The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1923

MAYTIME

"You must not even cross the street
Without your rubbers on your feet;
You must not face the driving sleet
With unprotected head;
You must not linger by the door;
You must not roam the field and shore,"
Such things a thousand times or more
Old March and April said.

The May Queen comes, and you will find
To children's wants she is not blind.

"You MAY run out without a hat;
You MAY get out the ball and bat;
You MAY dig up the garden plot;
Or play along the shore.
You MAY find tadpoles in the springs;
You MAY hear Robin when he sings;
You MAY do lots of pleasant things
You couldn't do before."

—L. J. Bridgman.

THE BLIND SIDE

"I'm afraid, doctor, that religion doesn't mean anything to me," the boy said with embarrassement. "I'm reluctant to say it, for you've been kind to help me with this Greek. I made a mess of last term; but I guess my attitude is a family tradition. Though my father never made light of religion, he said that it had served its purpose when people couldn't think for themselves, and he'd no more ridicule it than he would snub an old, tottering, gray-haired man who had outlived his usefulness. That's how father looked at it. He was bitter against some of the old doctrines—the Trinity, for instance, future punishment, and the idea that no one had a chance of being saved unless he was in the church. He said that those doctrines had made men narrow and intolerant and uncharitable. They've been laid on the shelf as curiosities—that's how he expressed it; and he said that all religion was headed the same way."

A smile showed on the minister's fine, elderly face. "You've remarked that these rooms are pleasant and cosy in the evening," he said, speaking slowly. "When you proposed reading Greek with me that morning over at Preston you didn't know where I lived, and you may remember that I gave you minute directions how to find the house. It was late when you got here the first evening; it was almost nine o'clock. Suppose I had instructed you to come up the street over across, through Mayhew's back yard and up against the blind side of the manse; you'd have found a solid brick wall, four high windows and not a glimmer of light. That rear wall is an integral part of the building—the house wouldn't stand a minute without it—but it isn't a good side for a stranger to get in at.

"I've been wondering, Henry, whether you haven't approached religion on the blind side. So many people do just that; they accept all the mysteries of the Christian faith, all the hard, stern elements of God's moral government, and everything between the covers of the Bible that seems to make it an antiquated book. It never occurs to them to go round to the front entrance, where there's a porch-lamp and such easy lighted rooms as righteousness and goodness and love, and hope and God's tender fatherhood. Those things aren't out of date; they never will be. If men should lay them on the shelf as mere curiosities, our old world would be headed for chaos.

"The blind side of religion is a part of it, exactly as the dark rear wall is a part of this house; but we've got to approach religion by way of the lighted rooms. That is God's invariable rule. He offers love as the royal interpreter of things that are hard to understand. We've got to be at home in the cosy, lighted rooms before we can appreciate the utility of the rear wall."

"The blind side." The boy spoke the words softly. "Yes, it might be." He looked up brightly. "Thank you, doctor, for giving me a new clue. Secretly I've wanted to find one for a long time."

IN A SOOTY CHIMNEY

It is not alone the ever-present risk of falling that makes a steeple jack's trade one of the most dangerous in the world. There are other dangers, as for example—but let Mr. Alfred H. Dow, steeple jack, tell the story of an ascent that almost cost him his life.

I had, says Mr. Dow in the American Magazine, contracted to clean a great chimney twelve feet across and one hundred and thirty-five feet tall. It had not been cleaned in thirty years and was half choked with accumulation of soot. Inside there was an iron ladder that ran from the bottom to the top, but folks told me that rust had eaten several of the rungs and that I had better be careful. I thanked them, but went ahead. Before starting up, I told my partner to be careful to keep the door in the room at the foot of the chimney closed, for otherwise he might start a draft that would stir up the soot that I should dislodge as I climbed. He promised to do it.

That chimney surely was a mess! Soot was banked six or eight inches deep on the rungs of the ladder; the walls were caked with it; and as I climbed the air became thicker and thicker. I had to climb slowly and carefully. When I had been plowing away for twenty-five minutes I began to think that I never was going to reach the top.

Perhaps my partner thought so too; at any rate he rushed outside, where a crowd was waiting to see me pop out, and he left the door wide open! A gust of air like a hurricane rushed up the chimney. Soot swept into my face and half blinded and more than half stifled me. Fortunately, I was then only six or eight feet from the top, or I never could have reached it. Choking for breath and forgetting all about the rusted ladder, I pawed my way out into the fresh air and then crumpled up on the twenty-four-inch coping. It was three or four minutes before I could breathe properly.

THE THREE H'S IN EDUCATION

We have always known the importance of the three R's in education. Now a writer in the Journal of Education comes along, telling us that the three H's have equal value in developing the present generation of students into the useful citizen of tomorrow. The three H's are head, hand and heart.

The world is too well supplied, so this writer believes, with men and women who have knowledge but do not know how to apply it. By developing symmetrically the three H's this lack will eventually be remedied. With head, hand and heart in his work, the student will search for every bit of information which will aid in gaining proficiency in his chosen career. He will look forward with eagerness to taking his place in the world of activity because he knows how to do something, and to do it well, and because his whole heart is in his work.

RIVER OF INK IN AFRICA

A river of ink is located in Algeria in Northern Africa. This river is formed by two smaller rivers joining, one running through soil that gives iron to the water, the other obtaining gallic acid from the soil. The two combining make an ink that is as good for writing purposes as the manufactured kind.

The Free Press Short Story

Candle Power

By ANNA BROWNELL DUNAWAY

WHEN the Cherrys moved to Chicago from a small town in the Middle West the townspeople said with a sort of proprietary pride, "Now Dolores will have a chance to spread her wings!"

Aunt Neva was in full sympathy with the opinion. "It isn't to be expected that Mapleton could have held Dolores much longer," she declared condescendingly. "She's like a poor little bird with clipped wings beating against the bars."

Before the family had left the little town Mrs. Foster, with whom Dolores had studied elocution ever since she could read, held a farewell recital for her at the opera house, and on that august occasion Dolores divided honors with Mrs. Foster herself, who recited the Famine from Hiawatha with great dramatic force. The hall rang with praise for the girl. "Genius," "prodigy," "star," were only a few of the many flattering things the audience said of her. "She'll do Mapleton proud one of these days," old Dr. Hayden predicted. "She'll have her name in electric lights in front of the Coliseum. Yes, sir-ee!"

In Mapleton Dolores had no more worlds to conquer. So perhaps it is not strange that after the family became settled in Chicago and she entered Yeatman High School her head was just a little turned.

"There ought to be a brass band to meet her," her brother Bert said good-naturedly. "Yeatman little rocks that a wonder is about to descend upon it. But say, sis, you won't find yourself what you were back in Mapleton. Not by a long shot! You won't be anybody. You'll be an atom—"

"An atom!" Aunt Neva bridled. "Why, she'll hold that high school by its tail. Wait till you see Dolores up president of the literary club. Wait till you see her as editor of the Echo. Wait till you see her as leading lady in the class plays—"

"Oh, I'll wait all right," Bert declared.

Dolores laughed with sheer lightheartedness. She did not doubt that things would continue to be much the same as they had been in Mapleton. Mrs. Foster, whom she believed to be one of the greatest elocutionists in the country, had drilled her in such dramatic gems as How Ruby Played, Curfew Must Not Ring To-night and Spartacus to the Gladiators. She felt no qualms.

"Of course," Mr. Cherry said and looked proudly at his daughter. "Dolores will have more competition here than she had at Mapleton. That is to be expected. But give her a little time and we'll see."

But Bert, who had been overseas, was still skeptical. "I might go ahead as press agent," he said laughing. "How would this be: 'Grand spectacular entrance—Mlle. Dolores Cherry, late of Mapleton, Podunk County—pupil and exponent of the late Mrs. Foster—' You know she always was late—everlastingly late—"

"Your levity is unseemly," Aunt Neva remarked icily. "You underrate your sister. Wait till Dolores shines across the world like a flash of lightning."

"It is not the flashes of lightning that we live by," Mrs. Cherry said quietly, and a little retrospective smile played about her lips. "Even in this century it is candle power that the world measures by. The quiet, steady light—"

"We will now sing Brighten the Corner," Bert interrupted irrepressibly.

But Mrs. Cherry went on, "It is not lightning flashes but candlelight that the world needs, Dolores. The lightning flash is dazzling, but the next moment it leaves us in darkness. In contrast with it, How far that little candle throws its beams. So shines—"

"But who would be a bayberry candle," cried Dolores, "if he could be a star?"

Weeks afterwards Dolores thought of her words again; for as the days went by she found to her astonishment and disappointment that she was only a bayberry candle. It was not that the high school was unappreciative of genius, but the student body was too large to notice anyone who did not somehow thrust his genius upon them. "How's the editorship coming?" Bert would say to her. "When do you appear as leading lady?" But after a while even he did not tease her.

"Wait till they find her out. Give 'em time," Mr. Cherry would say. "It takes time for genius to be appreciated."

But after the first pang of disappointment Dolores had learned many hard facts. "It takes Mr. World to knock the conceit out of anyone, mother," she said in confidence. "Here they have different standards from the one we had in Mapleton. For example, they don't speak pieces tragically as Mrs. Foster did; they laugh at that sort of thing. Their art is quiet, repressed and natural; they don't even gesture. Why, I'm glad they didn't ask me to speak, Mother. I'm content to be just a candle. I know when I am outshone."

"The path of the just," her mother quoted gently, "'is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' You have heard of Emerson's mousetrap—or was it Thoreau's? If you can build a better mousetrap than anyone else, the world will beat a pathway to your door."

Dolores smiled, for, though she was disillusioned, she was happy. She had made some headway at high school. She was popular in her own group; her card showed a good report; and she had been voted into the Mummer's Club and into the literary society. The Mummers were soon to choose a cast for the annual play, which that year was to be of a Japanese character. Dolores loved dramatics; if they would only let her play some minor part!

But there were sixty members in the Mummers' Club, and they were all experienced performers. On the evening of the trial Dolores sat breathless and listened to the voice of the coach as she assigned the various parts. Once Dolores' heart was in her throat. The eyes of the coach, scanning the members row by row, met her own for an instant. Then "You will please take the part of the maid, Miss—Button," she said.

Dolores did not realize until then how much she had wanted even so small an honor as a maid's part—she who had been leading lady in all the plays back in Mapleton. Tears rushed to her eyes; but the next moment she was smiling.

"Just keep your beacon burning," Mrs. Cherry said encouragingly when Dolores told her of the trial. "Some day your opportunity will come."

Aunt Neva snorted with disgust when she learned that Dolores was not to be in the play. "That's the impersonal attitude of a big city," she declared, "not caring what sort of talent walks among them. I hope their leading lady will just blow up!"

"My, how sanguinary you are all at once, Aunt Neva!" said Dolores laughing.

But Aunt Neva's words remained fixed in her mind. Why not understudy the different parts, she thought. Some one might become ill at the eleventh hour.

That night Dolores' dreams were of a rosy hue. In them she flitted here and there in varied roles. She was the maid in a coquettish blue-and-gold kimono. She was Sakura, the enchantress, muttering weird incantations in front of the princess.

Dolores awoke with the old exultant thrill to find the sun shining in at the window. She closed her eyes again and, half dreaming, heard the tumultuous clapping of hands; the glamour of the triumphant days in Mapleton swept over her. For a moment she imagined that she was back on the familiar red-carpeted stage of Linney's Opera House. Then she heard the distant rumble of cars, the strident cries of newsboys and the rattle of trucks on the cobblestones below her window. "Oh!" she whispered in disappointment. "Oh!"

During the days that followed she read and studied the different parts in the play. She never missed a rehearsal. Seated in an obscure corner, she would watch the progress of the play, and finally she came to know the speeches line by line. Alta Edwards, the leading lady, was a tall, graceful blonde who put little or no emotion into her acting. Dolores marvelled at the clear-cut way in which she spoke her lines. It was in sharp contrast with Mrs. Foster's tragic and lugubrious:

"Oh-o-o-the long—and dreary winter!
Oh-o-o-the cold—and croo-el winter!"

But sometimes the coach became exasperated. "You are too unemotional, Miss Edwards," she would say. "It is all right to avoid being melodramatic, but when you say, 'Mercy, mercy! I am blind!' don't say it as if you were merely remarking, 'Pass me the sugar bowl.'"

Dolores joined in the good-natured laughter that followed. She was learning many things and among them to see more broadly.

"I've been delegated to help in the club play," she announced one day at the table. "I've actually walked off with an honor!"

Mr. Cherry beamed. Aunt Neva smiled in a manner that suggested, "I told you so." Bert straightened, and the old bantering light shone in his eyes. "Super, I suppose," he said and grinned.

"Guess again."

"What did I tell you!" Aunt Neva exclaimed. "She's—"

"I only help make up the cast," Dolores said quickly. "When you behold the arched eyebrows, the rouged cheeks and the beautiful coiffures you'll see where my little candle has done its shining."

"Dolores Cherry!" ejaculated Aunt Neva. "What would Mrs. Foster say?"

"It's really fun," protested Dolores. "It's like being incognito or royalty in disguise, O Most Venerable and Ancient One."

"Dolores!"

"That's just a line in the play," Dolores apologized, laughing. "Even the chrysanthemums are exalted and venerable. But what I wanted to say is that I think Mapleton fooled me into thinking that I was a genius and it took Yeatman to show me where I was wrong. I had this let-down coming to me. It is not sport if you are not equally matched. At Mapleton I walked off with everything; here I have competition."

Aunt Neva sniffed. "If they think I'd cross the street to see their old play—"

"Not even to see your neice in her latest spectacular role? Why, you've simply got to!"

On the eventful night of the club play all the Cherry were in the theatre. Behind the scenes Dolores seemed to be everywhere. With the thrill of old times she fastened gowns, rouged cheeks and hunted missing stage properties. To be a part of the play even in her obscure role seemed like a breath of the past. She revelled in the stage settings in the fanciful costumes and in the inspiring strains of the orchestra.

The play was moving on quite as well as anyone had hoped it would. The audience sat breathless and eager as the curtain rose for the last act. Beside the caldron old Sakura, the enchantress, was slowly pouring the contents of a bottle into the black depths. The hair of the princess gleamed yellow above her head and in her clear voice she began, "Mercy, mercy! I am—" and she sprang backward and uttered a piercing cry.

Dolores, who was watching breathlessly from the nearest wing, saw a flash of light and then a sheet of blue flame creeping unevenly up the transparent sleeve of the princess, and without hesitating she leaped forward and beat it out with her hands.

Who it was that had blundered no one ever knew; perhaps the match had lighted too soon. Dolores did not stop to wonder at the cause of the explosion, for the next moment as the princess was carried into the dressing room several people in the audience got to their feet, and some shouted "Fire!" More people stood up and then began to move hastily towards the exits. The principal of the high school rushed to the footlights and, raising his hand, said that there was no danger; but in the growing confusion no one heeded him, and he hurried back to where Dolores was standing near the wing, dazed and trembling. From the auditorium came a low rumble of sound that made her think of a stampede of cattle she had once seen.

But the fire was over. The large audience were some time in getting over the excitement. Dolores' part in the tragic event had turned aside a catastrophe, and saved lives and property. She was the heroine of the occasion and her sane and brave act won for her greatest praise and flaring headlines in the newspapers. Dolores' burberry candle had blazed into high-powered electric illumination. She had kept her "beacon burning." Her opportunity came and she was ready for it. She not only quenched the flowers, but took the place of the frightened "princess," and because of her knowledge of the act, and dramatic ability and experience, led the play to the successful end amid the applause of the delighted company.

THE UNBREAKABLE DOLL

Mrs. Brown was bathing her baby when a new neighbor's little girl came into the room carrying a doll. She watched the process for a few minutes and then said:

"Mrs. Brown, how long have you had your baby?"

"Seven months, dear," answered the mother.

The little girl stole another glance at her doll, which was very much battered and minus a leg and an arm.

"My, but haven't you kept her well!" she said with an envious sigh.

SUGGESTIONS FOR PLANTING HOME GROUNDS

As one result of the wide-spread movements for outdoor improvement that have swept the country, awakening the latent civic pride of individuals and in many cases, of entire communities, considerable progress has been made toward making our country more beautiful.

The neglected grounds of many school houses and public play grounds have been beautified, waste places reclaimed, vacant lots redeemed, back yards tidied and the home grounds generally made more attractive and livable.

As landscape gardening is an art not widely understood, or appreciated, it is not at all surprising that mistakes have been made in some of these attempts to beautify. But if these efforts have been instrumental in removing the untidy, tell-tale signs from heretofore neglected, slovenly places, making the premises more pleasing and orderly in appearance, they have surely not been in vain.

It is much easier to criticise than to rectify, but a few simple suggestions as to what constitutes artistic planting, may be of some assistance in correcting, or at least modifying, the poor effects of most flagrant errors. Haphazard planting, and crowding, most of the troubles. To set out quantities of trees, shrubs, plants at random without a well defined decorative idea in mind is bound to produce a "crazy quilt" effect that is confusing and disquieting.

As an artist first makes a study or sketch of a painting he desires to create, so the amateur landscape-gardener should study carefully the possibilities of the area to be beautified, and compose a planting scheme that will be harmonious. In this working plain, aim to secure as large and unbroken a vista of velvety lawn as is possible as this gives a restful effect of spaciousness. Effectively grouped shrubs and plants may be used to round out angles, screen off desirable objects and to form a kind of frame along the boundaries or division walls of fences. They should never, for good effect, be dotted promiscuously on the lawn proper, as such a method tends to dwarf or decrease the apparent size of the plot.

Plants graduated as to height—the tallest in the background—planted along the foundation of buildings soften the harsh outlines and serve as a sort of connecting link in the correlation of buildings and grounds. Stiff, formal lines in the border may be avoided by skilfully massing appropriate varieties so that the groups dovetail in an irregular fashion. Trees, if used at all, on places of limited areas, are usually better in the background. Those that attain a large size are decidedly out of place in a planting scheme for small yards.

Even the diminutive city yard has its planting possibilities. If the small patch is well sodded or sown with a high grade of lawn mixture, the resulting greensward, bordered with flowering plants and graceful vines trained to drape and screen the fence of the enclosure, will form an oasis that will prove pleasing to the eye, restful to the nerves and a fitting recompense for all the effort put forth and for the faith implied.—Written for the Canadian Horticultural Council by J. E. Carter, Guelph.

OUR NORTHERN NEIGHBOR

In the last ten years the population of Canada increased at a little higher rate than the population of the United States. The Canadian census, taken last year, showed a population of 8,772,631, as against 7,206,643 in 1911—an increase of slightly more than twenty per cent.

The movement of population during the decade was a movement westward and, as the recent elections showed, has greatly increased the political power of the Provinces in the extreme west. Of the million and a half increase in the population the provinces west of Ontario contributed more than 650,000. The two central provinces of Quebec and Ontario not far from one sixth. In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia the increase was negligible, and Prince Edward Island suffered a loss of a few thousand.

Canadians have reason to be proud of their gain in numbers, in wealth and in enterprise; but they have still more reason to be proud of what they are. Their land is a broad and glorious heritage, abounding in mineral resources and producing wonderful crops from vast regions of great fertility. Politically they are as free as they wish to be, for they prefer their British connection to the complete independence that they might have for the mere asking. They are at peace with the world, for they have only one neighbor, and that one is absolutely friendly, overflowing with good wishes and rejoicing at every advance in Canadian prosperity.—The Companion, Boston, Mass.

HOW A FAMOUS NOVELIST SPENDS HIS MONEY

Sir James Barrie, who wrote "My Lady Nicotine," and so many of the world's most beautiful stories, was an intimate friend of the heroic explorer, Scott, who perished in the Antarctic after reaching the South Pole. The author believed in the sailor and helped to finance his last frantic dash for the South Pole. When his effects were examined amid the frigid and ghastly Antarctic stillness, the relief party that arrived too late found a letter for Barrie among the dead man's effects. Only Barrie knew what it unfolded. Since that time he has been a second father to the orphaned boy. Speaking of little Peter Scott, the author of Peter Pan said, "That little chap has given me a hard task. I must send him a new poem or a freshly-conceived fairy tale every week." One of Barrie's favorite adopted sons, the original of David in "The Little White Bird," was killed in action near Ypres. As a memorial to him Barrie established and supported a hospital in France until the end of the war. His name was never associated with it and hardly a dozen people in England knew of this benefaction.

THE GARMENT OF HABIT

Our lives are a mass of habits. If it were not so, we could not live at all. We wake and get up and dress, we eat and walk and work, we speak and think and love and hate and fall asleep again largely by habit. If we were forced to perform all this independently, originally, the effort of living would be intolerable. A mercifully small part of our action depends upon volition and deliberate reasoning. In the main we do what our fathers did, as they imitated their fathers, and so back to the beginning of time.

Education is the forming of habits. They begin in the cradle, or before we get to it. The one great business of parents and teachers is to see that our habits are what they should be, and with all the mighty effort and cogitation that are put into the task how often they turn out to be what they should not! How immense, how rigid and constraining, even in its subtle flexibility, this encompassing mould of habit is we realize only when we endeavor, to change it or break it or throw it off. Get a bad habit fastened upon you, appreciate its badness, set all the energy you have to getting rid of it, and you learn the might of a habit. We have all tried, and we have all failed, and we all know.

The intensity of such an effort and its too frequent futility impress upon us the terrible danger of habit. It is a fine thing to be on your guard against it, to keep your life and character as fluid as possible, responsive to outward calls and stimuli, ready to answer in an instant to the controlling demands of the intelligent will. Many people preach against habits, and some seem to have a far better mastery of them than others.

All the same, habit is a beautiful thing, and above all are restful. Mr. Pepys's mother had an old dressing gown, which she called her kingdom, because she took so much comfort in it. The garment of habit is one of immense comfort, and delicious ease. Only it behooves us to see that it be made of substantial stuff and that its cut and fashion be such as will conduce to dignity and will not discredit us in the eyes of those we love.

Worms feed upon the vitality of children and endanger their lives. A simple and effective remedy is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

HOW ELEANOR HELD HER FRIENDS

"Why, she's for holding friends, I look!" repeated Eleanor. "It is very simple to learn and easy to practice. First, be sure when I choose them that they have wearing qualities; that we are congenial; that we share high ideals and aims. Then having got together material for friendship, I build carefully. I take time for my friendships. I often put aside personal aims and preferences just to give extra time where I think it is required, for friendship building.

"I plan little gifts, acts of thoughtfulness, pleasures for my friends. I let them see that I place them first, that is, ahead of self. I do not forget them in their adversities, but share whatever comes to them. Because I thus show that I value and prize friendship and friends, I find it easy to hold fast all of mine."

"But look what it costs," protested the other "in time, in effort, in sacrifice. Why, according to your estimate, friendship is the most costly possession!"

"If you look at it from the standpoint of relative values," insisted Eleanor, "you are still wrong, for all that I give of self to my friends, comes back manyfold. They are my investment for happiness in this life, and make it worth living."

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ACTON---June 6, 13, and 20
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HIGHEST MARKET PRICE WILL BE PAID
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Be sure of this: those who are using our columns weeks after week do not give you poorer goods or service, or have higher prices.
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MILL STREET - ACTON

Notice to Creditors

OF WILLIAM TAYLOR, DECEASED

The creditors of William Taylor, late of the Village of Acton, retired farmer, who died on or about the tenth day of January, A. D. 1923, and all other persons having claims against his estate are required on or before the 25th day of June, A. D. 1923, to send by post, or otherwise deliver to the undersigned solicitor for the administratrix of the estate of the said William Taylor, their full names, addresses and descriptions, full particulars of their claims and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them.

On and after the said 25th day of June, A. D. 1923, the said administratrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate among the parties entitled thereto; and she hereby gives notice that she will not be responsible thereafter for any claims of which she shall not have received notice at the time fixed for such distribution.

Dated this 24th day of May, A. D. 1923.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR,
Administratrix.

By N. H. Farmer, Acton, Ontario, solicitor for the said Administratrix.
47-3

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We are manufacturers and direct importers of all kinds of Monumental and Headstone work. We sell direct to our customers at wholesale prices, thus saving our customers 40 per cent. We have the best appliances and the only mechanics in the Dominion who can operate pneumatic tools properly. We can give references from hundreds of our customers in Toronto and other places, where others have to have law suits in order to collect. We have the largest and best stock of Granite in the Dominion, or more than any three dealers in the West. We are legitimate dealers and employ no agents, and do not annoy our past customers by sending out ignorant agents soliciting orders—we employ only mechanics and defy competition.
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