The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1922

HOME, SWEET HOME

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam
Be it ever so humable, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is no'er met with elsewhere.
Home! Home! sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call,—
Give me them, with the peace of mind dearer than all.
Home! home; sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the caress of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give, oh! give me the pleasures of home.
Home! home; sweet, sweet home!
But give me, oh! give me,
The pleasures of home!

To thee I'll return overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there,
No more from that cottage again will I roam;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

To us, in spite of the absence of years,
How sweet the remembrance of home still appears!
From allurements abroad that but flatter the eye,
The unsatisfied heart turns and says with a sigh:
"Home! home! sweet, sweet home.
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home."

—John Howard Payne.

The Laughing Stock of the Town

By Ernest Cose

"THE day is comin' and 'taint far off, nuther, that the town 'll have Nate Parker's widder an' the boy on its hands," remarked Asa Burgess, Peakaville's overseer of the poor.

"That boy ought to be took car' on, to my way o' thinkin'," vouchsafed Ezra Perkins. "He don't know 'nough to last him over night."

"I see Jonas this mornin', an' I offered him a dollar a day, an' his keep, to work for me," said Burgess, "but he jest grinned an' said he guessed he wouldn't. All is, come winter, we'll have to drive up thar an' bring 'em down to the poor farm."

"Jonas is an odd stick, Asa," remarked Willard Stone, the blacksmith. "I have to laugh when I think of him going into the poultry business. Why, Asa, that boy don't know enough to mix up chicken dough, an' do it right. I never see such a numskull as he is. Means all right, but as Ezra says, he hasn't brains."

"I wish that house they lived in was 'bout ten rod farther up the road," said Burgess. "If it was, they'd be over in Templeton an' then we'd be rid on 'em. As it is, it's a six mile drive out thar, over 'bout the meanest road I ever see; all crooks an' turns, an' a thank-ye-marm 'bout every five rod."

"All is, Asa, we'll have to look after 'em now thet Nate is gone," declared Stone. "Thar's no way out. I guess they've used up 'bout all Nate had laid by. In fact, I see Nate the week afore he died, and he told me thar wasn't much more'n 'nough to bury him. His mind was wanderin' that day. I see it was when he spoke of Jonas. Said something 'bout resting easy in his mind, knowing that Jonas was sech a good boy and able and willin' to care for his mother. Course I didn't say anythin', but looking at the boy my heart jest ached, thin' what a broken reed the mother'd be depending on."

"An' to think that boy wouldn't take up with my offer!" exclaimed Burgess. "I figgered thet a dollar a day was 'bout double what he'd be wuth, but still I offered it, thinkin' to help 'em."

Long, lean, lank was Jonas Parker. Twenty years or thereabout was his age. Loose-jointed, awkward, red-haired and pug-nosed, he had for years been the laughingstock of the town. His coat sleeves retreated from his enormous hands. His trousers habitually at half-mast, flapped an inch or two above his shoes. Seen striding along a country road, from a distance he reminded one of a scarecrow—an animated one.

A little farm of eight acres, far up among the hills, almost over to the Templeton line, Jonas called home. There he was born. From there he had tramped three miles each day to the little red schoolhouse, where for five long years he had endured the taunts of those of his own age, and the occasional sarcasm of a none too proficient teacher. Finally he had given up the battle, and had settled down to farming, on a limited scale, of course, for the farm was diminutive. Then came, after a time, the great sorrow of his father's death, which left his mother and himself to struggle as best they could.

The house being rather nearer Templeton village than Peakaville Centre, Jonas made most of his purchases in the former place. He walked to Peakaville, however, once or twice a month, but he did not hang around at the store, neither did he stop for long on the way home to chat with his townspeople. So it was not strange that the good residents of Peakaville knew little of how the world was using Jonas Parker and his mother.

The Parker house was set back a bit from the road, and what tillage there was, was back of the house, so that the few passers-by saw little or nothing of the garden. Somehow it was taken for granted that little farming had been attempted that spring and summer, and with the coming of fall, there were those who shook their heads and counselled an early investigation as to the condition of things up at the Parker farm.

"Ye can't get nothin' out o' thet boy o' Nate's," growled Ezra Perkins late that fall to the group in the grocery store. "I see him first o' the week, after thet black frost come. Asked him how things was with him and his mother and he jest grinned and said something about crops turning out pretty fair. Guess if truth was known, neither one on 'em is getting half enough to eat now and winter not come yet. Jonas is 'bout as thin as a lath. Don't believe he weighs more'n a hundred an' twenty-five pounds, if he does thet."

"When ye goin' to drive over and see how things be, Asa?" questioned the blacksmith. "Seems to me it wouldn't be a bad idea to see 'em 'fore it gets much colder. You know how the fuel situation is. Can't buy a ton o' coal for love or money scarcely, and 'bout all the dry cordwood in town is spoke for."

"Wall, I'm going up thar in a few days," replied Burgess. "Jest now I'm pretty busy. Then, too, I've been looking round consid'rable sharp for some dry wood. This is the first year I was ever ketched napping when it come to getting in my winter's fuel. I've got 'bout half a ton o' coal in the cellar and 'bout a cord o' dry wood, but spring is nigh six months off. Yes, I'm going up thar the first chance I get."

The facts were that Burgess did not relish the long drive up hill and down hill over the worst road in that part of the country, and he kept putting it off from day to day, until cold weather set in in earnest. Finally a big snow storm came, a blizzard, and Peakaville way buried under two feet of snow.

The night following the blizzard, Jonas Parker and his mother were again the topic of discussion down at the store.

"I ought to have gone up thar a month ago," declared Burgess from his seat behind the stove. "If I could get anybody to go with me, I'd try an' pull through to where they be to-morrow. 'Tain't no use to go with a hoss, for he'd get stuck in a drift in no time, but with snowshoes on the trip could be made."

"I'll go with ye, Asa," declared Ezra Perkins. "Guess maybe we could carry a leetle food to 'em, in case we found 'em suffering. Then come decent travellin', we could go after 'em with a sleigh an' take 'em down to the poor farm. Yes, Asa, I'll go. Suppose we get an early start to-morrow morning. I'll be ready by seven o'clock."

"Wall, we'll go then. I'll call for ye by seven o'clock sharp."

"Loyl, suppose ye put up a strip o' bacon, 'bout ten pounds o' corned beef, a couple pound o' pork, 'some flour an' meal, and some tea. Charge it up to the town. Do it up in two lots, one for Ezra an' one for me to carry. I'll be in afore mine in the morning. Ezra had better take his along with him to-night, being as he lives 'long the road toward Nate's place."

The morning dawned bright and clear and shortly before seven o'clock Burgess reached Perkins' house. He went in to get warm, for it was a stinging cold morning, and waited a few minutes until Perkins had adjusted his snowshoes and the pack of food which he elected to carry on his back. Presently they were pushing along the road toward Templeton. Innumerable drifts of snow they encountered but each in turn they passed over, and at about half-past nine they neared the Parker house.

"Jest what I expected," growled Burgess as they passed through the gate. "Snow clean up to the windows here on the nor'east side o' the house."

"Guess somebody is alive in thar," panted Perkins; "thar's smoke comin' out o' the chimney."

"Was ye driv out, Asa?"

Burgess looked up and saw Jonas standing beside the kitchen door, where a generous space had been cleared of snow.

"Come in where it's warm, Asa, and you, too, Ezra," said Jonas. "Guess there ain't everybody in town thet's fixed quite so snug as we be. Walk right in and set down side the fire and get warm."

"Be ye comfortable up here?" gasped Burgess, astonishment written large on his face.

"We sure be, Asa," replied Jonas, proudly. "Mother, suppose you brew a cup o' tea for Mr. Burgess and Mr. Perkins!"

"Whew! It's hot in here!" cried Mr. Perkins unbuttoning his coat.

"Wall, I try to keep it pretty warm for mother," replied Jonas. "Went into the woods last spring after father died, an' cut upwards o' thirty-five cord o' hard wood, so I'm burning it with a free hand. Just as soon as I can get to the village with a horse and sled I'm going to drive in with a dozen cord or so. Can't begin to use it all ourselves. Reckon I can sell it to somebody down thar."

"I reckon ye can, Jonas," replied Burgess, with a grin. "Fact is, I'm looking for about a dozen cord for my own use."

"Did ye come way out here to see me 'bout it?" questioned Jonas.

"Wall, not exactly, but we kep' walking an' finally we got here."

"That's quite a bundle each on ye has got. Didn't ye find it purty hard pulling through?"

"Ye'as, it was purty hard going, Jonas, but we kep' plugging along. Fact is, Jonas, I got a bit worried 'bout you an' your mother. Didn't know but what ye was having a purty tough out here, so we brought 'long some grub."

"Well, now, ye was mighty kind to think on us, Asa, but I told father I'd see that mother was took good care on. Have got plenty of potatoes, turnips, carrots, onions, cabbage and squash. Killed a hog a month 'go, an' that'll last us purty well through the winter. Then, too, I had fairly good luck with my garden this year, so we have all we need, except the few things we buy at the store. Gener'ly go over to Templeton 'cause it's nearer.

"Now that you're out here, Asa," continued Jonas, looking keenly into the eyes of Burgess, "if you're not too tired, if I was you, I'd push on 'nother mile, an' jest give thet grub to Mrs. Johnson—Seth's wife."

"Huh!" said Asa.

"I've been looking after her best I could the last fortnight. Asa," continued Jonas, "but she sure needs help, if ever a woman did."

"What's Seth?"

"Sick in bed."

"An' Abbie wanthi' thingu!" exclaimed Burgess.

"Wall, I guess whatever food ye've got'll come in right handy," said Jonas.

Burgess walked to the window and stood looking down across snowblown hills, over Templeton way.

"Asa, suppose you forgot all 'bout Abbie marrying agin your wishes," said Jonas, placing his hand on Burgess' shoulder. "My father told me all 'bout it. Now is the time, Asa, to jest go down thar an' tell her thet ye think a dreadful lot o' her. I've known Seth all my life, Asa. Thar be richer men than Seth, but there ain't a man living who could be a bit kinder to Abbie than he's been since the day he married her. Asa, let's you an' me slip down thar an' leave Ezra here telling mother the news."

"Jonas, I can't say much," said Burgess, wiping his eyes. "You be a good many year younger than I be, but ye sure see things in the right light. I'll go down there with ye, Jonas."

The ensuing morning, Burgess dropped into the store after his mail, and there found the storekeeper alone.

"What 'ye find over Templeton way, Asa?" questioned Rankin.

"My Abbie," choked Burgess, turning and brushing aside a tear.

"What's that?"

"Loyl, we found Jonas and his mother warm an' comfortable, plenty o' food an' fuel. The 'hull on us was mistook in that boy. Loyl, he's been carrying grub an' fuel down to Seth's house for a fortnight."

Rankin stared in astonishment at Burgess. It was the first time he had ever heard Burgess mention his son-in-law's name, since he had disowned his daughter five years before for marrying against his wishes.

"Loyl, so far as I'm concerned, the past is forgotten," declared Burgess. "I've seen Abbie and I've shook hands with Seth, an' told him I was all in the wrong. Jonas see me do it, an' heared me tell him so."

A fortnight later Jonas dropped into the store. He found a check out of his pocket, laying it on the counter.

"Want to bdy quite a bit o' goods now that I'm here with them horses o' Hiram's," said Jonas. "Thought maybe you wouldn't mind cashing Asa Burgess' check for a hundred an' forty-four dollars. Just finished hauling him wood, so's to carry him through the winter."

Rankin picked up a pen, and told Jonas to endorse the check.

"And Asa figgered that Jonas an' his mother was headed for the poor farm!" he muttered to himself, turning to wait on a lady who had come in for a quart of kerosene. "Reckn all how some folks do it!"

HIS HEART IN IT

A manufacturer in Philadelphia once told a friend the story of one of his superintendents.

"Some years ago a boy applied to me for work. He was employed at low wages. Two days after the awards of premiums were made to manufacturers at the Centennial Exhibition.

"Passing down Chestnut street early in the morning, I saw Bob poring over the bulletin board in front of a newspaper office. Suddenly he jerked off his cap with a shout.

"'What's the matter?' someone asked.

"'We have taken a medal for shoeing!' he exclaimed.

"I said nothing, but kept my eye on Bob. The boy who could identify himself in two days with my interests would be of use to me hereafter."

"His work was to deliver packages. I found that he took a real pride in it. His wagon must be cleaner, his horse better fed, his orders filled more promptly than those of the men belonging to any other firm. He was as zealous for the house as though he had been a partner in it. I have advanced him step by step. His fortune is made, and the firm has added to its capital so much energy and force."—Central Advocate.

The Poor Man's Friend.—Put up in small bottles that are easily portable and sold for a very small sum, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil possesses power in concentrated form. Its cheapness and the varied uses to which it can be put make it the poor man's friend. No dealer's stock is complete without it.

THE DOG THAT STAYED ASHORE

One summer, among the throng assembled at a popular seaside resort, were two dogs whose daily performance was one of the features of the place. Every afternoon at a certain hour the master of the pair strolled along the beach with the dogs at his heels, and now and then he threw a piece of driftwood into the water. At once the smaller dog plunged in after it. The breakers rolled over him; they tossed him about like a cork, but he never once failed to secure the wood and bring it ashore.

While the small dog struggled with the breakers, his large black companion stood on the beach and barked lustily. But no sooner did the little victor fight his way toward the shore with the prize than the big dog was promptly on hand. He seized one end of the stick and triumphantly bore it to his master, head erect and tail wagging, with every air of having accomplished a hazardous undertaking. Apparently it never entered his shaggy head that he did not deserve quite as much credit as did his wet and weary companion who had brought the prize ashore.

Every now and then we see young people who remind us of this big dog at the seashore. While the success of an undertaking is still in question, they stand by and look on. They never think of sharing the work and worry involved in accomplishing anything worth while. But when the hard part of the struggle is over, they are suddenly in evidence, and nothing in their manner indicates that they do not deserve as much credit as those who have carried the undertaking to a triumphant conclusion.

Perhaps the big black dog at the seashore thought himself very clever to get the credit while someone else did the work, but neither the laughing crowd that looked on, nor the master at whose feet he laid the trophy, was in the least deceived by his pretensions. The world knows the difference between a dead and a bark. And the person who is not willing to work, yet seeks the credit of a worker, only succeeds in making amusement for his fellows.

A BAD GUESS

A small girl was travelling with her parents in a sleeping car but had a great objection to being put in an upper berth. However, after being assured that papa, mamma and her guardian angel would watch over her all the time, she was prevailed upon to settle down.

When all was quiet for the night, a small voice piped, "Mamma!"

"Yes, dear."

"You there?"

"Yes, I am here. Now go to sleep."

"Papa, you there?"

"Yes, I'm here; be a good little girl and go to sleep."

Quietness reigned for some time, and then the questions were repeated, till at last a fellow-passenger lost patience and shouted, "Yes, confound you, we're all here—your father and mother and brothers and sisters and uncles and aunts."

After this there was a brief pause. Then the tiny voice piped again, "Mamma!"

"Well?"

"Was that my guardian angel?"

THE HEARTS THAT BELIEVE

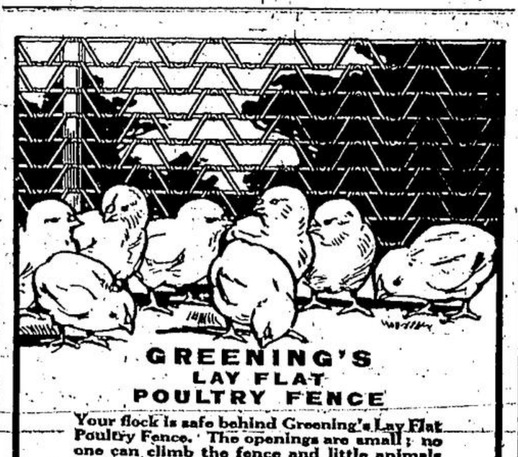
There are people who believe in you, who expect big things from you, who have confidence in your character, and in your ability, and in your achievements. Whatever is good in you responds to such faith. When temptation comes and you are heartsick and discouraged, the recollection of those who trust you holds you steadfast to your ideal. You are ashamed to fail and so disappoint the friends who have staked so much of hope and happiness on your success. Keep in mind the hearts that believe in you, and cheer and strengthen yourself for life's conflicts by their faith.

PURITY

"SALADA"

Is the Essence of all That is Best in Tea

"To Taste is to Believe"



GREENING'S LAY FLAT POULTRY FENCE

Your flock is safe behind Greening's Lay Flat Poultry Fence. The openings are small; no one can climb the fence and little animals can't get through. The fence is close and even from top to bottom: it turns even high flyers like Minorcas and Leghorns. Don't worry about your flock—use Greening's.

Heights from 12 to 72 inches. Sold by good hardware dealers.

THE B. GREENING WIRE CO., LIMITED
HAMILTON — CANADA

Easy to control it—lays flat when you enroll it.

Women should Insist

No matter what you buy in kitchen utensils, demand that each article carry the SMP trade-mark shown below. SMP Enameled Ware is safe to use; acids or alkalis will not affect it; it cannot absorb odors; cleans like china; wears for years. Tell the storekeeper you want either

SMP Diamond or Pearl WARE

Diamond Ware is a three-coated enameled steel, sky blue and white outside with a snowy white lining. Pearl Ware is enameled steel with two coats of pearl grey enamel inside and out.

THE SHEET METAL PRODUCTS CO. OF CANADA LIMITED
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG
EDMONTON VANCOUVER CALGARY

Made in Canada

This New Book of Hand Knit Styles 25¢

Here's a book that is full of the very newest and most stunning styles in hand-knit garments—all especially designed by our own designers in accordance with the latest tendencies of Fashion, and introducing many novel effects by the use of novelty yarns.

With every style you get complete, detailed instructions for knitting—the exact number and kind of stitches, the precise kind and color of yarn to use—all stated in clear, concise language, so that you are bound to be successful if you follow the instructions. If you want Dame Fashion's "last word" in knit styles you need this Monarch Book No. 8.

All the yarns recommended for the styles in this book are the famous, high-quality, Canadian-made,

MONARCH-YARNS

Besides our well-known Monarch Floss, Down, Dove and Butterfly Yarns, this book illustrates some beautiful new yarns we have recently developed, including Monarch Starlite, Kurly, Silver-twist, Fairy, Alpaka and Art Silk. These new yarns produce the most pleasing effects and are the same reliable quality as our older established yarns.

Just fill in the coupon, enclose it with 25 cents in stamps, or Postal Note, and mail it to us, and we will send you this big new style book by return mail.

Mail Us This Coupon

THE MONARCH KNITTING CO. LIMITED
DUNNVILLE, ST. CATHARINES AND ST. THOMAS, ONT.
Also Manufacturers of Monarch-Knit Hosiery, Sweater Coats, Etc.

The Monarch Knitting Co., Limited,
Dunnville, Ont.

I enclose 25 cents, for which please send me "Hand Knitting" (Monarch Style Book No. 8).

Name .....

Street or R.R. .....

P.O. ..... Prov. .....

The Acton Free Press

THERE ARE REASONS WHY YOU OUGHT TO USE

Martin-Senour 100 p. c. Pure Paint

First—Because of its excellent covering capacity.

Second—Because of the quality and guarantee which backs up Martin-Senour's 100 per cent. Pure Paint.

GUARANTEE

We Guarantee the Martin-Senour 100 per cent. Pure Paint (except Inside White and a few dark shades that cannot be prepared from lead or zinc) to be made from pure white lead, pure oxide of zinc, with coloring matter in proportionate quantities necessary to make their respective shades and tints with pure linseed oil and turpentine dryer, and to be entirely Free from water, benzine, whiting, and other adulterations and Sold Subject to Chemical Analysis.—The Martin-Senour Co., Ltd.

REGULAR COLORS

Gallon, $5.00; Half Gallon, $2.85; Quarts, $1.40; Pints, 80c; Half Pints, 45c.

The BOND HARDWARE CO. LTD.
Phone 1012 - - GUELPH

This Store's Policy

To represent goods exactly as to their quality; to sell to those who know and to those who don't know at a uniform fair price; to fulfill all guarantees and cheerfully correct all mistakes; to deserve your confidence, by always giving you satisfaction.

Savage & Co.
Jewellers
GUELPH — ONTARIO

Dunlop Double-Life, High-Mileage Cord and Fabric Tires Will Save You More Money Than Ever

Compared to a few years ago tire users are getting easily double—and even more than double—the mileage in the tires of to-day.

Ten, twelve and fifteen thousand miles are just average mileages to-day. And the records on the road show that Dunlop Cord Tires and Dunlop Fabric Tires are even exceeding these mileages.

With Dunlop big mileage you have rock-bottom prices and paramount tire quality—tire quality that is accepted as standard to-day, and which other makers are vainly striving to duplicate.

When you can get a tire with prestige back of it like DUNLOP, and with practically an unlimited guarantee, why chance your life on a second-rate tire at any price?

In Dunlop Cord Tires you have "Traction" and "Ribbed" to choose from.

In Dunlop Fabric Tires you have "Traction," "Ribbed," "Special," "Clipper," "Plain."

Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Co., Limited
Head Office and Factories: TORONTO. Branches in Leading Cities.

STUDEBAKER

Announces New Prices!

SERIES 22 BIG-SIX PRICES

TOURING	$2,475
COUPE	$3,500
SEDAN	$3,700

SERIES 22 SPECIAL-SIX PRICES

ROADSTER (2-Passenger)	$2,025
TOURING	$2,075
CLUB ROADSTER	$2,075
COUPE (4-Passenger)	$3,050
SEDAN	$3,250

THE NEW LIGHT-SIX PRICES

TOURING	$1,495
ROADSTER (3-Passenger)	$1,495
COUPE-ROADSTER	$1,925
SEDAN	$2,425

All Prices F. O. B. Walkerville, Ontario

J. N. O'Neill & Son - Georgetown, Ont.

Distributors of Studebaker and Dodge Brothers Motor Cars for Georgetown, Acton and Milton.

Shop Where You are Invited to Shop

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Double Track Route

BETWEEN MONTREAL — TORONTO, DETROIT — CHICAGO

Unexcelled dining car service.

Sleeping cars on night trains and Parlor Cars on principal day trains.

Full information from any Grand Trunk ticket agent or C. E. Horning, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

H. S. HOLMES, Agent
ACTON, ONT. - Phone 1

R. NOBLE Ltd.

Acton Elevator

At Grand Trunk Station

Just Arrived—Car No. 1 Feed Oats

A QUANTITY OF FEED CORN AND OIL CAKE JUST RECEIVED

FLOUR, FEED, NORVAL BRAN AND SHORTS, FEED FLOUR

R. NOBLE Ltd.
HENRY AWREY - MANAGER

Shoes, Slippers, Rubbers, Spats

For 1922

WILLIAMS

Has been Serving You for over Forty Years with his

Reliable Goods

They have Always Pleased

Try His Stock Again This Year for Practical Results.

W. Williams
Mill Street - Acton

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA