The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1922

THE UNION JACK FOR ME

Class ye never lightly upon it,
The flag of your Country and King,
Be it ever so torn or so faded,
Should be held as a sacred thing;
Sacred? Ay, yea—as man's honor,
Held to his heart just as dear,
Else why should it cause us emotion?
From the heart, not the lips, draw the cheer.

To me it is full of strange fancies,
Each fold has a story to tell,
For the sake of that self-same banner,
How many have fought and fell,
Fought with never a thought of self-glory,
Fell, feeling glad and proud,
That the tide of war, had decreed, that they
Should wear a flag as a shroud.

Oh, the love of the country within us,
Whatever that country may be,
The Stars and the Stripes for the Yankee,
But the Union Jack for me.
'Tis the flag, for which our forefathers
Fought and slept with their blood;
If it meant that much to the blossom,
Should it be despised by the bud?

It matters not where we may wander,
The earth is a very large place,
But the flag of country is with us,
Imprinted right on our face—
It beckons and waves and beseeches,
Until we are fain to return,
To the land which is fairest of all to our eyes,
The country for which we yearn.

Oh, the flag of my country and kindred!
Ye are dearer than ever to me,
And I rise with the glass and propose a toast
In honor, dear flag, of thee;
Then gaze ye ne'er lightly upon it,
But lovingly over it sing
The mantle of Love and Protection,
Our flag is a sacred thing.

—Minnie Mason Allshire.

CANADA'S FISHING INTERESTS

One in Every Twenty of Our Population is Dependent on Fisheries

Our fisheries are vast resources potentionally able to maintain a much larger portion of the population. A heavy investment of capital and control is in Canadian hands.

Approximately one hundred thousand people are engaged in the catching and processing of fish in Canada, and at least fifty thousand more are occupied in fish merchandising. It is difficult to say how many more receive their means of livelihood indirectly from the industry, but it would not be an exaggeration to place the total, wholly or partly dependent on the fisheries for a living, at 400,000. On the basis of an eight million population this would mean that one in every twenty receives his or her maintenance from the industry—that is, five per cent. of our total population.

This fact is quite astonishing in itself, but when it is considered that our fishery resources have only been lightly developed, the tremendous possibilities of this situation are obvious. Could we but find an outlet for all the fish we may produce, there would be room for the employment of many times that number and millions might trace their livelihood to the humble fish.

The vital part the industry plays in our national economy cannot be ignored, and that was the object of National Fish Day—February 1—to focus attention on it.

Of the one hundred thousand engaged in primary and secondary fishery operations, fully forty-five thousand are in Nova Scotia, and close to thirty thousand in British Columbia. While the Pacific province leads in the value of production, the industry is more vital to the province of Nova Scotia and seems to present greater possibilities. The salmon has been the mainstay of the western province, because of its wonderful food qualities and the high price it commands in the markets of the world. In the matter of quantity caught the humble cod of the Atlantic outstrips the British Columbia salmon which last year was also exceeded by the modern herring. Nova Scotian and British Columbia are the rivals for supremacy, but each of the other provinces contributes to the output of commercial fishes. Generally speaking, our Interior waters contribute about one-tenth of the total output. In this connection it is of interest to point out that without our Dominion we have one-half the fresh water of the globe, so the possibilities of fresh-water fishing have not been reached by any means. The progress of man is extending northward and to-day we are securing supplies of whitefish, trout, etc., from the basin of the Mackenzie River. As transportation develops copious supplies farther northward will be accessible.

Another way of finding the value of the industry is the capital invested. It is estimated between fifty and sixty millions, of which one half is in primary operations—that is, vessels, boats, nets, and fishing gear—and the balance is invested in canning and curing establishments ashore. There is an erroneous impression in certain sections that our fishing industry is controlled by foreign capital. Statistics furnish no justification for this view, although it would not be a bad thing if we could induce some millions of outside capital to contribute to the boosting of the industry. In 1920 there were eighty-six fish canning and curing concerns in Canada organized as joint stock companies. Bonds, stocks and other securities of these aggregated $25,931,681, of which $15,169,305 was held in Canada; $7,641,641 in the United States, and $3120,635 in Great Britain.

To secure some idea of the various methods employed in fishing and the comparative importance of the different branches, the following is of interest: In 1919, 35,905 sail, row and gasoline vessels boats were engaged, valued at $7,011,120. Sailing and gasoline vessels numbering 1,091 were valued at $5,243,705, and steam vessels, numbering 172 were valued at $1,449,365. Ten steam trawlers were in the service, valued at $1,075,000. The first item—sail, row and gasoline boats—represents the equipment of the inshore fisheries, while the others are equipment for offshore. The former employed 65,410 men, while only 8,706 fished offshore. So it will be seen that our fishing inshore is most valuable. In fact nearly three-quarters of our fish taken in Atlantic waters is secured within twelve miles of shore.

CHANGES UNDER THE OCEAN

Many of the violent changes which occur under the surface of the sea, as more than one scientist has shown, produce effects that are distinctly and sometimes disastrously felt on the land. Wherever a profound cavity exists in the bed of the ocean near the land, and wherever the border of a continent slopes off into a deep sea, great slides are apt to occur, and these often cause earthquakes. In Japan, it is said, a large number of earthquakes came from the deep sea off the mouth of the Tonegawa, the largest of the Japanese rivers. The river brings down alluvial detritus which is deposited on the brink of a deep hollow in the ocean, and from time to time the accumulated deposit slides into the depths, shaking not only the sea bottom, but the adjacent land.

A mountain pass is a pass given by the railway to its employees so that they can spend their vacations in the mountains.

Bay, I was all broke up last week when I read in my Free Press about the death of Mrs. Mary Armstrong, away out there in California. When I read the editor's words of reverent reference to his old Aunt Mary, recollections and visions of the past crowded in upon my old heart and head. I knew Mary Hematreet well as a girl in Acton. I remember when she went to Rochester to take a position and how well she got along there. I recall when she came home from the city across Lake Ontario, and how she brought nice little presents to the children and young folks. It all comes back to me very vividly to-day, about her marriage to Peter Armstrong, of Eramosa, and their honeymoon trip to the Old Country. I remember visiting at their home on the old Speedbank farm, near Armstrong's Mills, and how happy and comfortable they were in the old Armstrong homestead. And then it comes back to me very clearly about their buying the Snyder farm, where Wallace Lamby is now, and settling in Acton again. And then there was the disaster following the building of the new Congregational Church, away back there in 1877—the Church where the Roman Catholics now worship. The building of that church, I remember, ruined the three leading trustees financially. It took Peter Armstrong's farm, and James Cameron's farm and James Ryder's blacksmith shop. And I recall the regret we all felt when Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong and family left for the new State of Nebraska to rebuild their shattered fortunes. They went at it with a will, and in their hard, uphill work, and they never lost their religion, but worked at it as hard as at their efforts to gain a foothold in a new country.

Bay, but it all comes back to me again. And I remember how well this editor of ours, and his younger brother—now the Rev. T. Albert Moore, D. D.—enjoyed going up to spend a week or two at Uncle Peter's and Aunt Mary's. In the summer holidays fifty years ago. It all comes to me now, and it comes to me strong, and that brings to me very strikingly—more so than ever before, I believe—that homely and pathetic poem of James Witcomb Riley's in which he describes the two boys going "Out to Old Aunt Mary's." He, naturally, and I happen to know that Albert is just now out in British Columbia on important business in connection with his Canada-wide church work, this gives peculiar aptness to Riley's poem at this time. I can just see the brother at home writing the news of "Aunt Mary's" death to the brother away out west, in words of this very natural poem, with its boy-like expressions and experiences. Read it all through, all the twenty verses, and see for yourself:

Wasn't it pleasant, O brother mine,
In those old days of the lost sunshine
Of youth—when the Saturday's chores were through,
And the Sunday's wood in the kitchen, too,
And we went visiting, "me and you,"
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

"Me and you"—and the morning fair,
With the dewdrops twinkling everywhere;
The scent of the cherry blossoms blown
After us, in the roadway lone,
Our capering shadows onward thrown—
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

It all comes back so clear to-day!
Though I am as bald as you are gray—
Out by the barn-lot and down the lane,
We patter along in the dust again,
As light as the tips of the drops of rain,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

The last few houses of the town,
Then on, up the high creek-bluffs and down;
Past the squat tollgate, with its well-sweep pole;
The bridge, and "The Old Rabbitin'-hole,"
Loitering, awed, o'er pool and shoal,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

We cross the pasture, and through the wood,
Where the old gray snag of the poplar stood,
Where the hammering "red-heads" hopped awry,
And the buzzard "raised" in the "clearing" sky
And lolled and circled, as we went by
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Or, stayed by the glint of the redbird's wings,
Or the glitter of song that the bluebird sings,
All hushed, we feign to strike strange trails,
As the "big braves" do in the Indian tales,
Till again our real quest lags and fails—
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And the woodland echoes with yell of mirth
That make old war-whoops of minor worth!
Where such heroes of war as we?—
With bows and arrows of fantasy,
Chasing each other from tree to tree.
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And then in the dust of the road again;
And the trams we met, and the countrymen;
And the long highway, with sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread,
Our cares behind, and our hearts ahead,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

For only, now, at the road's next bend
To the right we could make out the gable-end
Of the fine old family homestead—
Half a mile from the sacred spot
Where dwelt our saint in her happy cot—
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Why, I see her now in the open door
Where the little gourds grow up the sides and over
The clapboard roof!—and her face—ah, me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to see—
And wasn't it good for a boy to be
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

The jolly—the jam, and the marmalade,
And the cherry-and-quince "preserves" she made!
And the sweet-sour pickles of peach and pear,
With cinnamon in 'em, and all things rare!
And the more we ate was the more to spare,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Ah! was there ever, so kind a face
And gentle as hers, or such a grace
Of welcoming, as she cut the cake
Or the juicy pies that she joyed to make
Just for the visiting children's sake—
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

The honey, too, in its amber comb.
One only finds in an old farm-home;
And the coffee, fragrant and sweet, and hot!
He lost that we gloried to drink it so,
With spangles of tears in our eyes, you know—
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And the romps we took, in our glad unrest!
Was it the lawn that we loved the best,
With its swooping swing in the locust trees,
Or was it the grove, with its leafy breeze,
Or the dim haymow, with its fragrancies?
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Far fields, bottom lands, creek-banks—all
We ranged at will. Where the waterfall
Laughed all day as its slowly poured
Over the dam by the old mill-ford,
While the tail-race writhed, and the mill-wheel roared—
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

But home, with Aunty in nearer call,
That was the best place, after all—
The talks on the back-porch, in the low,
Blanting sun and the evening glow,
With the voice of counsel that touched us so,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And then, in the garden—near the side
Where the bee-hives were and the path was wide—
The apple house—like a fairy cell—
With the little square door we knew so well,
And the wealth inside, but our tongues could tell,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And the old spring-house, in the cool green gloom
Of the willow trees—and the cooler room
Where the swinging shelves and the crocks were kept;
Where the cream-in-a-golden-languor slept,
While the waters gurgled and laughed and wept—
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And as many a time have you and I—
Barefoot boys in the days gone by—
Knelt and in tremulous ecstacies
Dipped our lips into sweets like these,
Memory now is on her knees.
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

For, O my brother, so far away,
This is to tell you—she waits to-day
To welcome us:—Aunt Mary
Fell asleep this morning, whispering "Tell the boys to come"—and all is well.
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

There, I think that Riley's poem tells the story of the boys' visit at Aunt Mary Armstrong's better than any recollections I could write about it. They did like to go out to Aunt Mary's. I think both of them visited her in her home in Nebraska, before she went to California. Their sense of earthly loss at her passing away will be keen, and they'll appreciate her awaiting welcome, and "Tell the boys to come," up yonder.

Bay, the editor handed me a letter from Mrs. Helen Carson, of Salem, Oregon, yesterday, in which she says: "Remember me to the 'Old Man in the Big Clock Tower.'" I am sure he must know me. His articles are as interesting as ever." Do I remember her? Well, as the boys say now so glibly: "You said it right," when you say I remember her. Bay, I remember little Nellie Allan when she was learning to walk. I recall very vividly how proud of her Captain Allan, grunt old military man that he was, was of little Nellie, when she came to the home as a foster daughter. I remember his pet names for her, "Pootle," which I suppose he brought from India with his soldiering experiences away back. Do I remember her? Well, I should say do. I recollect the day his daughter Diana married Old Sidney Smith's son, Young Sid, or, I suppose I should say Sidney Smith, Jr., when the Captain said to me, "Well, Diana's gone, but mother and I have "Pootle" and the boys, Jack and Jim, left.

I'd like to tell her I remember quite well, too, when Young Sid's son did arrive, and how proud she was when he was old enough to be trusted with her in his perambulator on Main Street; and how careful she was in wheeling him over those rough old plank walks. And then I remember, twenty years after, when young Jack Carson came to Acton from Georgetown, to study law. John A. was one of the brightest young fellows we ever had in this town. He made rapid progress in law, and it wasn't long before he made progress in cultivating a lasting friendship with this same Nellie Allan. The upshot of it all was that about thirty-five years ago, I think, he and Nellie were joined in holy wedlock, and they went away over to Oregon to establish their home. There, John A. prospered. I heard from time to time through Mrs. Smith and Col. Allan that he soon became the leading lawyer of Salem; that his reputation became state-wide and finally he was given important commissions at Washington.

O yes, our boys and girls make names for themselves when they work for it. Well, the home prospered as well as the office. I hear that three splendid boys grew up there, the pride of their Canadian parents. About the time the war broke out Mr. Carson died, and there was a saddened home and family. But the boys in their noble young manhood volunteered for service overseas, as real sons of the grandsire, Col. Allan. One or two of them got over. The other was in camp ready when the Armistice was signed. Do I know Helen Carson? Well, yes, I think I do, and know her well, and am proud, as one of Acton's oldest residents, of my long-time friendship with her and the family.

Well, coming back to Young Street. Across the little street allowance from Mrs. Samuel Laird's is the brick cottage owned by Harry Gibbons. I can't for the life of me remember who built this cosy home. But I know that Harry bought it a good many years ago, when his family was young, so as to have a comfortable place to reside when he left the farm. Well, that's a quarter century ago. I have a hunch that Harry will never leave the farm. Like his father and mother, he and Mrs. Gibbons will live and die there. I believe I did hear a whisper a year ago though, that Harry would sell the old farm, if any responsible buyer, with real money, would come along and pay what he thinks its worth, cash down.

The unpretentious two-story house next to this, where Harvey Bauer, the horticultural enthusiast, lives, with his busy wife and interesting family, has a unique history too. That building housed the first water tank set up by the G. T. R. in Acton. It stood near the Mill Street crossing, and the tank was built inside. In those early days, between fifty and sixty years ago, it was thought a water tank standing out of doors in our northerly climate would freeze. To avoid freezing the tank was set up in this house and two big wood stoves were kept going all winter in the house below the tank. Up to this time the water supply for the engines had been taken on at a tank at Crewsons Corners, which was filled from the little stream about the crossing there, by means of a steam pump operated by Mr. John Egbert. Mr. and Mrs. Egbert and family lived in a little house near the tank house.

In the course of time it was found that the stoves did more harm to this new tank than good, and the tank had to be replaced. This time it was located nearer the station at the south end of the big woodshed—for all engines were fired with cordwood in those days. The old tank house stood there unused for some years. Sam Laird who was always something of a speculator, finally bought it from the railway company and moved it to the place where it now stands. He repaired and improved it and it has made a comfortable home for quite a number of people for thirty years or more.

The corner lots at Mill Street were held by Pat Kelly for many years. When Pat built the brick house where John Williamson now lives he got the homemaking fever and intended to build a fine brick house there. But several members of the family had settled in Buffalo, and when Pat retired from the service of the G. T. R. he went to Buffalo with the remainder of the family. John Hill now owns this property and uses it as a coal and wood yard, when a surplus of these commodities are available.

Well now, I'm not nearly through with Young Street and its history yet. You see these wandering spells I take use up a lot of good space and it takes me some time to get around. Well, I'll tell you more about the east end next time, or some other time.

The Old Man

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION

A colored preacher in Alabama had at one time served a short jail sentence and was fearful lest his congregation discover the fact, as in his later years he had been a model of rectitude. On Sunday, rising to begin his sermon, his heart sank to see a former cell-mate sitting in the front row. Quick thinking was necessary. Fixing his eye on the unwelcome guest, the preacher announced solemnly:

"Ah takes mah text dis mo'nin' from de sixty-fo'th chaptah and fo' hundredth verse of de book of Job, which says: 'Dem as sees and knows me, and says nothin', dem will Ah see later.'"

FOOLISH TRIFLES

More than half life's failures are the result of trifling. The Devil would be out of a job most of his time, if it were not for the silly flies that buzz into his net. They know it is there and flutter about it until they enmesh themselves. People pray "lead us not into temptation" and walk deliberately into it with their eyes open. What is the use of asking heaven to help us when we won't help ourselves? "Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away." The man is as brave as he is wise when he refuses to cross a field full of pit falls. What is the sense of whining about temptations when we make them ourselves? The man who wrote the advice in Proverbs knew what he was talking about. The only course in some of these things is to turn your back and take to your heels like Joseph. "Turn from it and pass away," and get as far away as you can. Don't come within sight or smell of the old thing. In time you may get so that you may stand and wonder that you ever fell into the trap, but strength will not come by putting your nose or toes into it. "Avoid it!"—Shoe and Leather Journal.

LIFE AND DEATH

A minister who guarded his morning study hour very carefully told the new maid that in no circumstances were callers to be admitted—except, of course, he added, in case of life and death.

Half an hour later the maid knocked at the door.

"A gentleman to see you, sir."

"Why I thought I told you—"

"Yes, I told him," she replied, "but he says it's a question of life and death."

So he went down stairs and found an insurance agent.

A PRECIOUS TROPHY

Head of the White Deer Shot at Val des Bois, Quebec.

Val des Bois, about 35 miles from Buckingham, Quebec Province, is a celebrated fishing, hunting and trapping district. Mr. J. A. Larivee, White Deer Lodge, Val des Bois, last fall had the distinction of shooting a remarkable full grown white deer. How this deer escaped detection, and consequent killing such a long time, while living within rifle range of habitations is hard to understand. He lived on the highest mountain at Val des Bois. A natural background of white birch undoubtedly made him invisible to the hunter who could not get close to him. Once snow fell, his worries were over as he must have become practically invisible on account of his snow-white color. Not a black or colored hair could be found on his body, even the eyes, muzzle and hoofs being either white or pink. Mr. Larivee first saw the deer as a strange or new white patch on the side of the mountain. Upon examination through field glasses he perceived that it was a white deer. He had seen two specimens before, mounted by the owners, and his joy can easily be imagined. He spent about fifteen minutes planning the stalk and studying the mountain in front of him across Green Lake. Mr. Larivee proceeds to tell his story:

"The mountain was negotiated by a chimney or V shaped indentation which I climbed by holding on to shrubbery, cracks, and small projections of rock, by hand and feet (my rifle—A.22 H. P. Savage, lever action being slung over my back). Reaching the top after an hour and a quarter climb, I made a wide circle and came back to the edge. I could see the deer laying down amongst the white birch trees, a tangled branchy mass that I knew the small bore rifle was incapable of penetrating, so I decided on again circling. This time I came out at a point where I could not see him, while there was a sheer drop of several hundred feet, to be overcome to get within open shooting distance. It took me two hours to accomplish this noiselessly, especial care having to be taken not to start stones rolling; the dried leaves and small branches were also too much in evidence. I finally secured the position desired only to find that Mr. Deer had got up, wandered farther down the mountain side and was laying down again about six hundred feet below me. With my glasses I found that only six or seven inches of his head were clear of branches, and the only spot I could get to aim at with a chance of getting the bullet to its mark.

"After I shot him it began to rain. I had to get a boat and then had a terrible job of it to drag him down the last two hundred feet to the boat. He was very large, measuring 7 feet in the velvet and weighed 201 lbs dressed. I was tired and wet, but happy after I got him in the boat. It took me four hours of hard and careful stalking but he was worth it. Three hours later, after securing help, the deer was hung up in my shed, about half a mile from where I shot him, the last portage being done by the light of my electric torch over a mountain."

WINDMILL STORES ELECTRICITY FOR ELEVEN DAYS' USE

Although there have been many attempts made to harness the wind to generate electric power, yet work along this line is still in the experimental stage so far as actual farm installations are concerned. Thus considerable interest is attached to the announcement made by a windmill manufacturer that he has at last succeeded in constructing a model that, he believes, will meet all the requirements in this special line.

The combined windmill, generator and storage-battery outfit is described and illustrated in the Popular Mechanics Magazine. On the main casting at the top of the tower is mounted a 1 kw. generator. It is geared directly to the shaft of a 14-foot steel windmill. The spur gears are carried on roller bearings, the entire reduction gearing running in an oil bath. The generator gives a constant voltage over a speed variation ranging from 750 to 2,500 r. p. m. The storage battery has a capacity of 280 ampere-hours and will store enough electricity to operate the lights on an average farm for 11 successive days without wind. This is a condition of weather seldom, if ever encountered.

HAVE TIME FOR MEDITATION

In these days life seems to have no privacy; and piety, like a frightened traveller, snatches both rest and food as it hurries through its duties, as if some danger lurked in reflection and retirement. But no work can be well done unless the faith and the heart of the worker be refreshed and renewed day by day. You have no enemy more dangerous than that which would filch from you the golden moments consecrated to your private interview with God. In everything else judicious solitude is the spring of open success.—J. R. Jenkins.

THE LATEST HOLD-UP STORY

"Did you hear about the hold-up at the corner of Princess and Montreal Streets last night?" asked the Portsmouth philosopher of a group of citizens.

"No, what about it?" said one of the group.

"Well," said the joker from Matter's Bay, "I heard that a couple of clothes pegs held up a 'skirt.'"

The Portsmouth man had to run for his life after getting off his joke.

SHE WOULD DO

A Baltimore newspaper man once called at the residence of the late Cardinal Gibbons to ask his Eminence for information regarding some church matter.

"The Cardinal is out of the city," said Father Fletcher, who received the caller.

"Then may I see Mrs. Gibbons," was the startling request that followed.

THOUGHTLESSNESS CHECKED

"Out after hours again, hey?" said the father.

"Only ten minutes late," replied the son.

"Well, go at once to your room, sir, lock yourself in and bring me the key. This thoughtlessness must be checked."

NOT THAT KIND OF A KING

"Now, children," said the school teacher, "can you tell me of a greater power than a king?"

"Yes, ma'am," cried a little boy eagerly.

"Very well, Willie, you may tell the class," replied the teacher benignly.

"An ace, ma'am," was the unexpected reply.

HERE AND THERE

If things don't come your way—go after them.

You never realize how brave some men are until you meet their wives.

The less you know about people the longer you will retain their friendship.

If you grow discouraged think of the weather prophets and see how they keep on trying.

A man said his shoes were nearly worn out and he would soon be on his feet again.

A husband said he was now letting his whiskers grow since his wife began buying his neckties.

Men with cheerful dispositions are more inclined to borrow money than trouble.

The self-starter is a wonderful invention; but cars will never be safe in the hands of fools until equipped with self-stoppers.

Jack—"My ideal wife is one who can make good bread."

Madge—"My ideal husband is one who can raise the dough in the hour of kneed."

Magistrate: "Can't this case be settled out of court?"

Mulligan: "Sure, sure; that's what we were trying to do, your honor, when the police interferred."

HIS HONEY

He had ordered honey with his rolls which had not come. Calling the waiter he asked crisply. "Where's my honey?"

Glancing awkwardly from the young bride to her husband, the waiter stammered, "Er-er-Mamie don't work here no more."

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Totally destroyed by

Buckley's Bronchitis Mixture,

The World's most wonderful remedy.

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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

ESTABLISHED 1872

BUSINESS barometers seem to indicate that the period of easy money and high prices is nearing an end.

A dollar saved now in the form of a Savings Bank Deposit will be worth much more in the next couple of years, after the reaction has set in.

BANK OF HAMILTON

GEORGETOWN BRANCH—G. C. MacKay, Manager

As Man to Man

If you were sitting in our office and asking most searching questions about The Mount Royal Hotel 8% Convertible Debentures we would tell you this:

That we, of W. A. Mackenzie & Co., Limited, spent several months investigating every legal and commercial phase of this security before we underwrote it.

That we sold the first $1,000,000 of these Debentures for cash to The United Hotels Company of America, who will operate the hotel, and who will necessarily be most interested in its financial success.

That we secured a Bond from the building Contractors to complete the Hotel.

That we have the financial and moral support of the large Montreal transportation and other interests.

We examined every estimate of earnings and expenditures before we printed them in our circular.

Everything that we possess of brain and money and reputation is intertwined with it.

We consider it the finest investment of its class that has ever been put before the Canadian public.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that we have so overwhelming a confidence in recommending it to you?

Write now for a circular describing this issue in detail.

To W. A. Mackenzie & Co., Ltd.
38 King Street West, Toronto.

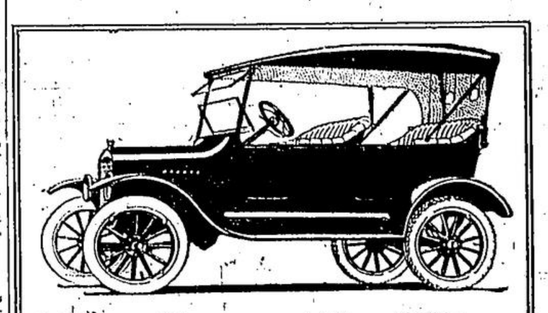
Dear Sirs: Please send me a copy of the circular describing the 8% Convertible Debentures of The Mount Royal Hotel Company, Limited, and oblige.

Name in full .....

Full address .....

.....

Please write clearly.



Every Year is a Ford Year

But the Spring of 1922 will break all previous records. Additional men are being taken on at the Ford Plant, Ford, Ont., in an effort to cope with the demand, but the only way to make sure of your Ford in March or April is to place your order now.

We will store your car until you are in a position to take delivery.

Ford

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Ask Mr. Wilson, Acton Hydro Shop, for Demonstration.