The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1921

THE NEW YEAR

A gray old man tolled at the rope;
Loud rang the bell and clear;
The hour was midnight, and the time,
The passing of the year.

And as he tolled, the old man sang,
And laughed beneath his breath;
He laughed and sang with glee, and yet
He tolled the bell of death.

"Old man," said I, "this shameless mirth
Seems sadly out of place;
A solemn chant, a dirge or prayer
Would mark a better grace.

"The old year died weighed down with sin,
Weighed down with lives misspent,
Come kneel you down with me and mourn;
Come join in my lament.

"I mourn not for the past," said he;
"A new life I began.
I do not the old year out—
I ring the New Year in.

"Why do you wish to mourn and grieve?
This hour is not for tear;
The star of hope shines steadfast, pure,
Above the coming year.

"I laugh and sing for very joy,
And not with shameless mirth,
Good Sir, I toll not for the dead—
I celebrate a birth.

"Come turn your back upon the past,
And bid your grief begone;
The night is dark but then, good sir,
Joy cometh with the dawn."

A NEW YEAR MEDITATION

I have conversed, with men as to the time when they first realized that they were getting old, or at least, not so vigorous and fresh as formerly. Some have said that they noticed a change at 50 years, some at 55, and a few at 60, varying, I presume, according to the original strength of constitution, or the manner of life they had pursued. Some have said, "I could do as much work at 60 as at 40, only I wearied sooner," emphasizing the fact that our physical powers weaken and fail with the passing years, and at length we reach what is termed "old age." We are all on the road which leads there, and if we live long enough we shall one day arrive at gray hairs and feebleness. Infirmities come, such as decrepitude, loss of sight, memory or hearing, loss of one's grip on affairs, until the grasshopper is a burden. Is a man old at sixty? Well, as the French say, "that depends." No rule can be made for all. It depends on his physique, his health and temperament, so it is truly said that some are old at fifty, while others are young at sixty. Some get old too fast. They allow the years to run away with them, and by consulting the family record and the almanac they become discouraged. With a proper care of their physical habits they might turn the years backward. Medical science and kindred aid have come to the rescue. By a better understanding of the laws of health the statistics of longevity have been changed. A physician recently informed me that dentistry, and a proper care of the teeth have given power of healthy mastication to the human race, and thus not only added to the prolongation of life but to our appearance as well.

It may be conceded that gas and electric lights have improved our sight, which used to be strained by the old-fashioned tallow candle. Some diseases which were known by other names twenty-five years ago, and which did fatal work, have, in many cases, been conquered. By the use of the x-ray the human body, which was opaque, has been turned into a lighted temple, and thus surgery has been able to do much more for longevity. But some of these benefits have been lessened, and in some cases frustrated by the rush and strain of modern life. Worry and anxiety wear the mind out, while a brightened religious hope, and a strengthened faith in God's providence, will prolong our days. Association of the old with the young will operate in the same direction. We may do them good, as their companionship will confer on us a similar benefit. Let us not begrudge them their opportunity, but be willing if need be, to be pushed aside, somewhat, by those who are younger. We have had our day—now they must assume service and responsibility. When our knees get stiffened, we must have patience with those who glide past us on the street and leave us a block behind. When our voices get cracked we must not snarl at those who can warble. My father, who resided across the street from the school house, was a friend of the little folk, and at 80 years of age they would watch his step, and wonder what new attraction he would unfold from his pockets.

Some have made the mistake of retiring too early, and ceasing at once to labor, have gone about aimlessly and died prematurely. Better to keep the mind active by reading and thought, the body "fit" by some adequate labor and exercise, and thus lay up stores of pleasant memories as the bee makes honey for the coming days.

"A little more love for the friends of youth,
A little more zeal for established truth;
A little more charity in our views;
A little less thirst for the daily news;
And so we are folding our tents away
And passing in silence, at close of day."

As we grow older, and our companions and acquaintances come to the end of their pilgrimage and pass out of sight, our own life takes on a soberer tinge, and we begin to think more and more of the great hereafter. What will it be like? Unbelief declares it to be a land of void darkness, cheerless as an Arctic night. But faith accepts the words of Christ, that it is "a house of many mansions," which He Himself has gone to prepare for all those that love Him and keep His commandments. The mental depression that comes from the sense of age and decay here, exchanged for the exhilaration of faculties, lustrous and ever strengthening, yonder. Into that blessed abode, as we devoutly believe our loved ones who departed in the Lord have already been admitted, and thither we hope our weary feet will also at last find their joyous way.

"Now I begin to see the hills," exclaimed an old mountaineer, as the railroad train came in sight of the lofty ranges of the Cumberland Mountains, and his eye brightened. So we thought of old pilgrims coming up out of the lowlands of earthly toil and trial when they catch the first glimpse of the everlasting hills in the land, that is fairer than day.—Rev. D. Rogers.

FELLING TREES BY WIRE

A machine much used abroad substitutes a steel wire for the ax and the saw in felling trees. The wire is about one inch in diameter, and is kept in rapid motion by a small electric motor placed at a sufficient distance to be beyond the radius of danger from the falling trees. The swift motion heats the wire, and it cuts with great facility, producing a slight carbonization of the wood. A trunk twenty inches in diameter can be severed in six minutes. The cut can be made at the level of the ground, or even below it if the surrounding soil is removed.

Hay, do you know my Christmas was made bright by this little note which was handed me a day or so before by the editor, from G. Austin Tubby, Toronto, the son of my old friend, Charles Tubby, who lived here when Acton was young and died over half a century ago, greatly regretted. His family always seem to have retained a love for Acton, though it is many years since they left here. This is what Austin wrote to the editor:

Dear H. P.: Thank you for the "Old Man" topics in the Free Press, and please thank him for me. I look for them weekly with great interest and can trace nearly all of the names and places mentioned; yet some now ones enter the arena of whom I have no remembrance. I do love to live in the memory of all those good people of the early days, who have left their mark on the history of your town and district. Your "Old Man" has done genuine service in preserving these recollections. Kind Christmas remembrances to your household and to my friend "The Old Man."—G. A. Tubby.

And here's another. The old boys and girls do seem to enjoy reading about events of the early days in the old home town. I find from the letter the editor handed me in this case that the writer is an old Acton boy who went across the line years ago to make his fortune. Those who know say he is making good. He says: "I renew my Free Press with the greatest of pleasure and enclose cheque for $2.50 to cover same. The longer I am away from the old home the more I appreciate the Free Press and what it has meant to me. I have always been a lover of history and biography, but I have never read any that I enjoy better than the weekly recollections of "The Old Man of the Big Clock Tower." His reminiscences of the men and women who laid the foundations of the best community in America, and whose memory every loyal Actonian reveres, are highly interesting. Those early pioneers' ever stood for what is best in this life and have helped many by their precept and example to lay right foundations for life. May the "Old Man" long be spared to continue his contributions to the columns of the home paper which we esteem so highly."—C. S. G., Buffalo, N. Y.

Hay, during the past week I came across some interesting particulars about the building of the stone school house, in another part of that old record book which has been supplying so much information of interest. I find the school was built in 1861 and 1862.

William McIntosh was the contractor for the stone work and Eli Snyder for the carpenter work. Joseph Collins did the plastering and Ransom Adams dug the well. The site for the school was purchased from Sidney Smith in 1859, and a payment of $157.87 was then made, and the last payment was made on January 4, 1861. It was $468.00. The purchase price of the original site was evidently $335.87.

William McIntosh, who built the stone work of the school building, was a Scotchman and came to Canada in the early days of this settlement. He lived in the house opposite the entrance to Fairview Cemetery, where George Wilde and his family, have made their home for a good many years. Mr. McIntosh was a brother of Mrs. Milne, the mother of Mrs. Hugh Cameron, Mrs. Anthony Stephenson, and Mrs. James McLam. When Mr. and Mrs. Milne came to Acton from the Old Country, they made their home with Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh in this house. This was the birthplace of Mrs. McLam. I remember how these three girls Hella, Annie and Betsey Milne, thought their uncle William McIntosh was the finest man in these parts.

Of course Eli Snyder is still remembered by many here. He was a good carpenter. His father, Jacob Snyder, was, I think, a member of the School Board when the stone school house was built.

Dr. Nelson McCarvin was the treasurer of the School Board at this time. He and Eli Snyder were always good friends. In fact Eli thought so much of the Dr. that when his first-born son arrived he gave him the Dr's name, as one of the two he was to bear; and I think if you were to visit North Bay and he given a look through the city vault you would find that many of the documents filed there to-day bear the name "William Nelson Snyder, City Clerk," as one of the official signatures.

Well, here are some of the bills which were passed and paid sixty years ago when the stone school was in course of erection:

Jan. 4, Sidney Smith, last instalment on land	$168 00
Jan. 26, Chas. T. Hill, 1 broom	25
Jan. 27, J. Young, surveying school site	3 50
March 20, Eli Snyder, on contract	215 00
May 16, Registering Deed	1 30
May 29, Wm. Allan, for drawing deed	2 00
June 3, Eli Snyder, on contract	73 50
Aug. 14, Ransom Adams, digging well	16 00
Aug. 17, Wm. McIntosh, on contract	360 00
Sept. 25, J. Wetherald, for work	1 00
Oct. 19, Dan. Shook, for pump	7 42
Nov. 13, Sidney Smith, 100 feet lumber	75
Nov. 26, R. & T. Stewart, for 50 seats and desks	198 00
Dec. 3, Isaac Hella, 2 days' work	1 75
Dec. 6, Andrew Morison, hardware	13 09
Dec. 9, Wm. McIntosh, on contract	270 00
Dec. 10, Speight & Brother, furniture	23 00
Dec. 23, J. Veenman, painting	29 00
Dec. 23, Sidney Smith, lumber	33 35
Jan. 8, 1862, Charles Hymon, bill	33 73
Jan. 7, Eli Snyder, on contract	300 00
Jan. 17, Oliver Loxlar, for work	3 25

And so the account went on showing payments as the work progressed on the new building until in January, 1863, we find some of the last payments: Malcolm Kennedy, $20.50, and William McIntosh, $100, in full of contract.

Away back in those days there were some other interesting transactions, such as these: Paid John Vincent for cutting wood, 37½c.; John Cameron, work, $2.75, nails 66c.; Levi Stauffer, cutting seven cords of wood, $3.50. Paid for prizes for school, $5.00. J. Emderbrook, interest on $300 for 3 months at 6 per cent, $6.00. Charles Hill for collecting school rates, $26.10. Joseph Collins for making blackboards, $1.50. Robert Johnston, for 10 cords beech and maple wood, at $1.75 per cord, $17.50; George Martin for 6½ cords wood, $11.37½. J. Galbraith, for platform, $5.23. Charles Welger, for tinsmith work, $1.00.

Leaving these interesting financial matters of 1861, 2, and 3, we jump over to 1871. We find that Mr. Little has resigned and Mr. John Ross was engaged to succeed him at the same old salary of $500.

A meeting of the Board on the 17th October, 1871, was an eventful one. Mr. Ross was engaged at that meeting, and Miss Mary Thurtell resigned.

Her resignation was accepted in the following motion: Moved by John Speight, seconded by William Grant, that the Secretary advertise for a female teacher, to fill the place of Miss Mary Thurtell, whose term expires on January 1.—Carried.

Another important matter was acted upon at this meeting, when it was moved by W. H. Storey, seconded by William Grant, that this Board of School Trustees pass a by-law endorsing and carrying into effect the wishes of the people of this section as expressed by unanimous consent at a special school meeting held August 4 of the present year, viz: to purchase a teacher's residence, and that this Board of School Trustees, by virtue of the power vested in them, borrow the sum of $700 from the Municipal Council of the Township of Esquesing for the term of five years, to carry out said purpose.—Carried.

The by-law was passed and the property was purchased. It was the residence of Adam Dickson, the tailor, and it stood on Willow Street, opposite the present town hall.

It had but two teachers as tenants. Mr. Ross, the new teacher, moved in as soon as Mr. and Mrs. Dickson vacated the premises. He and his family resided there for eight years, when Mr. Ross resigned to take the principalship of Victoria School in the City of Hamilton.

In January, 1879, Mr. Thomas T. Moore, of Vaughan township, in York County, succeeded Mr. Ross as principal. He and Mrs. Moore and family moved in and resided there for about twenty years, when Mr. Moore built the fine home at the corner of Mill and Young Streets, where Messrs. Robertson Brothers and Miss Robertson now reside.

The Board finally sold the property and it is rather a singular coincidence that the present owner is Mr. Murray McDonald. While he is not a teacher, he is Secretary-Treasurer of the Board of Education, and pays all the teachers their salaries monthly.

When the special meeting of the people decided to provide a teacher's residence the decision evidently pleased Mr. Little, the new inspector, very much. I have just come across the following autograph letter, written in his characteristically good handwriting, which resembled copperplate as much as possible.

Acton, Ont., August 1, 1871.

Mr. W. H. Storey,
Secretary School Board

Dear Sir:

It gives me much pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the proceedings of a special school section meeting of S. S. No. 12, Esquesing, as I learn from it the Trustees were unanimously authorized to purchase or build a comfortable teacher's residence.

I hope the good example of S. S. No. 12, Esquesing, will be followed by many other sections in the county.

I am, dear sir,
Yours faithfully,
ROBERT LITTLE,
Inspector of Public Schools for Halton

On November 18, 1871, another meeting was held with reference to this residence and the following was the notice calling the same:

Special Public School Meeting

Notice is hereby given that a special Public School meeting of the freeholders and householders of S. S. No. 12, Esquesing, will be held in the School House on Wednesday, the 25th inst., at 10 o'clock, a. m., for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means of paying for the teacher's residence.

W. H. STOERY,
JOHN SPEIGHT,
WILLIAM GRANT.

Acton, Nov. 18th, 1871.

The meeting was held and after the appointment of Dr. McCarvin as chairman and John McKee, Secretary, it was moved by Charles Symon, seconded by Henry Smith, that the Trustees be instructed to carry out the wishes of the people, purchase a teacher's residence, and that they be authorized to borrow money to pay for the house.

And that's the history of the teacher's residence in Acton. I guess it is just as well the Trustees sold the property, for it beats me what Miss Knapp, the principal of the High School, or Miss Barnett, principal of the Public School, would do with the blessed old place, if it were now on their hands.

I think when I come around to this old school history again I'll have to give a list of the scholars of 1871, and some of the following years. I have the old register with all their names, yes, and their ages too. It might be quite interesting to give the names of such well-known pupils of that day as Elizabeth Kennedy, Maria Stone, Annie M. Corrigill, Annie Agnew, Maggie Ann Campbell, Margaret A. Moore, Augusta McLam, Augusta Speight, Maggie E. Ramshaw, Mary E. Brown, and others and append to each the age given in the old register of those days. Yes, I could also give the names of such notables among present day business men as John R. Kennedy, James Hymon, John Kenney, George E. Brown, Henry Philip Moore, Alva Stafford, Dennis Kelly, Charles W. Hill, Fred H. Ross, George Hynds, Noble McLam, William J. Speight, Charles T. Moore, John R. Cameron and more of them and give the ages they confessed to Mr. Ross away back there in the seventies, and I don't believe they would like it a bit better than the old girls.

I may do it, or I may not, we'll see.

Well, anyway, I must knock off for this week or I'll be running over the space the editor gives me, again.

So long.

Oh say, I nearly forgot to wish you all a very Happy New Year. I expect to have one myself, as the young folks are coming home for New Year's. Say, you should see the baking and brewing Mary's been doing. But there's no turkey. That majestic old bird has got beyond us.

Good night! Happy New Year!

The Old Man

ENGLISH AS IT SOUNDS

Said Mrs. A., one of the overhearers: "They must have been to the Zoo, because I heard her mention a trained deer."

Said Mrs. B.: "No, no, they were talking about going away and she said to him, 'Find out about the train, dear.'"

Said Mrs. C.: "I think you are both wrong. It seemed to me they were discussing music, for she said, 'a trained ear' very distinctly."

A few minutes later the lady herself appeared and they told her of their disagreement.

"Well," she laughed, "that's certainly funny. You are poor guessers, all of you. The fact is, I'd been out to the country over-night, and I was asking my husband if it rained here last evening."—Boston Transcript.

KAZUBAZUA—THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND

1.—A Typical View of the Gatineau River and Hills. 2.—Kazubazua has a main street.

Kazubazua! What is it? Where is it? Does it exist outside the comic papers? Thus the ignorant and untravelled.

How many Canadians know that Kazubazua is situated in one of the most beautiful sections of the Gatineau district, that the word, far from being one with humorous intent, is of Indian origin, meaning "hidden river," which is descriptively accurate of the Gatineau at this point? Very few, it is to be feared.

It takes the sportsman to prick up his ears at the mention of the name, for he will probably know that near Kazubazua lies one of the finest trout streams in the province, and that it forms the base of many famous hunting expeditions.

Notable among these were the two trips which have given the Gatineau a staunch friend in Rex Beach, who claims to have hunted over thousands of miles of country without finding anything that could touch the Kazubazua region.

To Conn Teeple, a resident of Kazubazua and the most renowned of Gatineau guides, a measure of Mr. Beach's enjoyment and success is certainly due.

Teeple, a spare, wiry man who does not look his age—whatever it is!—has "called" moose for many a hunter, but save for bears, whose skins adorn his home, he does not care "for killin'."

"He's an awful dear man," said a neighbor of his one day, and when pressed to give a reason for Mr. Teeple's expressiveness, he explained:

"He can spot a deer miles away. Seems almost as if he could feel 'em in the air. Where nobody else can bring in game, Conn Teeple can. He knows by lookin' at a hill whether there's deer on it. Yep, he's an awful dear man, he is!"

Mr. Teeple's tastes are frankly rural. He looks with keen disfavor upon metropolitan inventions, especially the motor car. Walking to him is the natural method of locomotion, though the advantages of a "team" are at times apparent. He walks 25 miles a day with true enjoyment, but one evening after motoring sixteen miles, he returned to his home exhausted. "Tuckered right out," he complained. "It's a cruel strain on a fella', you know, jus' settin'."

The station at Kazubazua holds itself haughtily aloof from the town. Conveyances of every description meet the trains and transport travellers over a sort of sandy table-land, profusely covered with blueberries in summer, to the cluster of cottages that form the village. This blueberry patch is about 9 miles in area and its output would practically feed Montreal.

Kazubazua presents a very different appearance to Low for example. The hills seem farther away, the country is wilder in spite of a relatively larger settlement. Deer are seen close by, bears are not unknown, moose drink at the "crick" and yet telephone bells whirr in almost every home and three hours travel will take one to the Capital of the Dominion.

There is a main street in Kazubazua, a carding mill, a cement plant and a flour mill. Outside the latter stand the old grinding stones that were used in past years, and on the main road there is an earthen oven, upon which one might look for the grandsire of our Community Kitchen. It has been extensively used within recent times.

Kazubazua will not attract the commonplace, the type of vacationist to whom six wardrobe trunks and ten bathboxes are a necessity. There is not a moving picture palace in the place, nor a Chinese restaurant, nor an apartment house!

There are two stores, however, and gold has been found in the district. This is true because at one of the stores there are postcards for sale showing a robust looking gentleman leaning on a pick-axe and shadowed by a huge mound, which is supposed to represent pay dirt, probably, but which sceptical non-investors regard merely as a futile attempt to alter the position of the Gatineau hills.

There is a hearse at Kazubazua. Its functions are confined to those generally associated with that melancholy carriage. On occasions it will draw up smartly—at the hotel, the sombre-clad driver will jump nimbly from his box and assist a passenger to alight. Then, in a hearty tone quite at variance with that he is wont to use, he will explain for the benefit of the gallery, "Weren't no room in the rigs over to the station, so I brought this fella' along with me. One dollar please!"

Where is Kazubazua? What is it? Ask any of the men who from now until the close of the hunting season may be seen driving their motors along the main road and into the hills. Observe the sportsman's restless eye, the tonneau filled with camping equipment, listen for the intermittent bark of a gun in the distance! Or, if an answer is not forthcoming from these signs, sit at some bountiful table a little later in the year, feast the jaded palate upon a succulent steak of venison or moose and ask. Where is Kazubazua?—Your huntsman-host will tell you!—Madge Macbeth.

CORNERED AT LAST

His wife had probably been arguing and coaxing for years, for he looked a man whose spirit had been worn out before he had consented to have his photograph taken. He halted at the door of a gallery as if trying to invent some excuse, but she pushed him up stairs and he was in for it at last. He hoped the photographer would be crowded with work, but he wasn't. He hoped the camera was out of order, but it was in prime condition.

"Can't take me to-day, can you?" he queried.

"Oh! yes—take you right away," was the reply.

"Have I got to sit up straight?"

"No; sit sh you please."

"Hain't these clothes too light?"

"Not a bit."

"I can't spare over three minutes."

"Very well—I'll take you in two."

There was no way to get rid of it, and with a disparing look around and a frown at his wife the old chap dropped into a chair with a sigh, shut his eyes, crossed his legs, and groaned out:

"Well, if I must I must—bring on your laughing gas, and don't let my wife go through my pockets while I'm unconscious."

NOT IMPROVED

While making a visit to New York, a man unmistakably of country origin was knocked down in the street by an automobile. A crowd instantly surrounded him with condolences and questions.

"Are you hurt, my friend?" kindly asked a gentleman, who was first among the rescuers, as he helped the stranger to his feet and brushed the mud and dust from his clothes.

"Well," came the cautious reply of one evidently given to noncommittal brevity of speech, "it ain't done me no good."

A SUGGESTION FOR 1922

Suppose we think little about number one,
Suppose we help some one else to have fun,
Suppose we no'or speak of the faults of a friend,
Suppose we are ready our own to amend,
Suppose we laugh with, and not at other folk,
And never hurt any one "just for the joke,"
Suppose we hide trouble and show only cheer,
'Tis likely we'll have a happy New Year.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

True gentleness is founded on a sense of what we owe to him who made us, and to the common nature which we all share. It arises from reflection on our own failings and wants, and from just views of the condition and duty of men. It is native feeling heightened and improved by principle.—Blair.

Each heart is a world—you find all within yourself that you find without—to know yourself you have only to set down a true statement of those that ever loved or hated you.—Lavater.

If you hate your enemies you will contract such a vicious habit of mind as by degrees will break out upon those who are friends, or are indifferent to you.—Plutarch.

I will give thrice so much land to any well-deserving friend; but in the way of bargain, mark me, I will cavil on the ninth part of a hair.—Shakespeare.

Money dishonestly acquired is never worth its cost, while a good conscience never costs as much as it is worth.—J. P. Sero.

To be happy, you must forget yourself. Learn benevolence; it is the only cure of a morbid temper.

Let honor be to us as strong an obligation as necessity is to others.—Pliny.

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BE HONEST, ANYWAY

"I found something to-day," Roy announced one evening.

"What is it?" demanded Kent.

"Let's see it," from Boyd.

Roy shook his head glumly. "I found the owner—worse luck," he said. "I was going down Main Street when I saw a nice, fat pocketbook right ahead of me. I ran and picked it up and went on, wondering what I should do or how I could find the owner most quickly. I didn't have to wonder long. An old chap came hustling along on the back track, hunting the lost loot, and of course as I was the first one he met, he tackled me. 'Did you find my pocketbook, young man?' he demanded. 'I just missed it. I lost it somewhere within this square, for I had it in my hand—' Of course it was his, and I handed it over. Then what happened? He glared at me as if I'd picked his pocket and said: 'Lucky you're honest, young fellow. Could have been caught sooner or later if you'd tried to keep it,' and away he stalked. I didn't want any reward, but next time—"

"Next time," father put in smoothly, "you'll do the same thing for your own sake rather than that of the loser, grateful or otherwise. He treated you shabbily; but two wrongs only weigh down the balance the more in the wrong direction. It is our part—our beautiful part and privilege—to restore the balance by being right, doing right, filling the other side of the scale so full that any wrong will be far outweighed."

And Roy knew he agreed in his own heart.—The King's Own.

WHAT A PITY!

The editor of a small paper in a remote part of South California found himself unable to insert his usual column of births, marriages and deaths.

Thinking that some apology was needed for such an untoward circumstance, he inserted the following, in clear black type:

"We regret that, owing to pressure upon our space, several deaths have been inevitably postponed."

School Teacher's Life Is Saved

"School teacher — parents dead. Brought here on a stretcher. Good progress; hope for full recovery."

Such was the meagre record of a patient at the Muskoka Hospital for Consumptives! Meagre, but how full of deep significance!

"I was so frightened," confessed the girl, her blue eyes reflecting the sky overhead, as she lay beneath the pines up there in Muskoka. "I didn't know what to do. I had no money; and, oh, I was so horribly alone."

"Think of it," and she shivered, "I would be dead—now—if it weren't for this hospital. But I'm not," and there was a ring of victory in her voice. "I'm getting well. Oh! I can hardly believe it."

Just a lonely, motherless girl, but how sweet that life given back to her!

Contributions may be sent to Hon. W. A. Charlton 223 College Street, Toronto.

BLACK RAIN

While showers of tiny frogs and even fishes are not unknown, how many people are aware that at various times the old country has experienced such peculiarities as "black rain," "blood rain," and "milk rain?"

These are caused by such impurities as soot, plant-pollen, finely-divided sulphur, and sand. In 1903 there was a downfall of "blood rain" in England, and this, on examination, was shown to have been impregnated with mineral substances carried by air-drifts from the Sahara.

The fine dust discharged in volcanic eruptions has been known to remain in suspension in the air for several years.

Such phenomena as "frog showers" and "fish showers" are due to strong ascending air currents, such as local whirl-winds, which carry these light objects away from the ground and transport them through the atmosphere until the force of gravity brings them to earth.

Holiday Goods!

For Novelties for the Holidays
Call on
E. K. COOK

He will supply you with: Ties; Belts; Arm Bands; Garters; Handkerchiefs; Gloves; Cuff Links; Bachelor Buttons; and many other things the Men and Boys are glad to have.

HIS PRICES ARE LOW
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School Teacher's Life Is Saved

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You Cannot Buy New Eyes
But you can Promote a Clean, Healthy Condition
Use Murine Eye Remedy "Night and Morning."
Keep your Eyes Clean, Clear and Healthy.
Write for Free Eye Care Book.
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For 1922
WILLIAMS
Has been Serving You for over Forty Years with his
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Try His Stock Again This Year for Practical Results.
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In feeding beef cattle you are taking a chance whether you get paid for your feed and labor.

Keep more milk cows, ship or bring your cream to us, and take no chances.

We will buy your cream in the winter as well as in the summer.

Highest cash price for Eggs.

The Acton Creamery Co.
E. J. O'NEIL, Proprietor

TANNERY CO-OPERATIVE

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

We Wish our Many Friends and Customers a Happy and Prosperous New Year

Are You Proud of Your Business?

You believe in advertising because advertising proves itself before your eyes every day—but do you believe in yourself, your product and your future?

If you think well enough of your business to continue in it—insure its growth and permanence by sound advertising.

Identify yourself with the home paper that works for more and better advertising all the time.

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