The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1921

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

Sarah Flower Adams (born in Great Harlow, England, February 22, 1805, died in London, August, 1848), is the author of the hymn which is the best known of all those written by women. She was the daughter of the editor of the Cambridge "Intelligencer," and was married to William B. Adams, a celebrated engineer and inventor. Though written as recently as 1840, this hymn stands among the foremost in the list of the ten great hymns of the Christian Church. In the United States it would be impossible to find a hymnal from which it is omitted. This may be due, in part, to the tune to which it was set by the father of American church music, Dr. Lowell Mason. "Bethany" is weded to the hymn in America, while in England, where it is sung to other tunes, it is not nearly so well known.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
  That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee.

Though like the wanderer,
  The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
  My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee.

There let the way appear
  Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
  In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee.

Then with my waking thoughts
  Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
  Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee.

Or if on joyful wings
  Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
  Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee.

ICE CREAM AND WATER ICES

Mark Blaque ice cream: One quart medium thick cream, one tablespoonful of vanilla extract, one teaspoonful of almond extract, one cupful of brown bread-crumbs, three-quarters of a cupful of sugar.

Scald half the cream, add the sugar, allow to cool, then add remaining cream and flavorings. Chill and freeze; when the mixture reaches a thick, mushy consistency, open the freezer and stir in the bread-crumbs. Continue the freezing to insure thorough mixing, remove the dasher and pack.

Almond macaroons are used for the genuine blaque ice cream, but crumbed brown bread makes a satisfactory substitute. When several flavors are used in ice cream, as in the above recipe, allow more time for ripening or blending.

Peach ice cream is made with five cupfuls of milk, or half milk and half cream, three cupfuls of sugar, six peaches and the juice of one lemon. Pare the peaches, mash and mix with the sugar and lemon-juice. Scald one-half the quantity of milk, cool and mix with the other ingredients then freeze. Three cupfuls of strawberries or red raspberries can be substituted for the peaches, or a can of crushed pineapple can be used. Fruit must be thoroughly mashed or crushed, or it will freeze into pellets.

Water ices are delicious but lack the food value found in ice cream, therefore are less desirable for children. In making water ices, boil the sugar and water together for just five minutes by the clock and remove the scum while hot, strain the syrup through a fine cloth and cool before adding the fruit juice. Pack the freezer as for ice cream. Turn the crank slowly for a few minutes, then rest five minutes, turn slowly again, and rest, etc., until the mixture is frozen hard. It takes much longer to freeze water ices than ice cream. When you can turn no longer take out the dasher, and beat the water-ice well with a paddle. Then repack as with ice cream.

Orange water ice: Add to the syrup made with one pound of sugar and a pint of water, the juice of six oranges and one lemon. Boil a few strips of the yellow orange rind with the syrup.

Grape water-ice is excellent and is made with one pint of grape-juice and the juice of one lemon added to the syrup made with one pound of sugar and a pint of water.

Frozen strawberries: One quart of berries mashed with three cupfuls of sugar, the juice of one large lemon, six cupfuls of water. Make a syrup of the sugar and water, add the fruit, mix and freeze.

Frozen cherries require three pints of cherries to a pound of sugar and a pint of water. Pit and mash the cherries, crack a dozen of the pits and rub the kernels to a paste, then add the paste to the cherries. Let this mixture stand one hour. Make a syrup with the sugar and water, strain the fruit and add the juice to the syrup. Place the mixture in the freezer and partially freeze before adding the cherries.

Black-raspberry sherbet: One quart of black raspberries, six cupfuls of water, the juice of one large lemon and three cupfuls of sugar. Let the berries come to a boil in half the water, mash through a fine sieve, add the sugar, cool, then add remaining water and lemon-juice, and freeze.

Lemon milk sherbet is made with two quarts of milk, three cupfuls of sugar and the juice of four lemons. Scald one quart of milk, cool, mix the lemon-juice with the sugar, add to the milk and freeze at once. No harm is done if the milk curdles, for the mixture always results in a smooth sherbet.

TO TRANSFER FEATHERS

To transfer feathers from one ticking to another, rip along one edge of the old "tick" and leave an opening of corresponding size on the new covering. Join the edges of the two coverings and hang them out of doors on a windy day. The feathers will gradually work down into the lower portion, and the transfer can be helped along by an occasional beating. When all the feathers have been transferred, rip the "ticks" apart carefully, pining together the edges so that none escape, then overseam the opening with strong, waxed thread.

WE MUST PAY THE PRICE

"If you want knowledge," said Ruskin, "you must pay dear for it." Bible knowledge comes as high as any other kind. If you want it badly enough to pay for it, your class will prise you more every day, and the problem of attendance will be very largely solved. The absentee committee will have a sinecure.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

"Billy Youngdad's baby is beginning to talk now," said one of his bachelor friends to another.

"Why, has he been boring you with stories about it?"

"No, but I sat near him at lunch today, and I heard him say absent-mindedly to the waitress, 'Dimme foky dinky water, please.'"

Well, bless me, if another landmark hasn't been removed. I noticed the item in last Free Press about the big chestnut tree on Mill Street, near the lawyer's office in the Perryman Block, having been cut down. Well, I strolled up that way in the afternoon, and when I got up to where Mrs. Wilde's old house used to stand, and where Mr. Baird had that first photograph gallery in Acton, I declare to you, I almost felt lost. That old chestnut tree which I had seen there for more than sixty years was gone. Gone, you it was, and left a mighty big hole there too. Say, but it took my old remembrerer back a long way. Let's see! It must have been George Pringle who planted that chestnut tree just outside his smithy door. And what memories cling to us when we think of George, the old blacksmith there. We think of the morning he shut up his shop and left with Robert Warren and John Burns and Rasty Hall and Tom Dunn and the others for the gold fields of Cariboo, and only two of the ten ever came back, and they weren't loaded down with gold either.

It was in the house beside the smithy, under this spreading chestnut tree, where Jack Hutchison lived when he was a boy. He went from there to school, where he made "sheeps' eyes" to Maria Cameron, and afterwards married her, and they established a happy home. It was from here that Jack went with Zalman Hall to the tannery to learn the business, and afterward they were at Penetanguishene together, where Jack is now superintendent of the big Breithaupt tannery.

And then we think of Thomas Marshall moving to the house adjoining the old blacksmith shop, and with his shoe shop window under the shade of this chestnut tree. And then, when Mr. Tubby died in the house which stood over on the corner of the Soldiers' Community House property, and the Tubby family removed to Georgetown, and Mr. Marshall moved his family and his shoe shop over to the Tubby house. And then, after a little while Sandy Grant—beg your pardon—"Esquire" Grant, bought this property and his kitchen and his shoe shop were shaded by the old chestnut tree. And after a number of years how he sold the property to Father Thomas Perryman, and went to live over on Church Street. And we remember how Mr. Perryman tore down the old smithy, and moved back the old residence, and improved the front with a fine two-storey brick structure. And the old chestnut continued to grow.

And it shaded Miss Perryman's fancy goods store windows for some years.

And then the Merchants Bank was founded in Acton twenty or twenty-one years ago. And its first location was in the Perryman Block, and the old chestnut tree shaded the front windows of the bank on the hot summer afternoons.

Say, how my old head rattles on. And I remember that it was right in here that W. H. Travers, who was manager of the Merchants Bank at Berlin, came to Acton to open the new branch and stayed here a month or so. And then I began to think of Travers; how he was promoted from Berlin to Hamilton, and then his bright scheme to organize a farmers' bank came to him. And he organized the Farmers' Bank and skinned every farmer who became a shareholder, and then busted the bank, and finally landed in penitentiary—which he deserved if ever a rogue and blackleg did.

Well, J. A. Wallace was the first settled manager of the Merchants Bank here. And he did the business of the bank in the Perryman building, under the shade of the big chestnut tree, until the Warren Block was completed, when the bank moved over to the quarters it still occupies. Manager Wallace was quite a character too. He it was who introduced golf to Acton sports, and was instrumental in the construction of Acton Golf Links, with the splendid tees, and bunkers, and hazards, and drives. Mr. Wallace was a crack shot with a revolver too. One night, while examining a new revolver, in his room in St. Alban's Rectory, he snapped the trigger as he pointed the weapon at his right foot, thinking, of course, it was not loaded. He had forgotten the cartridge he had inserted to test its correct size, when lo and behold, the chamber containing the cartridge had turned under the hammer. A discharge was made, and as Mr. Wallace gazed at his foot he discovered that he had shot the bullet through his first toe. That meant a month away from his banking duties.

Well, when the Merchants Bank was moved away from the shade of the big chestnut in the Perryman Block, good old Reub. McNabb, whose office was upstairs over the Matthews' store secured possession and moved in. Here he conducted his conveyancing and insurance business until he contracted the illness which terminated fatally. The whole town felt his death keenly, for R. J. McNabb was a general favorite.

The next to occupy this office was the popular Archy John MacKinnon, barrister and Municipal Clerk. He enjoyed the shade of the old chestnut for a number of years and until his untimely and unexpected death from the "flu" during the epidemic of the fall of 1918. What changes do come under the notice of an old chap like me who has been spared so long, even if I do hobble about with this rheumatix of mine.

Well, the present tenant of this building is Harold N. Farmer, B. A., barrister, who succeeded A. J. MacKinnon. He came to the office under the shade of the old chestnut tree of George Pringle's day. It was cut down just a day or two before he left on his holidays on a trip down the cool reaches of the St. Lawrence, where he is spending a fortnight in the Gulf. He'll come back with stories of a delightful outing, and incidentally with fish stories which make his father, Dr. Farmer—who is an inveterate disciple of Izaak Walton—gape with wonder and amazement. Well, about the first of August, when Harold gets back to his lawyer's desk and duties, he'll miss the shade of the dear old chestnut and forget that he'd been down among the icebergs at all. Well, the chestnut is gone the way of all the earth. Peace be to its ashes.

Well, now, bless me, if I haven't used up nearly all my space for the week over the old chestnut tree, and hardly a quarter column left to devote to the second line recollections.

Last week I closed with the Isaac Stauffer farm and the family of nineteen children and their successors on this fine old property.

Well, the next farm below has a history too. It was there that Lachlan McDonald, Mrs. John Warren's brother, began his career as a leading farmer and business man. He ran the farm for a time; then he began buying grain in Acton, then he built the big frame block on Main Street with three stores in front, residence above, and a grain warehouse behind. But Lachlan reached out a little too far in his business enterprises to his own and some others' disadvantage, and he went broke. But he was a man of enterprise, went to the United States where he engaged in many activities. Finally he came back and spent his last days here, and, I think, was buried in Fairview Cemetery.

Nearly sixty years ago Hugh Mann disposed of his farm at the fourth line, on which Rapnockburn School is now located, and which is still in the family, Archy being the present owner. He bought the McDonald farm, and moved there with his family. He, like his neighbors on the neighboring farms, had a good-sized family. There were Allan, Donald, Alexander, Hugh, Margery, Christina and Annie, perhaps another, but my memory is not very clear about it. This is the home which the noted son, Sir Donald remembers best. It was from here he went to school at Dublin and later to Mr. Tiffin at Acton. It was from here he went to the Michigan lumber woods and learned to do big things and how to handle men in gangs. It was from here he and Allan went to Crewsons Corners to run a farm with bright visions of owning the farm in a few years. But the chickens were counted before they were hatched. The farm didn't pay, and before the lease expired the sheriff of Wellington County was there to seize the stock and crop for rent. It was a fortunate experience for Sir Donald. He went west and made good, and in a few years he and Bill McKenzie, now forsooth, Sir William, got chummy, formed a partnership, built part of the C. P. R., then made the world stand amazed by building a transcontinental railway of their own, opening mines, building steamships, and becoming multi-millionaires, both. Well, Hugh, the father, wanted to be beside his big boy in the west, sold his second line farm and went to Manitoba, of which more anon, next time.

The Old Man

THE SIXTH SENSE

Through the invention of Samuel O. Homan, a San Francisco inventor, a "sixth sense" seems to have been created. At a distance of 600 feet, in total darkness, Homan asserts that with the aid of a delicate instrument for the detection of heat waves he can tell whether one or two or several persons are present. His invention, which was started during the war for detecting enemy forces in front of the American trenches, is a combination of thermopiles, a reflector, and a galvanometer. The instrument, which acts much as a sound detector, is sensitive to heat waves and can be developed to the point where a complete silhouette of an object can be given, showing the outlines from which heat waves emanate. It can also be used for the detection of airplanes thousands of feet in the air.

U. S. Government officials are said to be considering use of the instrument for guarding valuable goods, such as large coal piles, warehouses and automobile fleets not in use. Instead of a large number of guards, who can be avoided, it is expected to set up one or two of Homan's instruments, which will immediately show the presence of people in the vicinity.

SOLD HER PROPERTY

"Biddy" remarked the newly-wed Irishman "go down and feed the pigs."

"Faith and I will not," replied the bride.

"Don't be after contradicting me, Biddy," retorted the husband. "Have not I just endowed you with all my world property, and if you can not feed your own property then its ashamed of you I am."

This was a new point of view, so off went Biddy. Presently she returned.

"Have you fed the pigs, Biddy?" demanded her husband sternly.

"Faith, and I have not," she answered. "I have done a great deal better. As they were my own property I have sold them, so they'll trouble me no more."

GRAND BLAZE

A genial farmer was driving along a quiet country road when he met the clergyman walking with downcast head and in a very dejected manner.

"I'm right sorry to hear o' the fire at your house last night," he said. "Was there any serious loss?"

"Indeed there was," said the clergyman, sorrowfully. "Ten years' sermons were completely burned."

A twinkle came into the eye of the old farmer, and he gave the horse a touch with his whip. "Aye," he retorted, as the trap moved off, "they'd make a grand blaze, sir. They were so dry, ye see."

A VICAR TO THE TOADSTOOLS

A vicar of a scattered rural parish had a remarkable knowledge of fungi. So keen was he on his hobby, says the London Morning Post, that he sometimes neglected his pastoral work to search for specimens. One day he stopped to see a bedridden old lady, who immediately reminded him how long it was since he had made his last call.

"If I had been a toadstool," she declared "you'd have been to see me long ago!"

QUERIES

Can a solid fact leak out?

At what age should young people get married? At the parsonage.

Which is the largest room in the world? The room for improvement.

Why is the hog a most wonderful animal? It can be cured after it is dead.

Why is it easy to read in the woods? Because Nature turns the leaves.

Why did so many dentists go to the recent war? Because they had been drilling for years.

FARM FORESTRY PAYS BETTER BY—

1—Marketing timber profitably.
2—Supplying timber for farm needs.
3—Furnishing employment for men and teams in winter.
4—Making waste lands yield a profit.
5—Increasing the sale value of the farm.

A SILLY FELLOW

"He's a silly fellow," said the modern girl.

"What makes you say that?" asked her friend.

"Well, I saw he was a little nervous so I kept on telling him what a terrible reputation he had for kissing girls."

"And what did he do?"

"Kept on denying it, the stupid!"

THE RULE OF TOIL

Some men to-day are trying to set aside an old, old rule. It was framed in these words in a very old book, read by old-fashioned people now and then: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground."

The things on which a high value is set are the things that come by effort. We appraise a house, a statue, a book, a symphony, a bridge, a railroad, a city, by the effort spent to build it. A citizen is honored who has added one day to another to make a lifetime of service. The rule is that we must earn what we get. Sometimes by accident prizes go to those who have not deserved them. But the exception merely proves the rule.

When the workers in a factory say, as they said in Russia, "Let us get rid of the boss and run the business ourselves," they may get rid of an individual, but they cannot dispose of a law.

The law they attempted to dethrone was that of the reward of merit and the survival of the fittest.

Days of toil and nights of worry are put into the upbuilding of a flourishing concern. The irresponsible, who shared nothing of the labor and anxiety and took their pay securely, do not see that in denying any man the chance to rise by his own determined effort to a post of leadership they deny a chance to all.

They wish to take the fruits of another's travail. He has accumulated and they pounce on his property and divide the spoil. If they have a right to take that which they have not earned, others have the same right to come to them and deprive them of their stolen goods.

The world is not safe for democracy till the right of a man, be he poor or rich, to his own property is assured. We cannot live by robbing one another. It will never be right that some who have snoozed in the shade while others were sweating in the sun should rise up and take by force what the workers have earned and put by.

SUPREME IN THE NORTH

The scene is in a country national school in County Antrim. The teacher is exhibiting a class of tiny boys to an inspector. She asks the top boy:

"Johnny McDowel, who is the Supreme Being?"

Johnny, in a tone of pleased conviction and certainty: "Sir Edward Carson, miss."

"Wrong. Next boy."

Second boy, in a surprised tone: "Sir Edward Carson, miss."

"Wrong. Next."

Third boy, thinking the teacher either absent-minded or trying to catch them: "Sir Edward Carson, miss."

A small boy at the end of the class mumbles out, "God, miss."

"Right. Go up."

Just then teacher and inspector are summoned for a moment into an adjoining room. As they disappear through the door, three clenched fists are raised, and three small voices chorus: "Ye bloomin' little Sinn Feiner—wait till we get ye outside."

NATURE'S METHODS

"Nature's methods, we say, are blind, haphazard; the wind blows where it listeth, and the seed fall where the winds and waters carry them; the frosts blight this section and spare not; the rains flood the country in the West and the drought burns up vegetation in the East. And yet we survive and prosper. Nature averages up well. We see nothing like purpose or will in her total scheme of things, yet beside her haphazard methods, her storms and distempers, we see a fundamental benefaction. If it is not good-will, it amounts to the same thing. Our fathers saw special providences, but we see only unchangeable laws. Nature has no art, no architecture, no music. Her temples, as the poets tell us, are the woods, her harps the branches of the trees, her minstrels the birds and insects her gardens the fields and waysides—all safe comparisons for purposes of literature, but not for purposes of science.—John Burroughs.

NOT THIS TIME

There was a load of bricks on the football ground in anticipation of some reconstruction repairs. A young supporter of the club came up, eyed the bricks fondly for a few minutes, knit his brows as if in deep thought, and remarked to the secretary, who happened to be standing near: "Why didn't you get broken bricks? They would be much handier."

"Handier!" echoed the secretary. "Why, man, we couldn't build a pavilion with broken bricks!"

"Oh, a pavilion!" sighed the boy. "I thought they were for the referee."

NOT FOR VULGAR EYES

There must be many Japanese still living who can remember when their countrymen would have regarded with horror the manner in which the Crown Prince allows himself to be gazed upon by foreign crowds.

So late as 1867 no Japanese was allowed to look upon the Emperor, who lived a life apart in the seclusion of his palace. All that was seen of him by those who waited on his commands was his back. When the rule was first modified to the extent of his leaving the palace all shutters had to be put up, all blinds drawn, and even the crevices covered with paper, and no one was permitted in the streets.

Vast changes have taken place since then, but even to-day it is not considered quite proper and respectful by the mass of the people to look at the Emperor or his heir when they drive through the streets.

MAN VS. WOMAN

A well-known literary man had been asked to propose the toast of "Beautiful Woman."

He spoke with patronizing condescension—a rather dangerous thing to do.

When he sat down the toast-master called upon a dainty little lady to answer by proposing the toast of "Mere Man."

She arose, and began demurely: "Ladies and Gentlemen: Man is but clay in the hands of a woman—and she generally makes a mug of him!"

THE UNITY OF MANKIND

Beneath the sea the islands are all one, beneath the nations humanity is one, beneath the creeds the love of God is one. What, then keeps us apart? Our own egotism. The pain of our divisions, the agony of war, bankruptcy, famine, and disease that stalk the world—these things are not imposed by God; they will last as long as we choose. But the unity of the world is a divine and fundamental law. Those therefore, who work for it are not working against human nature, but with it; not against fate, but with the will of God.—Take courage. God wants us to be one. God wills it!—A. Maude Royden.

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WILL IT BE FINE?

Do you know how to tell if it will keep fine, no matter where you happen to be?

It is quite simple. Just watch the birds and the animals. Their actions will give you as good a weather forecast as you need for everyday purposes.

If you are at the seaside, watch the gulls. When they fly inland you may be sure there will be rain. As the old verb has it:

"Seagull, seagull, sit on the sand,
It's never fine weather while you're on the land."

Weather changes have curious effects upon cows. A coming shower will make a cow try to scratch her ears. If a thunderstorm is on the way her tail will thump vigorously against her ribs. Black snails on a country road at dusk, indicate rain.

The humble rooster, too, is a good weathercock. He usually can scent a coming shower well in advance.

"If the cock goes crowing to bed
He will certainly rise with a watery head."

It is easy to read the weather signs of the sky. A hollowed moon always foretells rain. The stars, too, have a misty appearance before a shower.

"When the stars begin to huddle,
The earth will soon become a puddle."

If, when the rain does come, it arrives from the east, it will usually remain for two days. If rain threatens for a long time, it will remain for a long time.

THE TATAR'S BURGLAR-DEVICE

In Tibet the Tatars have what is possibly the oldest burglar trap in the world. It was invented to prevent people from robbing the tombs.

Whenever a royal personage died in Tibet he was buried with all his jewels and his royal robes. To add a still higher tribute, the most beautiful young women of his court were suffocated and embalmed on the day of his funeral. With their beauty thus preserved, they were placed in a standing position round the tomb of their master, each holding some trinket that the royal personage had used during his lifetime.

In order to protect these treasures from vandals, the Tibetans erected an arch in which rested sharply pointed arrows, and under which was a release that discharged the arrows in quick succession. Whoever trod on the release robbed no more.

The invention, hidden round the temples and the tombs of the rich Tatars, was doubly efficient, for it both protected property and provided inexpensive justice.

DIGGING FOR FISH

Izaak Walton would scarcely believe his eyes if he were to walk through New Smyrna, Florida, and encounter negroes digging live fish from the ground as if they were potatoes.

A certain variety of mud fish found in nearly all parts of the state is responsible for this state of affairs.

This queer member of the finny tribe inhabits streams or ponds which have mud banks or bottoms. It is black, and weighs up to five or six pounds. When the water in a pond evaporates, as it does during certain seasons of the year, leaving only a mass of mud, which on the surface is almost dry, it doesn't worry the fish.

The fish merely burrow into the mud to wait for rain, and apparently continue to live as long as the earth is wet. The negroes locate the fish by exploring the mud with their bare feet.

The fish is edible, but is not a favorite because of its stringy and coarse flesh.

WASHINGTON'S BIG TASK

A certain senator deploring the dishonest methods of one type of business man once said, with a smile: "It all brings back to me a dialogue I once heard in a Southern school.

"'Children,' said the teacher, 'Be diligent and steadfast, and you will succeed. Take the case of George Washington, whose birthday we are soon to celebrate. Do you remember my telling you of the great difficulty George Washington had to contend with?'

"'Yes ma'am,' said a little boy. 'He couldn't tell a lie.'"

HOLD-UP STUFF

"Now, can you give me any plausible reason why on earth I should give you a nickel?" asked the stern old gentleman.

"Have it your own way," replied the small boy. "But if I was an old geezer with a new plug hat on, and a kid asked me for a nickel, and there was a nice muddy gutter handy, I wouldn't start no argument."—American Legion Weekly.

Charlie Gervais
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PERRYMAN BLOCK

MILL STREET - ACTON, ONT.

Notice to Creditors

OF THE ESTATE OF ROBERT WALLACE, DECEASED

The creditors of Robert Wallace, late of the Village of Acton, Gentleman, who died on or about the first day of July, A. D., 1921, and all other having claims against the said estate, are required on or before the fifteenth day of August, 1921, to send by post prepaid or otherwise deliver to the undersigned solicitor for the Executors, a statement of their accounts, the nature of the security, if any, held by them, and full particulars of their names, addresses, and descriptions.

And notice is hereby further given that immediately after the said fifteenth day of August, 1921, the said Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate among the parties entitled thereto, and they will not be responsible for any claims of which they shall not have received notice at the time set forth for such distribution.

Dated at Acton, Ontario, this fourteenth day of July, A. D., 1921.

HENRY PHILIP MOORE,
ALEXANDER THURTELL BROWN,
Executors.

By H. N. Farmer, their Solicitor.

2-2

WISPS OF WISDOM

It doesn't take a botanist to discover a blooming idiot.

Jealousy is the homage that infeerority pays to merit.

A man who controls his temper governs his worst enemy.

A delusion is our idea that our friends never gossip about us.

Be what your friends think you are. Avoid being what your enemies say you are.

Worry is a form of cowardice. It is born of fear and comes from the consciousness that we are not equal to cope with the obstacles that confront us.

NO HURRY ABOUT IT

At a lecture a well-known authority on economics mentioned that fact that in some parts of America the number of men was considerably larger than that of women, and he added humorously:

"I can therefore recommend the ladies to emigrate to that part."

A young lady seated in one of the last rows of the auditorium got up and full of indignation, left the room rather noisily, whereupon the lecturer remarked:

"I did not mean that it should be done in such a hurry!"

A REAL SALESMAN

As a millionaire climbed into his costly motor car, a shabby little urchin rushed up and offered him a paper.

"Get away," he snarled. "I don't want a paper. Clear out!"

The newsboy stood fast and regarded the churlish plutocrat with an amused smile.

"Aw, don't get grouchy, governor," said he, "the only difference between you and me is that you're makin' your second million while I'm still workin' on my first."

TATTOO MARKS

Although tattoo marks generally are asserted to be indelible if produced by the insertion of some carbonaceous matter, it is said they will disappear if first well rubbed with a salve of pure acetic acid and lard, then with a solution of potash, and finally with hydrochloric acid. It would be advisable to consult a skin specialist.

MIGHT COME IN USEFUL

"Are you going to pay any attention to those epithets that are being hurled at you?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Senator Borghum. "I'm having them all carefully filed away. I may need them when it comes my turn to call names."

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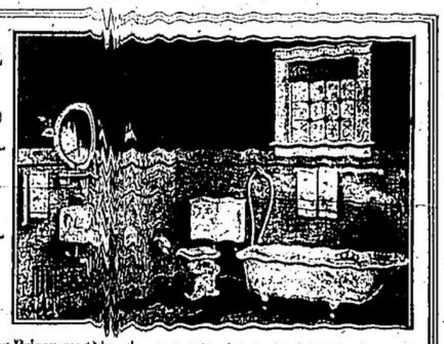
What is Home Without a Bathroom?



Get our Prices on a Bathroom Outfit—First Quality Goods used and Installed by Skilled Mechanics

Howard and McCarvell

24 WILSON ST., ACTON — PHONE 270W

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TANNERY CO-OPERATIVE

The Store of Quality and Low Prices

Prices on some lines of goods have taken another drop that our customers receive the benefit.

Get our prices before buying... Special low price on Glass Fruit Jars, all sizes in stock.

We quote a few of the many cut prices at this store:

Prime Cheese	25c.
Good Pink Salmon, tall tin	14c.
Princess Soap Flakes	20c.
Kellogg Corn Flakes	11c.
4 Tins Sardines	25c.
Granulated Sugar, 11 lbs. for	1.00
Lipton Cocoa, ½ lb. tins	25c.
Regular 45c. India Tea	38c.
3 lbs. Good Black Tea	1.00
Try Our Special Package Tea with each pound	63c.
4 lbs. Good Rice	25c.

SEE OUR WORKING SHIRTS, OVERALLS, TROUSERS, ETC. COMPARE PRICES WITH OTHER STORES

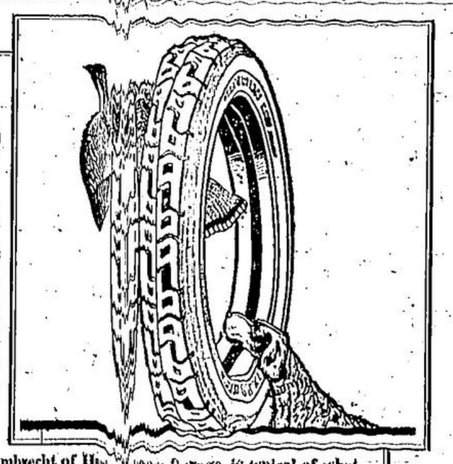
Farmers bringing in Butter, Eggs, etc. may trade the payment in either low priced goods or cash.

Tannery Co-Operative

C. A. CONWAY, Manager

Mill Street — Acton

Leadership



The leadership acknowledged to the Partridge Cord Tire by a Dominion-wide opinion of motorists—is without doubt the best evidence of the quality of this sturdy hand-built tire

The Following Letter from Herb. J. Hambrecht of Hambrecht's Garage, is typical of what Motorists all over Canada are saying about

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"We have had in use several of your Partridge Cord Tires on Maxwell Trucks, and find them to be beyond our expectations. The writer is using a pair of 32x4 on a Chalmers Coupe which has travelled over 4,500 miles and there is not a mark to be seen. We feel confident that these tires will give the best of service and will recommend them very highly."

The F. E. PARTRIDGE RUBBER CO., Limited

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