The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1919

THE CHILD'S CHOICE

"A tree we'll plant," her mama said,
When Arbor Day is here.
For Spring is the time for trees to grow,
The best of all the year.

But what shall be the tree we'll plant
A maple set for shade,
Or fruit to grow, or beauty rare?
Please answer little maid.

The maiden listened thoughtfully,
Then sweetly made her plea,
And truly spoke her little mind,
This maid of half-past three:

"If then you'll do as I desire,
"Twill be a Christmas tree,
And from its branches hanging there
I'll pluck the dollies—see!"

A TALENT FOR LISTENING

A busy merchant who has taken a prominent part in public life, constantly surprises his friends by his resources of general information. His education was defective, and he has never had leisure for reading, but he has contrived to absorb and assimilate knowledge on nearly every subject that enters into conversation.

One day he was called upon to address a large school in which he was specially interested. He went to the fuel box, and held up a small piece of coal.

"I want to prove to you," he said, "that as many as fifty hands have handled this lump of coal before my own have touched it."

He began with a lucid description of the formation of coal beds, talking with all the enthusiasm of a geologist. Then he gave a rapid account of the various processes of mining and transportation, from the first blow of a pick underground to the dumping of a load of coal in the schoolyard.

The scholars listened with breathless interest as he gave this practical demonstration of nature's economy in storing in the earth resources for human needs, and of the co-operation of workers in ministering to the comfort of every one in the room on that cold winter afternoon.

A friend who had accompanied him to the school commented favorably upon the address as they walked toward their homes.

"You talked," he said, "like a geologist, a mining engineer, and a coal merchant. Where have you obtained this intimate knowledge of a subject which does not enter into your everyday life?"

"It is my talent for listening," was the reply. "Whenever I am with men who know one thing thoroughly, I draw them out by a few incisive questions, and then stand by and make good use of my ears."

Then he explained in detail his acquaintance with a geologist who had revealed the secrets of nature to him one day during a long railway ride.

A casual visit to a coal-pit, where he had questioned every one closely, had given him an insight into mining. "One who listens intelligently," he remarked, "can learn much at odd moments when he lacks the hours for reading."

IF YOU ARE WELL-BRED

You will be kind.
You will not use slang.
You will try to make others happy.
You will not be shy or self-conscious.
You will never indulge in ill-natured gossip.
You will never forget the respect due to age.
You will not boast of your achievements.
You will think of others before you think of yourself.
You will not measure your civility by people's bank accounts.
You will not forget engagements, promises or obligations of any kind.
In conversation you will not be argumentative or contradictory.
You will never make fun of the peculiarities or idiosyncrasies of others.
You will not bore people by constantly talking of yourself and your affairs.
You will never, under any circumstances, cause another pain, if you can help it.
You will not think that "good intentions" compensate for rude or gruff manners.
You will not have two sets of manners—one for "company" and one for home use.
You will not attract attention by either your loud talk or laughter, or show your egotism by trying to absorb conversation.—Selected.

HOW MUCH IS ENOUGH TO EAT?

Science is speaking up for the twelve-year-old who is always hungry. "Age, size and activity have all to do with the matter. A boy may need more to eat than a girl because he exercises more rather than because he is larger. A small, bookish father tied to a desk may need much less to eat than his romping, growing twelve-year-old progeny. It is safe to say that a growing child needs all the bread and butter and milk and fruit that it will eat; when the appetite must be coaxed with sweets it is not to be trusted.

If you have stopped running and growing, don't judge Bobbie's needs by your relative sizes. An eleven-year-old boy can manage 2,200 calories a day and a grown-up shoemaker needs no more! Growing is very strenuous business. Be sure that the children have both building material for this important occupation and energy fuel for their ceaseless activity. Watching the child's weight will give you a key to the situation.

TAMPERING WITH YOUR INTEGRITY.

The man who is wanted to-day is the man of integrity. There are plenty of them with trained brains; the schools see to that. There are an astonishing number of shrewd, practical people in the world, with a keen eye for the main chance. Modern competition developes them by the tens of thousands. But the one for whom the people are clamoring, the one for whom honors are waiting and for whom posts of responsibility are kept open, is the man of integrity, the man who is temptation-proof.

Let us be careful how we tamper with our integrity. Throwing away a little of the time which belongs to our employer seems a small thing, but we are not worth as much after it as we were before. The petty dishonesties which are passed over as a matter of course in business life are responsible for making so many men who cannot be trusted. We must keep ourselves above integrity we are unfair not only to ourselves, but to the world, which is in such sore need of men who are proof against temptation.

BENCH AND BAR

The wit and quickness of repartee which characterizes Sir F. E. Smith, who is now Lord Chancellor, with a salary of $50,000, at the age of forty-six is proverbial. In one of his early cases he was opposed by an elderly, prosy, long-winded lawyer, who spoke for six hours in his concluding address.

Then Sir Frederick rose. Looking at the judge and jury he smiled slightly and said:

"Your honor, I will follow the example of my learned friend who has just concluded, and submit the case without argument."

A MATTER OF LOYALTY

"There goes Dick right past the Bee Hive grocery," said Mrs. Madison in an annoying tone, "and when he knows I'm in a hurry. He won't even buy a dozen eggs in an emergency anywhere but at the Economy because he works there. Old Mr. Clayton pays such an andable person to work for and Dick gets small wages, but he insists upon buying every penny's worth of groceries there."

"Now, Martha, you let that boy alone," said Mr. James Ridge casting aside his newspaper to look after his thirteen-year-old nephew racing past the convenient grocery far down the street to the one where he worked, to do his mother's errand. "I've been watching him since I've been here, and that boy has unconsciously caught an important idea in the business world. He is loyal to the firm for which he works, though he is only an errand boy earning three dollars a week for working out of hours. I'm surprised that you don't encourage him. I'm always pleased when he tells about 'our store' and mentions the fact that in passing other groceries he sees articles not so good at higher prices."

"But, Uncle James," put in Ethel Madison who held a fine position in a bank down town, "if Mr. Clayton appreciated Dick or said a good word to him occasionally it would be different. Dick is looking for a better place because Mr. Clayton is such a grumbler, so I see no reason why he ought to be loyal to him. You had better believe I don't go out of my way to say anything for Mr. Turner at the bank, for he is such a grouch. And the minute something better offers itself I'm going to take it."

"My dear girl, your brother Dick is miles ahead of you in business sense," said Mr. Ridge. "I hire a great many young people myself in our office and I'm very particular on the subject of loyalty. Usually our workers come from the country or small towns and we always ask them why they left their native place. If they tell us that the old home town was slow and stupid and the people there were behind the times we do not hire them unless short of help, and then only temporarily. But if, on the contrary, they dilate on the good points of the small place and modestly say they had gone as high as they could there and were forced to seek a wider field, then we feel reasonably certain that they will be worth something to us. Of course occasionally we are disappointed, but the young person who is loyal to his home, his town, his employer and to his profession is the one who will succeed. Very often some firm outbids us and takes away our boy, but we always send them away with a word of appreciation and our good wishes, for they have been loyal to us and they deserve that from our firm."

After Mr. Ridge had gone back to his paper Ethel sat thinking over what he had said. She remembered with a flush of shame how many times she had said little slighting things about the bank, because the president of it happened to be disagreeable at times. She also remembered that the few Thrift Stamps she had been able to purchase had not been bought through "our bank" as Dick would have said.

"There are your eggs, bigger and fresher than the Bee Hive carries," said Dick coming in at that instant, with an important air. "Our store is very particular about the freshness of the eggs we buy, and though they cost a cent more a dozen they are worth it, and I thought you'd rather wait than to run the risk of getting stale ones."

"I certainly would, son," said Mrs. Madison heartily. "And I'm glad to have a grocery clerk in the family who can keep an eye open for bargains. I've been looking back since you left and I'm pretty sure you've saved us a good many cents on our groceries this week by your care in choosing the right things and watching for bargains. Mrs. Slocum is going to deal at the Economy from this on, because she says we always get better things than she does and it's worth the walk down there to hunt for bargains."

"Is that so?" cried Dick with glowing cheeks. "I'll tell Mr. Clayton about her to-morrow morning. I wish I could bring in a dozen of the neighbors just to show that I'm no knocker."

Dick hurried up to his room to get ready for supper and Mr. Ridge hardly waited until the door was closed after him to say: Do you see that? That boy has the making of a business man in him. And, Martha, you're improving wonderfully. Your word of praise is worth more than a reproof because he took the extra time."

"I hope the next time you come to visit with us you will be able to say a good word for me, too, Uncle James," said Ethel. "I'm going to begin at once to be loyal to 'our bank' and take lessons from Dick in that line."—Hilda Richmond.

A DAFFODIL'S SERMON

"O Daffy-down-dilly, the air is so chilly
How can you keep warm, you bright little thing?"
"O, is it so chilly?" said Daffy-down-dilly;
"I thought it was warm, for you know it is spring.
If I should once shiver, the lillies would quiver;
The birds then would see us, and they would not sing.
My heart is not chilly," said Daffy-down-dilly,
"And that is the reason I think it is spring."

—St. Nicholas.

No matter how deep-rooted the corn or wart may be, it must yield to Holloway's Corn Cure if used as directed.

INVIDIOUS DISTINCTION

A colored sentinel challenged another colored soldier who seemed to be carrying something inside the lines.

"Who goes there?" he asked.

"Lieutenant with a jug o' gin," was the answer.

"Pass, Lieutenant! Halt, gin!" commanded the sentry.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"GRANNY'S" TRIBUTE

The Rev. Mr. Lawrence had boarded for so long a time with the Granby family that when he was obliged to remove to a new field of labor, the family keenly felt his loss.

"The best pastor we've ever had in this town," declared Father Granby, heartily. "I don't expect to see his equal again."

"Such good company," said Mother Granby; "and so sympathetic if the least thing went wrong."

"He was the easiest man to cook for I ever knew," contributed Aunt Ann. "He was always satisfied with what he had to eat, and he never grumbled."

"He had such a serene disposition," sighed Sister Laura. "He brought an atmosphere of peace whenever he came into the house."

"Granny" Granby, in her corner by the fireplace, shook her head dolefully as she added her tribute of affection.

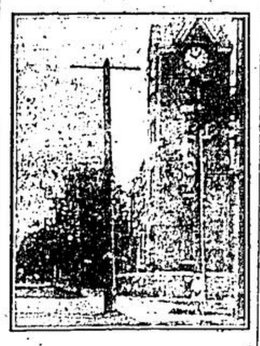
"I'll miss him dreffully," she mourned. "He was the best hand at ketching moth millers ever I did see."

THRIFT

"A city should be conducted as thriftily as a Scotch household," says Mayor Mitchel, of New York to a Washington Star reporter. "You know, of course, the kind of Scotch household I mean—the kind where the father, setting forth on a fortnight's business trip, says in the hall:

"'Good-bye, all, and, Kathleen, dinna forget to mak' leetle Dugald tak' his glasses aff when he's na lookin' at anything.'"

THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK TOWER



For the first time in all my long existence it begins to look as if I was going to be cut short in some of the things that have always had an honored place on our family bill of fare. I have survived the high cost of meats and been able so far to get enough for a morsel, as often as was good for me, throughout the entire high price period. I was also able to purchase all the bread I required. Now two other commodities, if they continue as at present, are about to soar to a point where all I can do is "dream" about them. Eggs are one of the luxuries I refer to. They have been very normal in price lately, but for some reason they seem to be going up again. It used to be when I was a boy at home on the farm that as the warm weather approached and Easter came near, the hens laid more eggs, and they consequently got cheaper. But with daylight saving and all the hubbub nowadays the hens seem to have become reversed to the usual order, and as warm weather approaches the price of eggs ascends instead of descending. I can't figure it out. All I know is that my allowance on this delicacy is suffering, and I don't know whether to confound the hens or the government. Somebody's to blame. However, candy eggs seem fairly plentiful, and not so high priced. Easter may after all, have to be camouflaged with these substitutes. The other necessity that seems to be slipping out of reach of my pocketbook is butter. It too has gone far kept within my reach. Last Saturday when I went to get my modest weekly supply, however, I got staggered. Jimminy Mackerell wasn't that some jump in price. Sixty-two cents, and the storekeeper apologized for taking it, but I didn't blame the poor fellow. I paid for one little cake (as we were having company over the week-end) and the rest of the allowance was spent for Margarine. I don't like it as well as butter, but I can get along on it. I'll have to, that's all. My, oh, My, if the people responsible would only read this column and take it to heart the way they have some of the suggestions offered, I am sure the price of these articles would be placed where an ordinary person might reach them.

Some of the corners and hanging-out places this week certainly resembled election week. You know the election I refer to—the one last January. The law was "laid down" with gesture and strong language. I watched and listened for a while and then took the liberty of "butting in" on one of these occasions. And it was the Fire Brigade that was under discussion. I listened to the outpour of complaint and then I connected the report of the Council doings of last week and finally came to see what all the row was about. I hadn't seen any harm in what had transpired at the session of our town fathers. Fact of this matter is, I considered the action taken regarding the Fire Brigade a fine move. I thought the stand taken by them was for the very best interests of the town. There was a thing or two in this argument that the "kickers" did seem justified in, but they were trivial. I also overheard that we were without a Fire Brigade. This was truly deplorable, but I know blamed well that with my neighbor, Murray McDonald, at the head of this organization as chief, that state of affairs couldn't last long. The Council assuming jurisdiction over the Fire Brigade has seemingly caused a very violent upheaval, but it is calming down and all will see that in the end this procedure will be for the best interests of both firemen and ratepayers.

There aren't many citizens now around town that will follow me back to 1872 when Drum-Major Davey gathered up that collection of worn-out musical instruments and started what we have always been proud of as Acton Citizens' Band. If my memory serves me right our esteemed citizen, Mr. J. C. Hill, was at that time appointed leader. The poor old Drum-Major had his failing and wasn't able to overcome it for the best interests of the band. The other officer has been more than faithful, and it now looks as if through all the years he has worked for this organization there are few left who will take interest enough to second his efforts. It seems ages (and it is) since I have heard this band practising or making ready for public appearance. I don't think they have had the heartiest co-operation in the way of municipal grants, etc., as they deserved. They never seemed to call for this assistance any more than was absolutely necessary. I enjoyed their music last November 11. I never had music enough about me to be a real bandsman, but I sure would like to see a band concert one evening in the week on that band stand by the town hall. They've fixed the squeak in the windmill; an organization is going to put a new flag on the town hall, and now won't some one please stir up matters in the band and satisfy this latest whim of mine. I'll hold music, or be torch-boy, or carry an instrument easy or do most anything I can to help, but I can't make music come out of a horn or lead a band. But let's have some real old-time band concerts and a Citizens' Band once more.

A BRITISH SOLDIERS' RECORD

The Military Funeral of Sergt-Major Hooker, Brother of Mrs. Edgar Steele, Acton

We and Exeter Gazette gives the following particulars of the military funeral of the late Sergt-Major Hooker, brother of Mrs. Edgar Steele, Dawson Avenue:

The funeral took place at Ottery St. Mary, on Wednesday afternoon, of the late Regimental Sergt.-Major Edward Vezey Hooker, who died, after a short illness, at the early age of 43. The deceased was a smart soldier, and was greatly respected locally, where he was at one time in charge of B Squadron, Royal 1st Devon Yeomanry. He was sent home from Ireland about a month ago on sick leave, having strained his heart while training, and, despite constant medical care and devoted attention, he gradually grew worse, and passed away as stated above. Joining the army at the age of 21, he was posted to the 4th Hussars, and went to India with that regiment in the following year. He was nine years in the East, where he was promoted to Rough Riding Sergeant, and went from there with the regiment to South Africa. In 1906 he was sent home to the Cavalry School for a course on equitation, pioneering, riding, etc. He returned to Africa; he came back again to England in 1908 to go through a course of physical culture at Aldershot. On the return of his regiment in 1909 to Colchester, he was promoted Sergeant-Major and Instructor of Fencing and Gymnasium. He went with the regiment to Ireland in 1911, and was then appointed to the Permanent Staff of the Royal 1st Devon Yeomanry, to Headquarters of B Squadron at Ottery St. Mary. He mobilized the Squadron in August, 1914, and was with the 1st R. Devons on the East Coast till March, 1915, when the regiment left for the Dardanelles Sergt-Major Hooker then assisted in training the second regiment and later on the third. Promoted to Regimental-Sergeant-Major in 1916, he was then sent to the Permanent Staff of the South Irish Horse, to which regiment he was attached at the time of his death. In 1910 he gained the Distinguished Certificate for musketry at Hythe, and in 1913 was presented with the Long-Service and Good Conduct Medal. He won numerous prizes for riding, jumping, etc., and was chosen in regimental teams.

The funeral was a military one, the deceased being borne to his last resting-place on the shoulders of a detachment from the Higher Barracks, Exeter, in charge of Corpl. Moon. The coffin was covered with the Union Jack, on which rested the deceased's cap and sword. An interesting point connected with this is that the Union Jack used was the same one which was used at the funeral of the late Lord Roberts, being kindly lent for the occasion by a gentleman at Exmouth.

The chief mourners were Mrs. Hooker (widow), Corpl. R. E. Evans, H.A.C., (brother-in-law) Mr. E. Evans (father-in-law), Mrs. Wischusen (sister-in-law), Mrs. Wagland and Mrs. Selman. Others present were Major R. Coleridge, in command of the Administrative Centre, 4th Devons, Exeter; Second-Lieut. Parker, Second-Lieut. E. R. F. Colsberd, R. S. M. Wildgoose, C. S. M. Davy, C. Q. M. S. Cooper, Sergt. Grantfield, Corpls. Snelgrove and Cox, and Lnc.-Corpl. Baker, of the 1st V.B. Devon Regiment, and Corpl. J. Wood, of the Devonshire Regiment. The deceased's regiment, the South Irish Horse, was represented by R. Sr. M. R. W. Smith (medals South Africa, Mons and Long Service), Sergt.-Major T. Butcher (South Africa and Long Service), and Sergt. G. Evans (Mons). The Colonel of the 4th Hussars sent a letter regretting his inability to send a detachment, owing to the national crisis.

The firing party was under the command of C. S. M. Manley, and was furnished by the Ottery St. Mary Platoon of the 1st V.B. Devon Regiment.

As the funeral party entered the church, Chopin's "Marche Funebre" was played on the organ by Corpl. S. Chipperfield, and at the close of the service the Dead March from "Saul" was rendered. At the conclusion of the service in the churchyard, which was impressively conducted by the Vicar, the Rev. J. W. Metcalfe, and witnessed by a large concourse of people, three volleys were fired by the firing party, and the "Last Post," was sounded.

Some beautiful floral tributes were sent by the widow; Corpl. Evans; Mr. and Mrs. Evans; Mrs. Wischusen; Major and Mrs. Coleridge; officers and men South Irish Horse; Sergeants' Mess, South Irish Horse; Lieut. Colsberd; 1st A. M. Saddler, R.F.C.; Miss Hellins; Mrs. Birch; Madame La Guerre; Mrs. and Miss Gray; Miss Edwards; Peggy Howson; Mrs. Snooks and family and Miss Prigg.

WHO'S GOT THE BUTTON?

The minister's wife was very busily engaged one afternoon mending the family clothes when a neighbor called for a friendly chat. After a few moments of news and gossip the caller remarked as she began to inspect a basket of buttons.

"You seem to be unusually well supplied with buttons of all kinds. Why there's one like my husband had on his last winter's suit."

"Indeed!" said the minister's wife, with a sigh. "Well all the buttons were found in the contribution box so I thought I might as well make some use of them. What must you go? Well, good-bye, come again, soon."

THE BESETTING SIN

The besetting sin of trade to-day is lying. There are so many ways in business in which a man can lie, systematically, epigrammatically and even impudently. He can keep his mouth in trim in the church and be enough like an angel sign or in an advertisement to rival an Ananias. "Manufacturer's cost bought at 25c on the dollar" goes up in great red letters in the front of a store where a few parcels of goods bought at auction give the only excuse for the extra expenditure in sign writing. "Must be sold, owing up business," and the sign gets hoary and gaunt with the rain, snow and frost until the winds blow the lie out of the frame. "At less than cost" announces the intention of the enterprising dealer to give away other people's money, and yet how much of the goods are sold at less than invoice price? "Fire! Fire! Fire!" thrills the pedestrian and brings him to a halt before a store upon which the scaff of fire has not passed, but which may have secured a few cases of damaged goods to give it a chance to raise this hue and cry. "We must do as others do" is made the excuse for wanton and deliberate falsehood. One of the most successful merchants in this country stated some years ago as one of the first principles of his commercial life, "Buy the truth and sell it not." In spite of the odds against him of unscrupulous competition, he made a fortune selling goods on this basis. The men who swivel around about "trade lies" and take the sacrament in spite of the fact that they are cheats, will one day find that lies like chickens come home to roost.—Solomon in Shoe and Leather Journal.

WHAT HE WAS WONDERING

An Irishman having sustained a slight injury through falling off a ladder that had a defective rung, employed a lawyer to obtain compensation for him. He won his case in court, but to his surprise, the legal fees came to two-thirds of the amount awarded, which made Mickey scratch his head and say to his lawyer, "I'm just wonderin." "Wondering what?" the lawyer asked. "Whether it was you or me that fell off the ladder!" replied Mickey.

FORGET IT

People who are in a hurry to tell disquieting news or to say something that will make someone uncomfortable are quite numerous. For such there is excellent advice in the following lines:

If you know a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile or the least way annoy
A fellow, or cause gladness to cloy
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

SCIENTIFIC

Professor—You say you are engaged in some original research. Upon what subject?

Sophomore—I'm trying to discover why the ink won't flow from my fountain pen unless I place it in an upright position in the pocket of a light fancy vest.

"IT HELPS TO MAKE THINGS HAPPIER"

Grace Henderson is the last person in the world to whom I should like to offer an apology, no matter how much in the wrong I might be," said one of a company of young girls who were discussing a recent disagreement, and possible reconciliation, between two of their mates. "With Grace it seems that a full confession of fault in another only reminds her more forcibly of what she is pleased to consider her grievance in the affair, instead of making her try to think whether or not she herself might have had some little part in the wrong, as nearly every one does when the one they have disagreed with is honest enough to acknowledge her error."

"Yes, I've noticed that in Grace, too," said one of the others thoughtfully. "Surely it's hard enough to acknowledge one's self in the wrong without having their confession met in a patronizing way and appropriated as an occasion to further impress upon one the magnitude of their fault. That's Grace's way of meeting an apology, every time, and it's neither generous nor kind, according to my way of thinking. I have to admit a disagreement in which one is entirely to blame, and nearly every one can recall some point in which they might have been kinder, or less self-willed, especially when the other is repentant enough to apologize. It helps to make things happier all around to say, 'I was at fault, too, and I'm sorry'."

Surely there is something in the heart not quite right when we cannot accept an apology from another generously and in a spirit that makes the apologizing one feel that she is glad of the reconciliation.

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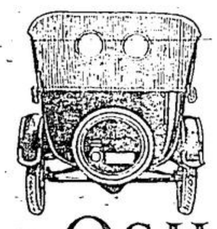

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EDITORIAL TROUBLES

We begin the publication ov the "Rocky Mountain Cyclone" with some phew difficulties in the way. The type phounder phrom whom we bought our outphit phor this printing office phailed to supply us with any ephs or ess' it will be phor or phive weeks bephore we can get any. We have ordered the missing letters, and will have to get along without them till they come. We don't hope the boxx oph this spelling any better than our readers; but mistaix will happen in the best ov regulated phamilies, and, iph the ephs and cs and xs and qs hold out, we shall ceep (sound the c hard) the "Cyclone" whirling aphter a phashion till the sorts arrive.—Sel.

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Comfort Lye is a very powerful cleanser. It is used for cleaning up the oldest and hardest dirt, grease, etc.
Comfort Lye is fine for making sinks, drains and closets sweet and clean
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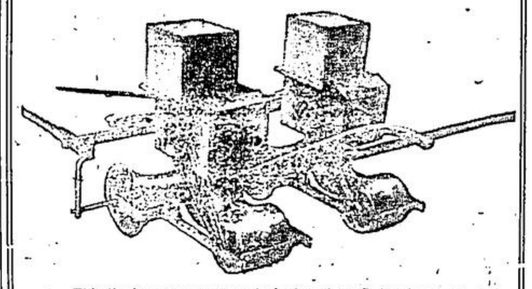
Hemme's Latest Seeder



This Seeder saves a great deal of seed and labor by planting it where you want it only, in furrow made by steel disc, which turns, and does not clog or trail seed. Will sow tape, turnips, carrots, onions, cabbage, sugar beets, mangels, cucumber, sugar cane, corn or any other kind of seed, dropping seed in this manner . . . . . or . . . . . this method of seeding saves a great deal of seed and labor, also spreading fertilizer as much as you like around the seed. This Seeder is sold either with or without fertilizer attachment, also fits on nearly every Seeder already in use. Pays for itself on one or two acres by increasing the crop. Manufactured, guaranteed and sold by A. Hemme & Sons, Dublin, Ont. Send to-day for free information and special price list to CHARLES E. PARKER, Agent, Acton.

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OUR PRICE FOR BUTER FAT IS 2C HIGHER THIS WEEK
Any Quantity of New Laid Eggs Purchased
We are starting a rig on the road for collecting Cream. Anyone desiring us to call for cream Phone or notify us by mail.
Acton Creamery Co.
WILLOW STREET - Opposite Government Building

An Easy Snowy Wash

ACTUAL SIZE—the "Bigger Bar"

It's the work of Comfort Soap—for 25 years Canada's biggest seller. Its big chunky bar means no waste—it's the biggest and best soap for the money in Canada. There's no need to experiment—trust in Comfort.

"It's All Right"

PUGSLEY, DINGMAN & CO., LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT

BORROWING AT HOME INSTEAD OF GOING ABROAD

Canada having, during the last two years of the war, demonstrated her ability to finance herself, it is now expected, both at home and abroad that she will continue to do so. London advices say that she is expected to meet loans falling due there this year and that Canadians residing there admit that this should be done, in addition to the financing of the Dominion's growing foreign trade.

Canadian opinion also pretty generally agrees that it is in the interest of the country that this should be done. There is a feeling that while some borrowing may have to be done abroad, still the less that is done, the better for Canada. Indeed the wisdom of converting Canada from a borrowing into a lending nation is so manifest that there is a general demand that this be done.

War Savings Stamps are a step in this direction, for through their sale funds are placed in the hands of the Dominion Government. In other words this means that, instead of borrowing in London and New York, the Government is trying to get at home the funds it needs. It has also arranged that any person having $4 may thus lend it to the Government, which pays 4½ per cent. compounded half-yearly