The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1922

"BLESS EVERYBODY IN THE WORLD!"

A curly head bowed on my knee,
A little form all clad in white,
Two dimpled hands clasped reverently—
And God receives the last "Good-night!"
No hour of solemn; none so sweet,
No scene of innocence so fair
As this, when Faith and Childhood meet
And know each other in a prayer.

No blessings born of men she asks
Petitions for herself alone—
Not countless treasures, easy tasks,
A harvest reaped, though nothing sown,
Not happiness nor length of days
Nor peace nor pleasure is the plea—
Not even for a mother's praise,
However sweet it seems to be.

For those she loves this little child
In tender accents intercedes,
As if our heart were reconciled
To make contentment of our needs,
A blessing on each one of kin,
And then—Love's banner all unfurled,
"Bless Everybody in the world!"

Bless all the world? O gentle heart,
That throbs—not with one selfish thrill,
That incense no soul apart,
Forebodes no living creatures ill;
The incense from thy altar place
High in the clouds wreathed and curled
To hear the message of thy grace
To "everybody in the world."

DAVID HAMMOND'S REVELATION

The elder man and the younger one had been seat mates for half of their journey before either spoke. Then an inquiry on the part of the older brought from David Hammond a reply so comprehensive that his companion regarded him with interest. "You seem to have that subject at your tongue's end," he said with a smile.

"Well, you see, sir, I've lived near here most of my life. My home is in Upham."

"Upham! Upham! Let me see." The older man moved his hand across his forehead. Apparently he was trying to recall some association with the name, and the sudden brightening of his expression showed that he had done it.

Again he addressed the youth beside him. "Do you happen to know a young fellow in Upham named Scott?"

"Steve Scott?" the boy asked eagerly.

"Yes, I believe his name is Stephen."

"I certainly do know him. Everybody in Upham knows Steve Scott. He is a live wire, you see. Some people could live a hundred years in a place and not make much impression, but Steve is interested in everything worth while and if he is interested in a thing, he works for it."

"Nice fellow, then."

"He's everything that's fine," the boy cried. "Steve's one of the people you can't help liking and you can't help admiring."

"He has a cousin named Perry, if I remember rightly."

"Perrin the name is, Dick Perrin, and he's another splendid chap. He's not a bit like Steve. You have to know him to be attracted to him, but the better you know him, the more you like him. He's one of the sort you can depend on. You always know where to find him."

A little later they were discussing the schools of Upham, and the boy began to speak of the high school principal.

"We're awfully lucky having a man like Mr. Dexter," he said. "I don't believe our people half realize how lucky we are. He's not only a big man for the place, but he understands boys. Lots of fellows who have always been looked on as hard cases become altogether different after Mr. Dexter gets hold of them. Even the fellows who have graduated go back and talk their problems over with him. I go to him for help almost as much as I do to our minister."

"So you're lucky in your minister, too," said the elderly man with interest.

"Well, rather. I don't suppose you ever heard the Rev. Edward Howell preach."

"Not that I recall."

"You'd remember it if you had. Some people say he's not eloquent, but when a man makes you feel as if there wasn't anything in the world you couldn't do, he's eloquent enough for me."

The older man nodded his agreement.

"And he's as fine out of the pulpit as he is in. Jolly and full of fun, and yet, if you do or say anything that's a little off color, you know, he can look at you in a way that makes you feel about an inch high. Oh, he's a wonder, Mr. Howell is."

They were drawing near their destination and the older man took out a notebook. "I've enjoyed meeting you," he said, "and hearing about those various friends of yours. Now I should like to know your name, if you please."

"David Hammond."

"You're out of school, I suppose."

"Yes, sir. Graduated two years ago. I'm working now in a dry goods store for Mr. Lawes, one of the finest men that ever wore shoe leather. If you ever come to Upham, I hope you'll look me up."

"I'll be glad to, my boy." And then as the train was in, the two shook hands and parted.

After the boy had gone his way, the man drew out his notebook and looked thoughtfully at the latest entry.

"Hammond! David Hammond! I shouldn't wonder if he was the very fellow we've been looking for. Horace will want to investigate him, of course, but I doubt it. Horace finds out any more about him, with all his investigations, than I've learned in a few minutes' talk. It's really funny—" The pleasant face suddenly took on a look of keen amusement—"funny how much a fellow can tell you about himself by his praise of other people."—George L. Covington.

TEA GROWING VERY EXPENSIVE

The very high wages that have to be paid to workers on the tea plantations in India and Ceylon, due to social and political unrest, has caused the price of tea to rise consistently in the primary markets and in London. This influence is now being felt farther along the line and it is to be expected that the price of tea will increase to the consumer in the near future.

MAKING HARD WORK OF LAUGHTER

Something is wrong with you if laughter is hard work. Sometimes you find it difficult to laugh because your mind is filled with discontented thoughts, and then again, the trouble is a sort of overconscientiousness which identifies light-heartedness and frivolity.

Laughter is wholesome, physically and mentally. If you hear a deep laugh ring out, your mind at once pictures broad shoulders and a well-developed chest. The worries that wear us out, the morbid fancies that sometimes lie like a deadly miasma over our consciousness, may often be dissipated by the healthy brauze of laughter. If you find hard work of it, laugh till it comes natural.

Were this our only day,
Did not our yesterdays and morrows give
To hope and memory their interplay,
How should we bear to live?

Ay, what were all days worth,
Were there no looking backward or before—
If every human life that drops to earth
Were lost for evermore.

But each day is a link
Of days that pass, and never pass away;
For memory and hope—to live, to think—
Each is our only day.

Last week I told you of the first two houses built on Bower Avenue—those of Eli Snyder and Thomas Moore. As my memory goes the next building erected on this avenue was the Drill Shed. This was built about 1867 or 68, some 54 or 55 years ago. It was a great building for those days, 60x100 feet, larger than any of the barns around here at that time. It was built of pine, nearly all clear, and showed some of the finest framing ever done in these parts. It stood on Elgin Street corner, just where "Villanore," the pretty home of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Holmes is now located. It was built just a few feet away from the Baptist Church, and its erection gave the church a "dim religious light," having cut off most of the light on the north side of the building. But the Baptists were quiet, modest people, and they never offered any objection to the Government planting its drill shed and armory there. But it did become rather embarassing to the services there at times—especially on Wednesday nights, when the prayer meeting was in progress—and drilling, with Captain Allan's stentorian voice commanding the orders; or when the young folks were having a dance the plow boys were "hoeing it down," with their long boots on.

The raising of the framework of the drill shed was a great day in local history. The framers were there to direct the handling of the big 10x14 timbers; but the most of the work was done by the boys of Company No. 6, of the Halton Volunteers. I can't remember who were the captains, but it was a tight race, and the plates were finally dropped into place within a few seconds of each other. When the building was opened there was a grand military concert, and, of course, a dance after the concert. The dancing didn't go very well, however, on an earthen floor, and there was soon an agitation to have a floor put in. Capt. Allan was appealed to and was asked to show the Government the need for a floor. "Well, I won't," he gruffly replied; "it's far better as it is for drilling, and I'm not the man to fracture my conscience in telling the military authorities this fine new drill shed needs a floor. No, no, if you want a floor, put it in and pay for it yourselves; but mind you, I won't have a stick of timber nor a board put in there until you show me a permit from the Minister of Militia at Ottawa, and the Officer Commanding this battalion."

Well, a floor was eventually laid. It was never a very good one though, for although lumber was plentiful and cheap here in those days, the blessed place was so big and the enthusiastic dancers either so few, or so stingy with their money, that it was hard work to collect enough cash even to put in a very indifferent floor. Well, in time, the drill shed became the centre for numerous public gatherings. The big concerts were held there; the first fall fairs were held there; political meetings were held in the drill shed, and in 1878, when the Scott Act was first introduced some hotly contested gatherings were held there. I remember in the fall of 1878 a fiery debate was held between Rev. F. W. Ware, a prominent minister from Nebraska, whose mother lived in Acton. He met E. King Dodds, of Toronto, editor of the Canadian Sportsman, and the champion of the liquor interests, on the platform in the drill shed. Mr. Ware was a forceful speaker, a good debater and had been quite a leader among the temperance forces of the west. He worsted King Dodds badly, at least that was evident by the attitude of the big audience who heard the gladiators. One of King Dodds' closing paragraphs of invective was: "I hope you folks won't be carried away with this Niagara of gush by this man from Ne-bras-kwah." At any rate the Scott Act carried with a big majority both in Acton and throughout the county, and Halton was the first county in Canada to carry this early temperance measure.

Speaking of the entertainments held in the old Drill Shed when it stood at the corner of Bower Avenue and Elgin Streets, I came across an old play bill of an Uncle Tom's Cabin play held there on the evening of May 24, 1877. And here is what it says:

Drill Shed, Acton, May 24, 1877

The strictly moral drama from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's world renown work, entitled:

Uncle Tom's Cabin,

Or, Life Among the Lowly,

will be produced, for which the wonderful child artiste, Little Ollie Halford, will appear in her great character of the Gentle Eva, assisted by the following powerful cast:

Eliza	Mrs. J. H. Banks
Aunt Ophelia	Mrs. Allan Halford
Eva	Little Ollie
George Harris	Allan Halford
Phineas Fletcher	J. H. Banks
Topsy ("The Gal that nobber was born")	R. H. Baird
Uncle Tom	Albert Moore
St. Clair	William T. Smyth
Hahy, slave driver	Robt. Craine
George Shelby	Henry Moore
Marks, a lawyer	Isaac Francis
Skeggs, auctioneer	Chas. Dean
Sambo	Pat Kelly
Quimbo, slave	J. Thompson
Adolph, slave	A. Thompson
Legree, a slave driver	
	A. Halford
Deacon Perry	Joe Banks
Marie	Mrs. Banks
Chloe	Mrs. Baird
Emeline, a slave	Albert Matthews

Music by Acton Brass Band

Doors open at 7 o'clock—Performance to commence at 7.30 prompt.

Admission ..... 25 Cents

Some still in town can yet remember this forty-five-year-old drama as it was put on that Queen's Birthday night. Of all the performers named in this "powerful cast," only one solitary actor is left in Acton, and, would you believe it, he is our venerable editor and sedate Police Magistrate. Verily times do change.

Of course the Halfords, and Banks and Bairds were Toronto people. They came from the old Grand Opera House, to put on the drama "right." But all the other performers were Acton folks of that time. Think of it! That dignified doctor of divinity, Rev. T. Albert Moore, acting the part of "Uncle Tom," and William T. Smyth, then a teacher, and now a travelled salesman of two score years. And the late Charlie Dean and Robert Craine, they enjoyed doings of this kind with the young folks those days. Rob was one of the early workers in the temperance cause, and stuck to it. Do any of you older folks remember how Charlie Dean loved to sing that old classic, "Buzz Fly, Don't Bother Me," and "Capt. Jinks of the Horse Marines?" Some of you will recollect when Charlie gave his soldier's red coat to Kate Kennedy, and how spic and span she looked in her new spring jacket. And Isaac Francis. Dear old Ike. Didn't he take of Lawyer Marks and his blue cotton umbrella to perfection that night of Uncle Tom's Cabin? Many a laugh Isaac inspired during his two-score years in Acton. And Pat Kelly what a model Sambo he made. They'd hardly know him up in his fashionable clothing parlors in Stratford now, if he appeared in that role. Jimmie and Albert Thompson were two slave lads, who were selected from Billy Thompson's big family of ten or a dozen, when they lived in the little house down on Bower Avenue near the railway tracks. Then there was Albert Matthews; what a fine Emeline he made that night. Albert never impersonated a darky maiden before nor since, but he did it to perfection that holiday night away back in the old drill shed.

Well, the house was filled to the doors that night; a regular barn storming audience. I forget the financial object, but when the big folks of the Toronto theatre fraternity got enough to satisfy themselves and their wives, the balance was not very troublesome. But the home boys had oodles of fun, and the crowd got their money's worth, if they did have to be in the hall at 7.30 to hear the opening declaration of Eliza's determination.

One time in its history the drill shed was made a place of special utility. The block of three stores and as many residences, built by Lachlan McDonald, which used to stand on Main Street, where the office of the Bell Telephone Company and Manager Lantz's residence are now, was burned forty-seven or eight years ago. Eight or ten families were living in this building at the time of the fire. When the fire swept the block away they were homeless, and there were no surplus houses in town. It was suggested that the drill shed be utilized as temporary quarters. Permission was granted, and for several months six or eight families made their homes in the big hall.

Acton Union Exhibition held its fall fairs there for several years about thirty years ago.

Twenty-eight years ago Alex. Secord, who lived in a home where Robert Scott's residence is now, cast covetous eyes on the site occupied by the drill shed. He had in his mind's eye a fine two-storey brick residence occupying that corner. He set to work to accomplish his end and eventually succeeded in persuading the authorities of the advantage of the removal of the big building from its position in the centre of the town, to a much more suitable site in the town's fourteen-acre park on the peninsula of Fairy Lake. His air castle then became a beautiful reality, and one of the finest homes in town was built the next summer on this site. By this action Alex. proved himself a benefactor of the town. He was the means of the removal of the drill shed to a place where for real utility it is valuable. It answers well the primary purpose for which it was erected, and affords excellent an admirable parade ground. It also supplies a much-needed want in an exhibition building splendidly situated for fair purposes; and it is a convenient shelter when public games or social functions are in progress in the park when a sudden rain storm comes up. In addition to this the big barn-like eyesore on Bower Avenue was supplanted by a cozy and very attractive home. Alex. Secord made his premises as pretty as a picture with flowers and shrubs and lawns and took a delight in it until he suddenly slipped away one day, after only a few hours' illness, greatly regretted by the community.

His widow, who is the eldest daughter of the late W. H. Storey, still lives in this fine home, which she shares with her second husband, H. S. Holmes, G. T. R. agent. The cordial hospitality of the early years is still dispensed at "Villanore."

The Old Man

STUDY YOUR FOR BOYS

About the best thing a father can do for his boys is to encourage them to travel and see something of the world, before they become too keenly engrossed in commercial life. Travel is a great Educator—it enriches the mind and fits the youth to better fill his place in life. A normal boy is observant—he assimilates and retains knowledge. Travel gives him his opportunity—it fits him for every phase in life.

A tour of Europe is at present being organized under the personal supervision of Mr. T. H. Matthews, M. A., (Oxon) Assistant Professor of Mathematics, McGill University, and late Instructor-Lieutenant, Royal Navy. In addition local guides will be secured to conduct excursions and give lectures on the artistic, historic, literary and economic significances of the sights seen and the places visited.

A most carefully planned and interesting itinerary has been arranged including visits to Montreal, Liverpool, Chester, Stratford-on-Avon, Oxford, London, Paris, Versailles, Fontainebleau, Rheims, Lyons, Marseilles, Cannes, Nice, Monaco, Mentone, Genoa, Pisa, Rome, Naples, Sorrento, Capri, Pompeii, Vesuvius, Florence, Venice, Trent, Innsbruck, Munich, the Passion Play at Oberammergau, Nuremberg, Mayence, the Rhine, Cologne, Brussels, Louvain, and Ostend, returning through London and Liverpool.

This exceptional tour starts from Montreal on Saturday, June 24, sailing at Quebec, by the splendid White Star Line steamship "Canopic," 12,100 tons. A period of approximately two months will be occupied by the tour as by the itinerary the return trip is made from Liverpool by the fine steamship "Regina" 16,500 tons, arriving at Montreal on August 26.

The arrangements for this tour are most complete and the charge which is a minimum one covers everything in the way of transportation, hotel accommodation with three meals a day, transfers, sight-seeing fees, in brief all necessary travelling expenses for the entire tour.

Apply to any agent of the Canadian National Railways for further particulars. 43-4

Corns cripple the feet and make walking a torture, yet sure relief in the shape of Holloway's Corn Remover is within reach of all.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

In the same degree that we overrate ourselves, we shall underrate others; for injustice allowed at home is not likely to be corrected abroad.—Washington Allston.

The worst education which teaches self-denial, is better than the best which teaches everything else and not that.—Sterling.

Show me the man who would go to heaven alone, and I will show you one who will never be admitted there.—Feltham.

The man who trusts men will make fewer mistakes than he who distrusts them.—Cavour.

He deserves small trust who is not privy counsellor to himself.—Ford.

The first lesson in Christ's school is self-denial.—M. Henry.

A LITTLE LESS

Better have a little less
And wear an honest face,
Than seek ill-gotten gains that would
Involve you in disgrace.

Better have a little less
And keep your conscience clear,
Than gain a lot by cunningness
And live in guilty fear.

Better have a little less
And earn an honest wage,
Than by a wanton course consume
The toiler's heritage.

Better have a little less
And eat a frugal meal,
Than hobnob with a set that will
Not stand for a square deal.

—Rev. A. Vonnema, D. D.

A MOUNTAIN OF ALUM

One of the great natural curosities of China is an "alum mountain," 1,900 feet in height and about ten miles in circumference at the base. The Chinese quarry the alum, or masses containing alum, in large blocks, which are heated in ovens made for the purpose, and afterward dissolved in boiling water. The alum then crystallizes in layers about half a foot in thickness, and is cut up into ten-pound pieces, the principal use is in the purification of water.

NINE THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING

The late Marshall Field once said there are nine things worth remembering. They are tabulated below, and the Owen Round Bun-Times in republishing says they are just as important to-day—probably more so. Here are the nine thoughts to remember:

The value of time.
The success of perseverance.
The pleasure of working.
The dignity of simplicity.
The worth of character.
The influence of example.
The wisdom of economy.
The improvement of time.
The joy of originating.

JUST SO

During a discussion with his wife touching things domestic, Grouchleigh delivered himself of the following:

"Marie, I have observed that she who makes a good pudding in silence is of greater worth than she who makes a tart reply."

NOTHING TO BE SORRY FOR

What a beautiful thing it is to wind up the day with nothing to be sorry for, no duty neglected, no chance to help some one else unimproved. Why should we not have more of these days which we can look back upon without any heaviness of heart because, from the time we wake till the time we fall asleep, we had done our best?

2 IN 1 BROWN Shoe Polish
Also for Black, White, Tan and Oxblood Shoes
For Value

Ford

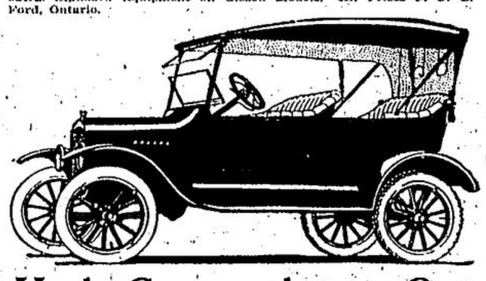
"Come Over To-Night, Joe, and bring the folks"

"I'D LIKE to Jack, but I can't make the grade, I haven't got a car." You know what a treat an evening with jovial Jack is—you know how your wife and his—old school girl friends—love to get together to discuss babies, neighbors and lingerie but—you haven't not a Ford.

Make up your mind right now that you are going to put an end to this—that you are going to have all the fun—the recreation—the companionship you have been missing. Before you leave the 'phone give us a ring—66 is our number—and when you hear our terms you will wonder why you have done without a Ford so long.

Touring	$535	Chassis	$445
Coupe	$840	Runabout	$495
Sedan	$930		

Starting and Electric Lighting on Chassis and Open Models $85 extra. Standard Equipment on Closed Models. All Prices F. O. B. Ford, Ontario.



H. A. Coxe - Acton, Ont.

Dresses

The Latest Modes for Spring

Artistically and skillfully designed of wool tricotines, serges, silks and voiles.

MODERATE IN PRICE

Sport Skirts in both plaids and stripe effects, made of Prunella, Botany serges, tricotines and homespuns.

SPECIAL

All-wool serge jumper dresses in brown and navy, bead trimmings, at $4.95.

L. Starkman

ACTON, ONT.

OPEN EVENINGS—PHONE 69

Moving Sale!

Farm Implements, Wire Fence, Etc.

As we expect to move to our new building about May 1, we invite the General Public to call and get some of the bargains we are giving at Moving Time.

AFTER MAY 1, CALL ON US AT THE NEW STEEL BUILDING, NEXT DOOR TO OUR PRESENT STAND

C. E. Parker - G. Roszel

MILL STREET, ACTON

POOR OLD PHILADELPHIA

A Philadelphian was in New York for the first time, determined to see the sights and test every novelty, even in the gastronomic line.

The sign, "Small Soup," outside a Broadway restaurant caught his eye; he entered. "What's this small soup?" he queried. "Have you really got it?"

"Sure." The waitress questioned him with her eyes.

"I'll take a chance on a plate," he ordered.

He ate with gusto—down to the last morsel—and smacked his lips over the new luxury. "Is it really small soup?" he asked. "Made from snails?"

The waitress nodded. "Didn't you ever eat it before?"

"Never heard of it."

She glanced at him pityingly. "Where are you from, anyway?" she asked, some country village in her mind's eye.

"Philadelphia—the City of Brotherly Love, Liberty Bell, and John Wanamaker."

"Don't you have snails there?"

"Certainly we do," he replied, reaching for his hat. "We do—but we can't catch them."

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

Prepare for a Short Crop this Season

Build a Cement Block Silo. Half the cost of a wooden silo, and will last a lifetime. Guaranteed good workmanship, and as near frost-proof as it is possible to make them. Write for our reduced prices to

GEO. WATSON & SON,
R. R. NO. 1, ACTON, ONT.

AUCTION SALE

IN NASSAGAWEYA

HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP AND HOGS

The undersigned has been instructed by

E. R. WHITLEY

to sell by Public Auction at lot 24, con. 6, Nassagaweya, on

FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1922

at one o'clock, sharp, the following:

HORSES—1 pair of mares, rising 4 years old, well broken; 1 black team, 8 years old, well matched, good quality, will weigh 1,600 each.

COWS—1 red Durham cow, due time of sale; 1 red Durham cow, 8 years old, due in May; 1 roan Durham cow, 4 years old, due in May; 1 red Durham cow, 6 years old, due in May; 1 roan Durham cow, 4 years old, due in May; 1 red Durham cow, 4 years old, due on October 10; 1 roan Durham cow, 4 years, due on November 1; 1 white Durham cow, 4 years old, due on December 25; 1 red Durham cow, 4 years old, due in May; 1 red heifer, 3 years, due January 1; 1 roan heifer, 3 years, due last of December.

YOUNG CATTLE—15 head of choice steers and heifers, 2 years old, from 600 to 900; 12 head of choice steers and heifers, rising 1 year old.

SHEEP—12 young grade ewes, about half Oxford and half Leicester, in lamb to a pure-bred Oxford Down ram, with lamb or lambs at foot.

HOGS—5 sows, some with pigs at foot, and some due time of sale; 10 chunks; some pigs about 3 months old time of sale.

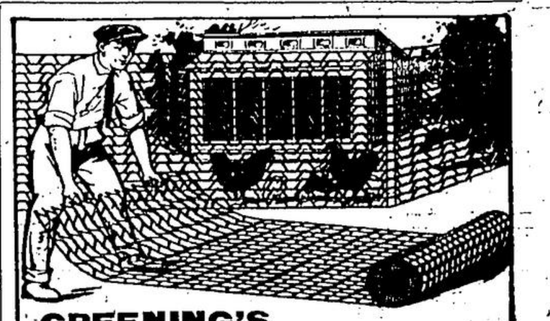
This stock throughout is all well bred and in a thrifty condition, and will be sold without reserve.

1 good rubber-tired top buggy.

TERMS—$10.00 and under, cash; over that amount 9 months' credit on furnishing approved joint notes. 5% off for cash.

R. J. KERR, Auctioneer,
Phone 36, Acton.

L. B. SHORBY, Clerk.



GREENING'S LAY FLAT POULTRY FENCE

You can take pride in the appearance of your poultry yard if you use Greening's Lay Flat Poultry Fence. It doesn't buckle, bag nor sag. It makes a fence that is not out of place in the finest surroundings. Keep your back yard as neat as your front yard—use Greening's.

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

THE B. GREENING WIRE CO., LIMITED
HAMILTON - OANADA

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

Get your Comfortable Old Shoes Made Good as New

We use the best leather and have all the latest appliances to turn out a first-class job.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

We have in stock a first-class line of men's and boy's shoes at very reasonable prices.

T. E. Gibbons - Mill St., Acton

If You are Building

A House, Barn or Any Other Building, Large or Small, We solicit an Opportunity to Furnish Prices on Anything or Everything in Our Line, Including:

Nails, Hinges, Locks, Glass, Putty, Paints, Oils, Cement, Roofing, Carpenters' Tools

We do Heating, Plumbing Eavetroughing and Electric Wiring is a Specialty with Us

J. W. Kennedy & Son

KENNEY BROS. OLD STAND

MAIN STREET, ACTON - PHONE 95

Foolish Saving

A penny saved is not always a penny earned. Sometimes it is two pennies lost. The merchant who spends nothing on advertising loses much more than he saves.

The money spent for plate glass windows is not looked on as lost; nor is the money spent on better interior lighting.

Anything that increases favor, that adds to sales, that multiplies customers is very properly regarded as a good investment.

Advertising is a good investment---just as plate glass windows are. Advertising sells more goods to more persons than shop-windows do.

A Word to the Public

Do you resent having a merchant address his message to you in the form of an advertisement in our columns? On the contrary, is not your impulse to respond to his friendly overtures?

Shop Where You Are Invited to Shop

Issued by Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association