The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1920

OLD MOTHERS

I love old mothers—mothers with white hair,
And kindly eyes, and lips prown softly
Sweet
With unspoyed blessing over sleeping babes.
There is something in their quiet
Speech
That speaks of the calm of Sabbath afternoons;
A knowledge of their deep, unfaltering eyes
That far outstretches all philosophy.
Time, with caressing touch, about them weaves
The silver-threaded fairy shawl of age,
While all the echoes of forgotten songs
Room joined do lend a sweetness to their speech.
Old mothers!—as they pass with slow-timed step
Their trembling hands cling gently to youth's strength;
Sweet mothers!—as they pass, one
Now, again
Old garden walks, old roses and old
Loves.

—Exchange.

A RAINY DAY STORY

There was a great rustling and stamping and slamming of doors in the basement. Mrs. Jewett, who was visiting the Lawrences, looked up from her work and exclaimed: "What can that be?"

"Only May coming in from school," answered Mrs. Lawrence with a smile. "She can make as much noise on a rainy day as any boy."

Even so it proved. In a few minutes up came May, face wet and glowing from encounter with wind and rain, crimps which had ceased to be crimpy, skirts pinned up, waterproof and rubber boots in hand. "Here I am, mamsan," she cried.

"Did you get wet, May?"

"No, indeed; I couldn't, all bundled up so. It was fun. I don't see what people did, though, before the days of waterproofs. The children must have stayed at home on stormy days, of course."

"Do you think so?" asked grandma from her corner. "I never did, for one. When I was four years old, I went to a district school two miles away, but I think I was scarcely ever absent in summer, rain or shine."

"O, what a brave little grandma!" cried May, curling down on the rug before the fire. "Tell me how you managed it; please do. I should think you must have taken cold, getting so wet."

"We had a way," said her grandmother. "You know, few children ever wore shoes and stockings then, except to church; but as we were the minister's family, our mother thought it proper that we should wear them. When the roads were muddy, however, or very dusty we used to roll up shoes and stockings in a bundle with a towel or two, and trot along in our bare feet to school. It wouldn't do to roll such expensive things as shoes, for one pair had to last a year, at least, and then be handed over to the next younger child. The older boys and girls would take turns in carrying the little ones over hard places, and a two-mile walk was not much for country children. Then, when we reached the schoolhouse, we would wipe our feet on the towels, put on our stockings and shoes, and be all right again. When it really snowed or rained, the fun was better still. If we were caught in a storm, our great tip cart, with a load of bedquilts, would be seen driving up, about the time for school to close. 'Come, children, in with you!' would be the cry; and we, five or six of us, with perhaps twice the number of neighbors' children, would stow ourselves away upon the quilt in the bottom of the cart, have one or two 'comforters' spread over us and tucked in at the sides, and then set off for home. What frolics and giggling there would be in the dark, under those quilts, as the old cart jolted over the stones and shook us all together in a merry heap! Along the way we would stop at this house or that; the ends of the quilt would be lifted, and out would crawl some rumpled little traveller. When at last we were at home again, the hired man would take us out—quilts, children, and all, in a squirming bundle—and deposit us on the kitchen floor, to straighten ourselves as best we could. It was better fun than you get in these days, May," ended grandma, laughing heartily at the recollection.

May laughed, too, as she answered, jumping up: "I declare, grandma, you make me wish I'd been a centennial girl."—Illinois Christian Weekly.

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE

When God gives man a wife and six children he has done a lot for a fellow, but when He gives him a society woman and a poodle dog, he has done him up. These society women look upon children as a nuisance. I wouldn't give one sock darning woman for all the society women in the country. Between cutting off the top of their dresses for the ball room, and the bottom for the bicycle these society women will soon not have any clothes. A man said to a society woman: "I hope I may see more of you." She then said: "Come to the ball tonight." You older sisters wear high collars round your necks—they are modest and comely, but deliver me from society women who button their collars around their waists.—Exchange.

ENGLISH TO BE THE WORLD LANGUAGE

In reply to the question addressed by the Northern Peace Society to prominent linguists in various countries as to which language would be the most suitable for world-wide use, M. Carnoy, professor of Louvain University, writes:

"English would undoubtedly be the most suitable. The German and the French languages have lost their place through the war. The English language is a hospitalbe one, being a kind of compromise between the Latin and Germanic tongues; also it is simple and is spoken by most progressive nations of the world, and has one of the most beautiful literatures of modern times."

DRINK A MENACE TO LABOR

Mr. H. T. Boote, Editor of the Sydney (New South Wales) Worker, recently affirmed his belief in the necessity of sobriety for workmen in the following words:

Drink is an evil that injures the workers more than anything else. We are not so ignorant of the principles of economic causation as to imagine that sobriety in itself can save the working class. But we are perfectly certain that they can't be saved without sobriety; and that a monopoly which grows richer the more it bemuddles the brains of working men is a serious danger to the cause of labor and the progress of the world.

HAD HIS WAY

"I'll just scream if you attempt to kiss me," said the sweet young thing.

"But I don't want you to scream," replied the young man.

"You don't want me to scream?"

"No."

"Oh, very well. That's like a man. You're bound to have your own way."

THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK TOWER

I came up Mill Street the other morning and, when I got along there were Random Adams used to live I almost felt lost. The surroundings were so changed since I'd been up that far last time that I really didn't know where I was. The unfamiliar aspect was caused by the removal of the picket fence surrounding Sunderland Villa, now known as "Acton Soldiers' Memorial Home, on both the Mill Street and the John Street frontages. When I got my bearings my old mind wandered back to the time when Tom Elbage built that fine fence for my old friend, William Healop Storey. That was, let me see, away back before any of those overseas soldiers were born. It was, yes, forty or forty-one years ago this summer that that fence was built. What pride W. H. had in it, with his splendid new residence—at that time the finest in the county—as an attractive background. It was always kept painted white, and with the large turned tops and heavy bevelled cappings it made a handsome fence, indeed. Some of us remember how angry Mr. Storey was on the morning of November 1, 1880, when he went out and found that the Hallowe'en pranksters had knocked off every turned top at the corners and gateways. There'd surely have been "things doin'" if he could have gotten hold of the guilty young folks. He had no use for wanton damage to any person's property, but this fine fence was to him like the "apple of his eye." Well, it passed over, but said to relate, nearly every Hallowe'en since has seen those tops go off. It may have been fun for the succeeding generations of young hoodlums; but it showed a foolish spirit of destructiveness, which was never admired by us old chaps. And it is really over forty years since I saw that fence go up. And I was plowing and harrowing years and years before that. Say, there's no use my trying ever to think or persuade anybody else that I'm not an old man. Yes, and, let me see, why, when I count it up I believe it's twenty, yes, it's twenty-two years last March, since we laid W. H. to tenderly away in his family plot in Fairview Cemetery. How he loved that spot, and how he fought for it as Reeve of Acton, year after year, against strong opposition. Twenty-two years since Mr. Storey left us. Not many of us will leave such a gap in Acton when we're called to the long home. Well, here I go again. I get lost in my reveries of those good old past days. I must try and get back to present days again. Let the soldiers have the fence down. They mean well. That pretty lawn at the Storey place, with its evergreens and appletrees will make a pretty little park, and with benches and settees scattered about under the shady places, and with the fences down, I'm sure a lot of us old fellows, and no doubt many of the young folks will really feel tempted to cross the velvety greensward the soldiers are going to have there, and take a seat and rest awhile on a hot summer day or a pleasant evening.

Days of my youth, ye have glided
away;
Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and
gray;
Eyes of my youth, their keen sight is
no more;
Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrowed
all o'er;
Thoughts of my youth, all your visions are flown;
Strength of my youth, all your vigor
is gone.

Days of my age, ye will shortly be
passed;
Pains of my age, yet awhile can ye
last;
Thoughts of my age, in true wisdom
delight;
Eyes of my age, be religion your
light;
Thoughts of my age, dread not the
cold sod;
Eyes of my age, be fixed on your God.

I saw that old fence advertised for sale in the Free Press a couple of weeks ago. They tell me that Jimmie Moore of Crewsons Corners bought it, and teamed it to his farm last Saturday, and now it will adorn "Mount Pleasant Farm's" front lawn. With a coat of paint it'll be good as new and perhaps some of us old folks will walk up there in the summer time to see Jimmie's new old fence.

Before I really get started on this high cost of living question I'm beginning to wish I had promised you something lighter—something more on the frivolous, go-ahead and spend every blamed cent you've got and not worry where more is coming from style. But there now, to and behold you, if I haven't given you what I consider one of the reasons for H. C. L. right away. We've all rather got the habit of never asking what the price of anything is any more. If something we want should be a little lower than when we got it before, we kind of think there's something wrong with it, and say, "Haven't you something of a little better quality?" Half of us don't know anything about quality any way. Quality depends on the price. Isn't that true? Own up like rare old sports, every last one of you.

These are rather rocky times. If you don't buy to-day, dear knows what the price will be to-morrow. If you don't need it now, you are cajoled into buying and putting away for future use. If you go spend the maxuma like a maniac, and get everything you want, don't want now, and dear knows when you will want, you are called unthrifty, and a lot of other things. I know you, me and everybody else are all in a funny fix. Read the advertisements of any publication and you are urged to buy. Read the editorials and you are urged to save. Which is a fellow going to believe? But, I be jiggered, if I don't believe most every one is believing the advertisements.

I saw a funny cartoon the other day in either the Rockwood Reporter or the New York Herald. I can't remember which. A lot of us more men were labelled with signs depicting us as "Capital," "Labor," "Middleman," etc., and we were playing that old-fashioned game of "ring-around-Rosy." Each was grabbing after the dollar the one ahead of him held in his hand. Underneath were the words, "When will they get dizzy?" And that's just what we all want to know. "When will they get dizzy" "When will the guy who started the rise in prices get tired bouting jhein and the other fellow trying to keep up."

Some people say labor is doing it by high wages, shorter hours, etc. Home blame it on the farmer. Home on the profiteer (whoever the mischief he is.) Everyone's a little to blame. During the war big money was made by most everyone except me. There was a shortage of everything while war supplies were being made. Now everyone thinks they should make just as much money, and in order to keep up the demand for all that must be being produced we are urged to buy to the limit. The big question is, when will the smash come? We simply can't continue more than a hundred years at the rate we're tearing off now.

And now, my good friends, I trust I have befuddled more than over the question of the high cost of living. I don't know if what I have said is plain to even myself, and after Mary read it over she said it was the word "mess" I had ever written, and she has just finished sobbing what the reason for the high cost of living really is. But I'll be hanged if I am any the wiser even after we have both threshed it out. My advice is don't dwell too much on the subject. Life, Spiritualism, Christian Science and a lot of other "deep" subjects, you might be driven dippy if you ponder on them too much.

And now a few paragraphs more of Main Street's history. The fine brick residence of Mr. James H. Reid, at the corner of Mill and River Streets, occupied part of the site of John Holt's old woollen mill. It was built by Richard Hamilton, one of the best carpenters Acton ever had. He built it for his own residence about fifty years ago. He previously built the residence on Fairview Avenue, near Fairview Cemetery. After living there for a short time he sold that house to David Williamson, who lived there from shortly after his marriage, until he went over to the Malcolm McPherson farm in Nassagaweya. Richard Hamilton lived in the brick house a good many years. His expert carpenter work won for him a reputation and he was employed for years at the tanneries building vats and leaches. The late George Beardmore Sr., grandfather of our Mr. Torrance and Mr. Gordon Beardmore, thought no one in the community could put in vats equal to Richard Hamilton. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton's only daughter—only child in fact—married Mr. C. H. Walker, manufacturer, Erin village, and the family sold out their interests in Acton and moved to Erin. Mr. Hamilton went into the grocery business there and continued until his death.

Mr. Josiah Royce, of Erin, purchased the property and lived there a number of years, when he passed away. His daughter, Mrs. Orr, resided there for a time. When Mr. James H. Reid, retired from farming and decided to settle in Acton, he bought this place and it has been his home for quite a number of years.

Crossing River Street, which was opened when Acton Plow Company's works were built, we come to the Acton creek. The source of this splendid stream is the spring on the third line, a little over a mile to the north, where it comes from the rock. The creek flows through the Fairgrounds property, supplying their trout ponds and hatchery, as well as their splendid bungalow and superintendent's residence. It comes on down through Mr. Switzer's, Mr. McPherson's, Mr. Melvor's and Mr. Robert Wallace's properties, and then forms Corporation Pond, a mill privilege first used for the old Holt Woollen Mill, and now owned by the corporation. Thence it passes through Fairview Place, the Smith property, across Main Street, one or two lots, and into Fairy Lake, which covers an extent of eighty-eight acres, forming a peninsula of the public park, and thence through the Old Mill and on across Main Street again to the mammoth tanneries of the Beardmore interests, the largest in the British empire, which it supplies with splendid water for tanning purposes. This Acton stream was always a splendid trout stream. Many a trout have I caught in the bed of the creek when it meandered among the willows, where the Lower house, skating rink and River Street are now located. Many a dozen speckled beauties have I seen Jim Wilds land with his hands from under the sod banks below the Main Street bridge. Many a crosiful did Mike Speight, Edward Nicklin, Jim Matthews, and Frank Taylor catch in the big mill pond from flat-bottomed boats or log rafts. "Them was the good old days," so far as trout-fishing was concerned in Acton.

Good-bye,

THE OLD MAN.

HE APPRECIATED THE COMPLIMENT

An old lady who was a friend of the poet Whittier tells the following story:

At one time, when his birthday was being publicly celebrated, he had as a guest, Mrs. Julia Houston West, then the most celebrated oratorio singer in America. After the dinner Whittier asked her to sing. She chose for her selection the ballad Robin Adair, which she sang with great pathos and feeling. Hardly had she begun the song when Whittiers' pet dog came into the room, walked over close to her side and stared up at her with every expression of delight. When she had finished, he lifted his paw to shake hands, and then, leaping up, he licked her cheek.

"His name is also Robin Adair," explained Mr. Whittier, "so he takes that song as a tribute to himself."

And very evidently he did. From that moment he devoted himself to Mrs. West, hardly leaving her side, indoors or out, during her visit; and when she went away, he carried her travelling bag in his mouth as far as the carriage, and showed his sorrow over her departure in every way that a dog could.—Selected.

HOW HE DOES IT

An obedient husband, not far from Sydney, was objecting a short time ago to do certain work about the household, and quoted Scripture texts to his wife, showing that the household duties should properly be assigned to the woman. The good wife had been trained in the Ladies' Auxiliary of our Young Men's Christian Association; and she quickly replied by reading to her astonished liege 2 Kings xxi. 13: "I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it, and turning it upside down." That husband, without a murmur, has wiped the dishes ever since.

PROBABLY DOGFISH

Blank had had a day off, and when he returned to the office the following morning his pals wanted to know why he looked so disgruntled.

"Everything went wrong!" grumbled Blank.

"How was that?" one asked.

"Ever go fishing with a girl?"

"Once."

"Did she protest against hurting the fish?"

"No. She said she was sure they were perfectly happy, because they were all wagging their tails."—London Tit-Bits.

CHEAP AT THE PRICE

"Look here, Doctor, that bill you sent me was rather large."

"But think what I saved you by telling your wife she shouldn't go to Florida this winter."

Get the boy interested in the pure bred stock business. Buy a calf for him and let him care for it and fit it for the Fall Fair.

THE BORROWING NEIGHBOR

"Our new neighbors been over today?" asked Jerome Barton of his wife.

"Yes, twice," replied his rather reserved and uncommunicative helpmeet, and her lips met close and she declined to further discuss the subject.

Martha Barton was not so reticent, however, with her widowed sister who lived with them. When Mrs. Dysart propounded the same query, adding: "And what did they come over for this time?" Mrs. Barton replied:

"Why, it was the daughter who came—she had run out of mustard."

"Borrowing again, as usual? Tell you, Martha, to my way of thinking those Thorpes are becoming a nuisance."

"Don't be uncharitable, Anna," chided Mrs. Barton gently. "I like the girl, she is so pretty and modest. I fancy her mother is a confirmed invalid. The father seems to be away in the city most of the time. I understand he has a law suit there, and he can't be earning anything, for they live very poorly."

"They must be!" observed Mrs. Dysart in her snappy, censorious way. "To my certain knowledge they have been over here on a borrowing expedition every day since they moved here a week ago."

"Perhaps," admitted Mr. Barton quietly, "I imagine they have few supplies and little money. I told the girl Crystal that I would get over to call on her mother soon as my week's baking was done."

"And part over half of it, I suppose—your usual way!"

"Perhaps," again replied Mrs. Barton. She knew how to do things gracefully, and she did not make her neighbors feel under obligations when she went over to the Thorpe home two days later, and told how inconvenient it always was when a person moved, how difficult to become familiar with a new routine. She carried with her a freshly baked loaf and some cookies and doughnuts wrapped up in a towel. Then as she saw how pale and ill Mrs. Thorpe looked, she abruptly recalled that everything that her daughter had borrowed had been articles for that mother's comfort.

Mrs. Thorpe sent her little son to Mrs. Barton before the week was out, asking her to come and see her. The daughter was absent and the mother had seized the occasion to see Mrs. Barton alone. With tears in her eyes she asked her to loan her two dollars until her husband returned, Saturday night. It meant a depletion of hoarded pin money of light volume, but with entire cheerfulness the kind-hearted Mrs. Barton contributed the amount asked for.

"We are in a very unfortunate condition," Mrs. Thorpe confessed, "but it can't last long. My husband for two years has been prosecuting a law suit he must certainly win, and a decision of the judge is expected any day now."

Mrs. Barton noticed Mr. Thorpe, a serious faced, dignified appearing old man, about the place over Sunday, and the next day the two dollars was returned with thanks. That week Adrian Barton, the son, came home from the city on his vacation. He had been working there for nearly a year and was not entirely satisfied with his success. His great ambition was to start in business for himself in a small way in automobile supplies and repairs, a line in which he was proficient, but his father could not spare the capital required, even for a limited experiment.

Naturally Adrian Barton met Crystal Thorpe, and quite as naturally they became mutually attracted. It was a royal week for the city tired young man, roving in the woods, fishing, boating, and he and "the neighbor's girl," as Mr. Barton designated Crystal, shared in these enjoyments. Mrs. Thorpe had again drawn upon her new friend for a few dollars, had been accommodated and Mrs. Barton learning the full details of the suit at law, became greatly interested in the fact, one day when Mrs. Thorpe told of a small amount of final fees needed in the suit her husband must pay, Mrs. Barton advanced the same.

Adrian met Mr. Thorpe when he returned to the city and called upon him. Adrian was free and open to confess to the father of Crystal that he had fallen in love with his daughter. Those two became close friends and one day both returned unexpectedly home.

It was to bring glad news. The suit of Mr. Thorpe, a large amount being at law, had been decided in the favor awarded him. His first move was to summon Mrs. Barton to his home.

"You have been a true friend," he said. "We have been troublesome borrowers, but now I am in the position of the lender. Dear madam, and true woman that you are, your son will tell you that he and I start in business next week as partners, with ample capital to insure success in our undertaking."

"And I hope that you will feel as happy as ourselves," added Mrs. Thorpe, "in knowing that your son and our daughter are engaged."

"Why! they've wound up by borrowing your sun!" observed Mrs. Dysart, upon hearing the news, but when Adrian and Crystal settled down a year later directly between the two homes, Mrs. Barton felt that her bread cast upon the waters had returned to her many-fold.—Marvin Drake Wharton.

HIS ONLY WANT

It was with high hopes that a commercial traveller called on a certain tradesman. They had never done business together before, but a friend had given him a good introduction.

"May I show you my samples, sir?" he asked, after they had exchanged greetings.

"Certainly!" said the tradesman affably. And from an insignificant bag the traveller produced a surprisingly large selection of articles. He pointed out their different merits, and then waited.

"Well, there's only one thing I want," said the tradesman, and the traveller beamed at the thought of opening a new account. He whipped out his notebook, and waited expectantly.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Well," was the reply, "I want to see how you're going to get all those samples back again into that little bag."

CHEERFULNESS PAYS

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn to tell a good story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room. Learn to keep your troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows. Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in the world keep the bad to yourself. No one cares to hear whether you have an earache, headache or rheumatism. Don't cry. Tears do well enough in novels, but they are out of place in real life. Learn to meet your friends with a smile, the good humored man is always welcome, but the dyspeptic or hypochondriac is not wanted anywhere and is a nuisance as well.

ALWAYS

"Edith is one of those girls whose interest in a man is governed by his wealth."

"I see; the greater the principal the greater the interest."—Boston Transcript.

Help Your Digestion
When acid-distressed, relieve the indigestion with
KI-MOIDS
Dissolve easily on tongue—as pleasant to take as candy. Keep your stomach sweet, try Ki-moids
MADE BY SCOTT & BOWNE
MAKERS OF SCOTT'S EMULSION
12-2a

NEW
Clipper Grinding Machine
T. J. SPEIGHT, Georgetown
Has installed a new machine for grinding clippers. Horse clippers, barbers' clippers, etc., ground and satisfaction guaranteed.
T. J. SPEIGHT, Georgetown.

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Auctioneer
LIVE STOCK, REAL ESTATE AND MERCHANDISE
Consolidated Phone Erin—ET 1-1
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E. K. Cook
See us For
LADIES' CASHMERE STOCKINGS
Reg. $1.25, for $1.15
MEN'S WINTER CAPS
$1.25
LADIES' KIMONA APRONS
85c
See us for Overalls and Work Shirts
Shoe Repairing a Specialty
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W. Philp
Teacher of Piano, Violin and Other String Instruments
ALSO PIPE ORGAN.
Will visit Acton on Wednesday of each week until further notice.
Pupils prepared for Conservatory Examinations. Messages left at Acton Free Press office will receive prompt attention.

A Cheaper Fuel
We Have on Hand a Car of Manufactured Coal Called
Boulets
This coal is made of hard coal screenings which is washed to remove all impurities and mixed with oil and pressed into oval shape, the size of a hen's egg.
These come well recommended by people who have used them and you owe it to yourself to try them and if you find satisfactory this will save you money.
One Half Ton for Trial Delivered $5.50
J. B. MacKenzie
ACTON - Yards - GEORGETOWN

EFFICIENCY THE

Miss ——, of Acton after completing her course at G. H. C. was located by them and in her pay found a (confidential increase) $3 bill per week more than she was hired for.

ARRANGE NOW FOR AFTER EASTER
Guelph Business College
Herald Building - Guelph
A. L. BOUCK - PRIN.

Boots & Shoes For Spring
Kenney Bros.
Have opened their new stock of best lines for Ladies and Gentlemen, Boys and Girls.
THE VINCIT MAKES IN OXFORDS
LATEST HIGH CUT BOOTS FOR LADIES' WEAR
FOR GENTLEMEN WE HAVE THE FINEST SPRING STYLES
We have not forgotten the durable well made Boots for hard work on the Farm, in the Factory, at the Quarry and the Kilns.
GOOD GOODS AND REASONABLE PRICES ARE OUR SPECIALTIES
Repairing promptly, neatly and durably done, both sewed and nailed Work.
Kenney Bros.
MAIN STREET - ACTON, ONT.

PLANT MORE TREES

Planting time is drawing nearer and it would be a pleasant sight this spring to see the residents of Acton engaged in setting out trees to add still further to the scenic grandeur of their beautiful town.

Much good work in tree planting has been done in the past, but there are many streets and vacant corners which could be vastly improved if a few trees were planted. The town council might begin around the town hall. The vicinity of that fine building badly needs looking after.

Trees are a source of beauty and happiness, and in this connection the Canadian Forestry Journal in discussing roadside trees points out their advantage and desirability as follows:

"Their advantages—As memorials to our soldiers and sailors; as making our highways and byways beautiful; as furnishing shade and preventing dust; as improving certain kinds of roads; as preventing growth of roadside weeds; as producing food for man, beast and bird.

"How to secure them—Reserving and protecting trees both young and old already growing. Planting young trees.

"Where to secure them—From the fields or woods; from reliable nurseries.

"Desirable and undesirable kinds—Desirable: long-lived, beautiful trees, such as oaks, elms, ashes and hard maples. Undesirables: short-lived, quick-growing trees, such as cottonwoods or soft maples."

TIPS TO HOUSEWIVES

The outer layers of grain are those which contain the vitamins so necessary for health.

Don't knead the left-over of pie crust too hard if you wish to make crisp tarts out of them.

Laces should be washed in milk and water, then "floated" clean and put away in blued flannel.

A pot roast should be browned on all sides in a hot pan before it is put into the pot for stewing.

Starch for the dark calicos should be made in the usual way, then add to it one pint of clear coffee.

When you see a very busy day ahead, plan a stew-in which your vegetables and meat can be cooked in the same pot.

A memorandum pad and pencil hung beside the pantry shelves is convenient for jotting down supplies which are needed.

WHAT THE SUN GIVES US

The cost of light per ounce has recently been worked out by Dr. Charles Davidson, of Greenwich Observatory. It takes an appalling amount of light to weigh an ounce, he says, and the cost, as supplied by gas and electric light companies, works out at something like $50,000,000.

The sun showers down on us 160 tons of this valuable stuff every day, says the doctor, yet we often neglect the free gift and prefer to pay $50,000,000 an ounce for a very much inferior quality.

If the sun charged us for this magnificent light at the same rate as the gas and electric light companies, we should have to pay $286,720,000,000,000 a day or about 105,000 million million dollars a year; but the sun does not charge—he gives it to us all without money and without price.

THE VALUE OF TIME

The retired Colonel was fishing in a quiet stream, when there approached a yokel, who remarked with a yawn:

"Time ain't very valuable to you, is it? Here I've bin a-watchin' you three hours an' you ain't had even a bite."

"Well," drawled the fisherman, "my time's too valuable, anyhow, to waste three hours of it watching a man fish that isn't getting even a bite."

Bear your own burdens first; after that try to help carry those of other people.—George Washington.

The Sole of a Shoe
is the part subject to the most wear. You will find the soles of all shoes repaired here to be made of the
BEST OAK TANNED LEATHER
Which means that in addition to style and comfort you get long wear out of the shoes repaired here. You could afford to pay a little more for such work, but we don't charge that little more. Our prices are as low as possible.
MAIN STREET ACTON
T. E. Gibbons

Save the surface and you save all Paint & Varnish
Add years to the life of your house

TIME was when the "appearance" of a freshly painted house was the only thing that counted, but now we must also realize the importance of the protection good paint affords against wear and tear. Any paint will give some protection, but if you want paint protection for years — not merely months—use
B-H PAINT
"English" 70% Pure White Lead
Brandram's Genuine B.B.
30% Pure White Zinc
100% Pure Paint
A 100% formula (70% of which is Brandram's Genuine B. B. White Lead) providing a coat of such body, brilliance and "toughness" as to defy rain, sun or snow, where cheaper paints will chip, peel and crack.
If your house is painted this Spring with B-H it actually has a surface-protection which renders it impervious to the decay of passing years.
You have the choice of 36 attractive colours as shown on color card which is supplied on application.
For Sale by
C. C. Speight
Acton - Ont.
BRANDRAM-HENDERSON

Assuring Your Business

A policy of advertising is a policy of life assurance, and the protection thus secured is well worth its annual cost.

Old customers die or move away---they must be replaced.

Old customers are subject to the influence of temptation---they may be induced to divide their custom---to do some of their shopping at a competitor's.

New comers to this community will shop with you---become regular customers---if they are invited to do so.

Your competitor's advertising is an influence which must be offset if you are to maintain your trade.

Not to advertise regularly to the readers of the ACTON FREE PRESS is to leave your business unprotected.

A WORD TO THE PUBLIC

It is no sign of weakness to follow the lead of advertising. You owe it to yourself to get all you can for your money, the best goods and the best service. And if you find that your inclination is to shop where you are invted to shop rather than to continue being a customer of a shop which never solicits your goodwill, you need have no compunctions of conscience.

Shop where you are invited to shop