WHAT GOD HATH PROMISED

God hath not promised
Flower-strewn pathways
Skies always blue,
All our lives through;
God hath not promised
Sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow,
Peace without pain.
But God hath promised
Strength for the day,
Rest for the labor,
Light for the way,
Grace for the trials,
Help for above,
Unfailing sympathy,
Undying love.
—Annie Johnson Flint.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of The Free Press of Thursday, February 2, 1911

The week opened with very cold blizzardy weather after the long mild spell.

The ice men have been busy with their harvest lately. The crop is very good this season.

Principal Stewart is expected home from Parry Sound on Saturday. He will resume his duties here next Monday. Mr. Howard Black has proven a very satisfactory substitute.

At a special meeting of the Municipal Council on Monday evening, John Harvey was re-engaged as Municipal Officer for another year. His salary was increased to $650.

Knox Church anniversary last Sunday was in all respects gratifying and successful. The preacher was Rev. W. G. Wilson, M. A., of St. Andrew's Church, Guelph. The morning service was attended by the members of the Baptist Church, and the evening by the members of the Methodist Church. The musical part of the services by the choir, under the leadership of Mr. A. T. Mann, ably sustained their reputation.

DIED

MILLAR—At Laura, Sask., on January 22, 1911, Thomas Millar, formerly of Acton, in his 67th year.

HORSES AND POLITICS

In Grandpa's day these two subjects took up much of every man's time and discussion. Grandma could never serve meals on time because Grandpa would rather trade horses or talk politics than eat, and when engaged in either pursuit he forgot all time and need for food. It must be remembered that in the days of "David Harum" and after, horse-trading enjoyed an entirely separate code of morals. Men who enjoyed a reputation for honesty in every other relation of life admittedly went out to "do" one another in a horse-trade. "All ways fair in love, war and horse-trading."

It seems one day Grandpa met Joe Smith, who was "up" for sheriff. Joe dearly loved a horse-trade; in other things he was of sterling honesty. He would buy anything, providing it had a tail and four hoofs. Grandpa wanted a team of horses for the farm. Joe told me this part of the story himself years later.

"I had a likely-looking team 'captin' one of 'em had the colic 'bout every other day, so when Hiram says, 'How much?' I says, '$50 an' not so anxious to sell 'em neither.' They were both sound as a dollar else, so he took 'em—you could seldom fool your Grandpa on a horse. They really was such good-lookers he thought they were too good for the farm and sent them down to his son that was in the coal business in the city. Been there about a week, and one of them got the colic bad and died. Hiram came right over to see me and says, 'Joe, one of them horses died of colic.'

"'Too bad,' says. 'Thought maybe he would; that's why I give 'em to you cheap.'"

Grandpa told him what he thought of him and went home. A month later the elections were held. Joe got only two votes in Oradell, the town where my grandfather lived and exerted considerable influence. While the returns were coming in Joe's campaign manager called him over and asked what was the matter with Oradell, which had hitherto been very strong for them. Joe somewhat sheepishly told about the team of horses he'd sold Hiram up there. Another town came in where they netted a meagre ten votes.

"Sold anybody a team there?" asked his manager. Joe admitted he had.

"Where else you been selling horses?" Joe could think only of Fairview, and shortly Fairview's returns showed a scanty dozen votes. After a tense interval it was finally reckoned that Joe had really been elected sheriff (one of the biggest offices in the county then) by a very close margin. His campaign manager grabbed him seriously by the shoulder.

"Look here, Joe, you're a pretty good candidate, but if we're ever goin' to tie up in politics again you got to promise to stop trading horses. By cracky! if you'd sold one more team of horses in this county, we'd a been licked to a frazzle."

Grandpa is dead, but it is the whim of fate that Joe should own a large trucking business without employing a single horse. Just last week he told me he had sold his last team of horses, because he couldn't even keep one team of horses, because he couldn't even keep one team in his business any more. The man who bought them knew so little about horses that Joe (still called "sheriff" throughout the county to this day) was almost ashamed to take his money, which was paid over without bickering, or bargaining.

"Ain't even any fun to sell a team of horses any more," Joe complained lamentingly.

Horse trading days are over; the small country towns are cities; Joe has long been too old to run for office, but his forty big road trucks pound the highways day and night.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

FOR SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 1

JESUS, THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

Golden Text.—Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows—Isa. 53: 4.

Lesson Text.—Luke 4: 38-44; 5: 12-16. Study, also, Matt. 4: 23-25; Mark 1: 21-34.

Time.—April, A. D. 28. Place.—Capernaum.

Exposition.—I. Jesus' Power Over Sickness, 38-44.

The first scene in our lesson is a home scene. The family invited Jesus to dinner, and well were they repaid. It always does pay to invite Jesus to our homes (Matt. 25: 37, 40, 34). There was sickness in this home, and in Mark's account we read that they do the wisest thing that can be done in sickness, "they tell him of her" (ch. 1: 30). Jesus liked that. He wishes us to bring all our sorrows straight to him (Matt. 11: 28). If we will do this we shall be free from all anxiety (Phil. 4: 6, 7, R. V.). Jesus would have us to-day act toward Him just as the disciples acted toward Him when He was here on earth (Heb. 13: 8). Jesus would have been hurt if Peter had run off after a doctor instead of coming first right to Him. There was no delay in telling Jesus, "Straightway they tell him of her." Note just what Jesus did. First, "He came." Jesus could heal at a distance (John 4: 50-53), but He loved to come right to the afflicted one. There is to-day too much trying to minister to the sick and suffering and sinning at a distance. Second, "He took her by the hand." This, too, is a lesson for us. It is a hand-grasp of a strong, well hand that the sick need: it is the hand-grasp of a holy, strong hand that the sinful and weak need. If you would help people, take them by the hand. This "taking-by-the-hand" religion is much needed in many of our churches to-day. Jesus Himself is ready to take the sick and sinning by the hand to-day (cb. 13: 8). Third, He "raised her up." People need to be lifted. It is not enough to say, "Arise;" take them by the hand and raise them up. Then it was "the fever left her." Sickness as well as demons gave way before Jesus. She at once began to use her new-found health and strength in ministering to her healer. So many who are helped forget to do this. A wonderful scene follows. The people wait until the Sabbath closes at sunset; then from every corner of Capernaum they bring to the feet of Jesus all the demon-possessed and sick. They had had proof of His power to deliver and heal. Oh, that we who have had so much more proof, would bring all our devil-tormented and sick ones to Him! These people, however, were not as eager for spiritual blessings as for healing, and people are not to-day. But Jesus healed "every one of them" (v. 40). Jesus had and has a ministry to the body as well as the soul. But His chief ministry was not then and is not now to the body (Luke 19: 10; John 10: 10). These great blessings and wonderful manifestations of the divine power of Jesus in healing did not result in the spiritual regeneraton of the place (Matt. 11: 23, 24). The healing of the sick always wakens great interest in any community. It seldom leads to any very deep and permanent spiritual results.

II. The Leper Healed.

This was, indeed, a mighty miracle. Of all ills which can affect the body of man, leprosy appears to be the most severe and, in certain aspects, hopeless. It brings decay to the skin, corruption into the blood, rottenness into the bones. It is a living death. Yet here we read of a leper being made well in a moment of time. One touch from the hand of the Son of God, and the cure is effected. "And immediately the leprosy departed from him" (v. 13). We see, in the story, Christ's willingness to help those who are in need. The petition of the afflicted leper was a very touching one: "Lord, if thou WILT, thou canst make me clean," and the answer he received was both merciful and gracious: "I will: be thou clean" (v. 13). Those two little words, "I will," deserve our especial notice. They are a deep mine, rich in comfort and encouragement to all laboring and heavy-laden souls. They show us the mind of Christ towards suffering humanity. They exhibit His infinite willingness to do good to the sons of men, and His readiness to show compassion. We should always remember that if men do not come under the beneficent influence of Jesus, it is not because the Master is not willing to have them come. The blame of a sinner's ruin must be borne by himself (2 Peter 3: 9; 1 Tim. 2: 5; Ezek. 18: 32; Matt. 223: 37; John 5: 40). We see, too, in this narrative, the respect the Lord Jesus paid to the ceremonial law of Moses. He bids the leper go and show himself to the priest (v. 14). Of course, Jesus knew that the ceremonies of the Mosaic law were only shadows and figures of good things to come. He knew well that the last days of the Levitical institutions were close at hand, and that they would soon be laid aside forever. But so long as they were not abrogated He would have them respected. They were ordained by God Himself; they were pictures and emblems of the Gospel; they were not, therefore to be lightly esteemed. But the darkness is past and the true light now shineth (1 John 2: 8). We have nothing now to do with altars, sacrifices, or priests, and those who wish to revive or perpetuate them are as men who light a candle at high noon. But, true as this is, we must never forget that the ceremonial law is still full of instruction. It contains that same Gospel in the bud, which we now see in full flower, and, rightly understood, will always be found throwing a strong light on the Gospel of Christ. The final lesson to be learned from this story of the healing of the leper is our Lord Jesus Christ's diligence about private prayer. Although "great multitudes came together to hear, and to be healed by him of their infirmities," He still made time for secret devotion. Holy and undefiled though He was, Jesus would not allow the demands of public duty to prevent regular private intercourse with His Father. We are told that "he withdrew himself into the wilderness, and prayed" (v. 16). There is an example set for us here (much overlooked these days), that we would do well to follow. Why is it that there is so much apparent spiritual work and yet so little positive result? Why so much running hither and thither, and yet so few brought to Christ? The reply is short and simple: there is not enough private prayer. Let us each examine ourselves and mend our ways.

FAST WALKING

It is true of any exercise that the manner of performance is vitally important. This is particularly applicable to walking. Some people walk miles and miles each day, and show no physical benefits; whereas others, covering a comparatively short distance, but walking correctly and for specific results, gain some highly desirable rewards in the way of health, development, and vitality. Speed walking is the most interesting form of pedestrianism. Most men who have trained for the mile walk in a track team, men who have had a varied athletic experience, say that no event on the programme makes greater demands on the body. Because of the particular strain that results from the effort to hold oneself to a walk as technically defined, it is far harder to walk a mile in eight minutes than to run it in five.

If you care to learn the useful and fascinating art of rapid pedestrianism, and at the same time be indulging in a highly beneficial general exercise, my advice is that you get busy and see what you can do with the mile walk against time. On the day that you find yourself equal to that distance in eight minutes, you will have accomplished something of which to be really proud. I believe the present record is six minutes, twenty-five and four-fifths seconds, by the great Canadian pedestrian, Golding.

Generally, the rules governing the mile contest are enforced with particular strictness. By all means, if you ever expect to enter a race, avoid from the very first, the fault termed "breaking," consisting of the little crow hop which shifts a walk into a run. Usually the walker is disqualified on the third offense of this kind, or on the first break, perhaps, if this occurs in the last 220 yards of the mile. The best plan is never to let the habit develop.

The first aim should be to reach a fast gait. To do this, walk with flat drawn tightly, elbows held horizontally, and hands above the level of hips. Swing the arms in the natural way demanded by the walking action of feet. Try to get above 250 steps to the minute just as soon as you can; it is practically impossible to exceed 300 steps without breaking into a run. Obviously, the victorious walker is he who can take the greatest number and the longest steps per minute without breaking.

Though I have mentioned speed as the big aim, you should at first step slowly enough to be sure that you are locking the knees properly. A leg that is not fully straightened before the foot again leaves the ground causes the crow hop and break. Your whole problem of technique resolves itself into sufficient practice to enable you to step rapidly, and yet never fail to set the knee well back, that is, to lock it. You will lengthen your stride almost unconsciously, and usually it is best not to make a special effort on this point, in walking. Let the length of step develop naturally, to suit your build. Be sure to set the foot properly, however, with toes pointing directly forward. Turning the feet either outward or inward loses ground for the walker. It has been estimated that a two-inch outward angle in the set of a pedestrian's feet means a loss of half an inch for every two steps. This is not so insignificant as it may at first appear, for inches often count at the end of a race. You can wear any soft-soled shoe, preferably the sandal if this type seems agreeable. Wearing running spikes for a while may help you to correct a toeing-out habit.

Do not devote all your practice time to the cultivation of speed. A good plan is to practice form on one mile; then after a short rest try for speed on another mile. Take two miles in that way every other day; but on the days between take longer and slower walks for the general, constitutional effect. Take an erect carriage, and get all the oxygen you can into your lungs.

You may have to give your knees particular attention, for they tire rapidly from the leg locking demanded by the rules for correct walking. Include some hill climbing in your long walks. Walking down hill gives a peculiar strength to the knee joints. It comes from the strain thrown on them when the body's weight falls, as it were, and has to be checked by the muscles around the knees. Going up, because of the deliberation of the muscular contractions, is better for the acquirement of actual bulk; but the rough going of falling down gives the legs a grand, sinewy toughness not to be duplicated in any other exercise.

Remove all callouses and enlargements from your stock with Douglas' Egyptian Liniment, a wonderful remedy.

OUGHT TO KNOW

Nervous woman (to persistent beggar): "If I give you a piece of Christmas pudding, you will never return, will you?"

Beggar: "Well, lady, you know your pudden better than I do."

SLATS DIARY

BY ROSS FARQUHAR

Friday—well ma felt offle bad today when she lernt that I had broke the finger nale Pile she had gave me for Chrismas wile I was a trying to onloosen a screw in my scates, but I dont feel so bad about it becuz I never used it for my finger nales no way.

Saterday — Mrs. Gillem is all Xeited becuz her cuzzen from down south is comeing here for a visit to her house who is a famious annimel painter. Ant Emmy says animal painting, mite be all rite enth you try to paint I witch is cross but after all these nacheral colors is good enuff after all so why paint them.

Sunday—Jake and Blisters and Pug was a makeing fun of a new kid witch has moved to town, he is very big and ugly. I dont aprove of makeing fun of ugly people, a speahully if they are big becuz mebby if they ketch you they are libel to nock you silly or sumthing.

Munday—well on are way to skoolto-day I ackaidently slung a snowball and hit Teds father and Ted got about ½ sore intill I told him it wood be all rite to take a shot at my paw. If the snow lasts long enuff.

Tesuday—well I gess I fell down in I kwestion in the test today, the teecher ask what was Oxygen composed of and I sed of 8 sides. Jake sez it was cumposed of 2 kinds of gasoleen, well enny-how I woodent of knew the names enny ways.

Wenaday—but even at that my anser to sum of the kwestions yesterday wasnent enny werst than Elsy when she sed a vegetarian was a fiddian for horses and mules and ect. and sum times dogs and cats and ect.

Thirsday—well sum times I got the idea that skool teachers are kinda dum, a speahully the wimmen ones. I and Jake was a telling are teecher that they had arested Boot legger in town this a. m. and she wanted to no What fer. And witch boot and witch leg.

Persian Balm is unrivalled for promoting feminine loveliness. Tones and rejuvenates the skin. Makes it exquisitely soft-textured. Makes hands flawlessly white. Especially recommended to soothe and relieve roughness or chafing caused by weather conditions. Indispensable to every dainty woman. Cool and refreshing. Delicately fragrant. Magical in results. Never leaves a vestige of stickiness. Persian Balm is the one toilet requisite for the woman who cares for charm and elegance.

SHOPPING INSTINCT

A young matron in whom the shopping instinct was strong, asked a German butcher the price of hamburger steak.

"Twenty-five cents a pound," he replied.

"But," said she, "the price at the corner store is only twelve cents."

"Vell," asked Otto, Vy you don't puy it down there?"

"They haven't any," she replied.

"Ya, ya," said the butcher. "Ven I don't have it I sell it for ten cents only."

IMPOSSIBLE

First Stranger (at the party): "Very dull, isn't it?"

Second: "Yes, very."

"Let's go home."

"I can't. I'm the host."

Wonderful For Indigestion

When your stomach feels bad; when stomach acids, gas, sourness, nausea or after-eating pains make you miserable, just a little Bisurated Magnesia—tablets or powder—will bring safe and instant relief. It neutralizes the acids that have upset your stomach and permits normal painless digestion, or its cost is nothing. Druggists everywhere sell it with this guarantee. Its daily use means real stomach comfort.

REWARD!

A substantial reward will be given for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the thieves who broke into Colonel Ballantine's summer cottage on the Acton side road, on the mountain.

A list of the articles stolen is in possession of Chief Marshall, of Georgetown, or Detective Cookman, of Milton, and includes among other things:

Two folding mattresses, brown tapestry.
One three foot mattress.
Blankets, green, brown and gray.
A leather brief case.
Sheets and bedding.
One red tobacco can.

This information will be treated as confidential, and may be given to either the officers named above, or to the Provincial Police, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

Rich in body and delicate as blossoms in its flavour

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'Fresh from the gardens'

NOT THAT AT ALL!

This happened before "the horseless age." An old gentleman had acquired a competence by industry and attention to detail, and he retired from business. His active mind, however, could not remain idle, and he busied himself wth helping to enforce some of the city by-laws. When going across the street one day he called to the driver of an express wagon: "I see that your name is obliterated!"

"Whoa! What d'ye say?"

"I said your name is obliterated."

"Aw, yer away off. My name is O'Brien! yiddap."

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Start the New Year with a clean sheet. Send your slow and bad collections to us, and stop your worrying over them.

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TIME TABLES

AT ACTON

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Going East

Daily, except Sunday	7.01 a.m.
*Daily, except Sunday	10.05 a.m.
Daily, except Sunday	2.28 p.m.
Daily, except Sunday	6.18 p.m.
Daily, except Sunday	8.47 p.m.
Sunday only	8.00 p.m.

Going West

Daily, except Sunday	7.30 a.m.
Daily, except Sunday	9.08 a.m.
Daily, except Sunday	2.28 p.m.
Daily, except Sunday	6.18 p.m.
Daily, except Sunday	7.17 p.m.
Daily	10.21 p.m.
Sunday only	10.18 a.m.

* Denotes a flag train.

CANADIAN NATIONAL ELECTRIC RAILWAYS

Westbound

Daily—except Sunday	8.16 a.m.
Daily	10.16 a.m.
Daily	1.16 p.m.
Daily	3.16 p.m.
Daily	6.56 p.m.
Daily	9.16 p.m.
Daily	12.16 a.m.

Eastbound

Daily—except Sunday	7.33 a.m.
Daily	9.39 a.m.
Daily	12.33 p.m.
Daily	2.33 p.m.
Daily	5.33 p.m.
Daily	8.33 p.m.
Daily	11.33 p.m.

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Freight delivered by special express freight. Freight picked up at any address in Toronto.

TRAVEL BY BUS

WESTBOUND

Daily	1.05 p.m.
Daily	4.05 p.m.
Daily, except Sundays and Holidays	8.05 p.m.
Sundays and Holidays only	10.05 p.m.

EASTBOUND

Daily	9.35 a.m.
Daily	3.00 p.m.
Daily	7.00 p.m.

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