The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1921.

A VACATION PRAYER

Our lesson books are laid aside;
O Master of us all!
Take thou thy children to the wide,
Sweet school room of the field and tide,
Where summer voices call.

Let Thy dear hills and forests be
Our teachers for to-day,
Until their pure simplicity
Shall train our hearts to trust in thee,
Unfaltering as they.

The fields that look to thee for rain,
The trees that strike their root
Deeper for every storm and strain,
Through patient years, until they gain
Their crown of flower and fruit.

The tides that follow at Thy will,
In rhythmic ebb and flow,
The waves that yet Thy word fulfil,
As when Thou had'st them, "Peace, be still!"
In many years ago.

Thy myriad hosts of living things
In sea, and field, and air;
Thy birds that soar with sunlit wings,
Glad in the joy each morning brings,
Untouched by sin or care.

Lord, let them teach us in Thy book
Of simple happiness!
Until we learn from tree and brook,
And storm-beat crest, and sheltered nook
Thy power to heal and bless.

—Mabel Earle.

PROHIBITION A SETTLED POLICY

Norman Hapgood, writing from Washington in the Philadelphian North American, sizes up the situation there in this way:

As we look over the contest that has been going on in Washington over the liquor question during the last half year it is evident that the anti-prohibitionists have made no progress. Neither legislators nor administrative officials are ready to fly in the face of the obvious meaning of a constitutional amendment.

Argument by the ton has gone on over the question of percentages for beer and light wine, and the attempt has been made to weaken enforcement by the form in which modified rules might be laid down. The trouble with the whole campaign of the wets has been that it has been a mixture of hypocrisy and bolatedness. Washington itself is a favorable atmosphere in which to carry on a wet campaign. Fashionable society is naturally wet, and Washington has been more fashionable this last winter than any winter since 1912-13.

But although congressmen and senators moved in a fashionable and anti-prohibition atmosphere, in so far as they found their way into the social life of the town at all, they knew enough about the country at large to realize that for most of them wet efforts would mean disaster.

Washington was full of squealing about personal liberty and other quaint synonyms for interest in liquor, but they were like the barking of a dog that knew he was not going to bite. The dominating fact was that a constitutional amendment had been passed, after something like half a century of agitation, and that the purpose and meaning of that amendment were perfectly clear.

I am not writting an argument in favor of prohibition as an original question. Personally, I should not have been sorry to see something like the Swedish method of control tried first.

First we had the original prohibitionists who talked to us in moral and general terms about wickedness. They died out, having accomplished little. Then came forces like the Anti-Saloon League, putting the emphasis on the definite cost of drink; on what it cost in lowered real estate values, in the encouragement it gave to gambling, to prostitution, to corruption in politics, and in the way it populated jails and insane asylums. Along at the same time came the argument from the increased complication of machines. Nobody wanted a chauffeur who drank. Railroad managers did not want locomotive engineers who drank. The passing of individual labor by more intricately related machinery struck the heaviest blow of all to doctrine of laiu-sez-faire in personal habits.

In the south there was a special cause that rapidly caused the passing of prohibition laws in those states. A negro crazed with drink was more dangerous than a negro deadened with cocaine.

After three-fourths of the country had gone dry on such considerations the constitutional amendment was passed, which, under our constitution is no light job. It represented the settled determination that had been growing steadily without a setback.

The difficulties in enforcement are not hurting the cause of prohibition. They are hurting the standing of those elements that refuse to give the new policy a decent chance.

THE TWO THINGS WILL NOT GROW TOGETHER

The other day while reading one of the new books which has just come to our table we came across the following striking incident as related by the author, Dr. J. J. Ross, a Baptist clergyman. It is of a college graduate who applied to him for church membership, bringing a letter from another Baptist Church.

"Before deposiling his letter," continues Dr. Ross, "with the Church of which I was pastor, he came to have a confidential, personal talk with me about the matter. He had been sent to me by his cousin, who was a devoted Christian young woman and very ill at the time.

He said: 'I want to join your Church, but before I do so I should like to have it understood that I must have certain privileges in the church. I want the privilege of attending the theatre as often as I deem wise, playing cards, going to dances, and visiting the race tracks.'

"I said to him that we would be very pleased to have him as a member of the church on those conditions and that the church would grant him the privileges he requested on one ground: He must promise to attend the services on the Lord's day as frequently as possible, attend the B. Y. P. U. on Monday evenings and take part in its services, attend the prayer meeting on Wednesday evening and take part in it, and then put forth an honest, persistent effort to lead those who do not know Christ to love and serve Him.

"I can see him yet. His face flushed. He swung half-way round in the chair on which he was sitting, looked almost in the opposite direction from me, waved his right hand toward me, and said: 'Mr. Ross, the two things will not grow together.'"—Richmond Advocate.

I HEREBY RESOLVE

To keep my health!
To do my work!
To live!
To see to it I grow old gaily, and live!
Never to look behind me for an hour!
To wait in Weakness, and to walk in Power;
But always facing toward the right,
Robbed, starved, defeated, fallen, wide astray—
On, with what strength I have!
Back to the way.

Well it's quite plain to me that folks like to read about the old-time affairs of the community. Over and over again I have heard comments upon the events I recorded in the story two weeks ago, about the organization of the first schools of this township of Esquesing, and of the old teachers, and of their very "modern" way of talking up to the School Commissioners to let them know what the salaries ought to be, even if it was only seventy-five pounds.

Since they enjoyed the first selections from this old volume whose school records were commenced about eighty years ago, I suppose it's up to me to give some more of those old records.

But before I begin, I must refer to a comment by my old friend Jimmie Matthews, of the Post Office. I understand that Jimmie says I'm wrong in supposing that Hugh Clark's Inn was at Stewarttown. He says it was at Silver Creek. Well, I won't dispute him, for he's older than I am and he should know. Anyway, I suppose Hugh's Inn was a popular place. No doubt there was a barroom across from the sitting room, and I am told that in the early days there was not only a tavern at Silver Creek, but that it also had a brewery and a distillery.

Well, here's an item of record concerning the establishing of the school on the fourth line, in the Michie settlement. "At a meeting of the School Commissioners at Hugh Clark's Inn, on October 29, 1842, John Burns, Ninian Lindsay, John Graham, James Barber and John Atkinson, being present, Mr. Graham reported that he and Mr. Sproat, who had been appointed to select a site for a school for District No. 5, had failed to agree. The Commissioners decided that the site for the school should be in the centre of the fourth concession, on Mr. Michie's farm, provided Mr. Michie will grant the site and a public road to it. Ninian Lindsay and John Burns were appointed a committee to wait on Mr. Michie for his consent, and upon what terms. They reported at a meeting held on November 4, 'in Hugh Clark's Inn,' "That Mr. Michie is not willing to have a school house built in the middle of his land; that although he intends to leave an open road through his farm from the third to the fourth concession, yet it is not designed for a public highway, but for a road that may be altered to suit his own convenience. Mr. Michie would, however, grant a site, adjoining the concession line, if the Commissioners approved of it."

At this meeting it was moved that whereas the inhabitants of School District No. 11 propose to erect a school house by voluntary contribution, the following estimate for furnishing the same be presented to the District Council, viz:

For Stove and Pipes, £5.
Seats and Desks, £6.

That John Dalrymple be appointed teacher, and that James Barber and William Stull be Visiting Commissioners for that District.

A meeting was held on November 4, at "Hugh Clark's Inn," when it was moved that John Rutherford be appointed to teach the school in District No. 4, and that an estimate be transmitted to the Clerk of the District Council for the sum of four pounds, nineteen shillings and eight pence, to be levied upon the inhabitants of School District No. 4, for finishing and furnishing the school house in said District.

The above estimates were made out and sent by the hand of Charles Kennedy, Esq., District Councillor.

At this same meeting we find this interesting minute:

"That John Graham and James Barber be a committee to examine a house belonging to William Clay, Esq., Norval, and to report whether the same be suitable for the school house in the Seventh School District, and if suitable to furnish an estimate of the cost thereof."

The following report on the state of the schools of the township was submitted to the District Council for the quarter ending September 30, 1843:

No. 1, Alexander Robertson, teacher, 34 scholars.
No. 2, Finlay McCallum, teacher, 36 scholars.
No. 3, William G. Stewart, teacher, 39 scholars.
No. 5, William Colvill, teacher, 33 scholars.
No. 6, Edward Shaw, teacher, 26 scholars.
No. 7, James Black, teacher, 34 scholars.
No. 9, Alexander McIntyre, teacher, 36 scholars.
No. 10, Robert Tuthy, teacher, 33 scholars.
No. 11, John Dalrymple, teacher, 21 scholars.
No. 12, Thomas Harris, teacher, 25 scholars.

General Remarks—All the teachers are British subjects by birth. The teachers are variously employed as to remuneration. Some have their salaries guaranteed by the parents of the pupils, others depend only upon the school rate bill. No monies have been expended by the Commissioners under the School Act. The general conduct of the teachers, and proficiency of the pupils have been satisfactory to the Commissioners.—John Burns, Chairman.

An interesting item appears on the minutes of a meeting of the Commissioners on December 31, 1842, at which the chairman reported that John Newton, who had been examined and approved of as a teacher by him, had taught in the Eighth School District from November 14 to December 31. It was resolved that John Newton's name be inserted in the report.

This was no doubt my old friend, John Newton, Sr., of Limehouse, who afterward built the woollen mills there, and was Limehouse postmaster for many years.

At this meeting the Commissioners drew up the following suggestions for changes in the school law. They evidently were men of thought, and were not in any way timid about expressing themselves to the government of Upper Canada relative to changes they believed would be in the interest of the schools:

"The School Commissioners of this Township of Esquesing submitt the following alterations necessary in the Common School Bill, viz: Generally to simplify and render less complicated the whole machinery of the Bill.

"To modify and reduce the powers and duties of the Commissioners.

"To reduce their number to three for each township.

"Three trustees to be chosen by such inhabitants of each School District as pay school taxes, should have the active management of matters pertaining to the building and furnishing of school houses, providing fuel, agreeing with and paying salary to teachers, etc.

"The Municipal Council should not be a Board of Education.

"A Board or an individual of known learning and ability, to be appointed by the Executive Government for each municipal district should examine and give certificates of qualification to teachers, and teachers only possessing such certificates should be eligible by the Trustees.

"A convention of learned men to be called by the Executive Government, should prescribe the course of study to be followed in Common Schools, and a series of school books adapted to such course should be published under the direction of the Superintendent of Education."

In 1843 the school rates for the Township of Esquesing aggregated £286, 2, 1. Of this No. 12 School District—Acton School—whose attendance of pupils had grown to 61 during the year, was entitled to £18, 4, 4½.

At a meeting on March 14, 1843, Mr. James Barber, treasurer of the Commissioners, reported that only one-half of the school moneys had been "devested," viz: £143, 1, ½.

John Burns, Chairman, then submitted a draft of a remonstrance addressed to the Warden of the District Council against the course pursued toward Esquesing, in withholding the school money for 1842, after other townships have received the full amount due them.

These old time Commissioners were evidently men who stood up for their rights and were not afraid to approach Parliaments or County Councils.

And now comes the important epoch when the people of this community approached the Commissioners to declare for independence and to show they were prepared to erect a new school for the District.

The minutes of the Commissioners on October 7, 1843, contain this important item in the history of the school in Acton:

"A petition was presented from twenty-six heads of families in the 12th School Division praying that a new school house be erected in said District, with the least possible delay."

"The Commissioners having considered the same agreed nem. con. that the prayer of the petition be granted.

"Mr. John Zimmerman had donated one-fifth of an acre of land, on the front of lot 20, in the 2nd concession, for a site for a school house, which the Commissioners accepted.

"An estimate of the expense of building and furnishing said school was agreed to as follows: For building £42, furnishing £3, the site free, which estimate for £50 was given to William Barber, Esq., to be laid before the Council together with the petition of the inhabitants."

The petition was eventually granted by the Township Council, and the school built. And that building stands to-day on Main Street, and is the comfortable residence of Mr. and Mrs. Crowson McClaughlin.

This building was erected in 1843, seventy-eight years ago. The only older building in town that I know of is the residence of Dr. Coxe, which I understand was erected several years previous to this by Rev. Ezra Adams, one of our founders, for his daughter.

The petition of the Commissioners to the Parliament of 1843, evidently bore fruit for Acton School "Primus in Acton School were shortly thereafter appointed, and these are the first Trustees of Acton School:

DUNCAN KENNEDY, grandfather of John R. Kennedy, who was himself chairman of the Board sixty years later.

ROBERT SWAN, Acton's first postmaster, and the citizen who named Acton for his birthplace in England.

THOMAS BURNS, a brother of John Burns, the first Chairman of the School Commissioners of Esquesing Township, and whose family were pioneer settlers here.

Verily Acton's educational interests commenced with great men, and under very important auspices.

The Old Man

THE WONDERS OF MACHINERY

A story concerning a conversation between an American and an Englishman, in which the Englishman met the American on his own ground, not without success, was told by Gen. Pershing while he was in London recently.

"My countryman," said the general, "was telling one of yours a tall story about a wonderful sausage-making machine they had in Chicago.

"'It's a big affair,' he explained, 'but quite simple. All you have to do is to drive a pig up a plank, through a hole in the machine, and, five minutes later, out come thousands of sausages.'

"'What becomes of the hide?' queried the Englishman.

"'The hide, sir?' retorted the American. 'Oh, that falls out another slot in the machine, and out come portmanteaus, purses, or, if you like, shoes or saddles. It's merely a matter of turning a screw.'

"'Oh, is that all?' said the Englishman. 'We've used that machine in England for the last thirty-five years. What's more, we've improved on it. Sometimes we find the sausages not up to standard. Well, what happened? All we had to do was to put them back in the machine, reverse the engine—'

"'Go on,' said the American. 'What happened?'

"'Why, out walks a pig, as fit as a fiddle.'"

RUNNING YOURSELF DOWN

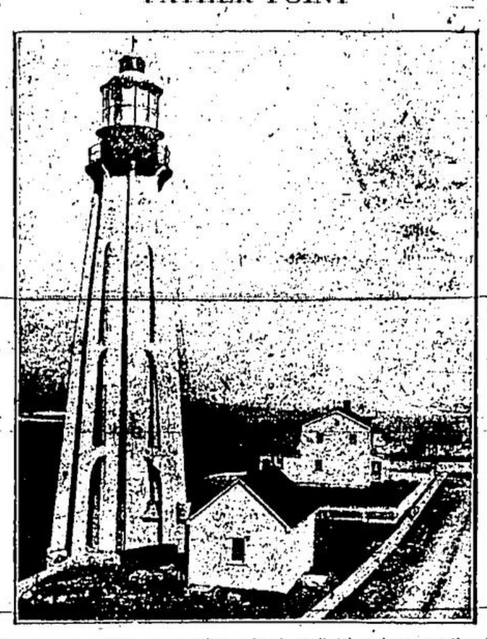
Some people are continually talking of their incapacity when they do not mean a word they say. But foolish and undesirable as this is, it is better if anything, than to talk about your incapacity and mean it. The youth who says, "Oh, I couldn't do that!" when he is thinking just the opposite, betrays his real opinion in his tone. But if he says, when asked to aid in some undertaking, "Oh, I could never do that," and shows by his manner that he means it, his lack of self-confidence is likely to communicate itself to his listener. To deny your own powers when you do not mean a word you say, is a foolish affectation and is likely to make an unfavorable impression, because few people like affectation. But when you do mean what you say, the impression is still more unfortunate, for your listeners are likely to come to the conclusion that you know what you are talking about and that in all probability, you are in the right. No one trusts very far the young fellow who do not trust themselves. If you consider yourself incompetent and unequal to normal responsibilities, be careful how you say it.

IRRITATED AND ANNOYED

Are you irritated and annoyed by trifles?—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. HAGGARD

FATHER POINT



Father Point Lighthouse, Foghorne Station and Keeper's House.

Father Point is a little Quebec cape jutting out into the St. Lawrence where it is still an ocean. It is here that the immigrant from European countries during the summer months gets his first human touch with Canada and Canadians.

Father Point would not appeal to the ordinary tourist or holiday maker. It is off the beaten track and only reached by car from Rimouski. Its charm is merely that of hundreds of other French Canadian villages which are more accessible. The fresh breezes blow from off the St. Lawrence as they do upon countless other fishing villages along the river shore. This place is a haven for the tired, the brain-taxed, the over-worked and neuratic in its meditative calm and brooding hush.

The great interest in the little hamlet is for those who go down to the sea in ships. Near the extremity of the point a modern lighthouse has been erected which each night flashes its warning light across twenty miles of water. In close proximity is the giant foghorn blasting its message when fog enshrouds the light. Upon the hill stands a wireless station which receives advice of every vessel entering the Gulf before it proceeds up the river. A coastguard and life-saving station completes the precautions for the preservation of vessel and man upon the water.

But greatest interest centres in the "Eureka," the sturdy little government pilot boat which leaves its pier on the point to take out a river guide for all vessels going up to Quebec or Montreal. When the wireless report is received of the approach of a vessel all eyes are turned riverwards and glasses and telescopes focussed upon the speck on the horizon following it as it takes shape over the rim of the sea.

Larger and larger looms up what turns out to be a giant passenger liner of the Canadian Pacific bound with a heavy freight of human souls for the St. Lawrence ports. When about half a mile away or so the pilot boat leaves its pier and steams out to meet its mammoth sister. The pilot is, however, not the only man to go on board. There is the Inspector of Immigration, the Colonization Agent of the Canadian Pacific and the representatives of the passenger department of the same company, all having the same object, assisting the steamship passengers, preparing them for debarcation, and facilitating the actual landing. And so it is a goodly little number the pilot boat takes out on its short voyage.

It takes the speedy little craft but a short time to reach the big liner now merely drifting with the tide and waiting its arrival, and with a deft little swing she glides gracefully alongside, the incongruity of the pair forcibly suggests another interpretation of "Dignity and Impudence." All the while the passengers are crowding the decks, and hanging in a dense mass over the side eagerly watching, wondering, and appraising.

The rope ladder is dropped from the liner and swings out from the side at each heave of the vessel. The pilot seizes it and climbs up hand over hand to be followed by the others who are to make the trip with the newcomers up the river. Remarks and light banter are interchanged, there is much waving of hands and fluttering of handkerchiefs, and the cheeriest of spirits prevails. Then the little boat pulls away, the Titan of the seas appears to recede, and in the echo of shouts and cheers the pilot boat turns her nose to the shore and faces and figures become obscure blurs.—R. L. C.

DOING OTHER PEOPLE'S WORK

It is often easier to do things ourselves than to leave them for the people whose business it is to do them. But it is well to remember that we need to consider not only what is easier for the moment, but what is better for the future. When you make a practice of doing work that belongs to someone else, you are helping to make a shirk, and you are shouldering responsibilities which you may find heavy in the future. It is always much easier to assume responsibilities than it is to shed them.

Some mothers never train their daughters to help them because in the beginning it is so much easier to do things themselves than it is to teach the untrained fingers to do them. And the result is that they go on doing a great deal more than they should, while the daughter grows up useless. Many a business man breaks down prematurely because instead of training workers to look after the details, he attends to them himself, because it is easier than to train someone else to do it. The result is he dies before his time, because of overwork, while his employees work on year after year, without getting the training which is part of their pay.

You young people are neither mothers nor business men, but you can learn a valuable lesson from the experience of those two. Do your own work as well and as faithfully as you can, but do not do the work which belongs to other people because that is easier than to insist on their doing it properly. For this course is unfair both to you and to them.

THE PRICELESS THIRST

Some thirsty people wail and sigh because there is no gin; some day their costly thirst will die, and comfort will begin. A little while they'll dodge the cops and go to wild extremes, to carry home a jug of hops and work out home-brew dreams. A little while they'll think it sport to trail the bootleg shark through alley foul and squalid court, to some acquostered park; but they'll soon tire of all such brews that work like this commands, that make a man take off his shoes and walk upon his hands. A little while they'll walk in gloom and yearn for things to drink, and hair restorers they'll consume, and many brands of ink. While yet this thirst of theirs endures they'll drink all things that kink, and liniments and spavin cures will make their innards sick. But all things perish and decay, like roses in the dell, and e'en a thirst will fade away if it not nurtured well. And to these wights will come a time, a morning fair will come, when they'll refuse to give a dime to greet the Demon Rum. And often they will wonder why they used to wildly beef, because they lacked a shot of rye to multiply their grief.—Walt Mason.

IMPORTANT JOB

Little Edward was a clever lad and most anxious to succeed. He got a job in a local bank and it seemed to his liking.

One day a wealthy uncle met him on the street and asked: "Well, Edward, how are you getting on in business? I suppose the first thing we know you will be president of the bank?"

"Uncle," said Edward, "I am getting on fine. I am draft clerk already!"

"Draft clerk!" exclaimed the uncle, astonished.

"Yes," continued Edward, "I open and shut the windows according to order and close the doors when people leave them open."

THE THINGS THE BOYS REMEMBERED

Those who are ambitious to help their fellows must have faith in the good hidden under the least prepossessing exterior. The late Reverend Anna Shaw in her autobiography tells that once when on a lecture tour she was invited to give a talk at the State Reformatory for Boys, situated at Pontiac, Illinois. She spoke there half an hour and carried away a memory of the place and of her youthful audience that haunted her for months.

"A year later," says Mrs. Shaw, in telling the story, "while I was waiting for a train at Shullsville, a lad about sixteen years old passed me and hesitated, looking as if he knew me. I saw he wanted to speak and dared not, so I nodded to him. 'You think you know me, don't you?' I asked when he came to my side.

"'Yes, I do know you,' he told me eagerly. 'You are Mrs. Shaw, and you talked to us boys at Pontiac last year. I'm out on parole now and I ain't forgot. Us boys enjoyed you the best of any show we ever had.'

"I was touched by his artless compliment and anxious to know how I had won it, so I asked, 'What did I say that the boys liked?'

"The lad hesitated, then he said slowly, 'Well, you didn't talk as if you thought we were all bad.'

"'My boy,' I told him, 'I don't think you're all bad. I know better.'

"As if I had touched a spring in him, the lad dropped into a seat by my side, then leaning toward me, he said impulsively, but almost in a whisper, 'Say Mrs. Shaw, some of us boys say our prayers.'

"Surely have I had," writes Mrs. Shaw, in closing the story, "a tribute that moved me more than that shy confidence."

WHY THEY ARE SILENT

In a sermon on the theme, "Shall We End War?" the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick recently told an incident which not only shows what war is, but explains why many of the men who took part in the battles of France and Belgium are unwilling to talk about their experiences. This was the story:

One of our young men came back from France and like many others, would not talk. One day his father took him apart and rebuked him for his silence. "Just one thing I will tell you," he answered. "One night I was on patrol in No Man's Land and suddenly I came face to face with a German boy about my own age. It was a question of his life or mine. We fought like wild beasts. When I came back that night I was covered with the blood and brains of that young German from head to foot. We had nothing personally against each other. He did not want to kill me any more than I wanted to kill him. That is war. I did my duty in it, but for God's sake, do not ask me to talk about it. I want to forget it." My friends, that is war—the quintessence of it at the central point of its self-revelation. There is nothing glorious about it any more.

A STORY ABOUT THE FRONT

The hobo knocked at the back door, and the woman of the house appeared. "Lady, I was at the front—"

"Poor man!" she interrupted. "Wait till I give you some food, and then you shall tell me your story."

After she had given him a hearty meal she anxiously inquired, "What brave deed did you do at the front?"

"I smoked," he replied meekly, "but couldn't make nobody hear, so I came around to the back."

THE RECKLESS RISK

They were two innocent girls, perhaps sixteen or seventeen years of age, on their way to Sunday School and church. The road was muddy, and they were afoot. A man passed in an automobile. "Let us ride," called one of the girls. The man did not stop and he never will know the half-spirited, half-scornful things the girls said about him to one another after he passed. But there were a few things that he did know. He knew they were taking a reckless risk, for he was a stranger, and the people should be careful with strangers of the opposite sex.

He knew, too, that two mothers would not like to see their girls ride up to church with an utter stranger, though the girls might be over elated at the short triumph of riding up to the church door in an automobile while their envying friends had to walk. The stranger knew that it would not be very acceptable to most people for a strange preacher at his first appointment to drive up with two young girls in his car picked up at random on the public road. He knew that this "chance acquaintance" business could very well lead to bad talk and hurt the girls as well as himself.

There were a few things that the girls, too, did not know. They did not know just how this looked to a strange man, even if his mind were pure, much less so if he were of the questionable sort. They did not know that this "Let me ride" call is so common that even this preacher has to adopt some private road rules something like these: (1) Do not take up every man you pass. (2) Take up few boys or children. (3) Let women and girls go afoot unless you know them.

Automobilists are sometimes imposed upon even by grown men as mere loafers or those who want to "beat their way." It is even more inadvisable to pick up children who call for a "lift." How does he know the prank behind the call? Is the child out for a lark or for more adventure? How can he tell? But as for women and girls, can they ever be too careful? Have they lost the old-time modesty in our modern craze for excitement, joy-riding, and other escapades? Why not return to common sense and be as careful as our mothers were? Let women and girls remember that it is possible to walk down the street or public road and half a man in a car who might be anything but the company, a good woman or girl would want. Let them avoid these reckless risks.—Nashville Advocate.

RULES FOR THE MOTORIST

Keep to the right of the road.
Slow down at crossings.
Signal for a stop or turn to the cars behind by holding out the left hand.
Apply brakes slowly. Change speed rates slowly. Drive carefully.
Be prepared to help any motorist in trouble on roads distant for garages.
Be prepared to give pedestrians "lifts" on country roads.
Stop car and engine when meeting drovers with sheep, swine or cattle on country roads.
Park only at side of roads, leaving fair way.
When buying produce in the country, park alongside road, not on the road.
When parking at night leave warning lights.
Have headlight dimmers and use them when meeting and passing other motorists at night.
When picknicking, carefully put out pic-nic fires.
When picknicking do not trespass to gather wild flowers, tree branches, blossoms, fruit or shrubs.
Give all vehicles, especially loaded trucks, a good half of the road.
Take hills on the right side of the road. Go over the crest carefully. Avoid coasting or speeding around curves at foot of hills.
Be courteous to pedestrians. Do not drive your car at them full tilt and laugh when they jump. Do not splash water on them as they stand at crossings or near curbs waiting for you to pass.
Avoid street cars carefully at stops. Learn and follow the local traffic rules, speed limits and driving ordinances. These are made for the common good of all drivers, including yourself and of all pedestrians.

SLEEP

Oh! what a wonderful word that is! Can you do it? That is, drop off into a good sound refreshing sleep? If you are unable to, there is something wrong with your nervous system. It is a danger signal. Nervous prostration, melancholia, nervous dyspepsia are only a few of the serious maladies that are liable to develop.

DR. MILES' NERVINE—$1.20, will soothe the irritated and over-strained nerves. Just one or two doses helps Nature to restore them to their normal functions. Guaranteed Safe and Sure.

FOR SALE IN ACTON BY
E. J. HAGGARD

Where there is a tendency to constipation, you will find Dr. Miles' Liver Pills effective in keeping the bowels open.

MOVED TO

New Quarters!

I am now comfortably settled in the new quarters in the Starkman 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

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

Fletcher's Castoria is strictly a remedy for Infants and Children. Foods are specially prepared for babies. A baby's medicine is even more essential for Baby. Remedies primarily prepared for grown-ups are not interchangeable. It was the need of a remedy for the common ailments of Infants and Children that brought Castoria before the public after years of research, and no claim has been made for it that its use for over 30 years has not proven.

What is CASTORIA?

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee.—For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

Give us a Hand!

CITIZENS of Ontario—The only salvation for Ontario's revenue-producing forests is the prevention of forest fires. Your support and co-operation is absolutely essential.

Forest fires are rapidly diminishing our resources of timber and pulpwood. Over 90 per cent. of Ontario's forest fires are caused by human carelessness.

If everybody was careful to prevent the start of fire, Ontario's Forest would be safe.

Save Ontario's Forests
They're Yours

BUSINESS MEN of Ontario —Lend us a hand. The various business associations — of bankers, boards of trade, manufacturers, merchants, lumbermen, engineers, educationalists, tourists, and sportsmen, and all other bodies of weight and influence, can do a great work for this province and for their own interests as well by actively promoting educational propaganda to reduce forest fires.

RAILWAY OFFICIALS can help. Railways cause 40% of Ontario's Forest fires. The Forestry Branch is being well supported by improved co-operation on the part of railway officials and by the Dominion Railway Board. Let us reduce the number of railway fires one-half this summer. (The train passenger in Northern Ontario who nonchalantly throws his cigarette or cigar out of the window during the forest fire season is deserving of a jail sentence!)

CAMPERS, tourists, fishermen, picknickers, berry pickers, prospectors and hunters should feel their responsibility even though out of sight of the policeman.

SETTLERS can co-operate by exercising more care in setting out fire on their own property.

LUMBER FIRMS can help by impressing on all foremen the need for carefulness. River-drivers in dry seasons should be specially warned. Gangs of men going in and out to the camps need special attention, because of the danger along the slash-lined trails from the inevitable cigarette.

THE PRESS could do more public-spirited constructive work to reduce forest fires than any other single agency. This is a non-political campaign in which the whole press could join.

LEADERS OF PUBLIC OPINION in every community should be the first to extend a helping hand. Tell the Chief Ranger or write the Head Office any time you have information or suggestions to impart, or questions to ask.

GIVE US A HAND!

Ontario Forestry Branch - Parliament Buildings, Toronto

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