The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1928

SPEAK GENTLY

Speak gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently; let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently to the little child;
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild;
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the aged one;
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

Letters to the Editor

REV. DR. PUNSHON AND THE METROPOLITAN CHURCH

Editor Acton Free Press:

Dear Sir: I send you these few lines to say that I missed The Free Press of February 19, 1908, and would be very glad if you could send me a copy of that number, if you have one to spare. I must have mislaid it somewhere. Twenty years is a long time to look back, but it seems like yesterday to me, as I think of Father Peeny, Rev. H. A. Macpherson and many more of that period. Rev. Mr. Macpherson held the anniversary of Knox Church on the 9th, and they were wonderful services on a beautiful day.

You are keeping The Free Press up to a high standard. I have been a constant reader from the first number to the present time. It is like a letter from the old home, and I do not want to miss a single number.

I see Mr. H. P. Moore had a letter in The Toronto Star last week about Dr. Punshon and the Metropolitan Church. I have always understood that Dr. Punshon was the means through which the Metropolitan Church was built. I got a copy of Dr. Punshon's sermons and lectures recently for 50c. The woman from whom I bought it said the pictures were worth the money and the sermons and lectures were thrown in for good measure. She said she had heard Rev. Dr. Punshon preach and he was a wonderful speaker. His lectures on John Wesley and all the others are grand. I expected much from him as he had a wonderful reputation, but he is beyond all my expectations. He has a wonderful command of words. Truly he was a "Prince in Israel," one of the greatest of any age.

I see one writer says he took rank with Charles Haddon Spurgeon and Henry Ward Beecher.

Your sincerely,
Donald Robertson.
101 Indian Grove, Toronto.

To the Editor:

Dear Sir: To-day's papers quote Mr. T. L. Church, M. P. for North West Toronto, as saying, "The speech from the Throne was less than nothing."

Why did Mr. Church leave so important a matter with only a simple complaint? Why did he not move an amendment to the Speech from the Throne, and thereby inject into it something, or many things worth while, such as restricting the export of Canada's raw materials before being manufactured into finished products, which would immediately create two jobs for every man in Canada instead of only half a job for each man as at present, and double our population in a very short time, and immediately solve our immigration problems.

This would have converted the further consideration of the Speech from the Throne from "less than nothing," to the "most important speech ever made from the Throne," instead of permitting Canada's most important public interest to just drift.

He may have in mind doing something of this kind later on, or at the next session, or some other future time.

He need have no compunction about dealing with the matter immediately, as his leader had every opportunity to do the same thing, but he ommitted doing what many people expected, but now Mr. Church has the equal opportunity, and I trust in the best interests of Canada, he will make immediate use of it.

If Mr. Church fails to grasp the opportunity, I trust some other Honorable Member will do so.

Of course there will be later opportunities, but none quite so good.

Yours truly,
W. O. SEALEY.
Hamilton, Ontario,
February 2, 1928.

THANKS

The thank habit is one of the best habits that we can form. Think for a moment. Did we ever regret a "Thank you," received from anybody? Did it ever make us feel mean, dissatisfied, out of sorts? Has it ever brought to us a feeling of remorse for service rendered? All right, then—

Get the thank habit.

It is not necessary to express in mere words at all times our feeling of thankfulness. Once get the habit thoroughly and we will live it unconsciously. Thankful men and women show in their eyes and attitude that they have the habit. It's the most "showy" quality possible. It's contagious, too.

Get the thank habit.

We meet a gruff, inhuman being. He performs some service as though he were a sort of mechanical device. We thank him. He at once becomes human! Thankfulness acts like a powerful stimulant both on ourselves and upon other people. It transforms. All days are fine days, all people are square people, all happenings are for the best to the one who has thoroughly mastered the "Thank habit."

Get the thank habit.

Get it always acknowledging a service with a thank you. If our clerk, waiter, secretary, partner, or friend does a service—no matter how small—hand over the thanks—freely, with a broad, healthy smile. It's a great investment. The dividends simply roll back on us.

Get the thank habit.

UNUSED TO TRAVELLING

The conductor of a train running between Washington and Philadelphia tells a curious story about the ignorance of a passenger

"On my last trip," says the conductor, "I found a young colored girl in the train who, when I approached, hurriedly untied one corner of her handkerchief and presented money to pay her fare to Philadelphia.

"I counted it out, and she had just enough. When I told her there was no change she began to cry, and said she had come from Charleston, S. C., and wanted to go to Easton, Pa. She knew no one in Philadelphia, and had no money left.

"I felt sorry for her, and when we arrived at Philadelphia I took her up to the ticket receiver to see if he could pass her on to Easton. He was a little skeptical and questioned her closely.

"She said she had paid her fare on the train all the time, and the receiver asked her why she hadn't bought a ticket at Charleston. She said she had. 'Where is it?' asked the receiver. 'Here it is,' she replied, untying another corner of her handkerchief.

"There it was, sure enough, good for all the way from Charleston to Easton, and it hadn't been punched once. The ticket was redeemed, and there were several dollars left after the girl had bought a ticket for Easton."

MEMORIES OF BOYHOOD

How dear to my heart are the things of my childhood,
As memory brings them to me once again,
The orchard, the pea-field, the berry patch wildwood
The faithful old dog, and the sheep in the pen,

The brook through the meadow, the swimming hole in it,
The horses and cattle that along its bank fed,
The school house, the prize, how I never could win it,
And e'en the old buggy that stood in the shed,

That moss-cushioned carriage I hail as a treasure,
For often at night when returned from the field,
I found it a means to an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest life ever can yield.

How I hitched to it Dobbit, then out on the highway,
To the village and post-office quickly I sped
Then a mile further on, through a gate up a by-way,
Where lived the dear girl that I hoped
The old covered buggy, the hick'ry-seat to wed
The Acton-made buggy I left in the shed.

How sweet at the wide-open door was the greeting,
And blissful the lovelook that shone in her eyes!
How happy those moments, those hours how fleeting!
A transcending joy that description defies.

But far now we've travelled life's rough road together
And sigh for the friends and the loved ones long dead,
But that old covered buggy, through fine and rough weather,
Is still doing duty and stands in our shed.
The old covered buggy, the hick'ry-wheeled buggy,
The Acton-made buggy still stands in our shed.

-O. Hezzlewood

THE GENERATIONS ARE PASSING

The going home of my friend, James Snyder, last week, impressed me quite strongly again of the fact that the successive generations of the pioneers of the community are growing fewer as the years pass. When I was a lad, and our family was among the earlier settlers hereabouts, the Snyder family of "The Hill" was a numerous and industrious element in the affairs of this section.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Snyder, the parental head of the family here, United Empire Loyalists, who came here from the Niagara Peninsula, away back in the forties, about the time the Swackhamers, and the Dennys, and the Ryders came, settled on lot 32, on the third line, where Mr and Mrs. Fred McArthur now reside. Mrs. McArthur is a great-granddaughter, a daughter of James, and her children are of the fifth generation who have resided on that old farm.

What a fine family there was of the old folks. My old head can't now begin to remember them all. But among Jacob's sons were Isaac, and Eli, and William and Henry and Adam, and I'm not sure but that there was a John. And the daughters, there was a bunch of them. There were Mrs. Steinecke, and Mrs. Stauffer, and Mrs. Robert Gibbons and others. Gradually they flitted from the old home until the old father and mother were alone again, as at the beginning.

Old Mr. Snyder was not only a farmer but he was an expert weaver of carpets. Rag carpets of quite attractive designs and colorings were woven; and the brides-to-be of the community always aimed, if they had been persuaded to say "yes" long enough ahead, to have this old weaver make sufficient rag carpet for the new parlor or living room of their new homes. And when the wedding was over and the new couple was settled in their new home, they were very proud to exhibit "My rag carpet, which Mr Snyder wove for me," to all the callers upon the bride. I know all about it, for this fine old man wove rag carpets for Mary and me for our new home, when we "got hitched" away back there in the seventies. It must be about fifty years since these old pioneers were called to their reward after long lives of usefulness in the home, the community, the church and in other helpful enterprises. From some old school records, which have come into my possession I find that old Mr. Snyder was one of the first trustees of Acton School, and that he was Chairman of the Trustee Board in 1856. It was a great joy to him to see the Brick Church on the second line, at the Esquesing-Erin corner, opened and dedicated in 1865. And he had two reasons for his pleasure. The first was, of course, the opening of a church of his early choice within a mile of his farm home, and the second was because his son, Eli, who had learned the carpenter and building trade, was the contractor, and had constructed the sacred edifice.

Isaac, the father of James, settled on the third line, five lots above the old homestead, in Erin. Here he and his wife, who was Miss Leslie, a sister of George and Joel, lived happily and raised their family of four boys, and I think as many girls. Of these there now survive but two, David, of Toronto, and Miss Ella, of Stoney Creek. James spent his life in this community, and was the last member of the Snyder name to remain in the old home section. His only son, William, is a resident of Toronto.

I think William, son of Jacob, the father of the family here, is the last surviving son of the family. He has had a notable career. He learned railroading and operating, and when a young man was appointed agent of the Grand Trunk Railway—or Wellington, Grey and Bruce as it was then known—and for between thirty and forty years was the respected occupant of that responsible position. He retired some years ago, and though badly crippled with rheumatism, is enjoying his home and garden, and during the summer always has one of the best of the latter town.

Jane Snyder, who was one of Father Jacob's family, the devoted wife of Robt Gibbons for many years, and who died half a dozen years or more ago, spent all her life in Acton and on the farm a mile or so out of town. Her husband survives her and now resides with his daughter and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Frick, Toronto.

And so the old familiar page and in many cases the good old pioneer family name passes out of the community at or near the expiration of the first century of settlement in this new land.

The Old Man.

UNCLE THAN'S ROOSTER

Knowledge is acquired in various ways. Some persons absorb it as a sponge takes up water. Others require the drilling of holes in their skulls to enable it to enter. When Willie Bixby hired a farm on the Maine coast and set out to raise chickens, he absorbed all available information and put it to use. As a result of special food and good care his "White Rocks" grew with amazing rapidity, so that in October roosters hatched in May had reached the generous weight of seven pounds.

Uncle Ethan Spofford scoffed.

"Those chickens are all paste," he declared to whoever would listen. "Willie is trying to do with this book-learning. I never saw a fellow yet try to get along with book-learning but what he came to grief sooner or later. Chickens that are stuffed the way they are are all paste, as I say. They ain't hardened into good flesh. Come to get a spell of weather, and they're like to waste away. And more'n that, they ain't got enough muscle to scratch for themselves. Get turned out once to hustle their own grubs, and they'd stand stock-still and starve themselves."

Uncle Ethan raised chickens himself—good old barn-yard fowl that, if hatched in May, could be safely trusted to lay their first eggs not later than next Easter. Uncle Ethan had a big Shanghai rooster, "Zeke," of which he was wonderfully proud. "Zeke can lick all creation," was his daily boast.

One day, looking across the meadow, Uncle Ethan saw a sight that made him chuckle.

"Ma," he said to his wife, "I calculate I better stroll down the road a piece. Here comes that biggest paste rooster of Willie's, and old Zeke is house in the yard. I don't want to hurt Willie, but as I see it, if he was to lose one rooster learning how poor those paste critters are, it would save him money in the long run. I'll be back in half an hour or so."

He ambled amiably down the way, accordingly, although not without casting expectant glances over his shoulder while he was still in sight of the two roosters now quickly approaching each other.

Half an hour—precisely—came back the "paste" rooster, still plethoric, stood valiantly on the cooling clay that had been old Zeke, and was emitting lusty crows.

Uncle Ethan stopped with the shock of it. Then he hastened to interview his neighbor.

"Ma," he said, apologetically that evening, "I've been and bought Willie Bixby's biggest and pastiest rooster. It ain't that that kind is any good, I might just as well throw away the two dollars and a half I paid for him, as far as getting a good rooster is concerned. But it's right here. The thing to fight torpedo-boats, the navy says, is torpedo boats. The thing to fight battle-ships is battle-ships. And so I reckoned if we have got to stay where that pasty sort of birds was rampaging round at large, we better get one of the same kind to defend ourselves."

STROLL ALONG THE BOARDWALK

Enjoy the Colorful Panorama of Spring Fashions in Bright Array

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Of course Atlantic City offers other attractions apart from the world of fashion. It is famous as a place to celebrate the passing of winter. Right now you can enjoy riding, golf, motoring and the theatres.

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Canadian National offers rapid service to Atlantic City via Philadelphia. Full information, rates, hotels, etc., at any Canadian National Railways Ticket Office. 34-2

THE VIRTUES OF HONEY

The Natural Resources Department of the Ministry of the Interior has just issued a splendid little statement upon this very subject: "It is a remarkable fact," this says, "that Canada's two natural sweets, honey and maple sugar are both higher in energy-producing and healthful qualities than the sugars we import.

1 teaspoonful of honey produces 100 calories of energy.

1 teaspoonful of maple sugar produces 70 calories of energy

1 teaspoonful of corn sugar produces 60 calories of energy.

1 teaspoonful of brown sugar produces 50 calories of energy

1 teaspoonful of granulated sugar produces 50 calories of energy.

An apple a day keeps the doctor away so they say, but so does a dish of honey a day. Honey is probably the only sweet that is easily digested or that has natural medicinal qualities, and that is one of the reasons why the purchasing department of the North West Mounted Police has recently contracted for considerable supplies for use in their northern posts, as a partial substitute for jams and syrups. It is a serious thing to have illness develop from badly balanced rations in these outposts of the Empire, many of them so far removed from medical care that the doctor's only visit is an annual one. Honey is a natural food that seldom gets rancid or sour, is a natural laxative and is valuable in the prevention of throat and chest affections. Its nutritive qualities are approximately twice as great as cod or beefsteak and its energy-producing qualities are by volume twice those of granulated or brown sugar."

ABERDONIANS

An excited crowd of Aberdonians had gathered in the railway refreshment room and were discussing a rumor that the London-Aberdeen express had been involved in a serious accident.

"Dear me," explained a man standing near by—"this is verra bad business. My wife was on that train."

As he turned away a newsboy entered the room selling a special edition containing the news.

"Here," cried some one to the man whose wife was on the train, "aren't ye goin' tae buy a paper and get the details?"

"Na, na," replied the other. "I'll wait for the final edition and get the racine results as well."

TIT FOR TAT

One of the best anecdotes about Professor Copeland, who is resigning from Harvard, is the following.

One day he had occasion to reprove some of his students for coming late to class. "This is a class in English composition," he remarked with sarcasm, "not an afternoon tea."

At the next meeting one young woman was twenty minutes late. Professor Copeland waited until she had taken her seat. Then he remarked, blandly, "How will you have your tea, Miss Brown?"

"Without lemon, please," Miss Brown answered, quite gently.

INDIAN STOICS

A former Indian commissioner had been speaking of the red man's stoicism as his most conspicuous trait. "Even the Indian infants endure pain without crying or wincing," he continued, "and any departure from this standard of manliness is regarded as a contemptible weakness. They are equally undemonstrative in their expression of joy—not that they are not happy and lively, in their own impassive way. There is something fine in the tigo brave, whom no new experience can startle into any sign more expressive than a grunt, yet this very impassivity has its comic side.

"On a certain occasion a party of Indians sat at a festal board of some pale faces. Everything was strange, but they took what was offered them and gulped it down with desperate gravity.

"To one of them a pot of mustard was handed. He helped himself liberally, and swallowed a good spoonful of the mixture.

"'Spirit of the tornado!' he muttered. 'Fiend of the burning prairie! What is this molten fire, compared to which the fire-water of the trader is as bland as milk?'

"He struggled to conceal his agony; but although he succeeded in avoiding any contortion of the features, the tears, to his unspeakable disgust, chased themselves in a stream down his dusky cheeks. What would he not have given for the opportunity of scalping the innocent occasion of his trouble!

"Meanwhile his discomfort had not escaped the keen eyes of an Indian who sat beside him. Nudging his tearful comrade, he inquired, in low guttural accents, the cause of his emotion. Suppressing his rage, the other answered mildly:

"'I was thinking of my honored father, who has lately gone to the happy hunting-ground.'

"Whether this explanation was regarded by the questioner as perfectly satisfactory I have no means of knowing, he did not, however, press his inquiries any further, nor does he seem to have suspected that the contents of the little jar had had anything in particular to do with the doleful memories of his friend.

"Presently the mustard come to him. It was a compound all untried; but the warrior was a stranger to fear. He took the condiment without hesitation, and he swallowed it freely—just once.

"Ah! Death and torment! Is he on fire? Will he die? He is not quite sure; but it requires all his strength to keep quiet. The blood mounts to his head, and the tears rush from his bulging eyes.

"'Ugh!' he growls. 'That I should play the squaw before all this company!'

"Indian number one was an interested observer of this little incident. His eyes had been upon the mustard-pot, and he had quietly awaited developments. His turn had now come; his revenge was at hand. Nudging his inwardly writhing neighbor, he asked mildly:

"'My brother, why do you weep?'

"'I was weeping,' the furious sufferer gently replied, 'to think that when your father went to the happy hunting-grounds he did not take you with him.'"

LETTING GO

As Irma, senior, stared at Mildred, sophomore a look of consternation came into her eyes.

"You haven't flunked in math?" she cried and when Mildred shook her head she said rather snarply, "Then don't look as if you had." What in the matter? Anybody sick at home? Bunch lost its money? Not lost your allowance or your pet golf shoes or your voice? Well then, what is the matter? Out with it!"

It it's Beatrice," the little sophomore confessed in a low voice. She was sorry she had come, but now that she was here she had to "mind" Irma. She always did. Underneath, she liked Irma's high handed methods. To subject oneself to them was like plunging into ice water—a shock, a moment of torture and then a glow of pride in one's heroism.

Big Irma did not look as if she saw anything beside anywhere in sight. Her dark brows were drawn together in perplexity.

"Beatrice? What's the matter with Beatrice?" she demanded.

"She's changing so. She isn't a bit the way she used to be."

"She's busier if that's what you mean. Who wouldn't be, with the class secretaryship and the glee club, and the editorship of the Blue, to say nothing of doing first class work in all of her studies? I thought you were delighted when she finally agreed to go on the glee club, because that would be one more thing you could do together."

"I was, I am," Mildred faltered. "I love it only well she always used to flip it for a bit of a talk Monday, and now it's three Mondays since she's been near and——"

"But you baby, you have the glee Monday nights!"

"I know we do but I'd have time after, and I don't see why she can't."

"You must remember there's a slight difference in the quality of the studying you're going," Irma declared calmly. "Then it came the ice water. Mildred Denney you make me tired! You don't seem to understand living any better than a three year-old! If you keep on like this, you'll wear out your husband by wanting him to live in a perpetual honeymoon, and your children by wanting to keep them babies forever, and your friends by telling him if they ever forget a thing they've once done for or with you. Why on earth don't you use your common sense? You don't expect to wear the clothes you wore when you were ten years old at twenty, do you? Don't you see that you can't anywhere in life have old and new both?" Then for goodness sake buck up and let old things go when a bigger new one comes along. Now I expect you'll cry all night over this but I can't help it. Some one had to tell you."

The next second she was gone and Mildred was staring at the empty doorway.

LIMITATIONS

"Madam" said the young man who had called at the back door on May Day, "I have the pleasure of introducing to you our new automatic housecleaning machine a simple little thing which does the whole work of housecleaning, leaving you to merely do the general supervision."

"Does it all, hey?" demanded the woman of the house. "Will it wash the outside of the up-stair windows?"

"Why, no, madam, but——"

"Will it take down, wash stretch to dry, iron and hang up the parlor curtains?"

"Well, of course this machine——"

"Will it gild the chandeliers, paint the kitchen, make my daughter help with the dishes, persuade my husband to be contented with cold dinners, get out the screens and patch them up?"

"O madam, this machine——"

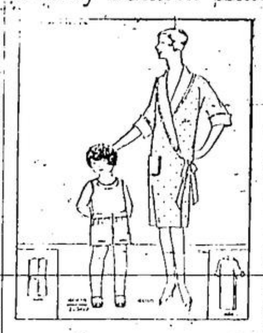
"Will it take down the parlor stove and set up the refrigerator, wash the winter bedding and put it away, lay down the furs with moth balls, paper the hall bedroom, wash down the paper in the bathroom, wash, fold, starch, and iron and put away the family clothes, darn, patch and sew on buttons, wash dishes, set three meals a day, and pacify the household?"

"No, madam, you have misunderstood the limitations of this machine."

"Limitations?" demanded the woman of the house. "I guess it has limitations. It will be a long time yet before any man will get up a machine that will do all a woman has to do in housecleaning time."

She took a fresh mouthful of tacks and went back to the dining-room carpet, and the agent faded sadly away.

Weekly Fashion Hint



IMPORTANT ITEMS OF FASHION

Soft muslin is made up into the extremely youthful and practical garment pictured to the left. It consists of drawers and underwaist, the latter having a round neck front and back, and large armholes. The side closing drawers are gathered to band and buttoned to the underwaist. Medium size requires 1¼ yard 36 inch material with 2⅝ yards lace for trimming.

Dainty and simple is the negligee in polka-dotted Georgette crêpe trimmed with plain crepe silk and frills of ecru French net. The turn-back cuffs on the short kimono sleeves correspond with the deep shawl-collar. The adjustment is effected by means of ribbon tie-strings fastened at the left side. Medium size requires 4¼ yards 39-inch Georgette and 1 yard silk crepe.

A QUIET OCCASION

There is a Western town so full of family feuds and quarrels of all sorts, that the account of any festivity there is quite sure to contain items of anything but a peaceable nature.

A recent wedding in the town presented such unusual features that it was spoken of with wonder by all the inhabitants.

"I never saw anything pass off so pretty and calm as Hud and Burdie's wedding in all my days," said one of the invited guests a week after the wedding. "Why, there wasn't a single casualty excepting Bert Leroy's black eye, and we got Hun Saunders off him without half trying, you know we did.

"There didn't seem to be any way you might call family feelings at that wedding, anyhow."

GOOD EXAMPLE

"Sutely Miranda, you're not going to marry again when the Lord just took Smith?"

"Yes, I shuah am," replied Miranda. "As long as the Lawd takes 'em, so do I."

DR THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL

A SURE, SAFE AND SIMPLE REMEDY FOR ALL THE COMMON AILMENTS OF MAN AND BEAST. IT SHOULD ALWAYS BE KEPT ON HAND, AS A MORE SERVICEABLE PREPARATION FOR SUDDEN CASUALTIES CANNOT BE FOUND. GET A BOTTLE TO-DAY AND HAVE IT READY FOR THE TIME WHEN YOU WILL NEED IT.

Aching, Swollen Feet

Money Back if Moone's Emerald Oil Doesn't Do Away With All Soreness, Swelling and Distress in 24 Hours.

Two or three applications of Moone's Emerald oil and in fifteen minutes the pain and soreness disappears. A few more applications at regular intervals and the swelling reduces.

And best of all, any offensive odor is gone for good. It's a wonderful formula, this combination of essential oils with camphor and other antiseptics so marvellous, that thousands of bottles are sold annually for reducing varicose or swollen veins.

If I Haasard and every good druggist guarantees the very first bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil to end your foot troubles or money back.

Sunday night after church

Both the Henderson boys are far away from the old home. But Sunday is still a very special day for Father and Mother, for every Sunday night after church the telephone bell rings and the old folks know that one of the boys is calling them from the distant city.

Harry calls one week, and Fred the next.

Long Distance is wonderful for keeping family ties strong. It is so simple, so inexpensive, to call distant friends for a few minutes' chat. And how welcome is the sound of their voices!

Do *you* call friends by Long Distance?

The Evening Rate after 8.30 is very low.

"Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station."

HAVE A COMFORTABLE TRIP TO THE WEST

Forget the weather. There's cheery warmth and comfort aboard "The National."

Every convenience that modern railroading can provide combined with unsurpassed dining room service, will make your trip to the west pleasant and interesting.

"The National" leaves Toronto nightly at 9.00 p. m., arriving in Winnipeg at 10 o'clock the second morning. It allows a short stop-over—just time for important business engagements, before continuing the western journey.

Equipment consists of compartment library observation buffet car (radio) standard and tourist sleepers, diner and coaches.

Tickets and information from any Canadian National Ticket Agent. 34-2

NOT MUCH WONDER

Father Goodness, what's the matter, the house is filled with smoke?"

Mother—I just heard Willie say he had Pittsburg on the radio.

GETTING THROUGH ON NERVE

In warfare, at least, audacity is a virtue that wins admiration and success for its possessor, as it did for Col. Morgan, the celebrated Confederate guerrilla, in an adventure that Mr. P. A. Bruce describes in Brave Deeds of Confederate Soldiers.

Morgan, accompanied by a Confederate officer, both of whom had disguised themselves in Federal uniforms, was making, with a dozen prisoners, for the protection of the Confederate lines. Suddenly he found himself facing a body of two thousand bluecoats.

"Halt!" cried the commander as he rode forward. "Give the countersign!"

"Countersign!" exclaimed Morgan, assuming an air of indignation. "What do you mean by demanding the countersign of an officer of my rank? Order your companies to fall apart so as to give room for the passage of my men!"

Instead of informing on him at once, the Federal prisoners with Morgan silently entered into the spirit of his critical situation, as they were anxious to see how far his ingenuity could assist him to escape. They did not look upon this conduct as treasonable because they were sure that they could stop him should there be any prospect of his really getting away. Just as if they were acting at his escort, they followed him and his Confederate comrade, without a word, between the two long files of Federal soldiers. At one point in the path of the little cavalcade a corps of the Federal officers stood an far out as to block their progress.

"Move aside, there, Morgan," said one, impatiently. "You are no better than deserters. Morgan will catch you yet!"

So soon as he and his fellow Confederate had reached the last soldier in their passage between the files, they turned and waved their hands to the prisoners, and before they could be either stopped or fired upon they leaped a fence and vanished in the thick woods that grew close at hand.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes and forebore,
And bade me creep past.

Browning.

Whosoever is not in Him as the way is apt of the way and lost, whosoever is not in Him as the truth is in fatal error; whosoever is not in Him as the life is dead in sin.—John Hall.

That command about the smitten cheek is a command, condensed into a proverb against vengeful retaliation. That is not impracticable.—Dr. Wayland Hoyt

A letter, timely writ, is a rivet to the chain of affection,
And a letter, untimely delayed, is a rust to the soldier.—Tupper.

HAPPY CONTRAST

"I shall never marry," Reginald declared, "until I meet a woman who is my direct opposite."

"Well, Reggie," said Mabel, "there are a number of intelligent girls in this neighborhood."

NO LONGER A FAILURE

"Jimmied like one time as if I was a bump on a log—without purpose in life—oftentimes without a job, now its different — I'm Hemphill Trained" said Assistant Manager with a large firm". You too can be a success—earn big pay—motor mechanics, battery, welding, vulcanizing, house wiring, brickla ying, bricklaying, plastering and beauty culture work. Good positions now open. Valuable book free. Write

Hemphill Trade Schools, Limited
104 King Street West - - Toronto

THROUGH Canadian homes is passed the word of a finer, richer coffee—a coffee distinguished by mellowed fragrance and more pleasing flavour—GOLD MEDAL COFFEE.

Varieties selected from the world's finest coffee plantations—blended with infinite care, ground and roasted by the most approved of modern methods—sealed in air-tight tins, make GOLD MEDAL COFFEE the finest ever offered to the Canadian public.

At your grocers.

NATIONAL GROCERIES CO. LIMITED
Wholesale Distributors 36

GOLD MEDAL COFFEE
"You'll drink it again"

Did You Ever Stop to Think?

By Edson R. Waite, Shawnee, Oklahoma

That newspaper advertising is the only worth while kind to get quick action and the greatest returns for your investment.

That the amount of business done by any concern depends largely upon the amount of advertising they do.

That business competition is back and it is back strong, and the merchant, manufacturer or jobber who expects to get ahead nowadays has got to fight for business and fight hard.

That any business that expects new business must ADVERTISE!

That any concern that expects to keep the business it now has must keep advertising.

That publicity is all powerful—newspaper advertising is best.

That advertising has power—the business that advertises leads; the non-advertiser only trails along in a rut all the time.

That stores that are ready at all times to meet the demand for durability, quality and reliability let the people know; THEY ADVERTISE!

Stores should be well lighted; it adds much to their attractiveness.

The soft, lulling glow of the well-lighted stores gives a restful, enchanting feeling to the buyers.

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