The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1921

OLD JIM'S OPINION

What's that, stranger? An election
Hadn't heard about it yet.
Will I be there? Well I reckon,
Never miss one you can bet.
What's that? They want my opinion
'Cause before when they were down,
I chucked my coat, and rolled my sleeves
And we kept saloons in town.

So they think that I can help them
In this second temperance fight,
And they've sent your for my promise?
Well I sure will do what's right.
Sit down, stranger, and I'll tell you
When I stand and tell you why,
You are welcome to the story
'Lectioneering wet or dry.

When a boy my daddy kept it
Round the house and used it, too.
Always had to have a bracer
When the evening work was thru.
Everyone these days drank whiskey—
Didn't think it any wrong.
Couldn't have a death or wedding
Thout a jug to help along.

So I grew up drinking—moderate—
Just a glass or two a day.
Had no craving for the poison,
Drank to pass the time away.
Thought a strong man could resist it;
Only weaklings ever fall
Victims to its baneful power
Weaklings, fools and such, that's all.

I was twenty when I married
Roty Johnson—bless her name,
Schoolmate, comrade, friend and sweetheart
All her life, was just the same.
In the springtime we were married.
As the second spring came oh
Hatty sickened—slowly sinking
Died—and left me baby, John.

Stranger, I almost went crazy,
Yes, sir, almost raving mad.
And my only consolation
Was this darling little lad.
Little laughing blue-eyed baby
Won his way into my life,
Twined his fingers in my heart-strings
Brought a smile where tears were rife.

Well, I watched him through his school days,
Loved him, petted, spoiled him, too.
Yet he never caused me trouble
Like spoiled children sometimes do.
He was true and loyal, ever
Upright, honest, manly, bright.
He was never an aggressor,
Hated wrong and loved the right.

Finally he went to college
Where he won his cap and gown.
Then I sold the farm and homestead
And I followed him to town.
He began to build a practice
In the courts both near and far,
And he made a reputation
And a man without a mar.

Then he married Lizzie Turner,
Brought her home one day to me,
When she kissed me—called me father
I was happy as could be.
All my life was filled with sunshine,
Then she bore a son to him
And they named him for his grandad
But we called him "little Jim."

Well just then the Legislature
Made the liquor license high,
And they started agitating
An election, wet or dry.
We had numerous blind tigers
So I thought we'd better get
Money for the public welfare,
So I worked and voted wet.

Well, sir, we won that election
With a hundred votes to spare,
And we got saloons a plenty—
Sixteen on the public square.
John was dry. It was the first time
In our lives we can't agree,
Though we didn't quarrel nor argue,
He'd not mention it to me.

Then one night I saw a difference
When the boy came home from town.
He was ugly, cross and moody.
I heard him walking up and down
In his room long after midnight—
An uneven, restless pace;
And I thought he must be worried
Over some hard legal case.

But next morning he was surly,
Even worse than night before,
When I asked him, "What's the matter"
Stranger, I was shocked. He swore.
Yes, sir, swore right at his father
And I thought that I would choke.
And sir, as for little Lizzie,
Why the poor child's heart was broke.

But I knew he'd not been drinking,
Not a sign of restless eye,
Not a breath of beer or whiskey,
And I wondered, wondered why?
So I followed to his office,
But I paused outside the door.
'Twas ajar. I saw him pacing,
Pacing up and down the floor.

On his desk a whiskey bottle
Stood uncorked. I saw him stop;
Saw him hold it 'neath his nostrils,
But he tasted not a drop.
Then he knelt down with the bottle
In his hand, upon the floor
And he prayed, Oh God, a prayer
Such as ne'er was heard before:—

"Mighty God, I'm weak and powerless
To resist this awful sin;
Cursed in birth. I'm almost yielding
To an appetite born in.
For the sake of wife and baby,
For the sake of home and right,
For the sake of my old father,
God, Almighty, help me fight!"

He arose and held the bottle,
Held it high—his action fleet.
Then he hurled it through the window
And it crushed into the street;
And I knew my son was fighting
A relentless enemy,
Fighting hard against a craving
He'd inherited from me.

For though strong to overcome it
With my hardy, rustic vim,
I'd created whiskey craving
And had passed it on to him.
And my eyes were dim and misty
As I stood there in the hall,
For I thought about my doctrine,—
"Only weaklings ever fall."

Only weaklings, fools, I argued,
But my reasoning was bad,
For my son had proved the strong man
And the weakling was his dad.
I had yielded to temptation,
Unresistingly I fell.
And I dragged my only loved one
With me to the pit of Hell.

For two years he's fought it bravely,
But the fight has not been fair;
One poor man against ten thousand
And the bar-rooms on the square.
There they stand, they call, they beckon,
And they whet his appetite
With the fumes of beer and whiskey,
Yet he's fought a winning fight.

Yes, sir, so far he has conquered,
But my boy is only one,
And I'll not forget the lesson
That my neighbor has a son.
Well, I guess that's all my story,
And you're welcome to repeat
Everything that I have told you
To the voters on the street.

FILMING IN MOONLIGHT

Without resorting to trick photography, an Italian film producer has accomplished some remarkable and very lovely moonlight effects.

One scene depicts an audience enjoying an evening serenade by an orchestra with a crescent moon above them, each member of the audience being distinctly visible.

Another shows a most splendid view of an Italian coast resort at night, fringed with mountain peaks. The lights along the promenade and in the villas perched here and there amid the rocky coastal scenery make the picture a veritable fairyland.

Another fine study, taken by the humble light of a solitary candle, is that of a young girl who holds the light in her hand.

The artistic operator should now turn his attention to the Northern Lights, which should provide plenty of scope for his talents.

One day, not long ago, I got talking to a fellow from another town. There's no need of mentioning the name of the place, but to hear him talk you would think it was about the only place in Ontario. I was polite and swallowed all I could of it, and then I started ramming stuff down his throat about this good old town that we call "home." I got real "hot" up on the subject and, blink it all, before I knew it was surprised myself at the attractions this Acton of ours has got. They never half dawned on me before, but when I got through with that fellow, he didn't have much more to say about G—ville, but had to admit that this town was no back number either.

For our own edification let's just ramble over what we've got here to be proud of. There's the Boardmore tannering, the largest in the British Empire, and I've told you all I can about them in my past screeds. They're here all right, and they're worth viewing, too. Then there are our two glove factories, both of some reputation and standing. Then for water for boating or bathing, what town can boast of two finer places than Corporation Pond and Fairy Lake? By way of railway connections with outside points there's the Grand Trunk and Toronto Suburban, with eight and six passenger trains respectively each week day. We've got the Hydro power, also, and then there's our latest municipal activity which supplies us with the finest spring water that can possibly be obtained. Then look at the compactness of our town. We're not spread all over the countryside, with hills to climb in every direction. Our streets are level, and just take a look for your own satisfaction down Mill Street some night when she's all lit up. And then I just about forgot to mention the organ that gives me an outlet. I often see lots of town weeklies and there isn't one of them that can touch our own Free Press. Then in the sporting line look at Acton. Put away your binoculars and take a look. There's evidence of this feature in every section of the town. There's our fine fourteen acre Prospect Park, with plenty of room for all the kinds of sport any red-blooded Canadian might want. There is also the Acton Athletic Association grounds on Mill Street, with the finest quoiting, bowling and tennis grounds anywhere, and also their bowling and tennis grounds on Bower Avenue. And for winter we had the finest open air skating and hockey rink, with club house attached, of any place in the Dominion.

I know some of you fellows in other towns will be green with envy, as the fellow I told this to was, when you read this, but it's the the whole truth. And some of you old duffers who left the town years ago had better come back and look things over, and wonder why in the Dickens you ever left such a fine town. But it was a case of "far-off fields are green." And I'm not through yet either. We've got a Soldiers' Community House, which travellers say furnishes the finest accommodations of any town in miles. We've erected a memorial to our own fallen heroes, and there is another memorial stone at the Soldiers' Community House, commemorating their comrades who sleep in Flanders.

We've got good roads, sidewalks, churches of every denomination necessary for a settlement of this size, and a No. 1 Public and High School. We've We've got everything really the heart could desire in a community of this size. But, Jimminy Christmas! you could come in and go out again, and if you hadn't a tongue in your head, and didn't visit the railway depots, you would never know what town you were in. We'll welcome you to visit us at any time if you care to, but we appear just a little bashful about putting signs out to tell you so. Of course, when the Council puts those big white letters upon the water tower, everyone will know who we are. But a sign at each entrance to the town would also help. We all admit we've got some town. Let's name it and tell everyone who we are. And put the finishing touch on it.

P.S.—If I've omitted anything I should have mentioned just jog my memory and I'll be glad to include it in our list of attractions.

The following note came in the editor's mail the other day, and being intended for me, the editor posted it to my address in the lilg Clock Tower:

Saint Joseph, Michigan,
March 31, 1921

The Honorable Old Time Kid:

Sir: Say, who is the fellow who is writing "The Old Clock Story," anyhow? He is some kid who says that H Swackhamer took down the house his grandfather built on the Hill eighty years ago, and re-built it at Acton. Ha! Ha! Well, he is away off, for I saw that house built, and I'm not eighty years old, yet.

I remember a great many things and a great many people whom I read about in the Free Press; but whoever is doing the thinking for the writer surely does get away off sometimes.

Yours truly,
E. A. S.

Well, bless me, this young chap, E. A. S., is somewhat cocky. He jumps at conclusions like some other folks I know. And I would have him know that I know that he doesn't know what he is talking about when he gives out the Ha! Ha! concerning the old Swackhamer house which H Swackhamer, the grandson, brought to Acton and used in the erection of his house on Main Street. Why, I know that E. A. S. is talking about the frame house which Christopher, Hiram's father, built on the old farm fifty years or so ago. He may have seen that house built, as he says. But he certainly never saw the house which Christopher's father built, which H took down and brought to Acton. I question if E. A. S. would know even the old house which Christopher built, now, and which has been the scene of the Swackhamer happy family reunions, at Christmastide for half a century. I think it was before his father died that Hiram re-modelled this house, veneered it with brick, and converted it into a modern farm house, where Clinton, one of the younger sons, with his devoted wife and loving mother live, in the heritage of Grandfather Swackhamer. They have a happy time there together.

No, say, E. A. S., you'll have to guess again if you find this "Old Man"

The Old Man

FIND OLD CHURCH RUINS UNDER RHEIMS CATHEDRAL

The work of repairing the ruined Cathedral of Rheims has brought to light the buried remains of ancient churches which formerly stood on the same site. Under the pavement of the choir, which was shattered by German shells, have been found the old foundations of the Cathedral of St. Hincmar, which was destroyed by fire in the ninth century. Beneath these ruins workmen came upon traces of the first church to stand on this hallowed ground, the Church of St. Remil, built in the fifth century.

Under the broken high altar was discovered a hoard of 250 pieces of ancient silver and near this a sealed up and long forgotten well. From the bottom of this well a worn lead pipe leads the water away into the earth and it is thought that this originally connected with the long lost baptismal font where Clovis was received into the Church. Antiquarians from all parts of France have come to Rheims to examine the discoveries.

THE PRACTICAL WRETCH

"Will you care for me all the time?" sighed the bride.

"I'll do my best, Nerissa," said the groom, "but part of the time I gotta care for the furnace."

Fortune Teller—"You wish to know about your future husband?"

Customer—"No, I wish to know about the past of my present husband for future use."

The man who tries to do his neighbors imagines that they are always trying to do him.

You cannot please everybody, and nobody knows it better than a preacher in a small town.

A woman always considers herself charitable when she lets her husband have his own way.

SAME THING

He—I knew him when he hadn't a penny.

She—That's nothing. I've known you for years, and you never had a penny.

Holland plans to increase its salt supply by mining rock salt deposits in one province and tapping underground salt lakes in another.

FIELD CROP EXPERIMENTS

The members of the Ontario Agricultural and Experimental Union are pleased to state that for 1921 they are prepared to distribute into the various localities through Ontario material of high quality for co-operative experiments with grains, fodder crops, roots, alfalfa, sweet clover and fertilizers, as follows:

Grain Crops

No. 1—Testing two varieties of oats, 3 plots.

No. 2—Testing O. A. C. No. 21 barley, and emmer, 3 plots.

No. 3—Testing two varieties of hull-less barley, 3 plots.

No. 4—Testing two varieties of spring wheat, 3 plots.

No. 5—Testing two varieties of buckwheat, 2 plots.

No. 6—Testing three varieties of field peas, 3 plots.

No. 7—Testing two varieties of spring rye, 3 plots.

No. 8—Testing three varieties of soy, soja or Japanese beans, 3 plots.

No. 9—Testing eight varieties of flint and dent husking corn, 8 plots.

Root Crops

No. 10—Testing three varieties of mangels, 3 plots.

No. 11—Testing two varieties of sugar mangels, 3 plots.

No. 12—Testing three varieties of Swedish turnips, 3 plots.

No. 13—Testing two varieties of fall turnips, 2 plots.

No. 14—Testing two varieties of carrots, 2 plots.

Forage, Fodder, Silage and Hay Crops

No. 15—Testing the planting of corn at six distances in the row, 6 plots.

No. 16—Testing sudan grass and two varieties of millet, 3 plots.

No. 17—Testing sunflower, sorghum and corn for fodder, 3 plots.

No. 18—Testing grass peas and two varieties of vetches, 3 plots.

No. 19—Testing rape, kale and field cabbage, 3 plots.

No. 20—Testing two varieties of sweet clover, 3 plots.

No. 21—Testing two varieties of alfalfa, 2 plots.

No. 22—Testing unhulled, hulled and scarified sweet clover seed, 3 plots.

Culinary Crops

No. 23—Testing three varieties of field beans, 3 plots.

No. 24—Testing sweet corn for table use from different dates of planting, 3 plots.

Fertilizer Experiments

No. 25A—Testing low and high grade fertilizers and manure with oats and red clover, 4 plots.

No. 25B—Testing low and high grade fertilizers and manure with oats and sweet clover, 4 plots.

No. 26—Testing different quantities of lime with sweet clover, 4 plots.

Miscellaneous Experiments

No. 29—Testing three grain mixtures for grain production, 3 plots.

No. 3—Testing three grain mixtures for fodder production, 3 plots.

For experiment No. 26 the Experimental Union will furnish the sweet clover seed, and the experimenter the lime, as required.

Any person in Ontario who grows field crops may apply for any one of the experiments for 1921. Each applicant should make a second choice, as the material for the first choice might be exhausted before the application is received. The material will be forwarded in the order in which the applications are received while the supply lasts. No charge is made for the experimental material, and the produce becomes the property of the experimenter. A report is requested after harvest. Each person applying should carefully write his name, address and county.—C. A. Zavitz, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph.

THE "SMOKE-LESS" COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

Everyone knew there were a few students in the St. Thomas Collegiate Institute who smoked cigarettes. Such a statement could be taken for granted if mentioned in connection with any large educational institution. There are always a few young fellows who think it just a bit "more grown-up" to be seen with a cigarette in their mouth. For the faculty to impose an official school rule, that the smoking of cigarettes by the pupils would not be allowed, might result in even more "back-lane indulgences."

But some of the boys of the St. Thomas Collegiate began to consider! How could they possibly rid the school completely of an unnecessary habit that was having such a growing influence on the youth of the school? Surely the greater percentage of all the students did not approve of the actions of the few, and in this school of grand old traditions where "school spirit" had on so many occasions triumphed, wouldn't it be possible for the pupils themselves to make a rule that the entire school body would respect? It was decided to have the student body itself provide legislation which could cope with this growing evil. For several weeks a vigorous publicity campaign was launched—a publicity campaign managed by a student committee that so hammered old "Cag Coffin-nail" that at last it was thought the time was ripe to settle the question once and for all time. The remedy denunciation of cigarettes by two of the world's greatest scientists, Thomas A. Edison and Hudson Maxim, were widely read by the students and freely and openly discussed by them. They bear repeating here:

THOMAS A. EDISON

"No man or boy who smokes cigarettes can work in my laboratories. In my opinion there are enough degenerates in the world without manufacturing more by means of the cigarette."

HUDSON MAXIM

"If all boys could be made to know that with every breath of cigarette smoke they inhale imbecility and exhale manhood, that the cigarette is a maker of invalids, criminals and fools—not men—it ought to deter some of them."

The St. Thomas Collegiate Institute was to make a memorable test.

A great meeting of all the students was held in the school auditorium and ballots distributed among all the boys. The voter was free to vote as he pleased. He knew what the school desired! He alone knew what his own conscience desired! Would he vote in favor of a resolution that would make absolutely intolerable the position in school of any boy who smoked cigarettes?

The ballots were carefully collected and counted. The result? By an overwhelming majority the boys of the St. Thomas Collegiate voted in favor of a resolution which stated that no boy who smoked cigarettes could hold a position on any official school rugby or hockey team, nor would he be allowed to take part in any other school activities. Only seven boys had voted against the resolution. The campaign had exceeded the fondest expectations of those behind it. It meant a "smokeless" collegiate institute.

What else did it mean? Well, it meant that a secular institution had gone a step farther than any local church organisation had ever thought of going. Here were assembled boys of every denomination voting in favor of a resolution that was clearly for the good of themselves. It leads us to the conclusion, that after all there is no fairer judge of the rights and wrongs in life that a group of alert school boys. Put a question up to a group of boys, discuss it freely, attempt to conceal nothing—you may depend upon it, the answer you receive will be fully in accord with all the principles of fair play, and if clean living is the issue, you need have no fear of the answer.

Prohibition Lowers Crime Wherever Tried

HUGH DOBSON

The following record of convictions for drunkenness is taken from the sessional papers of the Dominion Government on Criminal Statistics, the statistical year ending September 30th. The data for 1919 is not yet available.

CONVICTIONS FOR DRUNKENNESS

Provinces	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	Percentage of Decrease from 1913-1918
Prince Edward Island	324	347	231	219	207	96	70.36
Nova Scotia	3951	3222	3136	3614	2546	2435	38.41
New Brunswick	2073	1765	1664	1698	1516	794	61.69
Quebec	12265	10736	8239	7108	8225	6880	44.61
Ontario	16338	17707	18553	11728	10915	7832	52.14
Manitoba	7403	6403	4154	3174	1685	1183	84.02
Saskatchewan	3070	2142	1332	1064	770	434	85.75
Alberta	7383	5710	3802	1809	391	824	88.87
British Columbia	8316	9356	3960	2357	2372	778	90.64
Yukon	60	61	60	53	25	19	68.03
All Canada	60973	60067	41161	31882	27832	21026	65.51

The Dominion Order-in-Council under the Military Measures Act, made importation into Provinces illegal from April 1st, 1918, to December 31st, 1919.

In Prince Edward Island prohibition was in force before 1913.

Nova Scotia during the whole period was under prohibition by local option excepting Halifax, where bars were open till 1917. Note the change when Halifax went dry.

In Ontario native wines are not prohibited, and in Quebec beers and wines are sold over the bars in Montreal and Quebec cities and in about 15% of the municipalities. In Ontario and Quebec, as might be expected, the decrease in drunkenness is not so great as in the Western Provinces where the prohibition is against the sale between persons within the Province, of all intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes.

In Saskatchewan the bars closed July 1st, 1915, and the Government Dispensaries on December 31st, 1915.

The following data is of interest:

	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	Percentage Decrease 1913-1918
Saskatchewan							
Vagrancy	2513	2834	1722	903	403	430	82.89
Assault and Breach of Peace	1372	1284	1408	1073	744	688	49.85
Manitoba							
Vagrancy	1918	2182	1820	671	341	415	78.05
Assault and Breach of Peace	906	853	833	830	174	166	19.41
Alberta							
Vagrancy	2643	3546	1927	1475	390	511	81.66
Assault and Breach of Peace	1130	1246	1408	1081	543	401	56.80
British Columbia							
Vagrancy	3456	3073	3025	804	801	466	86.53
Assault and Breach of Peace	418	430	430	175	137	98	76.64
Nova Scotia							
Vagrancy	434	306	317	183	130	197	54.60
Assault and Breach of Peace	555	651	513	569	467	402	11.34
Ontario							
Vagrancy	10445	12467	10590	5070	2386	3675	64.18
Assault and Breach of Peace	2064	1854	1798	1582	965	1010	50.97
Quebec							Increase of
Vagrancy	3657	4870	4675	3304	4125	5338	31.60
Assault and Breach of Peace	2930	2964	1938	1734	1582	1548	Decrease of 42.08

The cities of Saskatchewan tell the same story.

Convictions for Drunkenness	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919
Weyburn	185	110	69	88	18	8	35
Saskatoon	604	353	266	230	244	73	107

Chief Bruton of Regina was unable to give the data for 1913-1914 which was before he came to office. No reply has come from Moose Jaw.

Chief C. W. Blaikie, of Weyburn, states, "The liquor that is consumed in this city at this time (April 14, 1920), in my opinion is a mere shadow to what was sold in the bar days, and I have been in my present position for eight years."

Chief G. M. Donald, of Saskatoon, states, (April 15, 1920): "You will see how drunkenness has decreased. You ask me as to the amount of liquor consumed in this city to-day in comparison with the amount consumed in 1913 when we had the open bars. It is difficult to estimate this but I have no hesitation in saying that great good has come from the abolition of the open bars."

CONVICTIONS FOR DRUNKENNESS IN OTHER CANADIAN CITIES BEFORE AND AFTER PROVINCIAL PROHIBITION

Manitoba	1915	1918	Ontario	1914	1919
Winnipeg	3590	824	Toronto	14247	3035
Brandon	415	30	Hamilton	1406	356
Portage la Prairie	264	11	Woodstock	103	77
St. Boniface	191	26	Kingston	261	151

PROHIBITION CLOSES JAILS

After the introduction of prohibition in British Columbia the jail at New Westminster was changed into a High School, and the one at Wilkinson Road into a Mental Hospital. The one at Kamloops was closed.

Edmonton Penitentiary and Prison Farm have both been closed and one of the two remaining jails in Alberta will likely be closed in a year or two owing to the dwindling number of prisoners. Before Provincial Prohibition was introduced a movement was under way to put the Province to the expense of another jail. Dr. Rivers, the warden of Lethbridge jail, at a public meeting at Calgary where some were clamoring for an additional jail advised that after prohibition they would not need the jails they had. He was right as the facts have demonstrated.

In Saskatchewan the Moosomin jail was closed after the closing of the bars and now the Institution Farm is run at a profit by six "trusties" from the Regina Prison.

In Manitoba the prison population has been materially decreased.

In Ontario the Guelph Model Prison Farm was closed and changed into a Military Hospital, while the few remaining prisoners were sent out to clear the land and increase production.

And all those jails were closing during the period when there was an abnormal condition so far as prisoners were concerned due to imprisonment under the Military Measures Act, for evading the draft, etc.

So the story runs. Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.

Best of all with the "nightmare" of drunkenness and poverty, due to alcoholism gone in such large measure, Social Service Organizations and Christian churches have been free to guide in constructive measures for human welfare. In the past four years there has been an unprecedented progress along the lines of humane education, co-operation, child welfare, supervised play, Canadianization and in other directions. Had Social Forces been under necessity of fighting the evils of the liquor traffic they would have had neither time, energy, nor money for such constructive work.

The moral is, every step taken to prohibit intoxicating liquors as a beverage, has been a measure of Social progress. In five years drunkenness has decreased in Saskatchewan by 85.75%. Let us close the boundaries and make it another 10%. We have saved in the meantime at least $10,000,000 per year. Let us increase the saving and from our thrift pay off the war debt, prevent poverty, and promote the happiness of the people.

VOTE "YES" FOR THE REFERENDUM!

A vote "yes" is a vote for Provincial autonomy in reference to sale and importation of intoxicating liquors.

A vote "yes" is a vote to enable effective administration against the fake-prescription nuisance.

A vote "yes" is a vote for closed boundaries against importation of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes.

A vote "yes" is a vote to make bootlegging a far more difficult thing than at present.

A vote "yes" is a vote against the Export Houses in any Province.

A vote "yes" is a vote against rum-running from these Export Houses. Export Houses and rum-running from them is legal now, but will be illegal if the majority vote yes.

A vote "yes" is a vote against the stocking of cellars. Rich and poor should share alike.

A vote "yes" is a vote against family drinking before the children in the homes. At present the home is the only legal drinking place in most Provinces of Canada.

PROHIBITION MEANS FREEDOM

A vote "yes" is a vote for freedom in safety. When the bars were here we had to teach our boys "Thou shalt not go near the bar with its glamour and lights and clinking glass." When the Government Dispensaries were in Saskatchewan, we had to teach our boys "Thou shalt not go near the dispensaries." Even at present we have to teach our boys and girls to keep away from homes where drinking is perfectly legal and indulged in. We are steadily limiting the "Thou shalt not;" if the majority vote "yes" on this referendum, we will only have to say "Thou shalt not" to a few outcasts of society who are prepared to exploit by hazard and lawbreaking the weakness of the few whose past indulgence makes them slaves to the drink habit.

Spring Millinery!

NOW ON DISPLAY

You are Cordially Invited to See Our Specials at $5.00

Nellie M. Stockford

ACTON GUELPH ELORA

Easy Walking

is imperative for the man who passes the greater part of the time on his feet. Shoes built on the proper last, made of good leather that fit the foot should be taken care of. Have us fix up that comfortable old pair.

Our Shoe Repairing renews the life of your shoes, restores their usefulness, and means comfort, economy and satisfaction to you.

Do Not Forget that We Carry a First-Class Line of Shoes For Men and Boys

T. E. Gibbons - Mill St., Acton

Miss Murray's

Spring Millinery Display

Comprises all the Most Up-to-date Styles in Ladies' Hats

Her Parlors this Spring are at Her Residence, Mill Street, Second Door from Landsborough's Meat Shop

ACTON - FLORENCE MURRAY

THE "NATIONAL"
LEAVES TORONTO 11.00 P.M. DAILY
via G.T., T. & H.O. and C.N.Rys.

via Parry Sound and Sudbury
Leave Toronto 8.45 p.m. Daily except Sunday

STANDARD TRANS-CONTINENTAL TRAIN EQUIPMENT
Tickets and full information from nearest Canadian National or Grand Trunk Railway Agent.

Canadian National-Grand Trunk

WE SELL GILSON "Goes Like Sixty" FARM EQUIPMENT

BACKED BY SIXTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE! DOMINANT IN QUALITY AND SERVICE!

Sixty years of leadership—of giving good value, heaping satisfaction and real service! That's why the Gilson name wins respect and confidence from coast to coast. That's why we are proud to sell this dependable farm equipment.

THE GILSON ENGINE

The famous Gilson "Goes Like Sixty" Engine—any size for any purpose—can be purchased on the easy payment plan. Let it pay for itself. Its economy and dependability have made it the biggest selling engine in Canada. Let us demonstrate on your farm.

"THE WONDERFUL GILSON"

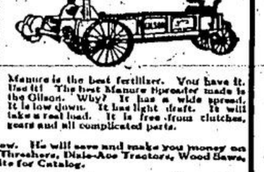
"The Wonderful Gilson" stands supreme. More Gilson Silo Fillers were sold in Canada last year than any other make. It is guaranteed to be the lightest running blower-cutter made.

Be independent—get a Gilson Silo Filler and fill your own silo—with your own engine, 4 hp. or larger—at the proper time, when your corn has the greatest feeding value.

HYLO SYLO

The Hylo Sylo insures sweet, fresh, succulent ensilage down to the last forkful. It is built to last indefinitely. Exclusive patented features of design and construction explain why the Hylo is chosen by the discriminating farmer. Says for itself is the first season. Then year after year pays 100 per cent. profit on your investment. Can you beat it?

THE GILSON SPREADER



Manure is the best fertilizer. You have it. Use it! The best Manure Spreader made is the Gilson. Why? It has a wide spread. It is low down. It has light draft. It will take a load. It is free from clutches, gears and all complicated parts.

Call and see our nearest dealer, name below. He will save and make you money on the equipment illustrated and on Gilson Threshers, Disc-Axe Tractors, Wood Saws, Grinders, Pump Jacks, Belting, etc. Write for Catalog.

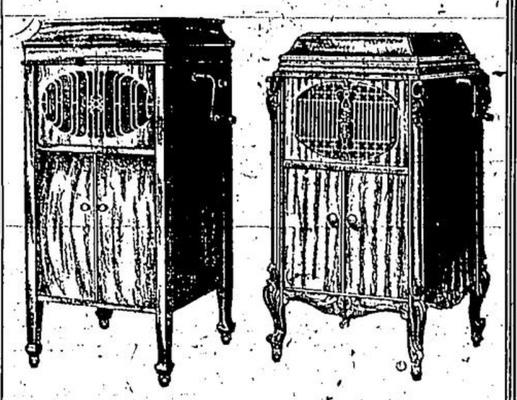
Made in Canada and Guaranteed by

GILSON MFG. CO., Limited - - GUELPH, ONT.

Call and See Nearest Dealer

J. W. BARBERREE, ACTON, ONT.

The Brunswick



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

FRANK KING

The Dealer, Will Demonstrate

MAIN STREET GEORGETOWN