiet shadows of the codars and sat on the He had not thought to feel the home catching trout at night-fall, but he had the hour just before noon, the summer poorwill was calling across the fields sun beating down, none of the chang; and from a swamp over buck of Whiteing witcheries of eventide when hall's came faintly the cronking of the spirity seem to come forth and call frogs. For a long long hour he kept us hard at teaching a Sunday School We may traverse the mountains and house was in darkness. He could see a cross the sons, we may sojourn in white figure kneeling at Mabel's winfashionable hotels, girdled in the lap dow, a face upturned toward the stars. the seven wonders of the world, but that way, and she did not know that game to the Yankees, Now the throng he saw-her us he passed through the woodyard and entered the kitchen door. He stole quietly up the stairs.

He had to pass his father's and mothat night-fail, the shrubbery on the a heavy sob that broke from the old "I wish it had been over to-day; it's thing quiet and comforting as she used to when they were children. The boy knocked, and went in and at down on the foot of the bed. "Bay dad, you are not going to soll

There's lots of fellows in the city can "I say, boy, do you mean it?" whispered the old man hoarsely. "But, Alan," said the mother, career. You are young and we are "Cliff, old fellow, it's hardest of all to old. We have talked it over. Of was the horse on which he had first do the work to which you feel called." we've come to the parting of the ways, the call to work and not to shirk I at Bydne to turn the invention to old fellow. It would have come soon need to hear. I'm afraid it is the call anyway, for we're both old and ready to shirk that I have been listening to. for partings, and I guess it won't be I just got tired of the grind of hard a week. journey. There's no room for an old it up-the farm-after all. I was nover at Sydney in the manufacture of boot horse in town, old chap, and we're both sure of it till to-night. I tell you, dad, and shoe uppers, handbags, gloves and

# Mark Well!

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would her next full instead of letting her touch and struggle through herself." The old man hold himself in allence for a moment. The moon atreumed down through the white qurtains it the kimple, old-fashioned room, and he was the only one who was gutting over in the corner it seemed to throw a special light on the little old cradle where he lay in'it as a boy." Mother had got it out as it was one of the things she wanted to take with her when they moved. They all glanced It will be found to pay well to look toward it, and the mother and father over the potatoes from time to time had the same thought of how he had if a winter's supply has been stored

> loving hopes. "L guess I'll tinish hoeing that porn in the morning, dad," said Alan, There was a catch in his father's voice. He said: "Yes, we'll hoe the

Down the hall ut unother window soll of his father's to-day-the corn sweetness in her face she turned to would have been watered with sait sleep and knew not that in the morning the offer of what made the flercely in the sun, so flercely, indeed, to be laid before her. - Hhe knew not that he did not notice the triangular that is another day her eyes would storm cloud coming up over the cedars. whine with the light of one who had On it came, black and threatening, set out on the pathway to the ful-

selling the farm. It would break dad rivulets under the kitchen doors that The world has no room for a boy. right up to have to leave it. I don't did not fit perfectly. Every fowl and He is too rough for its taste, and in be damp particularly if it is rather think he'd ever be content anywhere cat and dog in the yard was scattered his awkwardness he often rubs it' the warm and not well ventilated. They but in the country. He's always been to its place of shelter. The little wrong way. We treasure our men, family were shut up in that selemn our women, and our girls, but we only many degreed of frost. easily from one foot to the other. The the old house. Dad looked uneasily the hope that they will soon coale to keet may

tion. I am only atraid you will worry

And day after day there, came message of love from the hospital with When at last he began to realize that he must go, he sent for me. "God has been good to us." I said to him, "and we can trust Him." "I am trusting Him," he said. "We've had lots of good times gether, my boy, and we are going to have many more; for I am coming to you, and we shall live together for-

And he-gave my hand a squeeze that At the last moment, while talking to his mother, his brilliant mind as clear as it had ever been in all his life. he looked up auddenly and exclaimed "They are coming!" "Who ard coming, my child?" asked

boy I' asked the mother. YYes, yes. Good-by, good-by, good-And he passed within the vell as

peacefully as a babs drops to sleep on te mother's broast. That is what I found in the heart my boy. Perhaps you will and & the heart of your boy, too when

BABE RUYH AT THE BAT

frontied baseball fans cheering him on to make one of his famous home rups. The opposing pitcher was wily. and Ruth, after swinging once, at "bad one," was compelled to stake the plate. He drew back his wellknit body, grasped his but still lighter. then with eye, brain, and body all coly, swung the bat with all his body's force behind it-and the ball went A minister sat among the frenzie ob, wouldn't I love to see a man work

class as Ilabe Ruth worked to hit that vented from hitting even a single as before it had been to see him knock the ball over the fence. Tensenous hung over the grandstands. When the call was three balls and two strikes with the bases full, absolute silence showed how anxious was the crowd The next pitch, was wide, but Ruth swung at it-and thiswell - Then what

a obeer went up from the fans. The Again the minister spoke to himself "Wouldn't I love to see a congregation as intense over the success of Christi anity as that growd was over the win ning this game!" Well, why not? . Why not work with all your might for Christ? Paul P.

Furis, in the Continent. LEATHER MADE FROM RABBIT

akins, and a company has been formed practical use. . It has established

plant capable of hundling 100,000 aking

CARE OF VEGETABLES IN

There is always much loss of vegotubles from rotting or drying up during the winter, but with a little watchfulness and care much of this could This year the late blight of potatoes caused much rot, and many tubers

lain there-the little white-rebed Laby, and remove those which show-the and they had bent over him with such discuss or are rotting so that others will not be infected. It will not be long before the potatoes will begin if they are kept in bags,

> but them in boxes and keep a damp "Thus far shalt thou come and no that of whole ships' crews; and the some in the embryonic stage, some bug or pleas of sacking over the top farther." of the box. To keep well all these One of the most beautiful of these kink. Here are to be seen the remains of codur logs, and are ornamented vegetables should, however, be stored groping arms of the sea enters in at of uncient Spanish barricades, and lavishly, with rows of protty shells heads sport so they will not touch islots, finding lis winding way out sucres. good circulation of air about them, ed for all its journey by clouds of missions and mission schools but Noot- be more quality beautiful, nor mare While they should not be in a very gulls, cormorants, and Blwash ducks, kn scorns such innovations, as she suggestive of the old days of tragic botter than one that is inclined to

ime, but if they are still in good condition they will keep much longer if put in a room where the temperature is above 50 degrees Fahreinheit. If colory has begun to rot, the plants should be all gone over, and diseased

most . Vegetables, honce where the multi cellar is too walkin wherever post affile a part of it where cool air can be The rest for a vegetable room,-W. T. Macoun, Bominion Horticulturist, In Experimental Farm Notes.

Populat, paid, rections and sicki Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will relieve them and restore health.

RILEY'S DEAFNESS

One of the best stories that Bill Nye told during the Nye-Riley lecture tours, writes James Whitcomb Riley's nephew in Harper's Magazine, was of un actual incldent. Once on the state fair grounds at Indianapolis, Nye would relate, an elderly Hoosler came up to our manager and said: "Excuse his, but ain't that little bench-leg feller over there the Hoosler

"You," suya Mr. Walker, "but he ear, and the other is plumb gone. On that side he hasn't heard his own loudest thoughts for years. Tr you "O, the angels, the angels! I see speak to him, you must let out ) So the man with the coppersa hair

and solferino whiskers stole up to him and in a wild bleat shot, a question into Itiloy's our:

"Is this Mr. Riley I" The poet offered him the other ear at the same time looking at him with large, blue, wondering, childlike eyes. People stepped back out of range to give the man with the volce a chance. und the repeated the query in a way that shook the blue ribbon of the large Iron-gray Hose Bonheur stallion across

"Is this Bir. Itiloy T" The poor said sortly, no to squirmed up a little closer, "I can't hear what About three hundred people were low round there, warting to see what

the pounding muchine that tells how much of a blow a poor-tired farmer can strike while he is retting rested at a fair was not taking in any money break through Rilloy's protound mou-

who he was. Then the surprised and delighted man shot into Riley's stun-"I knew yer father!" "Yes, yes," said Itiley, "so did It's

and walked away.

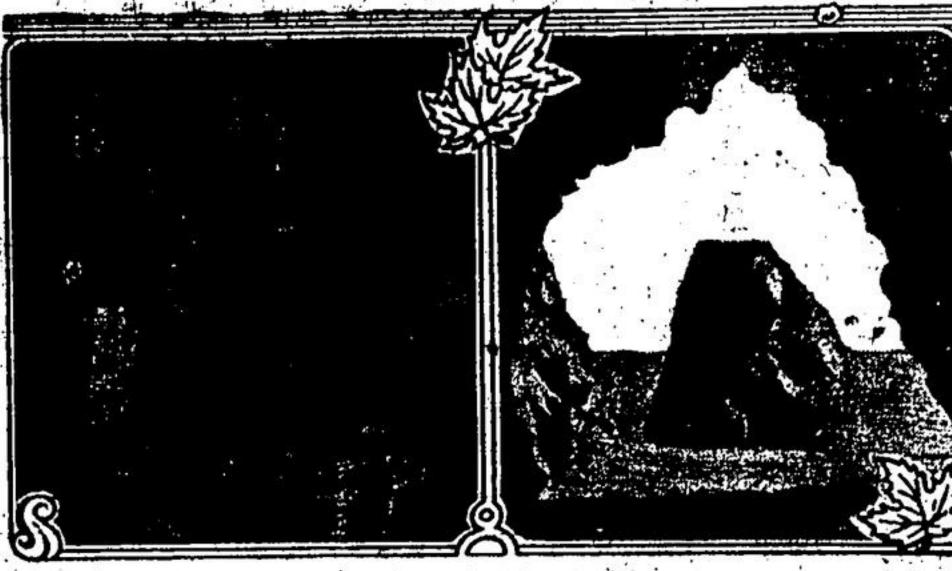
### THE "FLU" Dare Not Return warm reception this winter if it dares

show its ugly head in our pesceful

midst, for the people are confident sunablyr blow it will nover survive. In every village, town and city in Claunds, familles are festifying themselves with the greatest "Yiu" and the munition known to selence Buskley's Bronchitis Mixture. Colds, coughs, ote-the advance guards of relief from these troubles is sure every time. One hundred thousand Canadians are only too willing to tagtify to the great healing power this coughs of 35 years' standing. It can not fail to do for you what it has done for others. You lieve everything to gain and hothing to lose; as it is cold puder a money-back guarantee to banish coughs, colds, bronchitis, bronchisi sathma and prevent you from getting the "Fig." It is not a syrup, but a scientific mixture, 20 times stronger than any other cough Ask vour druggist ...

BOLD IN ACTON BY A. T. BROWN

# Pictures From The West Coast of Vancouver Island



Caves, Maquines Point, Nootka | Botted, as is everything in earth and makes for interest and what is pic-

which circle about and dip and sway does nit things that go with civiliza- indventure.

wky, in the placid water mirror through turesque. Harefooted and burelegged Two days out from Victoria, going which the ship oleayes noiselessly. north an the West Coast of Vancouver Nootks is the oldest settled district colors us gay as they can find, with moved promptly the tubers will re- Island! One travels most of the way on the West Coast of Vancouver their heads tied up in brilliant kermain in much better condition than in the open sea with the nearest-land falund, and it remains almost as it chiefs, They chatter to one in their if they are allowed to grow long. It to the left, the islands of Japan and was in the beginning. In spite of the own unintelligible jargon, their beady will be necessary to go over them two Biberian coast. But now and then, ac- fact that there is a large modern eyes brightly contemptuous, their or three times or more before spring coming to the freight destination, the cannory at the wharf, with every labor infinitely patronising. Their daughters to remove aprouts. If potatoes are shiff runs up some of the leveliest saving device installed, the Indians who work in the cannery. They wear the I'll not hoe to-day," and Alan knew the kneeling white ngure prayed sort to remove aprouts of the waterways in the world. These are work there live in the same kind of headdress of gaudy hue, but are clad that he could not have turned that ly, "Thy will be done," and with a quiet in boxes or bins where sprouts of the waterways in the world. These are work there live in the same kind of headdress of gaudy hue, but are clad move the aprouts in good time than has made for itself in thousands of of years ago. Narrow winding trails tosh, tioms of them are namely, most If they are kept in bags.

Years in a value effort to bisect Van- lead one through dense woods, where of them are uncouth, but they make a lift unions are rotting, put them in a couver Island. At the last, in apite of the path is often broken by a noisy vividity colorful picture, as they crowd best results they need to be kept very made the sea always falls back discom- fallen log or rough boulders. Only an The chief's house stands at the right fited, for a great chain of mountains hour's journey from the cannery is of a great waterfull, and all round it If carrots, beets, paranips and tur- run down the centre of this Island, Priendly Cove, famous as the scene drawn up out of reach of the water, nips are withering, a good plan is to and taunts the might of the ocean- of many a murder long ago, including suit or fresh, lie a score of war canoes,

> Meethe flound, and ourses around a mounds of whitened akulla, the latter inhald, and grotesque head pleace of . If cabbuges are rotting, keep the score of islands, and innumerable grussome reminders of wholesale mast ravens or une mother and so there will be a through Tashish Narrows, accompani- Along the West Const are dotted are painted red within. Nothing our

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and the second and the second second