Births, Marriages and Deaths are now charged for at the following rates: Births, 50c; Marriages, 50c; Deaths, 50c; Memorial Cards, 10c per line extra for poems.

MARRIED

WALLACE-WILSON—At the Knox Church Manse, on Monday, January 17, 1927, by Rev. A. C. Stewart, M.A., William D. Wallace, of London, to Mae Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Wilson, Mill Street.

MADDOCK-MOODIE—In Knox College Chapel, Toronto, on Saturday, January 15, 1927, by Rev. H. T. Moodie, father of the bride, Frederick O. Maddock, son of the late F. G. and Mrs. Maddock, of Acton, to Gladys Louise, daughter of Rev. R. T. and Mrs. Moodie, Toronto.

DIED

MacLEOD—At his home, lot 17, concession 6, Nassagaweya, Kenneth MacLeod, in his 86th year.

HARVEY—At Waterloo on Friday, January 14, 1927, Rev. W. H. Harvey, B. A., B. D., in his 68th year.

CORDINGLEY—In Mount Hamilton Hospital, Hamilton, Ont., on Wednesday, January 12, 1927, William Cordingley, of Oakville, in his 73rd year.

MOFFAT—At her home, lot 29, fifth line, Esquesing, on Wednesday, January 19, 1927, Christina Margaret, beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Moffat, aged 36 years.

IN MEMORIAM

ROGERS—In loving remembrance of Edith, wife of H. Rogers, who passed away on January 17, 1926.

On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore,
Father, sister, child and mother—
Meet once more.

To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us Jesus Christ at last,
To Thy cross through death and judgment
Holding fast.

Ever Remembered by
DADDY and OLIVE

ROGERS—In loving memory of my dear daughter, Edith, who passed away January 17, 1927.

The blow was great, the shock severe,
We little thought her end was near.
What would we give to clasp her hand,
To hear her voice and see her smile.

We do not forget you, nor do we intend
We think of you often and well to the end.
Gone and forgotten by some you may be,
But dear to our memory you always will be.

Sadly missed by
MOTHER and COUSIN FRANK

The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1927.

Brief Local News

—Coal bin getting low?

—The days are slowly growing longer.

—The snow's getting deeper and deeper.

—January is waning—two-thirds gone already.

—The usual January thaw is a trifle tardy this time.

—A little touch of zero weather again at the week-end.

—The first full moon of the year was seen on Monday night.

—We'll soon have the depth of snow of an old-fashioned winter.

—The shipment of turnips has not yet ceased for the season.

—Weston now has a population of 5,562 and Mount Dennis 7,401.

—Use all the caution you can; protect yourself and your fellow man.

—The first article of a successful workers creed is, "I believe in my job."

—The six-inch fall of snow on Thursday retarded motoring to some extent.

—A little over three weeks to St. Valentine's Day. Begin to arrange your parties.

—Oakville Council was opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. Wallis at the inaugural meeting.

—Birdies are sadly chirping, all huddled in the sleet, children, give us something to eat!

—The withdrawal of the busses has increased travel by the Canadian National Electric line.

—Contractor Mackenzie is working on the first story of Mr. Wm. Cooper's fine new store front.

—The depth of snow is troubling the motor cars now, though the big trucks are coming through as usual.

—The village of Shelburne has its cemetery under a commission. This plan has brought very satisfactory results there.

—All motorists now driving with 1926 markers are liable to be required to use that $5.00 reduction in license fee for fine and costs for neglecting to secure markers for 1927.

—It still takes from 9.37 a. m. till 12 noon to get to Milton by rail—12 miles away—and travel over two railways at that. The C. N. R. lacks coordination with its own lines in spots.

—A re-union of the officers of the 34th Battalion is being organized to be held at Guelph on the 25th of this month. This the birthday of the battalion, the date on which it was mobilized at Guelph.

—Hurrah for jolly old Winter! the King of the seasons is he! Though his breath is cold and icy, his heart is full of glee. He piles up the beautiful snowflakes on the apple trees bare and brown, and laughs when the northwinds shakes them, like a shower of blossoms, down.

—Some thoughtless and very destructive lad went past Mr. E. J. Hassard's residence on Church Street the other day, and evidently used his hockey stick to strike and split a number of pickets on the front fence. A silly trick, and should be punished with a round of lashes.

—Ex-Reeve Havill has called to say that the late J. B. Pearson was Reeve of Acton when the steam fire engine was purchased. He was keenly interested in this improvement, as well as in the erection of the Town Hall and the installation of an electric lighting system for Acton.

—Look at the label on this paper and see if the date shows that you are paid up in advance. If not, this is the month to attend to it. A number of new subscribers are also being added at this time of year. How about a subscription for that absent member of your family?

—At the conclusion of the inaugural meeting of the Town Council last Monday noon, His Worship Mayor Currey invited the members of the Council and the local press to dine with him at the King George Hotel. The invitation was heartily accepted and most heartily enjoyed.—Newmarket Era.

WHAT LONDON NEEDS MOST

It was one of London's gray and foggy days, says the Tatler, when one American greeted another in Piccadilly.

"Lil' ol' London's got no skyscrapers yet," remarked the first.

"They too," answered the other, gazing skywards. "I never saw a sky that needed scraping more."

Acton and District

Regular Meeting

The regular meeting of the U. F. O., U. F. W. O. and U. F. Y. P. O. will be held in the Parish Hall, Acton, on Friday evening, January 21.

Rural Deanery Meeting Last Week

At the Rural Deanery meeting held in St. Alban's Church last week, arrangements were completed for the holding of the fifth Annual Choral Festival of the Halton Anglican Choirs to be held at St. Jude's Church, Oakville, on Ascension Day, May 26. Rev. Rural Dean G. W. Tibbs, of Burlington, presided at the meeting.

Renewing Subscriptions

Subscribers to the Acton Free Press have been renewing their subscriptions since the New Year in very gratifying numbers. There is nothing a publisher appreciates more than prompt renewals of subscriptions. It is further pleasing to have received during the past few weeks a number of additions to our already large list of subscribers.

A Missionary Fresh from the Field

The congregation of Knox Church was favored on Sunday morning with an interesting address by a missionary from the field—Rev. F. G. Vesey, of Korea. Mr. Vesey gave much first-hand information, respecting the efforts to spread the gospel in this fruitful field. His description of the people of Korea and of the work of the Christian missionaries among them was of keen interest. Mr. Vesey spoke in Guelph in the evening.

Bad Fire at Guelph

Fire caused $50,000 damage to the Taylor-Forbes hardware plant, Guelph, shortly before closing time on Wednesday. A spark from one of the welding machines is supposed to have struck some inflammable material, and in a moment the room was ablaze. One fireman was hurt in falling from the roof, which had a covering of ice. Rebuilding was commenced immediately and the 100 employees thrown out of work will be given employment in restoring the new building.

New Canadian Radio Book

A 144-page radio book which tells in every-day language how to choose, instal, operate and maintain a receiving set, has just been issued. It is called MacLean's Radio Manual and covers in very simple language the essential features of radio. The use of technical terms has been avoided, and the author has endeavored to give information which will be of the greatest possible help to radio set-owners. The price of the book is 50 cents and it can be obtained from the publishers, Hugh C. MacLean Publications Limited, 347 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

Would Invest Five Per Cent.

Here's some straight talk from F. F. Anderson, of Cozard, Nebraska, a successful merchant: "I have no sympathy for the merchant who sleeps between advertising blankets, on bed springs that are nationally advertised, sleeps in advertised pyjamas, puts on advertised underwear, shirts, garters, hose, shoes and clothing when he gets up in the morning, who eats advertised cereals and foods for breakfast, who rides to work in an advertised car, and who, when he gets to work, refuses to advertise. If I were to start in business again to-day, I would invest five per cent. of my gross sales in advertising. It pays!"—Shelburne Economist.

The Other Acton Evidently Watches Us

The Acton England Gazette says: "Mr. H. P. Moore, editor and proprietor of our bright Canadian contemporary, The Acton Free Press, is a very busy man. In addition to his editorial duties, he is police magistrate of a large district, and his paper shows the great number of calls on his time. But he always finds time to insert in his breezy columns a summary of news from the "Acton Gazette," and in a recent number, he published a letter from Sir Harry Brittain, congratulating our Canadian brethren on having adopted our borough crest, and promising to pay a visit to Ontario as soon as circumstances permit. This crest now appears at the head of all the Acton, Ontario, public announcements. It is, by the way, interesting to note that the official designation of our Canadian sister-town is "The Village of Acton," and that the official who corresponds to our Mayor is styled "The Reeve."

COMMUNITY PARK COMMITTEE WORK

$1,513.62 Spent During the Year in Park Improvements

The annual report of the Community Park Committee is as follows:

Receipts

Donation received from Jubilee Celebration Committee	$250 00
Total receipts of Gala Day	932 41
Total receipts concert, Nov. 17	91 80
Total receipts dance, Dec. 17	60 00
Interest from Bank	5 93
Loan	200 00
	$1,538 19
Total expenditure	1,513 62
Balance on hand	$ 24 57

It was found necessary to borrow $200.00 in order to make a payment of $550.00 on the new band stand.

Mrs. V. B. Rumley, Treas.

HALTON DISTRICT ORANGEMEN

C. H. Beatty, Trafalgar, Elected District Master, and H. J. Ritchie, Acton, District Secretary

Hornby District L. O. L. held their annual meeting in Milton. There was a large attendance of members, representing the primary lodges in the district. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

District Master, Bro. C. H. Beatty, Trafalgar; Deputy Master, Bro. A. Thompson, Nelson; Chaplain, Bro. J. Roberts, Milton; Recording Secretary, Bro. H. J. Ritchie, Acton; Financial Secretary, Bro. J. Lowler, Milton; Treasurer, Bro. W. Findlay, Trafalgar; Lecturer, Bro. O. Hale, Milton; Deputy Lecturer, Bro. M. Job, Nassagaweya. Marshal, Bro. D. Maude, Milton; Auditors, Bros. W. J. Lindsay, Hornby, and S. D. Binkley, Carlisle.

Wor. Bro. W. J. Lindsay, of Hornby, occupied the chair for the election and installation of officers. The next semi-annual meeting will be held at Hornby.

LEARNING THE LAW

A familiar adage says that there is no royal road to learning, but the Boston Journal tells a story that seems to disprove the truth of the old saying.

A boy who wished to become a lawyer went to the city and got a small position in an attorney's office. At the end of three days' study he returned home.

"Well, Bill," asked his father, "how did you like the law?"

"It isn't what it's cracked up to be," replied Bill sloumily. "I'm sorry I learned it."

OBITUARY

WM. CORDINGLEY, Oakville

One of Oakville's most respected residents, William Cordingley, died on the 11th inst. at the Hamilton Mountain Hospital, after an illness from heart trouble which had confined him to the hospital since April last. Mr. Cordingley, who was in his 73rd year, was born at Clarkson, Ont., the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cordingley. For many years William Cordingley farmed in Halton County, retiring and moving to Oakville in 1911. Mrs. Cordingley survives, with two daughters, Mrs. Porter, wife of Dr. Hugh J. Porter, of Hamilton, and Miss May Cordingley, of Toronto. Thomas Cordingley, of Clarkson, is a brother of deceased, and Mrs. James Kane, of Toronto, and Mrs. Thomas Aldwell, of Peatville, Ont., are sisters. Mr. Cordingley was an adherent of the United Church and a Conservative.

KENNETH MacLEOD

This community lost a venerable and highly esteemed resident when Kenneth MacLeod, of Nassagaweya, passed away on Tuesday morning. Mr. MacLeod was in very good health and in possession of all his faculties until last Wednesday when he was confined to bed and gradually failed until he peacefully passed over the river. Kenneth MacLeod was born in Glasgow, Scotland, ninety-six years ago. Seventy-six years ago he married Beatrice Sweeny, also a native of Glasgow, and they lived together in that city for fourteen years. By this time they had a family of two sons and three daughters. They decided to come to Canada and make their home here, and sixty-two years ago they settled in Puslinch. Half a dozen years later they came to Nassagaweya and settled on lot 17, sixth concession, where the family has ever since resided. Mr. MacLeod was not only a successful farmer, but he was an experienced engineer, and for many years acted in that capacity for Mr. Cargill and Mr. Sayers in the mill adjoining the farm. Mrs. MacLeod predeceased her husband thirty years ago, having passed away on January 26, 1896. In addition to the five children born in Scotland five were born in Canada, all of whom survive, as follows: Mrs. Christina Bowman, Toronto; Mrs. Stephen Coxe and Mrs. Morris Sayers, Acton; Mrs. Robert Moore, Rockwood; Mrs. George Harwood, Hamilton; Miss Annie at home; Henry at Brookville; Kenneth in Eramosa; Norman in Acton and Neil at home. Since her mother's death Miss Annie has been her father's helpmeet and companion, and has always had great solicitude for his comfort. Mr. MacLeod was a quiet man, but much interested in the affairs of home and nation. He was a member of Nassagaweya Presbyterian Church, and had served as a School Trustee in his section. The funeral will be held this afternoon at two o'clock. After a service at the home interment will be made at Fairview Cemetery, Acton.

DEATH OF REV. W. H. HARVEY

Died Suddenly from Heart Failure at His Home in Waterloo

Rev. Dr. W. H. Harvey, one of the best known and most respected clergymen of the Twin City, passed away suddenly at his home in Waterloo on Friday evening from heart failure. Mr. Harvey's death was a shock to the community, as he had been apparently in the best of health, and only that morning shovelled the snow from the sidewalk in front of his house. It is believed that his death was indirectly due to this exertion.

The late Rev. Mr. Harvey, who was in his sixty-eighth year, was pastor emeritus of First United Church of Waterloo and formerly was pastor of St. James' United Church, Waterloo. He had been stationed there for the past six years, having previously been pastor at the Askin Street Church, London, and the Brant Avenue Church at Brantford. In 1925 Mr. Harvey was President of the Hamilton Conference, and he took a leading part in Twin City ministerial activities. He was born near Atwood and had been 40 years in the ministry.

Rev. Mr. Harvey's first charge was Rockwood Circuit. Realizing a call to the ministry he left his staff of Upper Canada College, Toronto, where he was receiving a salary of $1,100—very good for forty years ago—and went to Rockwood as the young preacher at $200 per year.

A NUMEROUS INDIAN.

A Member of the Canadian mounted police tells a good story of the cleverness of an Indian. One snowy morning a band of Crees awoke to find that about a dozen of their ponies had been stolen during the night. Pursuit was immediately organized, and in the course of an hour the trail was struck. The band followed it for thirty miles or more, till it entered a river, and headed for a little wooded island.

Smoke was rising from the trees, and an opening, apparently the mouth of a cave, was in plain view. Presently a Piegan Indian showed himself in front of the opening. He was in war-paint, and at his heels a dog.

Pretty soon the dog scented the Crees who were lying low, and began growling and barking. The Piegan looked up, glanced about him a moment, and then instantly entered the cave. In about ten seconds another Piegan came around the rocks and also went in; then another, and another, and another. The crees lay silently in bushes counting, till upward of fifty Piegans had come round the rocks and gone into the cave, and still they kept coming. Each carried a rifle.

When at least seventy men disappeared in the cave, the superstitious and cautious Crees that the evil spirit had something to do with it. So thoroughly were they filled with this idea that even when reinforcements arrived, which was in a few hours, they were reluctant to attack the island.

That night, however, one Cree, less credulous than the others, crossed over the ice to investigate. On approaching the supposed cave, he found that it was no cave at all, but simply an opening leading some ten feet into the rock, where it made a turn and came out on the other side.

There was a remnant of a single camp-fire, the ponies were gone, and not an Indian was in sight. The clever Piegan thief by making the circuit of the passage and the end of the island several times, had so deceived his pursuers as to gain the time necessary for his escape.

EARNED HIS TIP

The wife of the new first lord of the admiralty, Viscountess Chelmsford, tells an amusing story of the time when her husband was viceroy of India.

A party of English ladies, friends of hers, were being conducted by a native attendant over that wonderful mausoleum, the Taj Mahal.

When they had seen everything, and were about to take their departure, the leader of the party hesitated a moment, and then turned to the guide and said:

"I am that by the rules tips are forbidden."

"Most honorable mem-sahib," replied the native, salaaming low, "what you say is true. Tips are forbidden, but so also, they tell me, were the apples in the Garden of Eden."

Neighborhood News

LIMEHOUSE

Mr. Jack McMurchy and family of Glenside, Sask., are visiting with Mrs. A. Metcalfe, Limehouse.

CREWSONS CORNERS

Friends here have received information from Vancouver Heights, B. C., of the opening and dedication of the fine new church building of the United Church, corner Ingleton Avenue and Albert Street in that city. Rev. Wm. Graham, M. A., B. D., whose boyhood was spent here, is the popular pastor of this fine new church. The corner stone was laid on October 30th last, and the opening service was held on Sunday, January 2nd. The new church occupies a site 100x120 feet, and the building itself is 40x80 feet. The architecture is gothic with tower. The structure is of wood frame construction on concrete foundation, with red brick base course. The pastor is naturally very proud of his new church, and the old home folks congratulate him. The church is a union of the former Methodist and Presbyterian Churches at Vancouver Heights.

MILTON

Helen, 15 year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Graham, of Trafalgar Township, sustained severe laceration to her left ear when bitten by a horse. Several stitches were necessary to close up the wound.

Following the example of the local merchants for shorter business hours, the Milton banks will on and after January 17, 1927, put into effect the standard banking hours which are general throughout Ontario, Daily 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.; Saturday 10 a. m. to 12.30 noon.

J. M. Waldie was an exhibitor at the Brampton Poultry Show and won the J. S. Back cup for best collection of S. C. Black Minorcas; A. E. Waldie, Milton, won all prizes with his Langshans and was also the chief winner in classes for Spanish and Black Minorcas.

Judge Elliot, Milton, presided at the Brampton Division Court on Tuesday of last week.

Clarence Hill, we regret to say, is ill with congestion of the lungs. That he may have a speedy recovery is the wish of his many friends.

Mrs. Wm. Bows, who has been ill with congestion of the lungs, is making good progress towards recovery, we are glad to say.—Reformer.

ROCKWOOD

The Bible Society meeting held Sunday evening was well attended, when Rev. Mr. Pinnock delivered an interesting address, which was listened to with close attention. The needs of this important work were brought before the audience. The United Church services were withdrawn to enable the congregation to meet with the Presbyterians to hear the Society's agent, Rev. A. Donaldson read the scripture lesson, and Rev. John Little, pastor of Barrie Hill Church, led in prayer. The Secretary-Treasurer, George H. Pearce, gave the report of the local branch for the past year's work, and some $190.00 was collected last fall by the collectors.

The T. I. S. Class of the United Church presented their play "Cyclone Sally" last Friday evening at Everton, under the auspices of the Women's Institute. On Monday evening the class went to Eden Mills and gave the play under the auspices of the choral society.

Miss M. Milroy, of Toronto, and Johnston Hewat, of Simcoe, were home for the week-end.

Rosa McPhail returned home last week from the West where he has been for the past year or more.

S. H. Pearl motored to Toronto last Friday in his truck on business.

Ice harvesting commenced last week and the ice is of a good quality this winter.

Last Wednesday morning, at the Church of Our Lady, Guelph, Miss Mary Ethel Gibbons was united in wedlock to Thomas Joseph Murphy, of Wolfe Island, the Rev. Father Quirk officiating. Only the immediate relatives and friends were in attendance, owing to the recent death of the bride's father, the late John Gibbons.

A sumptuous wedding breakfast, the happy couple left on a short honeymoon for Toronto, returning to the bride's home here, previous to leaving for their new home down east, near Kingston. The best wishes of her many friends follow her in her new sphere of life.

Last Wednesday evening, the choir of the Presbyterian congregation visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Archie McNabb and spent a pleasant time together with a few of their friends. The main feature of the evening being a crokinole tournament, the honors going to Mr. G. R. Martin and Miss Jean McLean. Music and various games were also indulged in, followed by an appetizing lunch. After a very pleasant social time spent by all, Rev. L. E. Goselin moved a hearty vote of thanks, ably seconded by Angus Carter, for the kind hospitality of the host and hostess of the evening.

The Women's Institute meeting is being held this (Thursday) evening at the home of Mrs. S. R. Peart, when the girls of the Continuation School will put on the programme.

Col. Mutrie, who has been treasurer of the village since its incorporation as a police village, having resigned W. A. Dickieson, a former Reeve of Eramosa and warden of Wellington county, has been appointed to succeed him.

DIVINEST MELANCHOLY

A gentle melancholy has long been a popular mood with all woman and most men. There is no work of the imagination which makes a surer appeal to human experience than the play of "Hamlet," with its hero saddened and shadowed by his inadequacy to the duty thrust upon him. It is hard to find any sensitive woman who through the world without the consciousness of heavy responsibility and lack of strength unequal to it. The emotion of stress under it is keen, but not crushing, and indulgence in it is natural. Indeed, it yields a certain somber pleasure.

So for years the lyric poet and writer of songs have found their profit in chanting the phrases of duty, of parting, of loss and of death. One need not be herself miserable in order to sympathize with temper of "The Elegy in a Country Churchyard," or Tennyson's "The Days that are No More," or Longfellow's "Rainy Day." The sad note has found a response in the heart of happy youth, as well as that of the lonely age.

Is the outdoor girl to change all this? Is melancholy going out of fashion with tight sleeves and high heels? Must modern lovers be merry at all hazards, and discard the subtler joy of melancholy?

To the fascinating tennis championship, pausing for an hour's rest, a friend ventures to read Lowells

Not as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear;
And wordsworth's

She was a phantom of delight,
When first she gleamed upon my sight.

She listens respectfully, but with the last line exclaims, "Are those the most cheerful poems you know? If they are, I think we'd better kick to prose."

Can it really be that poetry must be relegated to the past because the poet has always seen in life an underlying mystery akin to sadness?

NOT THE WOOD-CHOPPING SEASON

"Mother, I'm going over to the Hansons," said Anita Howell, as she pinned on her hat. "You know their cousin, Sadie Benson, is making them a visit. She works in a great dress-making establishment in New York, and of course she knows all about the latest styles. I'm going to ask her how to have my blue silk made."

"Let me tell you a story before you go," said Mrs. Howell. "There was once a young man who taught music, or practised it all day long, six days in the week. One evening, when the people in the house where he boarded appeared vexed because he pleaded fatigue when they asked him to play for them, he rather lost patience, and asked them whither they would ask any one who chopped wood all day to chop a half a cord or so for their amusement in the evening?"

Anita laughed at her mother's story, although she showed no disposition to apply its moral. But when she returned, she slipped down at her mother's feet in the girlish way she had never outgrown, and resting her head on her mother's knee, she said, "May I have some company come and stay perhaps a week?"

"Just listen to my tale, mother, and then you'll guess. I found Harriet Benson sitting on the porch, frantically ripping her tan crepe. She said her cousin Sadie would help her make it over, and she was hurrying to get it done to wear to the high-school graduates. Mrs Benson was in the kitchen, sponging and pressing an old black silk that Sadie was going to show her how to make over. Ruth was cutting out a white linen gown that she wished to make while sadie was there, so she could fit it for her. Every two minutes she interrupted some blind stitching Sadie was doing for Mrs. Benson's gown, to ask her advice. Just as I left, little Patty came in from the sand-pile, and said, "Tan't Tousin Thadie make somethin' for Patty, too?" And they all laughed. They actually thought it was funny, mother!"

"Well," Mrs. Howell said smiling, "what did Sadie have to say about your frock?"

"You know very well, mother dear, that after that nothing could have induced me to ask her to chop even a one tiny stick of wood for me."

"And you would like to invite her here? I think that would be very pleasant. I will tell her how fond I used to be of her mother, who was my school-teacher once, and then she won't feel that we are strangers."

When Sadie Benson was saying good-by to Mrs. Howell and Anita, the week later, her voice was full of tremulous, "You don't know what this lovely week has meant to me," she said. "It's the first real holiday I had since I began sewing. I've almost forgotten that there are any such things in the world as taffeta ruffles and chiffon tunics. You have made the world seem like a delightful place, where strawberries and cream on the lawn or a book in the hammock are the chief things in life, and and the latest in gowns and hats simply don't exist."

"And think, mother," said Anita, when their guest was gone, "how near I came to asking her to chop some wood for me. I'm ashamed of myself!"

WHAT COLORS THE WATER OF THE SEA

Why the color of the different oceans varies, from the emerald green of arctic waters to the azure, yellow and dull red of other seas, is thus explained in an article in the Marine Journal:

The blueness of sea-water is in constant ratio to its saltness. In the tropics the tremendous evaporation induced by the blazing sun causes the waters to be much salter than it is in higher latitudes. For about thirty degrees north and south of the equator, the waters are of an exquisite azure. Beyond these latitudes the blue changes to green, and in the Arctic and Antarctic oceans the greens are almost as vivid as the tropical blues.

The extraordinary blueness of the Mediterranean has two causes. Few large rivers of fresh water run into this sea, and moreover, the Mediterranean is virtually landlocked, and exposed to a powerful sun, so that evaporation is rapid. By actual test the waters of the Mediterranean are heavier and salter than those of the Atlantic.

But blue and green are not the only colors observed in the sea. In January, 1909, a river of yellow water three miles wide was observed running parallel with the Gulf Stream, for a stretch of 60 miles from Cape Florida to Cape Hatteras, and its color was undoubtedly due to some tremendous submarine upheaval, probably volcanic.

Again, nine years ago, the sea turned almost black off a large part of the California coast. The whole of Santa Cruz Bay assumed this extraordinary inky hue, and fishing came abruptly to an end. The darkness seems to have been caused by millions of the tiny animalcules known as whale food. The dull reddish tint that has given the Red Sea its name has a similar cause. The water becomes full of microscopic algæ—tiny weeds.

The Yellow Sea of China is usually supposed to owe its color to the flood of muddy water that its great rivers pour into it. But there again living organisms are responsible for the peculiar tint.

Occasionally, for some cause yet undiscovered, great areas of the ocean turn milk-white. In March, 1904, a Japanese merchant vessel, steaming at night between Hongkong and Yokohama, ran into a snow-white sea. It was not an opaque phosphorescent surface, but an expanse of pure snow-white that dazzled the eyes. The phenomenon lasted for six hours.

OBEYING THE REGULATIONS

A west-bound train on the Pitchburg Railroad had just drawn out of Athol not long ago, says an exchange, and as the conductor entered one of the cars he found among the new passengers a young man respectably dressed, and apparently of ordinary intelligence.

The conductor halted to take up the young man's ticket, and the latter handed him a ticket to Miller's Falls and with it a cent. For a moment the conductor suspected a joke, but a look at the passenger's face convinced him to the contrary.

"What is this cent for?" the conductor asked.

"Why, I see," unswered the young fellow, "that the ticket isn't good unless it is stamped, and as I don't happen to have a stamp with me, I give you the cent instead. You can put it on, can't you?"

The good-natured conductor handed back the coin with a smile, remarking that it was a small matter and he would see that it was all right.

MAKING HIMSELF AT HOME

Doris was radiant over a recent addition to the family, and rushed out of the house to tell the news to a passing neighbor.

"Oh, you don't know what we've got up-stairs!" she cried.

"What is it?"

"It's a new baby brother!"—And expectantly she watched the effect of her announcement.

"You don't say so! Is he going to stay?"

"I think so"—very thoughtfully. "He has got his things off!"

AN EXCITING CHASE

An Eastern man who was visiting in British Columbia, was most desirous to meet and shoot a full-grown grizzly bear. He had hunted unsuccessfully through the Sierra Nevadas in California, as well as among the mountains of Washington and Oregon, and at length come to Glacier, in the heart of the Selkirk Mountains.

Here, accompanied by a trusty fellow sportsman, the man from the East hunted for five or six days, but still without success. He did not so much as see a bear track. Discouraged and not a little irritated, the Easterner came back to his hotel about noon of the sixth day, declaring that he was "through with the whole foolish business," and in earnest of his resolve he threw his rifle behind the door in the storeroom.

If it had been a "train day" at Glacier he would have departed at once, so disgusted was he with his luck; but he was forced to wait another day, and after supper he started out for a walk along the railway track, disdaining to bother with a gun.

Somewhat less than a mile from the station the line was protected by a snowshed that ran along the base of a mountain. The snowsheds are enormously strong structures, built to resist avalanches from the mountain sides. In many places they are nearly flat on top, and offer a fine planked surface for a stroll.

The hunter climbed to the roof of the shed, and as he walked leisurely along was enjoying the beautiful view down the valley, when up through a hole in the shed roof, where the trainmen had ripped off a couple of planks to allow the smoke of the locomotives to draw out, a bear thrust his head, with the evident intention of climbing out. It did not seem to be a very large head, and the man from the East, hastily concluding that it belonged to a young bear, snatched up a piece of board and aimed several blows at the animal. The bear struggled up through the hole in spite of those blows, and displayed a body that seemed out of all proportion to the size of his head.

So big was the animal that the Easterner thought it best course to beat a retreat. It appeared, moreover, that a very rapid retreat was necessary, for the bear began at full speed to chase him back along the shed, and so closely that on coming to the end the hunter had to jump off—a distance of fifteen feet—to the roadbed below. A good big shaken up, he regained his footing and ran into the shed, along the track, thinking that he would get out of sight therein.

But the "roughback" as the Canadians call the grizzly bear, slid down backward at the corner of the shed and still pursued the luckless man, who was obliged to give another demonstration of his springing powers. The shed was dark, but he saw light ahead at the place where the bear had climbed out. The hunted hunter made for the place, and, in turn, tried his hand at climbing. Necessity spurred him on, and he was able to crawl out at the hole a little advance of his adversary. The two planks that had been removed lay beside the hole, and the man from the East lost no time in dragging them over it, and thus prevented the "roach-back" from coming up after him.

Very hot and a good deal alarmed, the man now began to call for help. Presently three trackmen came running to learn the cause of the outcry. At their approach the bear moved off, and disappeared in a swamp at the farther end of the shed. Thankful for his rescue, the hunter thanked the trackmen several bank notes, incidentally telling them what he thought of bear hunting in their country.

PUNCTUALITY

Some one defines punctuality to be "fifteen minutes before time." At any rate, it is not one minute after the time.

I must tell you an anecdote of the first Marquis of Aberdeen. He invited a number of friends to dinner. The hour for dinner was five, and all those invited know it, of course. Well, the hour arrived, and but one of the guests had come. Down sat the Marquis and this one guest to the table. The Marquis was punctual if only one of the others was.

By-and-by another guest dropped in, and was very much mortified to find dinner being eaten. And one by one all the rest came, and were likewise mortified. But the Marquis had taught them all a good lesson, and I venture to say that the next time they were invited none of them got in to the coffee only, but were on hand for soup.

General Washington was so very punctual that, on one occasion, some friends who were expecting him at a certain hour, on finding that he had not arrived, all concluded that their watches must have been wrong; and sure enough they had, for Washington soon came, and was not a minute late. No doubt his habits of punctuality helped to make him the great man that he was.

I knew a clergyman once throw himself into the Mississippi River and swim eighteen miles down stream to keep an appointment for afternoon Service. I travelled through the upper Mississippi region shortly after, and for hundreds of miles from the place where lived, out toward the border, men respected such a man, and called him "the minister who made the big swim."

Nor is anyone too young to begin the cultivation of habits of punctuality. The boy who is on time at school, on time at class, on time when sent on an errand, and so on, is apt to be the punctual business or professional man. The habit of promptness is likely to cling all through life.

Some persons, on the contrary, go all through life in a slip-shod, down-at-the-heel way, and never prosper. They get to wedding as people are coming off. They are late at church; don't meet their notes, go to protest, and are in trouble generally.

"Washington's way was the best. The the Marquis of Aberdeen was in the right. That the Mississippi clergyman did nobly. And these three are good examples for our boys and girls to follow. Never be behind time, and if you can, be a little ahead of it, and you will never repent of the habit of punctuality.

INTERESTING CAMPAIGN

One of the most interesting campaigns ever held in Canada to select a name for a new produce has just been completed by Sheet Metal Products Co., of Canada, Ltd., in Toronto.

This firm invented a splendid new stovepipe which is extremely easy to put in and has three locks in each section which prevent it bulging and makes it very rigid.

A name was wanted for this product, and a contest was held among Canadian hardware merchants. Contest ran from April 24th, and ended November 30th, and the lucky winners of the prize money were:

1.—C. M. Farrow, % G. & A. Gardiner, Ltd., Barnia, Ont.

2.—W. R. Findley, Travelling Salesman for Northern Canada Supply Co., Cobalt, Ont.

3.—Les. L. Brissette, % J. O. Paquette Hardware, 790 St. Catharine Street East, Montreal, P. Q.

4.—Walter Klinck, Hardware merchant, Elmira, Ont.

The name selected was "Self Made Pipe," which also embodies the principal letters, SMP, used by this firm.

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Men's Ribbed Underwear

Shirts and Drawers, cotton and wool, quite soft and warm. A good garment at $1.50. Special each **$1.15**

Men's Tweed Work Pants

Men's Tweed Work Pants, winter weight, good wearing pants. Regular price $4.50. Special **$3.50**

Fancy Towels at Reduced Prices

10 dozen in this lot: Good size, colors are blue, pink, gold and heliotrope. Regular price 70c. Special **48c**

40c English Flannelette for 35c

This Flannelette yard wide, extra heavy nap. Good value at 40c. Special **35c**

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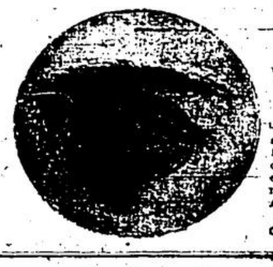

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One-pound Bricks of Peerless Shortening at	17c
25 Five-pound Pails of Davies Pure Lard at	90c
25 Three-pound Pails of Davies Pure Lard at	54c
One-pound Bricks Lard, per lb	19c
2 lbs. Bulk Lard for	35c

All these are Net Weight

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Fresh Ham, whole or half, per lb	25c
Loin Roast, per lb	26c
Shoulder Roast, trimmed, per lb	24c
Shoulder Roast, rind on, per lb	22c
Shoulder Chops, trimmed, per lb	26c
Shoulder Chops, rind on, per lb	23c

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Fine quality Butts, trimmed, per lb	24c
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