The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1923

VERY GENEROUS, INDEED!

I would not be a selfish child, for early
I was taught
To give a part of all I had as generous
children ought.
Not keeping anything myself, but sharing
it with others,
So, when I had the whooping-cough, I
gave it to my brothers.

Last winter I was ill in bed, the doctor
came each day,
We had a sign outside the door to
warn our friends away;
No one might come to visit us, but
I doing what I could,
I gave the scarlet-fever to half the
neighborhood.

And so it was with measles and so
with chicken-pox,
I gave them to my little friends on
three surrounding blocks,
And now that I am well again, it
makes me laugh "ha, ha,"
To think that when I had the mumps
I gave them to papa!

LOYAL TO THE FIRM

"I heard a queer bit of news this morning," said Nora Ranier importantly as the Big Four, the quartette employed in the offices of the head of the law firm, seated themselves at their accustomed lunch table in the restaurant where business people congregated.

"Tell it," urged Beth, while the others studied the menus, "queer bits of news always carry a charm in this humdrum world." But before Nora could reply, Agnes held up a protesting hand.

"Don't, Nora. You two are comparatively new in the firm, and don't perhaps know the rules of the office. They're the Big Four rules, also, which we would observe whether the firm ordered it or not, for we in our places in the senior office, have access to much that others never hear of. Well, for the rules:

"Never talk the firm's business whether important, minor, queer, or startling, to any person, at any time, in any place. Lock up as a forgotten item any sort of business knowledge that comes to us during the day's routine. As proof that we observe the rules, let me tell you that not for years has a girl been dropped or transferred from the head office. If not trustworthy when they come, the rest of us make them so by keeping the rules in mind."

Beth and Nora quickly caught the idea, and firm loyalty became to them much a matter of principle as to the two older employees.

BITS OF WISDOM

To keep your ground keep your head;
Keeping cool helps to keep you out
of hot water.

Beware of being conquered by love
of comfort.

The sin is not in failing, but in not
trying again.

There's nothing so hopeless as the
man who only hopes.

Content makes poor men rich; discontent makes rich men poor.

No man can learn to enjoy life
until he first learns to enjoy his work.

The man who "hasn't time" hasn't
enough ability or hasn't enough interest.

Some people hold the key to the
situation, and then are too lazy to
turn it.

Troubles come to all men; but those
who are looking for them will have
the largest share.

Courage is a virtue which the young
cannot spare; to lose it is to grow
old before one's time.

Always strive to appear at your
best. Give the world your brightest
thoughts, your most courteous speech,
the outcome of your kindest impulses
and purest motives.

Overlook a man's weakness, forget
his mistakes and speak to him of his
good qualities. Then note how that
man will strive with all his might to
live up to the good opinion you have
of him.

EXCEPTIONAL CASES

Many young people explain the successes of others on the ground that their cases were exceptional. They were lucky. They had influential friends. They benefitted by a combination of circumstances which would not be likely to occur very often. And these young folks take a similar stand in explaining their failure. These, too, are due to exceptional circumstances, exceptional ill luck, everything against them.

In a sense it may be admitted that all cases are exceptional. That is to say, no two are alike. There are no hard and fast rules you can make which will assure certain results. Scientists know exactly what the result will be of combining certain chemical elements, but no one can say what the result will be of combining industry and honesty, with a particular job.

Your case is exceptional in the sense that it is individual. No one is situated exactly as you are. The elements combined to determine your success or failure, are not present in quite the same combination in any other life. But that is not a reason for your deciding that there is no use trying. Because your case is unlike any other, you should study it the more carefully to find out what is necessary to make you successful.

TOOLS AND STOCK

I was in a hardware store recently and just ahead of me at the counter was a carpenter who was purchasing tools. I did not think a man could ask so many questions about a hammer, or a chisel.

When he had selected what he wanted, I asked him why he was so particular about the tools he bought. The man was of foreign birth and had not fully conquered the English language. He replied:

"Poor tools, he do no good work. Good tool, good man, good work."

I happened to know that this man was a most excellent carpenter, and that his services were in demand by those wanting high-class work done.

What is true of carpentry work seems also to be true of the stock business. Good results are as impossible with scrub stock as with scrub tools, and the man who is seeking to improve his live stock business will go to every pains to make sure that he is getting good individual animals to go into his herds or flock.—F. W.

MAKING COAL MINES SAFE TO WORK IN

The United States Bureau of Mines is directing its efforts to prevent explosions in coal mines. One method employed is that of applying a cement coating over the surface of the fuel by means of a pneumatic spray gun. This minimizes the danger of coal dust collecting in the tunnels, which results in explosions. Another method to prevent further propagation of an explosion of coal dust is suspending long boxes containing rock dust from the ceiling of the tunnels. The idea is that the force of an explosion will shatter the boxes, scattering the rock dust contained in them in a cloud. The rock dust being inert fails to feed the flames like the carbon in coal dust, and the explosion dies. The rock dust barriers have proved efficient in checking explosions.

The Pioneer

All praise to him who hoists a sail
On seas erstwhile unknown;
To him who dares to mark a trail
Through forests deep and lone;
To him who dares to dream and think,
To speak, and dare, and do,
While others tremble on the brink
Afraid of conquests new.

Thank God for him who lives upon
The far frontiers of thought;
Who is the first to see the dawn
On mountain summits caught;
For him who dares to make a way
Through prejudice, and fear
On to the new and better day—
The sturdy pioneer.

The editor has sent me a few notes sent him by an old settler at Crewsons Corners, who calls himself "Crewson," but I suspect he is not of the family of that name, but rather one who made Crewsons Corners his home, likely away back in the fifties.

He says: "As an old Crewsons Corners boy I thought I would like to help 'The Old Man's assistant, as I can clearly see he has no historical records to go by and was not himself an early settler. In one of his early contributions he mentioned the old hotel at the Corners. If my memory serves me right it was built in 1843. As this was the leading road from Toronto to Guelph there was a great deal of travel. All by oxen and horses. The hotel was known far and wide as one of the roughest places on the road. It is reported that a murder was committed there.

"After the Grand Trunk Railway was built through here in 1856 the travel on this road diminished so much that in the early sixties the hotel ceased doing business. I think the last man to conduct the place was John Crewson. After it ceased to be a hotel a family by the name of VanHorne lived in it for a number of years, and kept store there.

"I remember well attending week-night religious services in this building after the VanHornes moved away. They were conducted by Rev. George Cornish, of Rockwood.

"Mr. William Jago moved here about that time. He was a tanner by trade and was foreman of the sheepskin tannery here, owned by the Hewers, of Guelph, and afterward by William Hemstreet. When the tannery shut down and Mr. Hemstreet moved to Rockwood Mr. Jago turned his hand to glove making. He at first made the gloves entirely by hand, then, when he had sufficient money, he bought a sewing machine and gradually increased the business. Well, the business grew and Mr. Jago went to Rockwood, bought the fine residence of Alex. Nairn, and made gloves there for years.

A quack doctor by the name of Boyle lived at the Corners in the early days. He was a character and claimed to be able to cure everything. He kept a small store and his wife told fortunes, and practiced other questionable things.

"If the 'Old Man's' assistant wishes I can give him other notes of Corner history which he has not yet touched upon."

"C" here proceeds with his recollections.

Next to the Jago-Forbes dwelling, which was William Hemstreet's home for years, is the old John Crewson home, as referred to in the notes on the Crewson family. Then across the cross street John Soper's old home, whence Mrs. Soper was borne to Everton cemetery in 1886. Then a building, which I think was John's work shop. He was a carpenter. Later Mr. Soper sold out and took the home at "McNabb's crossing," next line west.

The last house next the little creek was for many years the home of Charley Taylor, a Kentuckian, a man of rugged constitution and great powerful strength. Although frequently employed in hard jobs at farm work, he was mainly known as a glove cutter. Probably through the close dwelling of the Jago family he may have become allied with such work, for he worked for years in the Jago shop at Rockwood, walking up and down the track. For residents of the Corners neighborhood "the track" was a convenient "cross country" path to both Rockwood and Acton. The new government highway, from Acton to the Corners, when opened, will serve a like purpose for hundreds, probably daily, of many through the province, and obviating the hills and hollows between "the Brick" and the first line. Poor old townline has carried a great many heavy pulls, but is going to be relieved at last. Of course Hon. Frank Biggs must have known where the money was coming from.

But to resume: After a good many years Charley took up with the Storey shop in Acton, and was with them for a long while. His great strength in holding and placing the heavy die, and giving the decisive blow with the mallet, enabled him to do his work very fast, and he could turn out dozens very rapidly. At his home, too, there were three or four machines sewing gloves, thus altogether bringing in a large income.

After Mr. James Brown moved from his home in front of the old saw mill site at Acton, Mr. Taylor went to live there, being much nearer the work. Mrs. Taylor died there about 1896. The family gradually spread out to other places. There were three daughters and three sons, Charley, Albert (Date) and Willie. Albert took up with the glove tanning at the Storey shop near the Main Street crossing, and was a foreman in the Chapman regime. Ultimately the three boys, beginning with Charley, became Pullman porters, in common with hundreds of their racial persuasion. After the final separation of the household to other occupations of homes of their own, Mr. Taylor became employed at Glenwilliams, where he died a few years ago.

The family were locally respectable and respected. In the early days at the Corner, Mr. Taylor was an ardent Methodist, and was considered as a possible class-leader, at a time when an appointment was to be made.

But what a pathetic fact it is, that no matter how numerous, and happy, and apparently bound together a family is, time works such changes that even heads of homes pass away often in loneliness.

Mr. William Murray, who, with his amiable lady, had had such an interest in rigging up and carrying on Blue Spring Park, renovated and refurnished the old Taylor domicile at the Corners, and it became their home, and they continued to reside there until their removal to Acton two years ago.

In the rear of the survey of the village was the home of William Crewson, mentioned before as a Leslie School teacher, but for years later a Disciple preacher, at Huntsville. I should have said before that the Crewsons were of distinct Disciple persuasion, as far as the baptism part of the denomination was concerned. Their alliance with the body was at Acton, but the Sopers and Crippses up the line gravitated to Everton, along with the Blacks and others. Of course, there are not now many of either families left in the community. C.— for

The Old Man

'SO PLEASANT TO HAVE AROUND'

The little car that was to carry Ina Claire to the railway station had driven out of the Dawson dooryard. The entire Dawson family had assembled in the dooryard to see Ina off. As the automobile, driven by Ned Dawson, turned a corner Ina waved a final good-by and she could hear the cheery and hearty good-bys of the Dawsons as she went on her way.

"Sorry to see her go," said Mr. Dawson as he turned to go to his work in the barn.

"I guess we all feel that way about it, father," said Mrs. Dawson. "She was so pleasant to have around."

"You couldn't say more than that, mother, if you talked half an hour," said Mr. Dawson. "When you can say truthfully that a person is 'pleasant to have around' you've given them credit for having no end of virtues. They wouldn't be 'pleasant to have around' if they didn't have those virtues. Ina sure was 'pleasant to have around.' The latchstring will always be hanging out for her at our house."

The latchstrings of all homes are usually hanging out for those who are "pleasant to have around." Their pleasant ways are a kind of an "open sesame" to the hearts of others. They create an atmosphere in which it is always good to be. They create kindly feeling in others. Truly, they are a large part of the "salt of the earth," these happy, kindly souls who are "pleasant to have around." The young cannot cultivate a finer grace than that of being genuinely kindly and friendly and agreeable so that it may be said of them that they are "pleasant to have around."

IT MATTERS LITTLE WHERE YOU START

If you should start to take the census in a big city like New York or Chicago, you would find people there from everywhere, from other big cities, and from tiny hamlets, from palaces and mountain cabins, from farms, from mining towns, from the suburbs, from lands on the other side of the world. If you want to go to New York, you can start from anywhere.

The same is true of success in the highest noblest sense. You can start from any point of experience, from poverty as Lincoln did, from ignorance as Edison did, from physical disability as Roosevelt did. It does not matter how distant you are. The only thing necessary is to start in the right direction and keep on going. In any large city you will find people who reached it after travelling a few miles and others who came after journeying many thousand miles. Some have a longer, harder journey to make, in order to reach success, than others do, but for the ones who reach their goal, it matters little where they start.

THE TIME TO CHANGE

A great deal is said against making changes, when the thing to be condemned is not the change but the reason for it. There are some young people who seem to feel that they could succeed anywhere, except in the place where they happen to be. They are the sort who should stay just where they are till they have proved that they can succeed in spite of their environment. There are multitudes who see the other fellow's job as a flowery one, while their own is full of thorns. And the only safe thing for them is to stick to their task till they begin to like it.

Change is all right if you are changing from good to better. Many successful people make frequent changes, for the reason that their success attracts attention, and they are offered better positions. But the time to change is when you are making a success, not when you are failing, for to change then, is an acknowledgment of defeat.

TERRIFIED BY THE MOVIES

The first movie show ever witnessed by peasant children in St. Kilda, a remote island of the outer Hebrides, Scotland, so terrified them that they stampeded from the schoolroom, where the film was being exhibited and sought safety on the wild hillsides, says a newspaper correspondent who is visiting the lonely islet.

St. Kilda, isolate for several months of the year by the stormy Atlantic, is inhabited by a primitive population and a party of visitors, thinking to give the natives a treat arranged a moving picture entertainment.

The young folks were in full force despite the warnings of their elders, who suspected magic. The audience sat unmoved through a picture of a football match, but when an express train rushed at them across the screen the youngsters screamed and fled, ignoring the assurance of the operator that the train was not real.

SLAVERY IN CANADA

The following advertisement appeared in a Montreal paper of June 3, 1778: "Ran away on the 14th inst., a slave belonging to the widow Duffy Desaulniers, aged about 35 years, dressed in striped calico of the ordinary cut, of tolerable stoutness. Whoever will bring her back will receive a reward of $4 and will be repaid any costs." The importation of slaves into Canada was forbidden in 1793. In 1805 there were 142 slaves in the Montreal district. In 1811 the slave trade was forbidden under the Union Jack. In 1833 the last slavery was abolished when the British Government voted $150,000,000 to buy out the slaves in the British West Indies after seven years further apprenticeship. Gladstone made his first speech in Parliament on this bill, defending the treatment of slaves on his father's West Indian plantation. He favored gradual emancipation.

TACT A PART OF HELPFULNESS

Do not think of tact merely as a help in getting ahead. Realize its possibilities where other people are concerned. The tactful can touch a sorrow with such tender sympathy that the sufferer feels no hurt. It can do away with suspicion and distrust, and bring alienated hearts very close together. Tactfulness is essential to helpfulness. Without the former, the latter is blundering, often doing more harm than good.

Neighborhood News--Town and Country

MILTON

Judge Elliot and his family have gone to Bronte to spend the balance of the summer in their cottage there.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Stuart and daughter left last week for a trip of about two months to England, Scotland and the continent.

Mr. Downer, Eglert, has been engaged by the High School Board as science teacher, succeeding Mr. Collins, resigned. He will also have charge of the cadet corps.

J. M. Denyes and partner, D. McCallum, won the Dr. King challenge cup at the local greens with 4 wins and a plus of 20.

The Public Library will be closed during the month of August. The Board of Directors ask the patrons of the Library to return all books before the end of July, as they intend changing the system for circulation.—Champion.

GEORGETOWN

The Town Council has granted $100 to the Fall Fair for this year.

The church team holds the list in the local baseball league, with 5 games won to 1 lost. The bankers are at the bottom with 5 lost and none won.

Of the 62 candidates who wrote the entrance examinations here 60 passed and 10 won honors.

Rev. J. H. and Mrs. Moore are holidaying in Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Small, of Prince Albert, Sask., visited with Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Moore last week.

Mrs. (Rev. Dr.) Henderson, of Guelph, is spending the summer with her daughter, Mrs. J. M. Skelton.

Rev. Mr. Caldwell and family are now comfortably settled in the parsonage.

Mrs. (Dr.) Elliott, Miss Jean and Master Will Elliott, of Evansburg, Alberta, are visiting at Mr. John McDermid's.

Mrs. D. McRae and Miss M. Clayton, of Chicago, visited their sister, Mrs. James Corner, Esquesing, last week.

A Union Sunday School excursion to Burlington Beach will be held on Saturday, July 28.

Smith & Stone Electrical Works are very busy at present and over one hundred hands are employed.

The band played an enjoyable programme at the stand on Tuesday evening.

A garden party will be given in the park, Georgetown, on Friday evening, July 20, under the auspices of the Verdum Rebekah Lodge.

Mr. John Wrigglesworth's many friends were pleased to see him in town on Saturday, after several months of severe illness.

Mr. J. Skelton, Toronto, father of Prof. O. D. Skelton, author of "Life of Sir Wilfred Laurier," spent the week-end with his nephew, Mr. J. M. Skelton, "Wildwood."

Twenty of Oakville's lady golfers played our local ladies on Tuesday afternoon at the Willoughby course. It was a splendid contest resulting in favor of the visitors. At the conclusion of the game luncheon was served at Cedar Crest.—Herald.

ERIN

Freddie Gerrie, 3½-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Gerrie, was crushed beneath the wheels of a motor car on Main Street, and sustained fatal injuries and passed away within two hours after the accident occurred, on the evening of the Twelfth. The little lad had been playing in front of his parents' home on Main Street, when in attempting to cross the road he stepped out in front of an auto driven by a man from Orangeville. The car was travelling at a slow rate of speed at the time, but before the driver could bring the motor to a standstill the wheels had passed over the boy's chest, and he suffered severe internal injuries.

There was a big Orange celebration here on the Twelfth. Thirty-four lodges were represented, the demonstration being the largest in history of the village. Mono Mills, Grand Valley, Huttonville, Shelburne and Caledon East were among the largest groups present, and the parade, which formed shortly after 1 o'clock, took over an hour to enter Stanley Park, where the celebration took place. The afternoon programme opened with addresses by Rev. Mr. Atkinson, of Mono Mills; Rev. Mr. Evans, of Erin, and several other prominent speakers, while hundreds gathered to witness the sports, the feature attraction being a lacrosse game between Erin and Caledon.

Rev. J. Lindsay is visiting with his mother at Danville, Que., who is ill.

Mr. Ross Leitch, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis in the Orangeville Hospital, is recovering.

Miss Annie Beers, B. A., is in New York, where she will take a six weeks' course at Columbia University.

Mrs. H. Frankuhn, of Harriston, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hull, during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman McMillan, of Portland, Ore., are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Cook and other friends here.

Mrs. Schram, of Detroit, is visiting with her brother, Mr. Sam Nuess.

Miss Sykes, of Clinton, has been engaged as teacher for the primary class for Erin Public School for the coming term.

Mrs. Munn has returned to her home at Sherman, Mich., after spending some time with her mother, Mrs. John McMillan.

The Rev. Mr. McLeod, of Owen Sound, preached in the Christian Church, Hillsburg, last Sunday, and will also on the following two Sunday, July 22 and 29.

The Erin School Board announce that they have secured Dr. Waugh, Chief Public School Inspector for the Province, to lay the corner stone of the new school on Friday afternoon, July 20, at 4 p. m.

Dr. and Mrs. Peart and Master William Peart, of Sanborn, N. Y., motored to Erin and spent a couple of days with Miss McGill.

Miss Margaret McMillan, of North Bay, is spending the vacation at her home in town.

On Saturday evening last a party of motorists from Buffalo were visiting Lukenuf Park, Belfountain, when one of the ladies had the misfortune to fall, very seriously spraining her ankle. Dr. Gear was called, and after a few hours she was able to proceed on her journey.

The annual Sunday School picnic of the Erin, Belfountain and Hillsburg Sunday Schools took place at Stanley Park on July 7, with a good attendance from each place. The Cataract Union Sunday School was also present.—Advocate.

SOLIDIFIED PETROLEUM

An American consular officer in France has furnished some interesting details concerning the manufacture and use of petroleum briquettes as fuel. It appears that these briquettes weigh only half as much as coal, and they produce twice as much heat. They keep indefinitely in good condition, it is said; are in no way dangerous, give off no smoke, or odor and burn with a very white flame, eight or ten inches high. They consist of petroleum, either crude or refined, mixed with certain chemicals, the precise nature of which is a trade secret, and solidified in molds under a pressure of 300 pounds per square inch.

"TO MARK MOTHER'S GRAVE"

One of the tenderest passages of love in poverty is thus told by the Detroit Free Press. A boy not over eleven years old, whose pinched face betrayed hunger, and whose clothing could scarcely be called by the name, dropped into a carpenter shop on Grand River Avenue the other day, and after much hesitation explained to the foreman:

"We want to get a graveboard for ma. She died last winter, and the graves are so thick that we can't hardly find hers no more. We went up last Sunday, and we came awful near not finding it. We thought we'd git a graveboard, so we wouldn't lose the grave. When we thought we'd thought we'd lost it, Jack he cried and Bud she cried, and my chin trembled so I could hardly talk."

"Where is your father?" asked the carpenter.

"Oh, he's home, but he never goes up there with us, and we shn't tell him about the board. I guess he hated ma, for he wasn't home when she died, and he wouldn't buy no coffin nor nothing. Sometimes when we are sittin' on the doorsteps talking about her, and Jack and Bud are cryin' and I'm rememberin' how she kissed us all before she died, he says we'd better quit, that or we'll get what's bad for us. But we sleep upstairs, and we talk and cry in the dark all we want to. How much will the board be?"

The carpenter selected something fit for the purpose, and asked:

"Who will put it up at the grave?"

"We'll take it up on our cart," replied the boy, "and I guess the graveyard man will help us to put it up."

"You want the name painted on, don't you?"

"Yes, sir; we want the board white, and then we want you to paint on that she was our ma, and that she was forty-one years old, and that she died on November 5, and that she's gone to heaven, and that she was one of the best mothers ever was, and that we are going to be good all our lives and go up where she is when we die. How much will it all cost, sir?"

"How much have you got?"

"Well," said the boy, as he brought out a little calico bag and emptied its contents on the bench, "Bud drawed the baby for the woman next door, and earned twenty cents; Jack he weeded in the garden and earned forty cents, and he found five more in the road; I run on errands and made kites, fixed a boy's cart and helped carry some apples into a store, and I earned sixty-five cents. All that makes a hundred and thirty cents, sir, and pa don't know we've got it, 'cause we kept it hid in the ground under a stone."

The carpenter meant to be liberal, but he said, "A graveboard will cost at least $3."

The lad looked from his little store of metals to the carpenter and back, realized how many weary weeks had passed since the first penny was earned and saved, and suddenly wailed out, "Then we can't never, never buy one, and mother's grave will get lost."

But he left the shop with tears of gladness in his eyes, and when he returned yesterday little Bud and Jack were with him, and they had a cart. There was not only a headboard, but one for the foot of the grave as well, and painter and carpenter had done their work with full hearts and done it well.

"Ain't it nice—nicer than rich folks have?" whispered the children, as the boards were being placed on the cart; "won't the grave look nice, though, and won't ma be glad?"

Ere this the mother's grave has been marked, and when night comes, the three motherless ones will cuddle close together and whisper their gratitude that it cannot be lost to them, even in the storms and drifts of winter.

SARCASTIC

A farm-hand who had worked every day in the week from dawn till late at night, finishing his duties by lantern light, went to the farmer at the end of the month and said:

"I'm going to leave. You promised me a steady job."

"Well, haven't you one?" was the astonished reply.

"No," said the worker. "There are three or four hours every night when I don't have anything to do except fool away my time sleeping."

FATE

"Father, what is fate?"

"It is crossing a busy street three times a day for three years, and then being run over by a farm wagon in the country."

Shampoo This Way with Olive Oil

and you will have hair with gleam and softness of silk

Olive oil for the shampoo, say leading hair specialists. Olive oil for the shampoo, agreed women who have learned the secret—who are admired for their lovely hair

And this, specialists tell you, is why:

Olive oil cleanses thoroughly but gently. It never leaves hair dry and brittle—robbed of the delicate gloss and sheen that means beauty.

It washes away all dirt and oil. Dissolves and removes clogging dandruff. It leaves hair fluffy and soft. But never dry, never dull.

Pliant and shimmering as new silk, instead.

And this means beautiful, attractive hair—without which no beauty of face or dress is quite sufficient.

Olive oil treatment in its finest, most convenient form, is PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO. Thousands and thousands of women use it today. They find it most economical—for a treatment that costs a great deal when given by specialists.

You may have a 15c trial bottle free, by sending the coupon. Or you can get full-sized bottles at your dealer's. A single shampoo will amaze you.

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HOW TO RUN A RAILROAD

The story is told that a certain ambitious young man went to the president of a certain university and said:

"I desire a course of training which will fit me to become the superintendent of a great railway system. How much will such a course cost, and how long will it take?"

"Young man," replied the president, "such a course would cost you twenty thousand dollars and might require twenty years of your time. But, on the other hand, by spending perhaps three hundred dollars of your money and three months of your time you may be elected to Congress. Once there, young man, you will feel yourself quite competent to direct not only one, but all the great railway systems of our country."—Forbes Magazine (N. Y.)

Day's Work Now a Pleasure She Says

Mrs. Miller Suffered Severely From Pains in Heart and Back—Found Wonderful Relief in Dreco, the Famous System Builder.

For years Mr. Acline Miller, of 173 Catherine St. North, Hamilton, Ont., suffered those common but distressing ailments brought about by a run down condition of the digestive organs. Her stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels simply would not function properly, with the result that indigestion, gastritious, heartburn, pains in the back and biliousness made life a misery for her. Read how much two bottles of Dreco restored her whole system by toning and regulating these important organs.

"For years I had stomach, kidney and liver trouble. Everything I ate would cause me to belch and bloat and I often had pains around my heart and in my back so bad I could hardly stoop over. My liver was sluggish, causing dizzy spells and spots floating before my eyes. All those troubles stopped when I started taking Dreco. My bowels are regular, I have a good appetite and I sleep all the night through without getting up. I feel much stronger and my day's work is now a pleasure. I am glad I heard about Dreco, as it has done a world of good for me."

Mrs. Miller found relief in Dreco. Profit by her experience. Let Dreco, the famous health builder, put you on your feet. Only Nature's own roots, herbs, bark and leaves are used in Dreco. It contains no mercury, potash or habit forming drugs.

Dreco is being specially introduced in Acton by A. T. Brown, and is sold by a good druggist everywhere.

Added reach means fewer blisters

The added length of MAPLE LEAF MATCHES means greater safety when lighting ranges, stoves or lanterns.

They will not glow after use. They are not poisonous. Rats won't gnaw them. They withstand more moisture.

They are Different and Better.

Wellworth 15¢ a box

Ask for them by name

MAPLE LEAF MATCHES

THE CANADIAN MATCH CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL

GRAMOPHONES

At a Price Everyone Can Afford

PLAYS ALL MAKES OF RECORDS

This gramophone is well worth double the price we are asking for it.

It will give perfect satisfaction. Its tone is pleasing, and the volume of sound can be regulated to suit any sized room.

It has a reliable motor, which operates steadily, and practically noiselessly. The Cabinet is strongly made of genuine walnut.

100 steel needles included with each machine, and for the next two weeks we will give with each machine purchased 10 records free.

Price of No. 1 Gramophone $68.50
Price of No. 2 Gramophone $62.50

WILL BE SHIPPED, C. O. D., SUBJECT TO EXAMINATION, CHARGES PREPAID, WITHIN A RADIUS OF 25 MILES OF GUELPH

Smith's Furniture Store

120-131 Wyndham Street Guelph, Ont. Phone 584

THERE were 1021 forest fires reported in Ontario last season. The vigilance of the fire rangers kept 53 per cent. of these down to a size not exceeding five acres. But yet the total area burned was over 346,000 acres—equal to a strip of forest one mile wide from Toronto to Cochrane.

Of the total number, only 52 were lightning fires. In other words, out of every 100 fires, 89 fires were due to man's carelessness and were preventable.

Accordingly, the problem of forest protection in Ontario calls for the co-operation of the whole citizenship of the Province. If reasonable care be exercised by everyone in the woods to prevent the start of fire, our forests will be safe. Railway officials, campers, prospectors, lumber firms, settlers, construction firms—all can help by being careful of fire in the woods, and by joining hands with the press, the leaders of public opinion, and the business men of Ontario, in prompting educational propaganda to reduce forest fires.

Save Ontario's Forests

Ontario Forestry Branch, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Ont.