The Acton Bree Bress

THINGDAY, MARCH 31, 1931 GLORY, GLORY, AGRICULTURE

Agriculture is the burden of our son Wo're here because each one of has seen the shining light, (But all our learning has not yet impaired our appetite, We're better farmers now.

(Tune-"John Brown"

Chorus: Olory, Glory, United Farmer, Glory, Glory, United Farmer, Glory, Glory, United Farmer, We're better farmers now.

We farmers realize that Without a scientific man to show by notly how; We study more, we plan shoul, w corrugate our brow, We're botter farmers new.

Our function is to multiply the blade To rules some better live stock and to study markets too; And by co-operation we are sure to We're better farmbrednow.

We'll practise better farming shuke ouch other's hands, We'll leave this hall of learning to go back and till the land, wre glad we came, we'll me our United Farmers' band, We're better farmers now.

MARIA'S THANK OFFFERING

you!" The weary Red Cross motor nigh on to seventy years past. driver, just about to mount to her seat and hurry home after her long day of service, turned at the shrill cry to see the old Italian woman whom she had When the wild bees burden the clover prime of life he never assumed a comjust left, slowly descending the three rickety front steps of her rear wooden tenement, assisted by the neighbor

hold as though to safeguard a treasure,

and in it was a small package wrapped in a bit of newspaper. Her bright brown syts shone from the toll-searred face, now alight with pleasure in what she was about to do. "You como!" She beckened with a bony arm. She squirmed free from the neighbor's careful clutches as the worker reached her side. Holding both hands the proclous package, she laid it in those of the ambulance girl. "Me give you. You so good, so good to my man. Red Cross so good. You please take?" And, "patting the girl with her worn, old hands, she looked

pleadingly into the face. "Oh, thanks, but-" began the girl. The neighbor whispered flercely, "Take" 'em. lady, or you make her feel somethin' awfull" Instantly the worker saw sha must not refuse to accept what. she knew must have been a sacreficial gift, and, opening the precious backuge, she disclosed three new-laid eggs. His was told, with much play of the eyes and hands and ill-concealed pride in such a gift, that the eggs had been produced by what she felt must be most obliging hens in the three-bythree henhouse standing in the scrap of a back yard that separated a dingy.

the worker had been "so-good"

his removal from home, but reassured when the motor girl told her that the Red Cross would make Tony well. The trip had been most successfully nocomplished, and Tony Senior carefully replaced in his top-floor bed. The worker, in whose long day this incidents, had been hurrying down offering of three fresh eggs. These self as a "good lady," but through her to that great organization whose interest was to make son Tony a better because happier sailor in the U. S.

SPRING NOTES The first glad notes of bird on wing Unlock the portals of the spring.

heard the woodpecker pecking, The sansucker tenderly sing; I-turned and looked out of my window. And, lo, it was spring. -Maurice Thompson,

The sky will be bright and the sun ago; yes nearly three score years ago, George Soper. ... Their industry and

The poorest song a farmer over sung | wife-and surely that's Irish enough | vin, was one of the brave soldiers of n the time of sowing and seed-planting) is the pessimistic song of old, which will destroy the opthusiasm of friend, Thomas, told me years and overy farm hand: hirty days hath September, April,

June and November.

Rejoice, for the spring is coming. to Acton. the Giver of every good gift. . . .

not recalled, howevery that there were lar then than they have been the past | "Then talk to yer equals, my man," execution took place. - Nashville South-



thought it was good enough to commit to Barnia. One day a great mistortune to memory. It comes into my old head | befol this active und successful workevery time I walk past McLam's black- man. Sam had finished his work in the smith shop, when I hear the anvil yards at Point Edward; and as was ring. I suppose it's because the little customary when going home he went old home town and this old blacksmith to get on the yard ongine to ride up shop have associated in my dally walk to the station. By a misstep, or some "Lady, lady, come back! She wants and conversation for now, let me see, other misadventure, he slipped and fell

To the little town not so far away,

the loud voice. Her left hand was And I'll walk up its shady street Till I come to the multhy door, And there will be those I am longing are aplended business men and

And I'll bld them good-bye never-

Home day I'll go back to the little town, Over the far horizon's rim,

And the feet grow tired and the eyes and I'll turn to the hallowed place That I left in the dear dead past, And I'll know by the light on a gentle

It is good to be home at last.

Some day I'll go back to the little town, And I'd, be where the earth is clean it must be well nigh forty years since Anti the days are sweet with their simple joys;

And there I'll be glad to rest. With those of whose love I am sure For I've found that the friends of my youth-are the best-And I'll never fare forth any more.

Say, don't you think that sentiment forforn, front tenement from the still will move some of the old boys, and dingler and more displicated rear, also | girls of long ago. Do you know, I'd | home of the late Edward Moore, Fredthat they formed the principal food of just love to see Austin Tubby when crick Street-yes, just the very spot the bedridden husband-he to whom he reads that to-morrow night beside where his son, H. P., now has his his comy grate fire up in Resedule; or home. This was over fifty years ago. The origin of her "goodness" lay in Kate Kennedy, up in Penetang; or Bill when Mrs. H. T. Lel'age, of Toronto, the fact that the man was the father Thurtell, over in Chicago: or Dan was a little toddler of about a year of a sailor in the U. S. Navy, who, Mann-beg pardon, Sir Donald-out at and a half. Lixie was helping Mrs. when his son enlisted, had been quite Berabero Bluffs. I don't know about Moore, and the babe had disappeared. able to support himself and his wife. Dan, though, he never did seem to care Investigation showed she had fallen but slokness in the form of spinal much for the old town after his father into the open cistern. Without trouble had come upon him, and the passed away. But I'll wager you'll see second's hesitation Lissis jumped in boy, far away, and distressed beyond Major Grant up here from Georgetown to save the drowning child. She sucmousure by the news, had wisely as soon as spring really opens. You coeded and was herself resound. The sought the aid of the Home Service know the Major makes it a part of his event caused quite an excitement in Section of the Red Cross: This seek- religion to attend the funerals of all the village. Mrs. Moore never forget ing, had resulted in instructions given the old residents nere, but he comes up the heroic rescue of her baby daughter the driver of the Red Cross ambulance: between times to sed us every so often. to the day, of her death. That baby "Go up to the Bronx, get Tony's father, Say, I wouldn't wonder if this very girl is now a grandmother several take him down town to the hospital, poem will give Bill Snyder, of Elore; a times over, but the heroine and the and walt until his spine has been at of homosickness. But when you mother have both gone home. X-rayed." This had been accomplish- know, poor old boy, he's tied down ed after a tremendous struggle, in pretty well at his home with this bless- with his parents from the east he was which all of a man in a near-by shop ed rheumatis which makes me hobble just a lump of a boy. Everytime he was invoked, to assist in transporting about too. All the same the frost will went up to the village or back to his the invalid, throned in an old chair hardly be out of the ground before he's new home on the hill, he had to pass and smothered in quilts, down three at work in that bang-up wegetable and Mike Speight's blacksmith shop. The flights of dark, sharp-turning rickety flower garden he takes so much pride fire in the forge and the ring and stairs and into the ambulance. Maria, in. He's cooky, you know, Bill is. But sparks from the anvil had a peculiar the wife, had stood by, terrified by he always has kind thoughts for Acton, fascination for him: When he want

Say, there are a good many of our

early residents who retain a love for

the old town and its memory. Some of them didn't stay here like me and Mary and the editor and his "best waman in the world," and a few others. but they all seem to come back once the stairs, intent on her home trip, most of them would like to "sleep" in Speight moved back to Markham to seautiful Fairview Cometery when the call comes to say good-bye to the things on this old planet. You may be guessing why I am running along in this strain. Well the Poss Pass man sent me part of a letter the other day from an old schoolmate of his, who left Acton a quarter of a century ago, but It is a matter of great convenience who always thinks the old sun rises to Acton people that Templeton's and sets here, and never tires of talk-Rhoumatio Capsules and RAZ-MAH Ing about Acton when he's here, or writing about the old place when he's away. His home is two or three thousand mes away. Well, this is the part of the letter I got: "I have secured a Mrs. McLam and her daughter and plot in Fairview Comotery, near the plot of Mr. Little, my boyhood's teacher. I hope sometime to "sleep" in the old town where I spent my happy-carefree boyhood."- There's loyalty to the vicinity. Annie married William old-home town for you, and there's Thomas, of Nassagaweya. They have

conces of the old families on Main our leading citizens, a very useful Now comes the end, my fellowmen, Street. When people look over the member of church and community. He of winter, stern and bitter; the spring pretty velvety expanse of lawn and and his wife, who was Roxy Swackis coming once aguin, and merry birds flower beds stretching for a hundred hamer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Danwill twitter, and joy will permeate each and fifty feet south of the Beardmore ford Swackhamer, of "The Hill," have hen and cow and human critter.-Wait | Hill Hall residence, to the edge of the unother happy home, and two fine fruit and vegetable, garden and the womanly daughters, and are grandpoultry yards, to-day, it is difficult to parents. MAY, realise that more than half, a century . "Augusta, the youngest, married

The first of these, the one just over the fence from the old Acheann house, the love of their family and the esteem was that of Thomas McLam. He was of the community. They too, are a typical lrighman-and so was his grandparents. Their eldest son, Melfor you. I have the improveion, if my the war and will always carry honormemory rightly rotains what my old affin wounds. years and years ago, that he unit when they were living down at Nor- of the old folks who were friends and From January up to May it raineth wood or Hastings or some place, flown cronics in those far back days when there in Eastern Ontario where they we were all near neighbors, and warm-Il the rest have thirty-one, without a both lived as young folks when they personal friends, came out from Ireland. They were And if any of them had two-and- happily married unit settled down there anyhow, perhaps and I believe five of the seven memhoy'd bo just as wet and twice as bers of their interesting family, with which they were blessed, were born in their home down east before they came

Bhe brings balmy air, soft showers. If my memory serves me true it will blue skies, budding leaves, bloom and be sixty years in another summer since brightness and -beauty everywhere. this interesting family, came to make The birds rejoice because of her, . The their home on the property which was insect world with buss and hum and known for many years as McLam's River in the yacht Erin. Bir Thomas whisper for joy, turn out to meet her. thill, on Main Street. Sixty years, mind. Lipton says that he was held up by The cattle of the field seem glad, The you. Well, Mr. McLam, was an Irish an ancient and dirty manure barge, the fishes of the brook and creek and shoemaker, but he preferred working only occupant of which was a grimy. river loap in their watery home. Up for seme one else so took a job at the man smoking alshort, black pipe. from the earth come grasses and blos- tannery. Here he worked faithfully some and grain. Down from the hear for years. But he was a most indus- any effort to get out of the way, the yens come dow and warm rhin drops, trious map and spent the enrly morn- officer on the bridge of the yacht and the solest balmiest sophyrs. Out ings and evenings after work in the shouted at him in true hautical style. from our heasts let thanksgiving pour recreation of making and combling shoes. At that, the man rose slowly, stretched forth to the God of the seasons, and for the members of the family and the himself, removed his pipe from his neighbors. No one ever saw from Mo- mouth and then asked; German of the have protested stores or the barrooms, shough we had that ship?" against the exhibition of a film based four of the latter when he was in his on the execution of Edith Cavell. It is prime here, and they were more popu- chief officer." any official German protests when t' . twenty or twenty-five years. Mr. and retorted the grimy-faced bargeman Mrs. McLam were Mathodists, attend- withzinfinite condescension. "Sure, Pm" ed the little white church which gave the captain of this one."

Church Street Its name, and their

family followed in their footsteps. James, one of the sons, was an official member until his death, and Noble is not your conscience tell you you to-day a member of both the Trustee doing wrong?" and Official Boards, I am informed. Well, of the nine members of this believe everything I hear." esteemed family who were residents of this town, only four now remain, and only two reside in Acton. The father died a good many years ago, thirty or more, I guess, and after devoted wife, followed him. They sleep

for all their years in Acton. interesting family forms a very inter- | alone?" esting link in the chain of local annals. Samuel, the eldest, served file time as ling with him when he was alone!" a carpenter with Richard Hamilton. He had a good boss and when his anprenticeship was finished the boss was proud of the carpenter he had turned out. After working at the trade for a number of years here, he married Eliza Watson, the daughter of William Watmn, for many years an honored realdent of Acton, he and his brother-

curpenter, Hugh Cameron, engaged with the Grand Trunk / Rullway as bridge builders. This somewhat hasxardous but very important and wellpaid vocation they both followed for years, . Bam moved to Point Edward Bay, I came across this pleasing so as to be nearer to the centre of his

on the tracks. The cruel wheels of the becometive ground off one of his legs sympathetically. Some day I'll go back to the little town and he was left crippled. Notwithstanding this calemity to a man in the plaining spirit, but made the best of And the air is filled with the scent an unfortunate accident and he and Mrs. McLom and their two stalws sons have had a very happy home togother through all the years. The sons

homes of their own. Jane, the eldest daughter, was a fine type of womanhood, She spent her life in bringing comfort to others. For years she was with my old friend and leighbor, Mrs. Thomas Moore, Sr., on Ere the leaves of the maples futter the first line-Grandmother Moore we boys of all the countryside, who were niways welcomed at the old farmstead, always called her .-- Hhe accepted this familiarity from us all, whether we met her in the old home, or on the street, or at church. She was grandmother Moore to all of us. Well, Jane McLam was her right hand for many years, and when Mrs. Moore and her son, Hamuel, left the old farm and came to live in town, Jane came with thom. But that's a long time ago, for

old Mrs. Moore was called home. About

this time Jane's mother was left alone

and she went to comfort her declining years. Jane herself fell usleep a good muny years ago. Lizzie, the next daughter, was also devoted helper in several homes here prior to her marriage with George Naylor. I just happen to recall a tragic incident in which Lizzle was When Jim McLam came to Acton

to school in the morning he thought of the blacksmith and it always attracted him when he passed home at night. In fact, the shop filled his mind was big enough he became an appren-Betsey Milne, the finest girl to him gon works which his father had cotablished, Jim bought the business and secume the proprietor, and liere he spent all his working days, and suoconstully, until he retired sixteen or eighteen years ago. Jim died, I-think, about fifteen years ago, and not only his loving and faithful wife and their daughter Lizzio-Mrs. Charles Akins -and Charle, mourned the great loss, but the entire community felt they had lost an honored citizen and friend.

son reside in Toronto, but Acton is still the real "old home." The three younger members of this esteemed family are still in Acton and . One family and have prospered. Noble is proprietor of the old Speight Now I must get to my remnis- blacksmithing business and is one of

them a comfortable home and a solid

against it, with a long screed. How Good-bye for the present, a work

THE MODEST CAPTAIN

Finding that the fellow did not make

REAL BMILES

"But Tommy," said his mother, "Yor," replied Tommy; "but

Grogan-"Oi bute to mintion it, Mrs. Casey, but your hashand owed me tin dellars when he died." The Widow--"Indade! Shure It's spending a number of years in her nice for ye to have something to raymimber him by."

together in Fairview Cometery, so near Counsel (trying to prove temporary the home where they lived together insanity): "Was it the prisoner's ous-The history of the members of this tom to talk to himself when he was Witness: "I don't remember over be-

> A boy acout was asked: "Have you done a kind deed every day, something to make someone happy?" "Wall," he confessed, "I went to see my nunt yesterday and-And-Well, I guess she was happy when I went

"I don't like these photographs at ult," he said, "I look like an ape." during the war.-Bolomon in Bhoe and The photographer favored-him with Leather Journal. ginnes of lofty disdain. "You should have thought of that hefore you had them taken," was his

HE BHOULD WORRY "Where were you yesterday, Tommy Cribbe?" asked the teacher. "Please, mum, I had a toothache," answered Tommy. "Has it stopped?" asked the teacher

"What do you mean, boy? You don't know- if your tooth has stopped ach-"No, mum; the dentist kept it."

"I don't know," said Tommy,

BAVE AND WORK

Hard work is the only sure road to my kind of success. You never find a your love and tenderness sealed until mun, who is unafraid of hurting his your friends are dead. muscles, in the bread line, "Much food is in the tillage of the poor, but there w much that is destroyed for want of judgment." We are just now feeling and made happier by them; the kind he bfocts of the distaste that has grown on people for what they call, "mere grubbling," There never was time in the history of the world when work was so unpopular. The "sleeping"

disease is epidemic and the wonder is

f anything will waken people up other than an empty stomach or a bare back. The gospol of work is needed torday as much as the gospel of salvation. They are practically the one thing. There will be no prosperity in this or any country until men and women get down to doing an honest day's work and forget all about the high pay they got during the war, light work is not alone sufficient. We need to out out waste. Lack of judgment and scandalous profligacy have been throwing earnings to the winds. The head of the scavenging department in one of our large cities, said recently that, there is five times as much waste

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AREFUL election of breeding cattle and the right kind of financial backing will put you in a position to make monby from your herd. The Bank of Hamilton is prepared to promote any legitimate development along this line.

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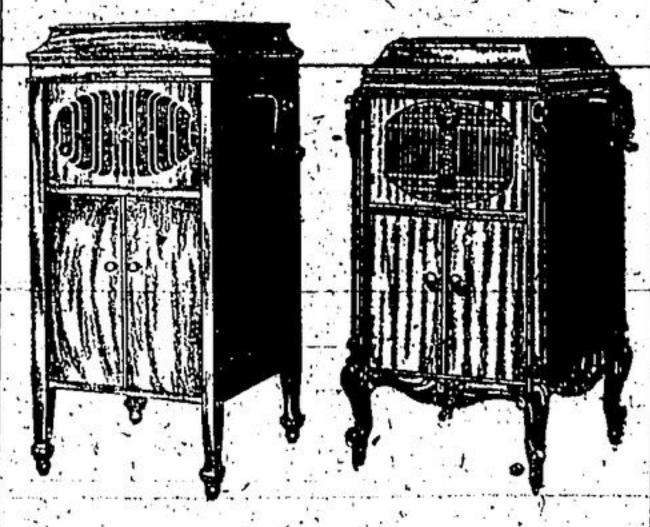
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Everything we sell is home-killed and dressed in our own abbatoir. We are prepared to sell at rock-bottom prices. ALL MEAT PRICES REDUCED 5c PER LR.—ALL BOILING BEEF 15c PER I.B.

Watch our window Saturday afternoon and evening for bargains. Parties wishing to scoure quarters of Beef will find our prices the lowest possible."

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The Brunswick



BEFORE YOU BUY A PHONOGRAPH FIND OUT JUST HOW IT PLAYS ALL MAKES OF RECORDS

FRANK KING

GEORGETOWN

DON'T WAIT

The not keep the alabaster boxes of

Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and be thrilled things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffin, sould to brighten and cheer their lives before they go to leave you.

If my friends have alabaster hoxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they atend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours. and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without a evolgy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy.-I.

TO THE FIRST ROBIN to be found to-day that there was O merfy reilin redbreast, " -I'm gigd to see you here, You've came to bring your roundelays. The blossom time to cheer.

> soe your mate is near your You mean to build a nest. Kha you may choose what tree you

> > Mill Street

For you're a welcome guest.

PRONTO

Stops Fire Quick

PRONTO is the first practical fire extinguisher at a reasonable price-\$3.75 complete. Instal one in each room of your home for the price of other fire extinguishers. See it demonstrated at my shop.

A'Few Pails of Buckwheat Honey still Left SOME GOOD DRY HARDWOOD

WINDMILLS SOLD AND REPAIRED

Gasoline Engines, Pumps, Pump Jacks, Fertilizer, Genuine Frost Wire Fence and Gates, Cream Separator Oil, Repairs for

Different Makes of Cream Separators and Full Line of Farm Machinery and Binder Twine

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TANNERY CO-OPERATIVE

The Store of Quality and Low Prices

With Our Large Turnover We are Enabled to Keep Our Grocery Stock Always Fresh, New Goods Arriving Every Day

CARHARTTS OVERALLS AND SMOCKS. ALL SIZES IN STOCK

A FULL LINE OF RUBBER FOOTWEAR FOR MEN. WOMEN, BOYS, GIRLS

See Our Prints, Flannelettes, Cottons, Etc., at Prices that will Surprise You.

Tannery Co-Operative

Acton

A Lesson the Government Paid For

Before 1914, bond brokers and bankers were indifferent advertisers. Many who advertised regarded their expenditures as "sop," and thought they were doing publishers a favor.

Then came the call for War Loans. On the advice of an advertising association, yet contrary to some brokers' and bankers' views, the advertising of these loans was made humanly interesting.

The results you are aware of.

But---here is the real point.

Nearly every Bond House and Bank in Canada is, to-day, aggressively advertising, and using all the interest and ingenuity at their command to attractbusiness. They observed the power of newspaper advertising, when properly used, and have profitted by the lesson.

The same thing is true of some manufacturers, who, noting the results of the Imperial Munitions. Board newspaper advertising, have commenced to use this same force to introduce post-war products.

The Government paid for this lesson.

Have YOU considered profitting by it?

Advertising is not a matter of guesswork. It is not something to be lightly undertaken, but it can be undertaken with assurance of success if it is done properly.

If you have ever thought you would like to advertise if you could get proper advice or how to go about it, let the FREE PRESS help you. We will give you the benefit of our experience in starting you on the road to successful publicity.