The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1922

FIND TIME OR MAKE IT

Opportunity tapped at the door,
With a chance for the brother within
He napped till his thumbs were sore,
And muttered come on let me in.
Here is something I know you can do,
Here is a hill I know you can climb,
But the brother hadn't very quickly replied,
Old fellow I have not got time.
Opportunity wandered along,
In search of a man who would rise,
He said to the indolent thrush,
Here is a chance for the fellow who tries,
But each of them said with a smile,
I wish I could do it but I'm very busy,
Very busy to-day and I'm sorry to say,
That I really haven't got time.
At last opportunity came,
To a man who was burdened with care,
And said I now offer the same,
Opportunity that has been theirs,
Here's a duty that ought to be done,
It's a chance if you've got time to take it.
Said the man with a grin come along pass it in,
I'll either find time or I'll make it.
Of all the excuses there are,
By which this old world is accused,
This haven't go time is by far,
The poorest, the foolest, the worst,
A delusion it is and a snare,
If the habit in yours shakes it,
For if you want to do what is offered to you,
You'll find time to do it or make it.
—Detroit Free Press.

HAVEN'T YOU MET HIM?

A minister of about thirty years' service was the other day looking back reminiscently to his first pastorate in a small town. His next-door neighbor, it seemed, had left the most lasting character photograph on his mind.

He had come to town from his farm several miles up country. He and his wife had saved carefully for years and had plenty to live on. But the habit of counting dollars or anything that would turn into dollars had fixed itself so deep in the old man's mind that he couldn't shake it off for a minute. If he knew or could guess the price of anything, he was unbelievably "close" about that. But if it was something that he had never sold or bought, he was quite as unbelievably generous.

We moved into the manse in the spring. There was a row of wonderful pear trees on the fence which divided our lot from his. They were in marvelous bloom that week, I remember. Only two or three days after we got our goods into the house, our ex-farmer neighbor appeared at the back door and said grimly to my wife that he hoped we understood that according to law all the pears on limbs that hung across his fence were his. He wished to give notice that he would claim them when they ripened. The wife was meek and promised that he could have them.

So in the late summer, when the fruit was ripe, Mr. Former-Farmer got out with a basket and gathered every pear that hung on his side of the fence. He did more than that. The wife and I stood close by the fence on our side, and sighting down the division line, we could see that he had carefully and cleanly taken also all the fruit in a belt of at least eighteen inches over our lot. Those pears had a cash value in his eyes; he had sold pears; he couldn't resist them.

Well, the young mistress of the manse really lost her meekness at that. She was for running over right then and there and denouncing the man next door as a monstrous old cheat. But I told her we would believe a while longer that there was something better in him than his pear-picking and would wait and see.

Well, it was worth waiting for. In many respects the old chap was the best neighbor we ever had. His wife was another of the same sort—both relentless penny pinchers, but limitlessly kind in every other way. They afterwards made up to us those few pears a hundred-times over. Almost every day one or the other of them was at the door bringing something or other for our table. They practically kept us in pies and cakes and puddings. Pies and cakes and puddings, you see, were something they had never sold; so there wasn't any difficulty about giving away such articles as that.

The next summer the old man and I went into partnership on a lawn mower. Neither of us had a very large lawn, and we both got on very well with the one machine. But after I had resigned and was getting ready to move, my partner got terribly excited about the joint property. Every day he came around and said that either I had to buy him out or else sell my share to him. When he thought of the first possibility he intimated strongly that the mower was really as good as new. When he got on the second line, he wanted me to remember that second-hand machinery never brought much.

I gave him no satisfaction until our packing began, and then I told him that I had no good way to take the mower along with me, and so I would just donate my share of it to him. You never in your life saw any grown man so hoylshly delighted. He hustled home and told his wife and was back again in just a few minutes.

"Say," he said, "you and your folks can't sleep any longer in this torn-up house of yours. Just come over, you and the missus and the children, and board with us till you're ready to leave town."

And they did take us and keep us for nearly a week, looking after us loyally. It cost them a lot more than the value of my half of that mower. And they would never have done it in the world if any time in their career they had ever kept boarders—and got paid for it.—Continent.

MERRY MISPRINTS

The misprint is an unconscious humorist of the first order.

The following paragraph appeared in an English newspaper not long ago: "We wish to apologize for the manner in which we disgraced the beautiful wedding last week. Through an error we were made to say, 'the roses were pink.' What we meant to say was, 'the noses were pink.'"

Dr. Jowett, the famous preacher, had been engaged to speak at a mission hall in Birmingham, and some handbills advertising the meeting were circulated. The last line on the bill read: "Mr. Jowett and other fiends will address the meeting."

Some years ago a blue-book contained an amazing misprint. It was an account of a convention between the British Ambassador at Berlin and the German Chancellor. It said: "His Excellency concluded his filthy remarks and left." Nobody seemed to know what the offending word ought to have been, but general opinion chose "pithy."

A certain paper referred to two learned gentlemen as "bibulous old titles," instead of bibliophiles." Needless to say the editor got into hot water and in preparing his apology he wrote "The learned gentlemen are too fastidious." To the editor's horror the printer distinguished himself again by printing: "The learned gentlemen are two fast idiots."

A Lancashire man, who had just returned from a tour round the world, was annoyed by a report in a local paper, in which it was said that "his friends were surprised to find him unhanged." Of course, the last word lacked a "c," but it needed explaining before the world wanderer could "see" it.

Well, here we are in the first week of another New Year. Let us determine, old and young, that it shall be the beginning of a year in which we are determined to do our best, by unselfish effort and thoughtful consideration, to do our fair share in endeavoring to make the world a little better than it was last year. To this end I wish you all a happy and prosperous New Year.

Say, do you know, between doing my best to give the young folks a good time during their holiday visit, and doing justice to the old-fashioned holiday meals Mary provided between Christmas and New Year's, I have been thinking a good deal about what Austin Tubby, Toronto, and my younger friend from Buffalo said about the reverence and honor we should pay to the memories of the good people of this community who did so much to lay firm foundations and establish right principles when they were hewing down the forests and planting the newly-cleared fields in the new settlement here, in those early days of settling down. Our fathers did indeed leave us a goodly heritage.

And not only do we profit now from their labors, but we owe much to their sturdy lives of faith and visions of the future.

Ancestral traits are said to descend from generation to generation. Even our physical features are in the main fashioned after our ancestors. Have you not heard it over and over again, right here in Acton, when a little boy or girl of the third generation is brought back to the old town on a holiday visit: "Why, Johnnie is just the picture of his grandfather when he was a boy;" or "Jennie looks just like her mother, just like her grandmother, too, as I first remember her."

You will remember that Dickens, in "The Old Curiosity Shop," wrote: "If you have seen the picture gallery of any one old family, you will recall how the same face and figure—often the fairest and slightest of them all—come upon you in different generations; and how you trace the same sweet girl through a long line of pictures, never growing old or changing, the good angel of the race, abiding by them in all reverence."

Something really does depend on ancestors. Not only do their traits reappear in the succeeding generations and give healthy impulse to young lives, but they influence habits as well and often furnish a passport to happy recognition in the world's callings and activities. Some of the names of our early residents; yes, many of them, are names to conjure with and happy are those who wear them.

Most of us can look back with some satisfaction along the lines of our ancestors. If all of them have not been to our liking, as we think of them today, at least some of them have been. If they have not been perfect they have at least had many excellencies. In some instances the memory is precious beyond expression, because of their sterling character, kindness and helpfulness.

It is because of the memory of these ancestors of ours, with recollections of their honest and industrious and God-fearing and courageous lives to look back upon, that I have enjoyed so much writing my little incidents of their early days here in these columns during many months past.

Cowper could well say:
"My boast is, not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, the rulers of the earth,
But higher far, my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies."

No wonder that Austin Tubby and others impress upon us the worth of the lives of these early residents of ours. Their virtues and their deeds, especially those by which we have profited, must be held in loving and grateful memory. No amount of prosperity, or of world prominence, will ever relieve us of the debt we owe them.

I was greatly taken recently when I read of a young man at his college commencement in one of the big cities, when he took the medal bestowed for superior standing in his examinations, and walked over to his plainly-dressed mother from the country, who came to see her son obtain his honors, and pin it on her breast, while he confessed to the cultured assembly that her self-sacrificing toil had enabled him to go to college and win the prize and that she was entitled to it.

The virtues of our forefathers must be admired. We do well if we can appropriate them. Their moral influence is felt, because it is imperitive.

I came across a story of the late Senator Pratt, of Indiana, the other day, which showed clearly the influence of the lives of those in the old home in the children of the home. Senator Pratt spent his last days in writing reminiscences of his life. He was writing the story of a terrible temptation which assailed him when a young man. After leaving school he had got a business position in Northern Indiana. By his moral worth and excellent habits he had won the confidence of his employers. This confidence was shown when he was intrusted with the sum of $23,000, to carry by horseback and deliver in the distant city of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Day after day he guarded the money without any thought of dishonesty, as he went on toward Cincinnati. But he said: "There was a moment, a supreme and critical one, when the voice of the tempter penetrated my ear. It was when I reached the crown of those imperial hills that overlook the Ohio River, when approaching from the interior. The noble stream was the great artery of commerce at that day, before railways were built, west of Massachusetts. What a gay spectacle it presented, flashing in the bright sunlight, covered with flatboats, with gay-painted steamers, ascending and descending and transporting their passengers in brief time to the Gulf of Mexico, the gateway to all parts of the world. I had but to sell my horse and go aboard one of these with my treasure, and I was absolutely beyond the reach of pursuit. There were no telegraphs flashing intelligence by an agency more subtle than steam and far outrunning it; and no extradition treaties requiring foreign governments to return the felon. The world was before me, and at the age of twenty-two, with feeble ties connecting me with those left behind, I was in possession of a fortune for those early days. I recall the fact that this thought was a tenant of my mind for a moment, and for a moment only. Blessed God, it found no hospitable lodgment any longer. And what, think you, were the associate thoughts which came to my rescue? Away over rivers and mountains, a thousand miles away, in a humble farm house, on a bench, an aged mother reading to her boy from the oracles of God."

You, Austin; yes, C. H. G., Buffalo, it is up to us to revere the memory of the fathers and mothers, our forefathers, who "by precept and example laid the foundations of one of the best communities in America."

There, I forgot myself again, with my moralizing. I clean lost myself when I began to reflect how much we owe to our old folks who settled here in the early days; and I couldn't help it. I mean every word of it, too. But it was Austin Tubby and C. H. G., Buffalo, who set me off.

I had intended to dig up Young Hyest, and perhaps some more, but that'll have to come some other time.

Good-bye. Remember our early settlers.

The Old Man

TELEPHONES IN JAPAN

"I must get a telephone installed for the six months I'll be here," said the business man from New York, who had just arrived in Tokyo.

"Well, after you've seen the telephone broker don't be astonished if it costs a thousand dollars," said his friend.

"Telephone broker?" said the new arrival, grinning. "You're trying to have fun with me!"

But he soon discovered that his friend was serious; in Japan all available telephones are indeed in the hands of a "telephone broker." Moreover, he found that the broker's fee varied from two thousand to twenty-five thousand yen; and, since one yen equals half a dollar, he quickly saw that in Japan a telephone is an expensive luxury.

He went back to his friend. "Must I deal with a broker in order to get a telephone at once?"

"You must. Twenty-five years ago the Jap had his attention directed to the telephone, and the government undertook to provide the service itself. During the years that followed Japan became pressed for money to carry on its rapid expansion; harassed ministers of finance formed the habit of reaching out for every yen of revenue. Little was done to extend the telephone service; the demand for connections was always far ahead of the supply. Then one day some one saw a chance to squeeze additional revenue out of the people. So the government introduced a system whereby persons who desire instruments can register their names and receive a telephone as soon as one becomes available. Having paid the registration fee of fifteen yen, the little brown folk wait. Sometimes they wait for seven years. In Tokyo alone more than fifty thousand of them are waiting to-day.

"It wasn't long before the government started the 'quick-installation' system. Each exchange was to receive periodically one hundred extra telephones that it would guarantee to install within six months. But to get one you had to pay a fee of three hundred yen!

"So another lengthy waiting list came into being and, as the applications in this class soon greatly exceeded the instruments, even the payment of three hundred yen was no guaranty against delay.

"The result was that people who had no further use for their telephones looked round for purchasers; there were plenty of people who would gladly pay five hundred yen or more for an immediate connection. So a definite traffic in telephones started, and the telephone broker arrived. People who had telephones to dispose of sold them to the broker. He bought all he could get and paid the annual connection fees. A corner in telephones was the result, and a few men began to get rich."

"But why didn't the sufferers import a supply of telephones?" asked the man from New York.

"It's evident that you don't know Japan," replied his friend. "A little while ago they tried that. A co-operative society was to import an ample supply of telephones, and anyone desiring connection with the exchange was to pay the cost of the instrument plus the cost of installation. That, of course, would have made telephones comparatively cheap and would have greatly increased the revenue without placing the slightest strain on the national treasury; but it would have annihilated the telephone broker. The broker pulled the wires that had to be pulled and greased the necessary palms. On condition that the importation of telephones be made a government monopoly he split some of his profits with those in authority. And he made sure that few instruments should be imported. And that is why you have to pay a thousand dollars for a telephone, if you want it while you are able to use it!"—Companion.

HE WANTED VARIETY

Not long ago there occurred a big fire in a Massachusetts town, and the crowds that gathered were soon reinforced by others from near-by places.

While running to this fire one man overtook another in the road who was proceeding in the same direction.

"Where's the fire?" asked the last-mentioned man, out of breath. "Don't tell me it's the carpet factory! I've seen that twice already."

MUSCULAR SOBRIETY

A London temperance orator was in the habit of holding forth in a workman's hall, and was constantly being interrupted.

The next time he lectured in that hall he engaged a prize-fighter to sit in the gallery and keep order. He was contrasting the clean content of sober home life with the squalor of drunkenness.

"What do we want when we return from our daily toil?" he asked. "What do we desire to ease our burdens, to gladden our hearts, to bring smiles to our lips and joy to our eyes?"

As the orator paused for breath the prize-fighter shook his fist at the unruly members of the gallery and whispered in a loud undertone:

"Mind, yer, the first bloke what says 'beer,' out 'e goes!"

TESTING THE AGE OF EGGS

Fill a tumbler two-thirds full of water and then place in it a newly-laid egg and it will sink to the bottom of the glass. The egg is composed largely of water, and therefore is heaviest while it is fresh. The older the egg, the lighter it becomes on account of the water evaporating from the white of the egg, which causes the empty space at the thick end of the egg to become enlarged. Hence, at three weeks of age the egg will lean in the water. When three months old it will stand perfectly straight, with pointed end of the egg barely touching the bottom of the glass. The larger the empty space becomes the more the egg will rise in the water, until finally it reaches the surface.

A FAMOUS SEA CAPTAIN

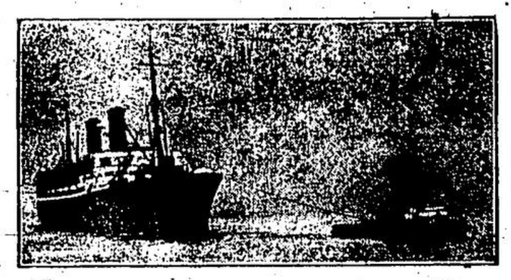
Late Commander of the "Empress of France"

Late Captain Cook

The Canadian Pacific recently lost by death in England one of their popular sea captains when Captain Ebenezer Cook, R. N. R., late commander of the Canadian Pacific liner "Empress of France," passed away at his residence at Great Crosby.

After conveying Mr. A. J. Balfour and other prominent Peace Conference delegates across the Atlantic, Captain Cook was taken ill on arrival at Quebec. He was lying ill on the steamer on her return voyage, and when the steamer reached Liverpool he was removed by ambulance to his home, but too late to recover.

The late Captain Cook, who was 53 years of age, was a man of fine appearance, and possessed a most courteous and genial disposition. He was looked upon as one of the most capable commanders sailing from the Mersey, and he performed excellent service during the war years.



"Empress of France" arriving at Quebec, on which Captain Cook made his last trip to Canada

Captain Cook was born at Tayport, and joined the Allan Line in 1893 as fourth officer of the "Carthaginian." Within four years he was promoted to chief officer of the "Tunisian," and he became the Commander of the "Cardian" in 1907. On the commencement of the war the Admiralty placed him in command of the "Victorian," and later he was given the command of the "Alsatian," at that time flagship to the 10th Cruiser Squadron of the North Atlantic.

Following the Armistice, the Canadian Pacific Company retained him as Commander of the "Alsatian," which liner, following her conversion from war service, was renamed the "Empress of France." Captain Cook has since sailed regularly on this liner, and he was very highly esteemed by ocean travellers, including such distinguished passengers on the "Empress of France" as the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Byng (Governor-General of Canada), and the Rt. Hon. Mr. A. J. Balfour.

The high esteem in which the late Commander Ebenezer Cook was held manifested itself at the funeral which was attended by a large throng of mourners, colleagues and friends. The funeral service was offered at St. Luke's Presbyterian Church, Great Crosby, the service being conducted by the Rev. J. Vaughan, M. A., Vicar of Great Crosby. Captain Cook was a prominent member of the Masonic Brotherhood, being attached to Crosby Lodge 3714. At the funeral the Canadian Pacific Steamships Limited were represented by J. A. Martin, London Manager, who also represented Sir Thomas Fisher, general manager; Capt. J. V. Foster, Liverpool Steamships manager; W. J. Sargent, consulting engineer; D. Hallan, chief consulting engineer; Capt. Maxwell, marine surveyor; W. Davies, dock superintendent; Capt. A. H. Sargent, R. N. R.; A. C. Wilson, shipping master; T. McNeil, Liverpool general agent, C. P. R., who represented Sir George McLaren Brown, European general manager; R. A. Swain, passenger agent, C. P. R. A large number of the officers and staff of the "Empress of France" and "Empress of Britain" were present.

Many beautiful floral tributes were laid on the grave.

SAFETY IN RHYMES

The safety of all sea-borne traffic depends entirely upon a right observance of the "rules of the road." Sailors have turned these rules into a series of rhymed couplets.

When both side-lights you see ahead,
Port your helm and show your red.

This refers to the case of two vessels approaching one another, head-on, both lights of each (green for starboard, red for port) being visible to the other ship. If each ports her helm—or, in other words, swings off to starboard—they will pass one another as they ought; each keeping to the right.

If on your starboard red appear,
It is your duty to keep clear.

That is to say, if two vessels are running in the same direction, side by side the ship to port sees on his starboard side the port light of the other vessel. The onus is entirely on the left hand ship to keep out of the way of the other.

Green to green, or red to red—
Perfect safety, go ahead.

Here we have two vessels meeting and passing one another, presumably with plenty of sea-room. If a navigator sees on his starboard side the green starboard light only of another vessel—or on his port side, another red light—he knows that his ship and the stranger are clearing one another safely, and it is his duty to keep straight ahead.

Finally comes a couplet based on common sense, but which many a mariner has lugged to his cost.

In danger, with no room to turn,
Ease her, stop her, go, astern.

THE REASON

Two Hibernians were passing a stable which had a rooster on it for a weather vane, when one addressed the other thus:

"Pat, what's the reason they didn't put a hen up there instead of a rooster?"

"Ah! sure," replied Pat, "that's shy enough; don't you see it would be inconvenient to go up for the eggs?"

A DUBIOUS OUTLOOK

The weary young man who was trying to learn to work had fallen in love with the daughter of his employer, but he found that his path was by no means clear of obstacles.

"You tell me that your father objects to your marrying me," he said, in a crestfallen way. "Is it because I am in his employ? I can leave it and go back to a life of idleness if he prefers."

"Oh, no, that isn't what he wants," said the fair one. "He says I may marry you just as soon as you're valuable enough to have your salary raised."

A man was observed jumping and writhing about on the sidewalk.

"New dance?" asked the passerby.

"Nawl" he exclaimed, "Winter under wear!"

Dr. Andersons Official Majority is 1,617

Dr. Anderson Secured 5,266 Votes; W. F. W. Fisher 3,649, and J. F. Ford 3,238

Official figures of the voting in this county at the general elections on December 6 have been compiled by the Returning Officer, and give Dr. Anderson a majority of 1,617 over Mr. Fisher, and 2,028 over Mr. Ford. The figures are as follows:

Anderson	5,266
Fisher	3,649
Ford	3,238
Total votes cast	12,153

THAT'S ALL

A six-year-old girl submitted the following composition on "People" to her teacher:

"People are composed of girls and boys, also men and women.

"Boys are no good at all until they grow up and get married.

"Men who don't get married are no good either.

"Boys are an awful bother. They want everything they see except soap.

"My ma is a woman, and my pa is a man. A woman is a grown-up girl with children.

"My pa is such a nice man that I think he must have been a girl when he was a boy."

FOR PERSONAL USE ONLY

A small boy who was sitting next to a very haughty woman in a crowded car, kept sniffing in a most annoying way until the woman could stand it no longer.

"Boy, have you got a handkerchief?" she demanded.

The small boy looked at her for a few seconds and then, in a dignified tone, came the answer:

"Yes, I 'ave, but I don't lend it to strangers."

HIS PUNISHMENT

"Doctor," said Johnny, half out of breath from running, "come up to our house, quick."

"Who's sick there?" asked the doctor.

"Everybody but me. I was naughty, so they wouldn't give me any of the nice mushrooms pa picked in the woods."

HELP WANTED

"Can I be of any service?" asked the sympathetic motorist.

"Yes," replied the man who was in distress—"I'm a preacher by profession. If you'll just come over here and address a few appropriate remarks to this infernal flivver of mine I'll be extremely grateful."

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES Night and Morning. Have Clean, Healthy Eyes. If they Tire, Itch, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes, Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

CARNEGIE'S FIRST MILLION

Here is a story that has never been told in print. It tells how Andrew Carnegie made his first million dollars.

He was the first ironmaster to hire a chemist. We all know how much chemistry has had to do with the development of steels, but at that period, when the shrewd Scotchman was young, possibilities in that direction had not begun to be realized.

In Europe there was introduced the so-called "Thomas basic process," which made possible the use of high-phosphorus iron. Previously iron that contained much phosphorus was not available for making steel because the product was brittle.

The process in question overcame the difficulty. Carnegie, through his chemist, got news of it, and he lost no time in securing exclusive rights to its use in the United States.

At that time deposits of the Lake Superior region had not been discovered and the States was getting most of its iron ores from Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Carnegie saw that the new process would make available the iron beds of the Appalachians, where the ores are high in phosphorus, and he secured options on all the best of them. Soon afterwards he sold these options at a clear profit of $1,000,000.

It was simply a matter of being one jump ahead of everybody else, and Carnegie was able to accomplish this through his wisdom in hiring a chemist.

SO MUCH IN

Landlord—You didn't pay the rent for last month.

Tenant—No? Well, I suppose you'll hold me to your agreement.

Landlord—Agreement! What agreement?

Tenant—Why, when I rented you said I must pay in advance or not at all.

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

E. K. COOK

MILL STREET - ACTON

DEVASTATING

Talking of school answers, a rather devastating one was given a member of a certain education committee, who thought it well to visit the schools occasionally and ask questions in the classes.

Once he spoke about Mr. Lloyd George, who, he said, was a statesman. "Now, can you tell me what a statesman is?" he finished up by asking.

—Up shot one hand.

"Please, sir, a statesman is a man who makes speeches."

"Well, hardly that. I sometimes make speeches, but I am not a statesman."

The little hand went up again.

"I know, sir, a statesman is a man who makes good speeches."

A BLESSED SUBSTITUTE

The minister was struggling to put on a four-ply collar, and the perspiration was starting from every pour.

"Bless the collar!" he ejaculated. "Oh, yes, bless it! Bless the pleased collar!"

"My dear," said his wife, "what is your text for this morning's sermon?"

"T-twenty-first verse, fi-fifty-fifth Psalm," he replied, in short gasps. "The words of his m-mouth were s-smoother than b-butter but w-war was in his h-heart."

ISAAC MEETS HIS MATCH

Weary Willie slouched into a pawnshop.

"How much will you give me for this overcoat?" he asked, producing a faded but neatly mended garment.

Isaac looked at it critically. "Four dollars," he said.

"Why," cried Weary Willie, "that coat's worth $10 if it's worth a penny!"

"I wouldn't give you $10 for two like that," sniffed Isaac. "Four dollars or nothing."

"Are you sure that's all it's worth?" asked Weary Willie.

"Four dollars," repeated Isaac.

"Well, here's yer $4," said Weary Willie. "This overcoat was hangin' outside yer shop and I was wonderin' how much it was really worth."

JUST WHISTLING

Willie was sitting at his desk looking out of the window, whistling softly to himself. He should have been doing his arithmetic.

"Willie Saunderson!" cried his master. "How many more times am I to tell you not to whistle and work at the same time?"

"Please sir," was Willie's reply, "I wasn't; I was just whistling."

L. Starkman - STARKMAN BLOCK Acton, Ontario

WE WISH EVERYONE A HAPPY NEW YEAR

L. Starkman - STARKMAN BLOCK Acton Ontario

TANNERY CO-OPERATIVE

The Store of Quality and Low Prices

THE year just ended has been a busy and strenuous one at this store, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that low prices and fair dealing have gained us many friends and permanent customers. We hope and expect the year now starting will, with our enlarged stock, including many new lines of Dry Goods be still more satisfactory from our customers' standpoint.

NEXT week we expect to open up new lines of Staple Dry Goods, which will will be sold at close prices. We invite you to call and see what we have and compare our prices with others.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

We shall make a specialty of these lines. Our prices will interest you.

Cash Paid for Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Etc.

Tannery Co-Operative

C. A. CONWAY, Manager

Mill Street - Acton

SPEED!

You are matched against Twentieth Century speed to-day.

The sailing ship was matched against the steamship and passed away.

The courier was matched against the telegraph and passed away.

The stage coach was matched against the railroad and passed away.

The mail train is matched against the airplane and loses ground.

And you are matched against men who advertise.

They will pass you, according to the immutable law of progress, unless you advertise.

Use Acton Free Press Columns to Speed up Your Business