The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1923

SPRING HAS CAME!

He owned a fancy touring car,
To ride in it was heaven;
He ran across some broken glass,
—Bill $14.97.

He took some friends out for a ride,
'Twas good to be alive;
The carburetor threw a fit,
—Bill $50.85.

He started on a little tour,
The finest sort of fun;
He stopped too quick and stripped his gears,
—Bill $90.61.

He took his wife downtown to shop,
To save carfare was great;
He jammed into one lamppost,
—Bill $268.

He spent about all that he had,
And then in anguish cried;
"I'll put a mortgage on the house
And take just one more ride."

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, June 11, 1903

June Roses are in bloom.

Mr. William White, late of Medicine Hat, N. W. T., has leased Mrs. Secord's corner store for a term of years and will shortly open a hardware business there.

The lawn and home of ex-Warden Havill, on Agnes Street, "Hope Hill," presented a gay appearance on Tuesday evening, with a profusion of Chinese lanterns, flags and bunting. It was the occasion of the first golf tea of the season, and the forty members and their friends who were present enjoyed themselves to the full.

Mrs. Brown and Master Arthur arrived from London, England, last week, and were met by Rev. Mr. Brown in Toronto, reaching Acton on Wednesday evening. The members of St. Alban's congregation have given Mrs. Brown a very cordial welcome. Rev. Mr. Brown and family expect to take up their residence in the rectory on Willow Street this week.

Mr. Sunderland Taylor preached a very impressive and helpful sermon in the Methodist Church last Sunday morning, in the absence of the pastor at Conference.

Eighteen members of Acton Woman's Institute drove to Milton on Wednesday to attend the annual meeting of the county association.

Property in Acton is changing hands these days at good prices. Mr. T. E. M. Secord sold, last Thursday, his residence on Bower Avenue to Mr. Wm. White, for $1,200. Mrs. Monteith has sold her brick house on Main and River Streets, to Mr. James Reed, late of Mimosa, for $1,200. Mrs. Orr has sold her house on Main Street to Mrs. Moses Smith for $600.

MARRIED

GIBBONS-TYRELL—In St. Mary's Church, Winnipeg, on Thursday, June 4, 1903, by Rev. Father McCarthy, S. J., Thomas E. Gibbons, son of Peter Gibbons, Esquesing, to Miss Angela Tyrell, of Acton.

DIED

McARTHUR—In Esquesing, on Saturday, June 6, 1903, Gilbert McArthur, aged 51 years.

RAMSHAW—At her residence, Bower Avenue, Acton, on Sunday, June 8, 1903, Sarah Easton, widow of the late Wilson Ramshaw, aged 76 years.

ON MAKING ALLOWANCES

Most people make allowances for themselves much more readily than for others. It is not that they are consciously self-indulgent or intentionally harsh or uncharitable; but in matters affecting themselves they are in possession of the facts, and in matters affecting others they are not. When they are making allowances for themselves it is because they definitely recognize some weakness or misfortune or unhappy circumstance that seems to them to warrant indulgence; their adoption of a more severe or critical attitude towards others whose conduct on some occasion has fallen short of the standard expected is owing as much to lack of imagination as to an exalted sense of justice.

When they themselves are brusque or unresponsive or irritable they know that it is because worry over illness in the family or their boy's poor standing at school or a bad turn in business or an unexpectedly large bill has made them so. But they do not attribute the brusqueness, unresponsiveness or irritability of another to a corresponding cause; they take it as a personal affront and resent it and perhaps give the offender a bad name when they talk about him. He is a snob, or a sour and "grouchy" character, or at the least he has no manners.

For men in public life the ordinary citizen is likely not to make allowances—especially when they are of the opposite political party to his own. He is on the watch for compromises with conscience; for votes and acts inconsistent with the high principles proclaimed; he judges harshly—often on inadequate evidence. Even lapses from perfect strength, straightforwardness and courage in the leaders of his own party he does not condone; he finds an unacknowledged pleasure in the shortcomings of the eminent. But although he freely and vigorously condemns public men for yielding to pressure, he often excuses himself for the weakness that he has shown under pressure. And the excuse seems to him good—at least good enough. Censure, no less than charity, should begin at home.

There is no poisonous ingredient in Holloway's Corn Remover, and it can be used without danger or injury.

LAZINESS PERSONIFIED

The pilot of the cargo boat on which Mr. William L. Hall voyaged for two weeks down one of the principal rivers of China was not only a "hard smoker" but the very personification of laziness. On all occasions, says Mr. Hall in Asia, he preferred giving orders to taking them, and indeed considered himself to be so completely the lord of all he surveyed that one day during the descent of a furious rapid he abandoned the control of the boat and turned his attention to his bowl of steaming-hot food, which had just been brought aft.

Of course the boat grounded immediately, but the pilot replied to all remonstrances that he liked his food hot and would have it so; if the boat chose to get into trouble just at the time when he was taking food, that was not his affair. Anyway the coolie trackers were paid to wade into the water and push the boat off.

On another occasion, foreseeing disaster, the pilot shouted that we were going to strike a rock. He was right. The man who stands on the front end of the boat, pole in hand, to prevent its striking rocks might easily have turned the boat away, but he only stood there looking. He almost fell overboard when we struck. Regaining his balance, he calmly announced that the pilot had spoken true words, for we had struck the rock just as he had predicted.

"What is the use of stopping the boat before it runs on a rock or a sand bar?" the pilot asked the captain after a similar disaster at another place. "I say wait until stopping is clearly indicated; to do otherwise is a waste of strength; we might not strike bottom after all. Then all the hard labor would have been needless."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

FOR SUNDAY, JUNE 3, 1923

JEREMIAH, THE PROPHET OF COURAGE—Jer. 36, 5-14, 18, 19.

Golden Text—Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.—1 Cor. 16, 13.

The Text Explained

5. The Rechabites—The Rechabites were a wandering tribe of Kenite descent and thus related to Moses (Judg. 1, 16). They were nomadic in their habit of life and noted for their refusal to drink wine.

6. Jonadab—Jonadab assisted Jehu (2 Kings 10: 15-28) in the overthrow of the worship of Baal. For two or three hundred years the Rechabites were faithful to his command not to drink wine. Their customs of life resembled those of the Nazirites (Num. 6).

9. Nor to build houses—This and similar directions resulted in the Rechabites leading a wandering life. They dwelt in movable tents well suited to their nomadic habits. It was the purpose of Jonadab that they should continue as graziers or shepherds and not become tillers of the soil or dwell in cities.

11. So we dwell at Jerusalem—The reason that in this instance they changed their habit of life was the invasion of Nebuchadnezzar, who "came into the land." They therefore took refuge in Jerusalem.

12. Then came the word—Jeremiah is directed to apply the lesson the Rechabites taught. It is likely that he addressed them in the adjacent court of the Temple.

19. Shall not want a man—Jehovah not only approves the laws of the Rechabites and requires them to be observed by Israel, but also gives Jonadab especial commendation.

Lesson Themes

The Voice of the Prophet—In the time of Jeremiah, "the Weeping Prophet," Judah was passing through a period marked by extraordinary political and social changes. Through his utterances we are able to see much more of the current events and conditions of Jerusalem than through those of any other prophet. Jeremiah was a priest, but was called to the higher office of prophecy. He was faithful and fearless, and yet a tender-hearted man. The newly discovered Book of the Law made a profound impression upon him, as is evidenced by the many references to it and quotations from it in his prophecies. The solemn covenant that bound the nation to God must have fixed itself deeply in his soul. Now when the word of Jehovah comes to him he gives it forth to the people with implicit obedience. Patriot as he was, it must have been a sore burden to him to tell his people that God was about to make the Holy City a curse to all the nations of the earth because of the sins of the people, yet this was his duty and he shrank not from it, distressing and perilous as it was.

The Patriot's Peril.—A patriot is always for his native land, yet sometimes he cannot approve of what either its rulers or its people are doing. Warnings may be more needed than compliments, and denunciation more than praise. Herein is the peril of the patriot. Much as he owes his country, he owes more to God. It is good to be popular, but it is better to be righteous. It is not always patriotic to sound the praises of our people. The true patriot never offers commendation where blame is called for. Many a thoughtless man boasts that he always votes for his town. Then there are others who enjoy declaring that they are always with their political party and never scratch a ticket. It is surprising to find how many people confuse conformity, either in politics or religion, with righteousness. It is well to conform to that which is good, while to conform to that which is evil is always wrong, no matter how great the multitude on the wrong side. We can well understand the feelings of the people who heard Jeremiah's direful words. We can also understand Jeremiah's courage and faith as he dared to stand against his people in order that he might stand with his God.

The Gift of Duty.—The imposing character of Jeremiah's task is due to the magnificent circumstance of the whole history. The same essential quality of his work may pertain to our humble lives. The same gift of duty is ready for every Christian. For duty always has its precious gift as well as its stern obligation. No matter how small the task, if the doer's will is completely devoted to the aim of pleasing the Master, then the immediate reward is given. The gift of duty is peace. When we are told of duty's categorical imperative we ought in the same moment to think of perfect peace. Nothing else in all world will give this sense of utter tranquillity. But he who day by day lives a life dedicated to the highest ideals is sure to possess this never-failing serenity of soul. For him no danger will appall, no burden will seem too great, no sorrow will be inconsolable; for he has heaven's choicest treasure, "the peace that passeth understanding."

For Study and Discussion

Where and when did Jeremiah live and labor? Why was he reluctant to become a prophet? With what assurance did he overcome this reluctance? How did his life become isolated from that of his people? What was Jeremiah's greatest contribution to religious thought? How did his prophecies differ from those of Isaiah? Is it possible to bring about needed reforms by general denunciations? What elements of strength stand out in Jeremiah's character? Was he a patriot? Was he so considered by his fellow countrymen? How far and under what circumstances should a person oppose the policy of his government in times of national crisis? In times of peace?

Daily Readings for Next Week

Monday, June 4.—Nehemiah's Prayer (Neh. 1: 5-11).

Tuesday, June 5.—Nehemiah Before the King (Neh. 2: 1-8).

Wednesday, June 6.—A Man Who Was not Afraid (Neh. 4: 6-15).

Thursday, June 7.—Nehemiah Rebuking Extortioners (Neh. 5: 6-13).

Friday, June 8.—Nehemiah, the Comforter (Neh. 8: 9-12).

Saturday, June 9.—Nehemiah, the Reformer (Neh. 13: 10-19).

Sunday, June 10.—God our Refuge and Strength (Psalm 46: 1-7).

TAME IN SPOTS

Bill had just purchased a mule, but he did not like his bargain.

So he wended his way back to the horse-dealer.

"You said the mule was quite tame," he said to the dealer.

"And he is tame, isn't he?" replied the dealer, in an aggrieved tone.

"Not altogether—only partially so," the disconsolate Bill replied. "He is tame in front, I dare say, but he is desperately wild behind!"

Always Ready and Reliable.—Practically all pains arising from inflammation can be removed with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Simply rub it on the sore spot and it is quickly absorbed by the skin. Its healing power is conveyed to the inflamed tissue which is quickly soothed. This fine old remedy is also a specific for all manner of cuts, scratches, bruises and sprains. Keep a bottle handy always.

ATTRACTIVE SCENES IN BLOSSOM TIME

LAKE CHUZENJI—JAPAN'S LAKE LOUISE — JAPANESE BEAUTIES — CHERRY BLOSSOMS

Japan has so distinctly put herself "on the map" that the well-travelled person is now compelled to put the "Land of the Rising Sun" into his life's itinerary. Improved trade relations and growing interest in things belonging to the other side of the globe, make a closer study of the countries there of prime importance.

Transportation, trans-continental and trans-Pacific, has become so highly developed that it is as easy to get to Japan as to Italy. Ninety-two hours from Montreal to Vancouver, trans-Canada, and the fastest time across the Pacific—a trifle more than nine days—put the traveller into Yokohoma, the chief port of the Land of Nippon.

Here the sights are unusual. Jinrickshas jostle one another in their competition to get the few cents charge for running the traveller in and out among the narrow streets amid crowds of strangely garbed people, curious shops, street hawkers, endless numbers of brilliant kimono-clad children, and carts drawn by men and beasts.

Adding to the natural beauty of Japan is the cultivation. Japanese are the best agriculturists and gardeners in the world. Tomes have been written about Mount Fuji and the mountains, lakes and streams of the country. Lake Chuzenji is the Lake Louise of Japan and Mount Fuji, its Mount Rainier, although not so high. The cherry blossoms are not so wonderful as those of this country—if one remembers our hundred miles of orchards in Nova Scotia's Evangeline Land and Annapolis Valley.

Those who are contemplating an early summer holiday might well select Evangeline's Land, Nova Scotia, for a trip. For miles and miles along the Dominion Atlantic Railway the land is one mass of apple blossoms. Cherry blossoms, too, dot the scene, making a sight that is wonderful and refreshing. The bulk of the Nova Scotia apple crop goes to Great Britain, but great quantities of British Columbia apples are exported to the Orient.

The cherry trees in Japan are raised for their flowers and not for their fruit, as, strangely enough, they bear no fruit.

Although the voyage from Vancouver to Yokohama is longer than the four days at sea from the Eastern seaboard via the St. Lawrence River route to Europe, the Canadian Pacific Empress steamers, largest and fastest on the Pacific, are so thoroughly comfortable, that the time slips away quickly. All of these steamers are so equipped that most all of the amusements to be had on land are also to be found on board.

April marks the beginning of the best season in Japan and even further down the Chinese coast to Manila.

A HINT TO SWIMMERS

Cramp is really an involuntary and spasmodic contraction of a muscle or group of muscles. It is induced by irritation of the nerve-endings, which may be due to several causes. Overfatigue, exercise in an unusual position, a suddenly low temperature, may each play its part. A low temperature often accounts for the cramp we sometimes experience on getting into bed between cold sheets.

In the case of swimmers, particular care should, of course, be taken not to enter the water too soon after a meal, as the digestion being suddenly interrupted may bring on a cramp of the stomach muscles.

Whether it is fair to say that swimming "so often" causes cramp is very doubtful. It is at least probable that half the deaths put down to swimmer's cramp are really due to failure of the heart from the mental shock with which the swimmer discovers his predicament.

Spare the children from suffering from worms by using Miller's Worm Powders, a most effective vermifuge with which to combat these insidious foes of the young and helpless. It is an excellent worm destroyer, and when its qualities become known in a household no other will be used. The medicine acts by itself, requiring no purgative to assist it, and so thoroughly that nothing more is desired.

AN AID TO LONG LIFE

When Alexander Gruham Bell was a college student, his health broke down from overwork, and he crossed the seas to Canada "to die," as he expressed it. Jane Addams in her young womanhood was told by her physician that she could live only six months. At once she decided that she would devote those six months to the service of humanity, and ever since she has been busy doing helpful things.

One of the best assurances of a long life is congenial work. When you have that, and in addition the power to forget yourself in service, you can rise superior to many things which people in general would find crushing.

No Asthma Remedy Like It.—Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy is distinctly different from other so-called remedies. Were this not so it would not have continued its great work of relief until known from ocean to ocean for its wonderful value. Kellogg's, the foremost and best of all asthma remedies, stands upon a reputation founded in the hearts of thousands who have known its benefit.

THRIFT GONE TO SEED

Mrs. Gaylord, wife of a well-to-do retired business man in a small village, sat with her capable hands folded in her lap. Beside her lay the week's mending with a needle portruding from a partly completed darn. On a chair near by reposed the Gaylordsville Bugle, unfolded as if it had been put hastily aside. Her kind face wore an expression of utter gloom.

"What is the matter?" I hastened to inquire.

"It's my eyes. They bother me so, and I can't see to do hardly anything."

"How do they feel? Do they pain you?"

"They ache every single minute. I can sew only a few stitches at a time or read one local item. And I have to have the Bugle; you know it just fits my pantry shelf folded double."

"Are you sure your glasses are right? When did you see your oculist last?"

"Oculist? I never saw one. They charge money. There was an optician round here, nine years ago come Thanksgiving. He was selling out, and Nathaniel and I bought a dozen pairs real reasonable. They will last out our lifetime. Even with Nathaniel's losing and breaking of 'em, we've got two pairs besides what we're wearing now."

"Do they suit your eyes?"

"They do well enough, I s'pose. We can't afford to go to any more expense when we haven't worn out those and got two pairs ahead."

And she stuck to that decision.

IT ALL DEPENDS

A little girl was told that polite people did not talk about their illness in company, or outside the family. So when a visitor asked her if she were well, she said,

"Well, in the family, I have the stomach ache, but in company, I am quite well, thank you."

KEEPING THE WEEDS DOWN

It seemed as if the parting of the ways had come—the ways of mother and daughter.

Molly was fifteen. Up to this summer, she had never wanted to go anywhere or do anything without mother. Now, she had fled to her room—after a cold, perfunctory kiss in place of the hug that was her usual good night—fled in angry tears, because her mother had refused to allow her to spend the night with her chum.

The mother, alone downstairs, was most unhappy. She realized that her child must have girl friends, but Molly's choice of a particular friend distressed her. She knew little of the girl, or of her relatives, but from her free-and-easy deportment, her use of slang and her general conversation the mother argued that the intimacy could not be beneficial.

So long into the night, she sat downstairs, alone, thinking, hoping, planning.

The next day was Saturday. Molly belonged to a tennis club that met every Saturday afternoon.

"Bring the girls home to tea, dear," suggested the mother, as Molly, very fresh and pretty in white duck skirt and middy blouse, tennis racket and shoes slung over her shoulder, was about to start.

"Thank you, mother," said Molly, rather coldly. She was still on her dignity. Other girls slept about variously with their friends. Why couldn't she?

However, the temptation to extend hospitality was not to be resisted. Therefore, the mother, watching the garden gate late that afternoon, saw with pleasure a group of girls, very pretty in their gay-colored sweaters, preceding her daughter along the garden path.

Molly, on her part, was frankly delighted and proud when she saw her mother prettily and effectively dressed, and the drawing-room at its best, gay with flowers, shining with care. The tea table, set near the open window by the verandah, was a picture. It held not merely delicate sandwiches and tempting cookies, iced tea and lemonade, but the very best china and the embroidered tablecloth—everything that was used for the most important company. And a friend of her mother's, also dressed as for an important occasion, was pouring tea.

The little festival was a great success.

"Molly will have tea every Saturday," announced Molly's mother, as the guests departed. "We shall always be glad to see you."

When they were alone, Molly rushed to her mother and hugged her, to the detriment of her gown.

"You're an angel, mother," she cried. "Giving my friends the best of everything!"

So their ways were one again. The danger was over; for the "chum" did not come back on any subsequent Saturday. The slight effort required to keep her twit language and deportment up to the standard laid Molly's home was a little too much.

Thus Molly's friendships were formed, little as she knew it, by the principle of the survival of the fittest: She found those girls most congenial who seemed to fit into her home. Years later she understood and blessed her mother's wise censorship.

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A SPOOL OF WARP

When I was a child I went one day to the weaver's house with rags that my mother had saved for a carpet. Once there I lingered a while to watch the weaver at his work.

On a shelf at one side of the room were spools of colored string, which he told me were spools of warp. One spool I especially admired. It was a deep red; and the last thing I saw as I turned from the door was that spool standing there on the shelf.

A week later, when the carpet was done, I went back to the weaver's house. Mindful of the pretty spool of warp, I glanced toward the shelf. The spool was gone. When I asked the weaver about it he smiled and pointed to the end of a red cord in the fringe of the carpet.

After I had reached home with the carpet we spread it out on the floor.

"Look at that deep red thread running through it!" exclaimed mother. "It is just the touch needed to set it off. I should never have imagined that a little bit of red could make such a difference."

When I told mother of the spool of red warp at the weaver's and assured her that the thread in the carpet came from the spool she traced the thread as it twined in and out, and said, "Do you remember the thought I was trying to impress on you children last Sunday? The value of a life depends not on what it is by itself, but on its filling its proper place in God's plan. The spool of warp, beautiful in color though it was, would never have amounted to anything so long as it stood on the shelf. But here in the carpet what a wonderful difference it makes."

"Our lives will never amount to anything if we live them selfishly. But if we give ourselves to God, who is the great Weaver in the world, He will fit us into a place in the universe, and we shall serve a noble purpose, even though our lives are but cords running through the patter of the Kingdom."

RIDDLES

What two letters name a word meaning not difficult?
E-Z (Easy.)

When is a ship like a floor?
When she's boarded.

Why is a nut like a regiment?
Because it has a kernel (colonel) in it.

What bird does a hungry man like?
A swallow.

Why is a traveller like an elephant?
Because he takes his trunk with him.

When is a boy kind to birds?
When he is fond of a lark.

What letter is an insect?
H (Bee.)

When was the ship-bound (bored.)
When the sea-sighed (seaside.)

WE MAKE THE WORLD

"Each of us is a fellow-worker with God in creating the universe we live in. There are young people in adjoining houses who, nevertheless, are living in worlds which bear no resemblance to each other. We make our world a sunny, beautiful, joyful place, or a dismal and cheerless one, according to our special creative impulse. Do not blame some power outside if the world you live in is not altogether to your liking. The chances are that you have created the very things to which you object."

The Oil for the Athlete.—In rubbing down the athlete will find Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil an excellent article. It renders the muscles and sinews pliable, takes the soreness out of them and strengthens them for strains that may be put upon them. It stands pre-eminent for this purpose, and athletes who for years have been using it can testify to its value as a liniment.

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No. 31	10.35 a.m.
No. 33	3.39 p.m.
No. 35	6.09 p.m.
No. 39	8.39 p.m.
No. 26 Sunday	10.30 a.m.

Going East

No. 26	7.08 a.m.
No. 30	11.18 a.m.
No. 34	3.35 p.m.
No. 36	6.17 p.m.
No. 38	8.13 p.m.
No. 24 Sunday	7.08 p.m.

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President

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