The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1921

HANG ON

Hang on! Cling on! No matter what they say.
Push on! Bling on! Things will come your way.
Sitting down and whining never helps a bit;
Best way to get there is by keeping up your grit.

Don't give up holding when the ship goes down,
Grab a spar or something, just refuse to drown.
Don't think you're dying just because you're hit,
Smile in face of danger and hang to your grit.

Folks die too easy—they sort of fade away
Make a little error, and give up in dismay,
Kind of man that's needed is the man of ready wit
To laugh at pain and trouble, and keep his grit.

PRIDE IN YOUR TOWN

Just as we emerged from the big building's elevator the earnest-looking boy was informing me that he came from Scotland six months ago. "And from what part of Scotland?" I asked. "From Glesga,' he replied with an evident touch of pride. At that instant I spied my car—R. J.'s car, I mean—right in front of the building, and, for lack of anything else to say by way of bringing the conversation to a civil and hurried close, I said, "I know, I know." Just as I was crossing the kerb I heard him shout, "Well, you should, sir; you should." And as I returned to acknowledge his keen retort, he smiled and waved his hand in full consciousness that he came from a famous town, about which all the world knew.

It is a lovely thing to hear the eloquence with which exiled sons and daughters of a great city describe their native place. You can safely put a premium of twenty-five per cent. above the usual estimate of any man who devotes idolatrous worship upon some one spot on earth.

The sea gulls were following our boat out of Port Arthur, and an English woman waxed eloquent in likening them to the pigeons which hover about St. Paul's, London. She had been fifteen years in a dreary village of Manitoba and now at last she was to see the hub of the empire once more. As her eyes moistened and her tongue limbered I thought of the returning Jewish exile singing about the swallows that made their nests under the eaves of the temple.

Out on Bloor near Runnymede I was asking the price of strawberries and commenting on their knotted and twisted shapes this season when the young saleswoman said, "They are not nearly as beautiful as the Scotch berries." There was no mistaking the burr in her "berries." I drew from her that she had arrived from Edinburgh just five weeks ago. Ah, Princess Street! Was there ever such an avenue? And the Castle! And Holyrood! Had I ever been in the grand old town? Yes. And did I enjoy it? "Yes, indeed," said I; "there is only one other spot in all the world I love more." "And what might that be," she asked incredulously. "Toronto," I proudly replied.

In thirty years from now the son of that lassie may be out in some little Saskatchewan town, harking back yearingly towards Toronto, just as she is now towards her beloved Edin. Do you get the moving fever now and then? Do you imagine that the roomy west is the place for you? It may be true, but I want to tell you that all the way from the tip of Lake Superior to the furthest edge of the Yukon are thousands of men and women who would give their all for the glorious privilege of walking down Yonge Street once more. How they do reminisce about the good old days when they feasted sumptuously in a Mutual Street boarding house at $3.50 per week, when they slept under the trees of the Allan Gardens on a hot Sunday afternoon, and went to Metropolitan Church at night. They wax enthusiastic in telling of hearing Sir John Macdonald in Shaftesbury Hall and watching the huge celebration in honor of Bloemfontein.

"Yes, sir, my shoes have helped wear down those old flagstones on Yonge Street," said a grain-grower to me, "and after I have made my pile out here, I hope to be a resident of the good old city again." And that process of gathering a competency out west or up north and returning to spend it in Toronto is constantly going on.

There is one thing better than the exile's pride, and that is the present enjoyment of your town. No city is great until her sons sing to her: "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion." Walk about your Zion, reader; tell the towers thereof; mark well her bulwarks, consider her palaces. Whether it be Toronto or Oakville, Hamilton or Barrie, Acton or Orangeville, speak proudly of the spot you love. Wherever you rove may it be to the credit of the old town when they say to you, "That man was born there." And if any speak ill of her in your presence, I promise you, not a priest's, but a patriot's, absolution if you —lose your temper.—Byron Stauffer, in Toronto Star.

CANADA'S EXPORTS OF BACON

During recent years, and particularly during the war period Canada's export bacon trade developed very rapidly. This is proven by the fact that last year exports of bacon from the Dominion amounted in value to $34,000,000 and that our killings of hogs in eight years doubled in number, while those of Denmark and Ireland decreased considerably. With the return to normal conditions, vigorous efforts will have to be made in order to maintain this position. The Live Stock Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture has entered upon a special campaign to stimulate the production of hogs of the bacon type. In co-operation with the provincial departments, an arrangement has been made to offer attractive prizes to members of boys' and girls' pig clubs who exhibit at local fairs, both for quality of product and ability in judging. Where such clubs do not exist, attempts at organization will be made. The idea is not only to stimulate and sustain production, but to circulate knowledge of actual market requirements and thus to create a standard type of bacon hog for the entire Dominion. When it is stated that the British market imports annually 500,000,000 pounds of bacon, understanding is possible of the value of the trade that is at stake. It is hardly necessary to suggest that he hearty co-operation of farmers and everyone interested is hoped for. Rules and regulations governing the competition may be obtained from the Dominion Live Stock Commissioner at Ottawa.—Dominion Department of Agriculture.

CEMENT-PROTECTED IRON

The use of cement to protect iron is not a new invention. At Brest the demolition of subaqueous constructions has brought to light iron bars which were thus covered, and which have remained in perfect condition for more than one hundred years. At Rochelle a bridge erected in the fifteenth century was found to contain cement-protected iron, and the metal had not suffered from the effects of moisture.

More than one instance came under my observation during the week, of men who were boys here once, coming back to the old home with the primary object of enjoying the boyhood's pastime of "just f ' b'."

And then I ca across this trio of verses which fitted in quite suitably, so I pass them on to you:

JIGIT FISHIN'

One doesn't care much for politics,
Or questions big and great,
When his mind is on the fish worm can
Or a place to dig his bait.

He doesn't think of sickness,
Ah! he never could be ill
When he feels the line a-tuggin'
With that joyous sort of thrill!

The place to lay aside your cares,
Yer yearnin' and yer labin',
Is by a brook beneath the sky;
Jest sittin' there a-fishin'.

You all know the old saying "Boys will be boys," but in my long and somewhat observing career here, I have noticed it over and over again, that "men will be boys," if they get a chance, especially in the haunts of the old home. There've been quite a few of them visiting the old home during the past week or so and I've been keeping my old eyes open, and I've found in every case that no matter how high or dignified their station when on their regular job in the city, they act like boys again when in the old home.

Say, I got rather a shock the other morning when I was looking over my copy of the Free Press and saw that the issue last week was the last of another volume. Well, being of an enquiring turn of mind, as you all know, I turned to the first page, looked up the number of volumes completed, and, bless you, I was amazed to find that this local paper of ours is forty-six years old, and, as the youngsters used to say: "Going on forty-seven." Well, now, that beats me; to think that it is over forty-six years since Joe Hacking came from Guelph to spy out the land and look over the prospects for a newspaper in Acton. I think D. D. Christie and Jack Secord were the first citizens interviewed and they both enthused over the proposition. Both were anxious to have Acton stand out in the way that only can be secured through the publication of a newspaper in the town. I remember the next Tuesday evening at the weekly meeting of the Sons of Temperance, in the old Temperance Hall on Church Street, the matter of posters and tickets was up, and a committee being appointed to go to Guelph for this printing, when Jack Secord got up and said: "Well, thank goodness, before we have another festival, we'll have a printing office in our own town to do our printing." Mr. Hacking was given good encouragement on his canvass. He went back to Guelph with promises for some four hundred subscribers for the new paper, and nearly every individual doing business in Acton had engaged advertising space for the new paper. In the course of time the printing plant was moved down from Guelph, and set up in Matthews' Hall, which was over the post office store for many years located on the site of the present Government Building on Mill Street. In the course of time the new paper made its appearance. It first saw the light of day on Dominion Day, 1875. I recall quite distinctly the first copies which appeared on the street that afternoon. The Sons of Temperance strawberry festival was in those days a fixture for the First of July. The annual festival was to be held in the Drill Shed, then standing at the corner of Bower Avenue and Eighth Street, where Alex. Secord afterward built his fine new brick residence "Villanore," that evening. A number of us who were on the committee, were at the drill shed getting ready, when a boy came in with an armful of Acton's new newspaper. The Acton Free Press. It was a novelty, I tell you, and everybody was anxious to see it. It was well printed then, as the paper is now, and everybody was proud to have a real local newspaper for the town. This story is told about the conditions prevailing in the new printing office when this first number was being gotten out away back there forty-six years ago. It is alleged that it required several pitchers of Bob Agnew's beer to get out that first edition. Now, I don't know whether this prohibitionist editor of ours will like this story get out, and the public to be informed that the paper he has had such pride in for its sound temperance principles for so many years under his leadership, was born under conditions where beer flowed so freely and was the principal beverage at its christening and appearance before the public. I suppose it is only fair that I should give particulars as to the circumstances. Bob Simpson, of Guelph, was the foreman of the new office. He brought with him two other compositors who, like himself, were prepared to live up to all the bohemian reputation as to the bibulous propensities of the average journeyman printer of those days. The three lived up to the most liberal reputations of the bohemians, and as a consequence beer flowed freely when the first issue of the Free Press was being set up and printed. Mr. Hacking heard about it and Bob was called upon "the carpet." As a result the two journeymen were sent back to Guelph next day and Bob was put under solemn pledge that no more beer was to come to the Free Press Office with his consent. It does seem rather an anomoly—I guess that's the right word—that such an uncompromising enemy to beer guzzling as this old paper is to-day should have had its birth with beer so promiscuously present as it was on that occasion. But, nevertheless, notwithstanding, this is very similar to what has prevailed in numerous homes in this very community. When the Free Press was a youngster there was seldom a christening, a marriage, or a funeral when beer and stronger liquors was not freely in evidence. In these same homes liquor has been taboo for a generation and more, as it has been with the Free Press since the celebration of its birth by Bob Simpson and his cronies, away back there in June, 1875.

Now for some reminiscences of an earlier date. Between the Manse property and the farm below there was for many years a lot on which a cottage was erected. It runs in my mind that a couple of maiden ladies by the name of McDonald lived there away back when I was a young chap. I can remember these ladies and the respect in which they were held. The years passed and they either removed or died there. Then there were tenants who remained for a short time. Finally the old house became the rendezvous of some men and women of questionable character, and one night it took fire and was wiped out. There are generally pangs of regret when an old house which has been a real home for years, is destroyed, but I think there were no regrets when this place went up in smoke fifteen or twenty years ago, especially on the part of the neighbors who had been disturbed on more than one occasion during the night by the disgraceful orgies of the inmates.

The James Bell, farm, for years owned by Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Stewart, and now the property of John E. Robertson, the well-known sheep breeder, was for years the home of James Bell and family. The Bells were early settlers. William Bell was for years the landlord of Bell's Tavern, now the Station Hotel, and owned by Samuel Lamby, whose grandfather, Oliver Lamby, Jr., came from Pilkington, near Elora, in 1845, with the Nickling, Matthews, Hvans and Moores, who left Wellington County at that time to settle here. James Bell cleared the most of this farm. Prior to Mr Bell securing this property it was a favorite place with the Indians who came from the reserve at Port Credit every spring to make maple sugar in the splendid sugar bush which then covered the front of the farm. When James Bell built a log house for his home, he selected as the site the location of the Indians' sugar camp, a few rods from the second line. Here the new home was built and the farm yard and garden were located where the Indian wigwams had stood for years.

An Indian story is related yet by some of the early settlers who survive. Miss Elliott, a sister, I think, of Mr. George Elliott, who lived on the farm now owned and occupied by Mr. William Mullin and family, sometimes visited the Indian camp during the sugar season, and made friends with the squaws and papooses there. In the course of time Miss Elliott married Jacob Kennedy, and they moved to the township of Bosanquet in Lambton County. A number of years later an Indian, who was passing through the country, stopped at the Kennedy home and asked for something to eat. Mrs. Kennedy at once complied and as she was preparing the meal the Indian said: "Me know you." "How do you know me?" asked Mrs. Kennedy. "Me see you in Indian sugar bush in Esquesing many moons ago; you help our squaws and papooses. We come up to Lambton County now; too many people at Port Credit and Esquesing."

I think John Brown, familiarly known as "Tarlo Brown" in this community fifty or sixty years ago, lived

REV. LACHLAN CAMERON
The Second Minister of Knox Church, Acton.

I have asked the Free Press to print Mr. Cameron's picture again for the sake of the older people who remember him with such great pleasure.

on this place for a time. Mr. Brown was killed while driving home from Milton one night when his horse became unmanageable and he was thrown out of his rig. His widow afterward married the late James Hyde, Sr.

Mr. Thomas Elliott helped Mr. Bell to clear up the old sugar bush when he was a lump of a boy at his father's home. Tom was good with the axe in those early days and could fell a maple or beech with any of the choppers of the day.

Mr. Bell's health failed and he eventually sold the farm, and with his family moved to Acton. But he always retained his love for the farm and was generally found employing his time at some work which would bring him in touch with his old neighbors. For years he bought and shipped grain for H. & R. Nickling, when they used the old G. T. R. freight house as a grain warehouse. Both Mr. and Mrs. Bell passed away years ago and several of their sons and daughters have also died. Henry, the eldest son, who is now a grandfather, has a good position in Toronto. He has never lost his love for the old home and the old home town, and never a year passes but he comes back to spend a day or so here, and on these visits he invariably goes down Main Street to the old farm at the corner of the second line and the Dublin crossroad and contemplates the good old days of long ago at the old home.

The Old Man

WHAT MISSIONARIES HAVE DONE

Missionaries have translated the Bible into about seven-tenths of the world's speech.

Missionaries have done more than any one class to bring peace among savage tribes.

All the museums of the world have been enriched by the examples of the plants, animals, and products of distant countries collected by missionaries.

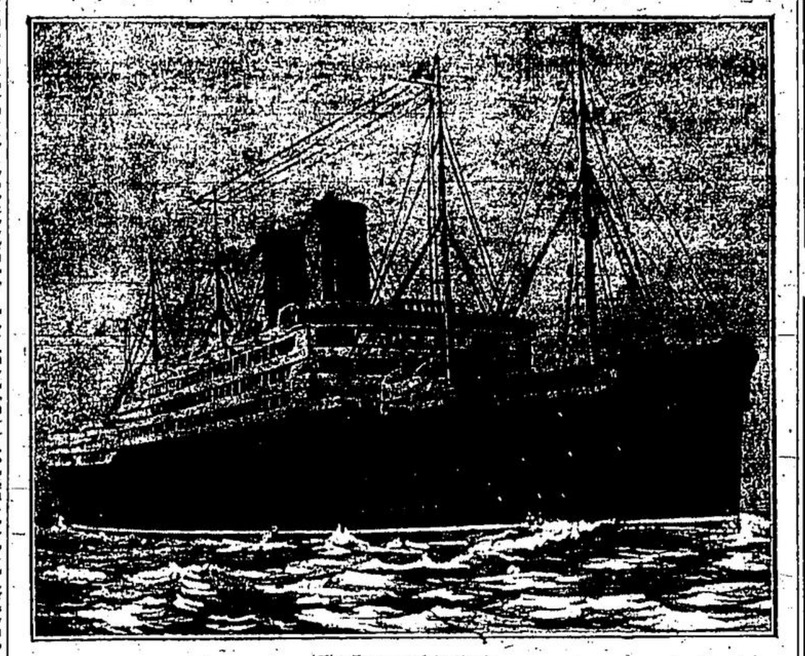
Missionaries were the first to give any information about the far interior of Africa. They have given the world more accurate geographical knowledge of that land, than all other classes combined.

It is to missionary efforts that all South Sea literature is due; there is not a single case on record of the reduction to writing of a Polynesian language by another than a Christian worker.

The missionaries have expanded the world's commerce. The trade with the Fiji Islands in one year is more than the entire amount spent in fifty years in Christianising them.

A great English statesman estimated that when a missionary had been twenty years on the field, he is worth in his indirect expansion of trade and commerce £10,000 per year to British commerce.

LARGEST CANADIAN ATLANTIC SHIP



The Empress of Scotland

The largest liner ever assigned to the St. Lawrence route is soon to make her initial appearance at Quebec according to announcements made by the C. P. R. This steamer is their newly acquired liner, the Empress of Scotland, formerly the German liner Kaiserin Auguste Victoria and she is expected to arrive at Quebec during the first week in August.

The C. P. R. purchased this liner from the British Government last winter when it was seen that the Company's own steamers, which are now being built in England, would not be ready this season on account of the delay arising from the big strike in the ship yards there.

The new Empress of Scotland is of 25,000 gross tons. The liner ran after the armistice, under the Cunard house flag from Liverpool to New York. She is a first, second and third class carrier with luxurious cabin equipment. The liner was built in 1905 and was especially designed for the New York service.

The Empress of Scotland will make her first sailing from Quebec on August 11.

The new liner is the largest in the Canadian Atlantic service. Her dimensions are: Length, 700 feet; breadth, 77 feet, and draft of water, 34 feet.

"DE SWANEE RIBBER"

An interesting story is told regarding one of the most popular songs in the world, "The Old Folks at Home." Its author was Stephen Collins Foster, who has been called "America's premier balladist." He wrote one hundred and seventy songs, including "Old Kentucky Home," "Old Black Joe," and "Old Uncle Ned."

When he had written "The Old Folks at Home," he was displeased with the name of the river given in the second verse. In the original the verse runs: "Way down upon de Pedee Ribber, Far, far away, Dere's whe my heart is turning ebber, Dere's whe my brudders play."

He asked his brother Morrison for a better name for the river:

"What Southern stream do you suggest instead of 'Pedee'?" Morrison offered Yazoo, which Stephen thought wouldn't do. "Well, let's consult an atlas," said Morrison. One a map of Florida they found a little river called Swanee. "That's it exactly," cried Stephen.

Although millions of copies of Foster's songs were sold, his life was a tragic one. He gave his first two songs to a friend, who made ten thousand dollars out of them. Marrying in 1850, his life was very unhappy. Eventually he went to New York, where he became a vagabond.

It was at this period of his life that he strayed one day into a shop and, sitting at a piano, won from the keys the wistful pleading tune "Come where my love lies dreaming." A man who was present offered him five dollars for the song and he accepted gratefully.

Foster died in a public ward at the Bellevue Hospital New York, and is entered on the records as a laborer.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST BOVINE TUBERCULOSIS

A few years ago the United States breeders of pure-bred cattle, recognizing the necessity of more effective measures for the control of tuberculosis, arranged a conference with officials of the Bureau of Animal Industry at Washington, the result of which was the adoption of what is known as the Accredited Herd Plan, meaning that the herd had been thoroughly tested and found entirely free from any symptoms of tuberculosis. The plan proved so successful—over a thousand herds being accredited in a brief period—that a decision was arrived at to adopt the system in Canada. Regulations were promulgated which came into force in September, 1919, and have proved gratifyingly successful, a number of herds having been accredited, while many others are under test. There is now an agreement between this country and the United States that cattle from accredited herds may enter either way, without detention or test. Under the Municipal Tuberculosis Order, passed at Ottawa some years ago, and the more recently adopted Accredited Herd Plan, compensation is paid for animals officially slaughtered and the owners are permitted under regulation to realize whatever they can from the sale of the carcass.—Dominion Department of Agriculture.

MANNERS AND CLOTHES

"The person who takes no interest in clothes is generally slack in other respects. I am emphatically of the opinion that every woman should make herself look as attractive as possible, and every man should do the same. It shows self-respect," says Dr. Marion Hodges, of Kingland, an official of the Labor Party.

"Nice clothes have a distinct bearing on good manners. The well-dressed man is, as a rule, better mannered than the person carelessly clothed. The working girl who was able during the war to dress better than before, is a distinctly better type than of old. She is trying to keep up to the higher standard, and she wishes her manners to be as well ordered as her clothes.

"But dressing well," she continues, "should not mean the wearing of extravagant silks and chiffons, expensive silk stockings, high-heeled shoes, and jewellery all the time, for this would unfit women for any useful work."

ALUMINUM WHETSTONES

Aluminum serves an excellent purpose as a substitute for a whetstone, especially in giving a smooth, keen razor edge to the blades.

When examined with a microscope the edge of a knife whetted on aluminum appears much smoother and straighter than it does when whetted on a stone. Under the effect of honing, the surface of aluminum becomes covered with a substance having a greasy feeling and possessing a great power of adhesion to steel, and it is largely to this that the ability of the metal to produce so fine an edge is ascribed.

BE READY TO SHOW YOUR ENTHUSIASM

Many young people have a strong prejudice against seeming surprised. They like to appear as if they had travelled so widely and seen so much that pretty nearly everything had become an old story. Of course so many new wonders are constantly happening that a man the age of Methuselah would be having little shocks of astonishment all the time, to say nothing of a youth of eighteen. When young people assume the air of sophisticated indifference you can be sure, without going any further, that they are simply pretending.

Two young people, evidently brother and sister from their striking resemblance, were making their way along Broadway at the most notable section of that wonderful artery of trade. The boy glanced across the street at a towering office building, his eyes following its ascent heavenward till his sister said "Do stop craning your neck to look at the skyscraper. Do you want people to think we're just from the country?"

Now there are things in the world fitter worth looking at than a city skyscraper and there are also many things of less interest. When skilled builders send a slender shaft up twenty or thirty or even more stories from the ground and make it a practical business proposition any person of intelligence is bound to be impressed. A single building housing during business hours enough people to make a good sized town is one of the wonders characteristic of the present era. And if it does not seem wonderful to the beholder shows lack of appreciation in our make up.

A mother and her daughter were on the streets of a small town when over their heads, sounded the swift heartbeats of an airplane. The mother looked up eagerly whereupon the daughter remarked with an air of superiority, "Really, Mother, one would suppose you had never seen an airship before." Over their heads was the miracle of the ages, a demonstrated impossibility. Even this wise twentieth century of ours jeered at the enthusiasts who fancied man could ever fly. And yet this "sophisticated" young woman grudged a glance at the marvel which in her own childhood was declared by the wisest man in the world, the impractical dream of visionaries.

When you awaken on a spring morning look out of the window and see what changes have come about since yesterday. The miracle of miracles is taking place before your eyes. The reverent soul is moved to uncover his head, as he skirts the fields where the young corn, or the young wheat is starting. Holy ground, it seems to him, this soil which but a short time ago was lying waste, now teems with life, making ready to do its share toward feeding the world's hungry. The notes of a song bird, warbling his springtime song thrills him as if he had never heard such music before.

The young people who are afraid of showing surprise should remember that spontaneous enthusiasm has an incomparable charm. There are few more unpopular beings than the impassive person on whom nothing makes any impression.

A prominent woman in Washington society took charge for a week of a young girl, the daughter of a boyhood friend of her husband's. She knew the girl had been almost nowhere and she resolved to make the week memorable. The young visitor was taken everywhere. All the wonders of the most beautiful city in America were pointed out to her. She met people of international fame. She was given opportunities for which many a rich man would have paid a fabulous sum, could he have purchased them for his daughter. But never once did the young girl seem surprised. Never once did she warm to anything like enthusiasm. One would have supposed from her demeanor that she had been fed on marvels until she became surfeited, that social opportunities had been her portion from the cradle. And it goes without saying that her hostess was relieved when her visit drew to an end.

We should not be afraid of cultivating interest and strong enthusiasm. And we should be responsive, ready to be amplified and ready to show enthusiasm.

PLENTY OF SCOPE FOR IT

"Imagination is a wonderful thing, isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose it is, but what made you think of that now?"

"Oh, I've just been reading the new seed catalogue."

THOSE SUDDEN NOISES

Do you start at sudden noises? Just one or two doses of DR. MILES' NERVINE—$1.20 will soothe the irritated and over-strained nerves. Guaranteed Safe and Sure.

SOLD IN ACTON BY E. J. HASSARD

MOVED TO
New Quarters!

I am now comfortabley settled in the new quarters in the Harkman Block And am better able to look after the needs of everything pertaining to footwear.

I will have an assistant with me directly and this will greatly facilitate the prompt repairing of all work left with me. Repairing prices have been reduced.

All grades of Shoes in Men's and Boys' Lines in stock.

T. E. Gibbons - Mill St., Acton

J. W. Kennedy & Son
Hardware—Plumbing—Tinsmithing—Electric Wiring

It Saves You Work and Dollars
It Gives Comfort and Enjoyment

Have you as yet installed in your home a system of ELECTRIC LIGHTING? If not, it is only a matter of time until you do and there is no time like the present. We specialize in this class of work and can give prompt and satisfactory service. Do away with those unhealthy and dangerous oil lamps and see what real comfort is derived in the home from the use of electricity. We are always glad to give estimates on this work, and our prices will interest you. Come in and talk it over.

We also carry a good assortment of fixtures and appliances and your inspection is invited.

Remember Our Motto—Quality, Service, Reasonable Prices

J. W. Kennedy & Son
PHONE 95 - - - - MAIN STREET, Acton

TANNERY CO-OPERATIVE
The Store of Quality and Low Prices

The Fruit Season is now coming on. We are prepared to meet Your Wants in Fruits, Fruit Jars, all Sizes, and Sugar at Prices that Cannot be Beat

PRICES ON MANY LINES OF GOODS ARE STILL DECLINING—OUR CUSTOMERS GET THE BENEFIT OF EVERY DROP IN THE MARKET

SEE OUR SUMMER UNDERWEAR, FINE HOSE, WORKING SHIRTS, FINE AND HEAVY BOOTS AND COMPARE OUR PRICES WITH OTHER STORES

COTTONS, PRINTS AND GINGHAMS AT PRE-WAR PRICES
TRY OUR SPECIAL TEA AT 38c—REGULAR 45c

Highest Prices Paid for Butter and Eggs—Either Cash or Goods

Tannery Co-Operative
C. A. CONWAY, Manager
Mill Street - Acton

ADVERTISE!

One of the most persistent advertisers in the history of success was Robinson Crusoe. He knew what he wanted---a ship---and he put up an ad for one. He flung a shirt on a pole, at the top of his island; that, in the language of the sea, was plain to every sea-faring man.

"The circulation was small---there was no other medium---but Crusoe kept at it, despite the fact that he got no enquiries for a long time. He changed his copy---as one garment after another was frayed out---and in the end got what he wanted.

"Suppose Crusoe had taken down that signal after a time and declared 'Advertising doesn't pay.' Where would he and his story be now?

"Put up your signal and keep it there. Crusoe advertised under very discouraging circumstances. You've got a sure thing---it is only necessary to have the patience, persistence, and pluck of Robinson Crusoe---and the good ship 'Better Business' will tie up 'longside your pier."