The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1923

TRIFLES

Why do we speak of a "little thing"
And "trifles light as air?"
Can that be trifling which may bring
One moment's joy or care?

What is a trifle? A mere word,
Forgot as soon as said?—
Perchance its echo may be heard,
When the speaker is with the dead.

The little voice now scarcely heard,
In heaven shall hear its part;
The little grave in the churchyard,
Holds many a parent's heart.

This world is little, if well weighed,
Trifling in joy or care;
But while we linger beneath its shade,
There are no trifles here.

Come, then, to speak of a little thing,
Which may give thy brother pain;
Shun little sins, lest they may bring
Far greater in their train.

Seize each occasion, though but small,
Of good which may be given,
So, when thou hear'st thy Master's call,
Thou shalt be great in heaven.

MR. PEASLEE MAKES A POOR JOB OF BEING A MARTYR

"Yest'day mornin'," observed Caleb Peaslee reflectively, "I set out in good faith to make a martyr of myself in a kind of way; but I got to countin' up last night and some more this mornin', and the boat I can figger it out I made a poor job of it."

Deacon flyne, who was leading a cow home, hooked the halter over a fence post. "How'd you want me to take that about you bein' a martyr?" he demanded. "I don't more'n half know you're meanin', and I don't believe you do yourself."

"Well, I'll tell you," said Caleb, "and then you'll understand better, mebbe. But I'll say now you're right about my not knowing myself. I had a wrong idea till I come to figger up and reason it out.

"I'd been cal'lating for days to go to the all-day grange meetin'; it's one thing I lot on and look forward to; but yest'day mornin' when I went out to feed up I found old Tom was so lame in his off hind leg he couldn't tech it to the floor—wrenched it in the stall some way, I s'pose, but the how of it didn't matter. It was done, and he was lame, and that was all about it.

"Well, findin' him like that, I thought I'd use the colt and hitch him into the light road wagon, but when I run that out I noticed one hind wheel wabbled so it most scraped the side of the body; and come to find out I'd sprung the ex so bad it's a wonder it didn't break, and it's a good day's job for a blacksmith to git it straight again. I must have done it coming into the yard a night or two back; I thought I scraped the fence post consid'able hard, but I hadn't any notion I'd damaged anything.

"Well, with the light wagon laid up and the other one too heavy for the colt, there I was; everybody was goin' to the grange themselves, so I couldn't borrer. And after I'd looked the thing all over and found, do my best, I was tied at home all day, I started in on a foolish move; I begun to pity myself and complain inside about my hard luck. I hadn't been at it more'n ten minutes before I got to where I was feelin' about as downcast as I ever git to feel; there didn't seem to be anything I wanted to do, and I didn't have any heart to hunt for it. I jest wanted to go to that metin', and, failin' that, there didn't seem to be a ray of comfort anywhere for me. If I'd been a young one, I make no doubt I'd have ketched myself whimpering.

"Feelin' like that, I slumped down onto a bench out by the shed and give up to broodin'; and I'd only set there long enough to sense how hard the bench was before an idea come to me that I didn't understand the value of at the minute—not till night, to be honest with you. As I say, I was setin' there bewailin' my hard luck when all at once I happened to think that I couldn't feel much wuss, no matter what I was doin', and that I might jest as well do some jobs I hate doin' commonly. And I'd no more than got the idea before I started to carry it out.

"If there's a job I hate wuss'n another it's pickin' stones out of the garden; and there it laid in the sun, white with stones the size of your fist or smaller. I didn't give my idea any time to cool; I jest got a garden rake and begun on it." Caleb waved his hand proudly and beamed at the deacon. "Don't that garden look pretty trig and neat?" he demanded, and with gruff heartiness the deacon agreed that it did.

"By the time I'd got the stones picked clean," Caleb continued, "it was vergin' close to noon, so I went into the house and set the kittle to bilin', and whilst I was waitin' for that it come to me I'd have time to fix the hinge on the tie-up door. I'd been puttin' it off for pretty close to a month, it bein' a tinkerin' job I don't like to do any time—and I got the tools and had it fixed solid in twenty minutes at the outside; and I've wasted ten times that in dreadin' it and puttin' it off."

He paused and, gazing abstractedly at the deacon, enumerated on his fingers. "Pickin' the garden free of stones was one," he said, "and the hinge was two, and pitchin' out some hay that moulded in the mow made three. Puttin' a new leg on the grindstone bench was four, reddin' up my potatoer cellar and sweepin' it out made five—and now what was the other one? Seems to me there was six jobs I got clear of that I wouldn't have if I'd gone to the grange."

Then his face brightened. "Sho!" he said with relief. "I was forgittin' the one that counted most of all—fixin' the fence down by the state road. I planned it so I'd be down there when the folks got to comin' back from the grange toward night, so I could see 'em and git what news I could of the doin's. And it worked out jest that way. Takin' what Jed Piper told me and Nathan Weeks's wife—she's better than a sworn report of the doin's anywhere because she don't leave out anything—and one or two others that halted to pass the time of day with me, I learned aboout all that happened. And to cap it all the hen manager at the state farm drove by with Clem Baird, and he wanted to see my henhouse the way I've got it fixed; so he come in and looked it all over an p'inted out one or two ways to better it and told me somethin' about feedin' for eggs and about other feeds for hett; and he'd never have done it in the world if it hadn't hapened I was right there by the fence; and, of course, I wouldn't have been there if I'd gone to the meetin'.

"So, figgerin' it all up, as I said, I made a poor job of being a martyr. I got all that work done—six jobs I don't like much—got an expert's mind on takin' care of my hens, and found out, thanks to Mis' Weeks, all that took place at the meeting. I can't see that I need pity myself a great deal, and I ain't goin' to."

"You needn't pity yourself at all," the deacon grunted. "It wa'n't no great of a meetin', everybody said so, and I was there myself and come home early."

"That's another count against my feelin' like a martyr," said Mr. Peaslee, placidly content.

The Free Press' Short Story

Mary Abby Leaves the Mountains

ETTA WEIR

MARY ABBY shifted her suitcase to the other side; it was so heavy that it made her arm ache. And no wonder. Within its bulging canvas was stored her every personal possession, even the mittens Aunt Electa had knit for her and which were still quite as good as new in spite of a few darns. Of course Mary Abby knew that she might even be ashamed to wear them, but she was taking them—because she could not bear to leave them.

It was a dull, gray mid-winter morning and the Bear Spring road, shut in as it was by bushes and trees on either hand, was dark. The spring brook, ice-locked, was silent; but the knee-deeps were calling wistfully, Knee-deep! Knee-deep!" Over and over again. That meant just what they said, that more snow was coming.

"I must hurry," Mary Abby thought. "I do not want to get caught out in a snowstorm."

She had come to a wood—that out its way rudely across the road going down a mountain, and there a team rested with the driver slapping his mittened hands beside it. The low dray was loaded with green wood and the powerful black horses were steaming from exertion. The man, whose face was half hidden between the rim of his cap and the upturned collar of his sheepskin coat, looked at the girl with interested eyes.

"Hello! Mary Abby, that you?" he said.

"Yes, Mr. Skinner." She had known him always and his friendly face was a welcome sight to her although she was barely yet a mile from home.

"You're going, are you?"

"Yes." Mary Abby smiled. She set down her suitcase to pat Blackbird's inquiring nose. Then as Old Bill acted a trifle jealous she patted his nose also.

In the pocket of her coat was a big red apple which Uncle Zachary had given her as a parting token. She thought an instant, then produced the apple, broke it in two and gave half to each grateful horse.

Mr. Skinner shook his head.

"Do you suppose you are going to like it down there in Richfield?" he asked.

"I have got to like it," Mary Abby replied with the faintest sigh.

"Pretty big place, Mary Abby, and you've never been away from home much."

"I know." Mary Abby gave Blackbird a parting pat and picked up her suitcase. "Good-by, Mr. Skinner," she said, and started on down the mountain, knowing that her old neighbor was looking after her with doubtful eyes.

"I almost wish I had not met them," Mary Abby thought. By "them" she meant the horses as well as their driver. A lump was rising in her throat. She swallowed at it, but it persisted miserably.

"I am the silliest thing," she chided herself. "Making such a fuss over nothing. Elsie Stewart did not make any fuss when she went away."

It was Elsie Stewart that had given Mary Abby the idea of leaving the mountains. Elsie had gone the spring before to get work in the big city that lay a hundred miles away. At Christmas she had been home for a week, and her pretty clothes and bright looks had aroused pleasant admiration and envy in the hearts of her old companions. Besides, she had brought wonderful presents for her whole family, presents that represented not so much value as charm of novelty and discrimination of selection. When Elsie picked out a handkerchief or box of notepaper she had a whole store full to choose from. She had, too, bought a delightful box of glittering trinkets for the Christmas tree, which had changed the little church into a place of dreams—frosty bubbles of glass, ice-like pendants and some marvellous sparkling stuff that scarcely needed candles to illumine it. And Mary Abby, looking on with wide-open eyes of amazement, had longed to earn money herself and do something for every one of the many people she loved, especially for Uncle Zachary and Aunt Electa, who had been her father and mother since her own parents died.

Uncle Zacharay and Aunt Electa were in comfortable circumstances, but they lived frugally as life had taught them to do. They had the little farm and something laid by, and they had no one in the world but Mary Abby. A farm, Uncle Zachary always contended, was a good place for any girl, or boy, to grow up in. Mary Abby could raise all the chickens she wished, and sell them and get the money for them. She could raise garden truck, too. Once, in fact, her pumpkins and squash had taken first premium at the fair.

But to Mary Abby this was no kind of achievement compared with Elsie Stewart's. Elsie worked in a store and earned twenty dollars a week! Think of it, twenty dollars a week! No wonder she could come home with a great parcel of gifts at Christmas time. And Elsie had promised Mary Abby a place in the same store—"you will have to work up, you know, prove that you are reliable," she had said. Reliable! How could one be more reliable than Mary Abby meant to be. From the moment Elsie gave her the chance she set her heart on going to Richfield.

Uncle Zachary and Aunt Electa said little for they believed that Mary Abby knew what she wanted. They had trained her very carefully and were sure that she could be trusted anywhere. Besides, she would be with Elsie Stewart, and Elsie was a fine girl, much older than Mary Abby, with splendid, dependable qualities.

So on this mid-winter morning Mary Abby was trudging down the mountain to the station, alone, because Uncle Zacharay was having one of his attacks of lumbago. She hated to leave him that way, but the time had come for her to go.

A turn in the road brought her to the Herrick place, and there before the door stood the Herrick pung with Mr. and Mrs. Herrick on the one seat, ready to start, for the village to do some marketing.

"You have come along just in the right time, Mary Abby," Mrs. Herrick said. "Jump right in—between us. Pa, you look after her suitcase. My! How red your cheeks are, my dear! You are one of those girls that outdoors just lights up."

Mary Abby snuggled in between the two bulky, lovable people in their thick wraps, and they started, creaking and crunching down the road behind the sleek bay horses.

"If we had known you were going to-day, Pa could have come up and got you," Mrs. Herrick said. "How is Zachary? Didn't your aunt hate to see you go? I can just imagine how lonesome they are going to be without you."

Mary Abby tried to answer, but the lump in her throat was becoming very troublesome.

"Well," said Mrs. Herrick, "I don't blame young folks for leaving the mountains if they want to. My children did, and they have done well. Elsie Stewart is doing well, but all the same—"

"Now, don't you go discouraging the child, Ma," Mr. Herrick reproved in his kindly way.

"I am not discouraging you, my dear, only I suppose I am partial to the mountains. Seems to me they offer just as good a chance as any place does. But it is the far fields that attract—always; farther away they are the greener they look—I suppose you are taking the noon train, my dear?"

"Yes."

"That will get you to Richfield about four this afternoon. I suppose Elsie will meet you? Well, Elsie is a good girl, a brave girl—Pa! You look out how you drive along here. It is terribly humpy."

It was humpy, and growing humpier each instant. Suddenly the iron-shod runners struck a stone and stuck. The horses gave a tremendous yank and the pung began to tip. It went over like a basket spilling its contents. Mary Abby sank deep in snow, and squirmed out, sputtering with her ears and mouth full.

"Well, of all things!" cried Mrs. Herrick, struggling up. She looked like a doughnut just dipped in powdered sugar. She began brushing and shaking off the snow, while Mr. Herrick righted the pung and replaced the blankets. "Mary Abby, you poor child! This is a pretty way for your old neighbors to treat you." She left off ridding herself of the snow to brush the girl.

Mary Abby laughed.

"I haven't had such a spill as that since Uncle Zachary and I went off the dugway," she said. "We had a basket of eggs. You wouldn't think anything as soft as snow could break eggs, would you, Mrs. Herrick?"

"I don't know," sighed Mrs. Herrick. "I feel as if I had come near being smashed myself, but that is because I am big and heavy."

They got into the pung, snow and all, and proceeded on their way. Half an hour later they drew up before the little station and Mary Abby got out with her suitcase.

"Good-by, dear," said Mrs. Herrick. "Keep up good heart. And let me know how you are getting along."

"I will," promised Mary Abby. She turned rather abruptly and entered the station.

"No, 7 is thirty minutes late," she heard Mr. Simpson, the station agent, say to somebody who was asking. "No. 3 is on time. Due now."

Mary Abby's train was No. 7. Thirty minutes' wait! She drew a long breath. She was anxious to get the wrench over with.

There were a few people getting tickets for No. 3, so she decided to wait for her ticket and go out on the platform and watch the train pull in. There was much excitement for her in the event.

As she stood eyeing the express and the people who were coming down the steps, she caught sight of a familiar face. With a gasp she started forward and so came face to face with the quiet looking girl in dark brown.

"Elsie!" she cried.

"Oh, Mary Abby!" Elsie Stewart's glance shot over the younger girl taking in a lot of detail. "Did you not get my special delivery?" she demanded.

"I sent you one."

"No! I left home before the rural postman came. "Mary Abby was bewildered. "I am just starting for Richfield! And here you are! I don't understand—"

"That is why I sent you the special delivery letter," Elsie Stewart replied. "It only happened yesterday morning—early. A fire in the store, one whole floor burnt out—the department where I was—of course there was nothing more for me to do, so I started for home. It will probably be three weeks before they get things in shape."

"Oh!" said Mary Abby, with deep relief.

"I thought I would catch you before you got upon No. 7," Elsie said. "This train is a few minutes earlier. I could not come yesterday because I was too tired after what happened. You see, we salespeople tried our best to save some of our goods, actually ran risks to do so—I am sorry, dear, but there is nothing for us to do but to walk back up the mountain. First, however, I think we will step into this lunch wagon and have a bite. I—I am getting rather hungry."

In the warm lunch wagon they drew close together over the hot coffee and sandwiches.

"I wonder what Uncle Zachary and Aunt Electa will say to see me coming stalking back?" Mary Abby said merrily.

"I know what they will think. But they will be too happy for words. Sometimes, Mary Abby, I almost wish I had stayed in the mountains. It is terribly confining to be shut up in a hot store all day after having all out doors to roam in. The city girls stand it better than we country girls who have been used to open air. And then you get so lonesome and homesick for your own folks. As for success—maybe it is waiting out there," Elsie made a slight gesture. "But there are better things to be had right at home, only we do not think so till we have tried the other places."

"I think you are tired, Elsie," said Mary Abby, gently.

Elsie smiled.

"I am. But I shall get rested nicely in three weeks with my own folks. And you and I will have some fun like we used to Mary Abby, running round in the snow, and like that."

Together they started back up the mountain, each carrying her own suitcase. It was quite different from coming down. Mary Abby thought. She was so happy that she could have run all the way. She was eager to open the dear old door and say to the surprised, loving faces: "Here I am! I am back already!"

As for going away again, Mary Abby was quite sure she had had enough of it. She had learned enough from her day's experience to teach her that. No! She was first and last a mountain girl, and any success that came to her, she must seek there.

She laughed as she made her way home.

"I am going right back home to the mountain to find what I am looking for," she said.

MUCH IN A NAME

The son of a wealthy distiller was, upon his marriage, promoted by his father to the position of managing director, and was handed over one of the father's residences, known as Distillery House. Some months afterward the son, meeting a friend, said:

"We have been thinking of changing the name of the residence; it scarcely sounds well, my wife's letters to be addressed from Distillery House. Could you suggest a suitable name?"

The friend thought for a moment, and then said:

"I think I have hit upon it. What do you say to calling it Alco Hall?"

EFFECTS OF THE MIGRATORY BIRDS TREATY ACT

When the white man first came to the North American continent, one of the attractions, not least among the many which appealed to those early settlers, was the great abundance of bird life, which not only afforded pleasure to both eye and ear, but was also a definite and unfailing source of food. Since then, the hunting and killing of game birds has been continued by succeeding generations, though the most now obtained is no longer one of the principal means of subsistence. Men of to-day hunt more particularly for the sport of hunting and, for the sake of the recreation afforded by an outing in the unspoiled outdoors. Many a tired business and professional man looks eagerly forward each year to his annual excursion to the woods, where with his gun he may spend a week or two of pure joy, away from all the cares and worries of his daily life back in civilization, returning, after his brief sojourn in the wilds, rested and strengthened, with renewed ambition to perform his share in the big world's work.

The early hunters brought back with them large bags of game. Then the bags grew smaller, and gradually it became evident to thinking men that our game birds were in danger of extermination if the decrease in their numbers was to continue. In fact, a number of species, once plentiful, have actually become extinct. These include the Eskimo Curlew, the Labrador Duck, the Passenger Pigeon, and the Great Auk. Others, such as the Whooping Crane and the Trumpeter Swan are in exceedingly grave danger of extinction at an early date.

While probably everyone will admit the great need for preserving our game birds as a natural asset, not everyone perhaps, is fully aware of the value to the farmer and indirectly to all humanity, of the insect-eating birds, because of the immense quantity of injurious insects devoured each year by these birds. Should their numbers become reduced, a marked increase might be observed in the damage to field crops, orchards and forests, caused by insect pests—damage which is estimated to amount to millions of dollars annually in Canada alone.

Many of our Canadian birds, both of the game and the insect-eating varieties, spend the winter months in the Southern United States, or pass through the United States in the course of their migration, and come back again in the spring to propagate. It therefore became evident some years ago, that any measure, taken with a view to the protection of our migratory birds, must be carried out in co-operation with the United States, if it were to be effective. The futility of protecting birds in one part of the country only to have them killed in another section was also recognized by the United States authorities, who, in 1918, enacted their Federal Migratory Bird Law, which gave uniform protection to migratory birds throughout the various States of the Union, with equable open seasons fixed in accordance with local conditions.

There was now uniform protection throughout the United States, and conservationists both of that country and of Canada immediately took steps urging the necessity for an international treaty for the protection of migratory birds. Their efforts were finally crowned with success when, in August 1916, the "Migratory Birds Convention" was signed by the representatives of Great Britain and the United States. This treaty provides for the absolute protection in both Canada and the United States of game birds during the spring months and of insectivorous birds throughout the year. It also provides for an open season of three and a half months, during which the sportsman, wherever he may live, is free to hunt game birds, fully aware of the fact that he is not being discriminated against, but has equal chance at the birds with all other sportsmen in either country. Regulations setting forth the dates for the open seasons for each part of Canada, may be obtained from Mr. J. B. Harkin, Commissioner, Canadian National Parks, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, by whom the Dominion Act, based upon the treaty, is administered.

As most of the provinces have amended their game laws to conform with the Migratory Birds Convention Act, thus making it possible for them to enforce the terms of the treaty within their respective territories, the principal work of the Federal Department, in this connection, is the education of the people to a knowledge of the law and its benefits and the encouragement of a sympathetic attitude towards bird protection. At the same time it has enforced the law in remote sections and in some provinces.

A very important means by which the Act is enforced is through the medium of a large force of Honorary Game Officers—men and women who voluntarily give their services, each in his own locality, for the furtherance of bird protection work, with no thought of financial remuneration, but simply because they are in sympathy with the cause of the birds.—These include men from all walks of life, including business and professional men and farmers and fishermen, and the fact that their numbers are steadily increasing is most encouraging for the future welfare of Canada's bird life.

The prospect for the future is most promising in every way. Already a noticeable increase in game birds is apparent, and it seems practically certain that, due to the wise precautionary measure which has been taken in the passing of the Migratory Birds Treaty, Canadians of the future will be able to enjoy the same delightful hunting expeditions as their fore-fathers and to experience the same thrills of conquest that have been the delight of every hunter from time immemorial, as well as having the health-giving opportunities afforded by such expeditions.

If a wise policy of protection for our migratory birds is continued, it is not improbable that new industries may develop. One possibility is the production of eiderdown, which is now obtainable only from European markets. At present the numbers of eider in many parts of Canada have become sadly reduced, but due to the absolute protection afforded them under the Migratory Birds Treaty Act since the year 1918 and to the practical surety of their future protection as deemed necessary, there seems no reason why these valuable birds should not afford one of the coming industries for the coasts where they breed.

CHURCH FIGURES FOR CANADA

The last bulletin issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics deals with the religions of Canada, as recorded by the sixth (1921) Census. Of the total population, 8,788,483, no less than 8,572,516, or 97.6 per cent. are classified as belonging to some Christian denomination or sect; 173,133, or 1.9 per cent. belong to non-Christian religions, including 16,190 Jews, 40,727 of Oriental religions, and 7,236 pagans. Only one-half of one per cent. of the people of Canada profess themselves to be without religion. The Anglican Church in Canada is increasing more rapidly than any of the other great religious bodies, owing to immigration.

MURINE
Keeps EYES
Clear, Bright and Beautiful
Write Murine Co., Chicago, for Eye Care Book

AND GRANDFATHER SMILED

Grandfather smiled when his daughter told him that a committee from her club, the Hillsbell Women's Club, would appear before the school board at its next meeting and present a petition asking that boys be taught to make useful articles for the home in their manual training courses.

"Fancy woodworking is all well enough," she conceded, "but we think the boys may as well be acquiring knowledge that they can put to practical use."

Grandfather smiled again. "When I was a boy," he said, "we didn't have to take school courses in chores; our mothers looked after that side of our education. We did all the small jobs round the house. I know I saved father a good many carpenter's bills.

"I used to mend the chairs that got broken. I made window and door screens. I knocked lots of tables and porch chairs together. As for window boxes for flowers, I made dozens for mother and for the neighbors, who had no boys in the family. When mother got through with me father always wanted a job done—a fence, a henhouse, a cold frame or a pig trough. And my sisters, Mary and Eliza, were always calling on me for packing-box dressing tables or barrel chairs. But I never got any credit for that work; the girls would drape the table and stuff the chairs, and when they showed 'em to the other girls they always said, 'I want you should see the chair or table I've just made!'"

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed his daughter, wide-eyed, "that you did all those things without training?"

"No, I had plenty of training; but I didn't get it at school. I began at home with wash benches and worked up by main force and awkwardness to something better. When I was a boy it was a pretty lazy fellow who could not do about as much as I did. And we didn't have to go to school and take a course of instruction to learn how to set up stoves or take down stovepipes."

"But I want Dick to take the manual training course, father; all the best boys are taking it. It is really the thing nowadays."

Grandfather smiled at his daughter's earnestness. "Better send the boys to their grandfathers!" he recommended dryly.

WONDERFUL INDEED

"I don't want to appear in any way boastful," said a proud mother recently to her brother Joe, "but, really, for a child of sixteen months, I consider Algernon a marvel of intelligence. He understands every word that is said to him, and joins in the conversation with such sagacity that at times it almost alarms me." She turned to the child.

"Now, dearie," she said, "speak to Uncle Joe."

"Listen to that!" cried the delighted mother. "He means how do you do. Isn't it wonderful? Now, duckie, ask uncle to play for you."

"Boo, boo," said the infant again.

"He means music by that," said his mother. "Isn't he too smart for anything? Now tell uncle mother's name."

"Boo, boo," said the child for the third time.

"That's right," exclaimed the delighted mother. "Boo, boo—Louise. Little darling; isn't he a wonder?"

TEN COMMANDMMENTS OF DRIVING

1. Drive on the right side of the road; it's just as good as the left.
2. Slow down when approaching a crossroad; it is nearly as dangerous as a railroad crossing.
3. Look out for children. You can never tell what they will do, and you are always in the wrong if you hit one.
4. Try to help instead of hinder the traffic officer; he is there for your good, and he's got a tough job.
5. Be sure that your "dimmers" really dim. It's no joke driving into a blinding glare, as you probably know.
6. Read and obey the warning signs; they are not put up as ornaments.
7. If you feel you've got to speed—do it where it won't kill anybody but yourself.
8. When making minor repairs, stop where your car may be seen from both directions; otherwise you may stop longer than you anticipate.
9. Speeding around corners is a straight route to the hospital. Don't race past a stopped street car. Some day the jury may call it manslaughter.
10. Use discretion. The fact that you had the right of way won't bring anybody back to life, least of all yourself.—Protection.

Notice to Creditors

In the Surrogate Court, of the County of Halton, in the Estate of Margaret Meissaac, Deceased.

The creditors of Margaret McIsaac, late of the Village of Acton, in the County of Halton, Spinster, deceased, who died on the nineteenth day of July, A. D. 1923, at the Village of Acton, in the County of Halton, and all other persons having claims against her estate are required on or before the twenty-third day of September, A. D. 1923, to send by mail, postage prepaid, or otherwise deliver to Harold Nash Farmer, of the said Village of Acton, Barrister at Law, the Solicitor for the administrator of the said deceased, their Christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, full particulars of their claims and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them.

And notice is hereby further given that immediately after the said twenty-third day of September, A. D. 1923, the said administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate among the parties, by law entitled thereto, and he will not be responsible for any claims of which notice shall not have been received as aforesaid at the time of such distribution.

Dated at Acton this 23rd day of August, A. D. 1923.

PETER McISAAC,
Administrator.

H. N. Farmer, Solicitor for the said Administrator. 2-3

Notice to Creditors

In the Surrogate Court, of the County of Halton, in the Estate of Henry Thomas Walker, Deceased.

The creditors of Henry Thomas Walker, late of the Village of Acton, in the County of Halton, Tanner, deceased, who died on the eleventh day of August, A. D. 1923, at the City of Guelph, in the County of Wellington, and all other persons having claims against his estate are required on or before the twenty-third day of September, A. D. 1923, to send by mail, postage prepaid, or otherwise deliver to Harold Nash Farmer, of the said Village of Acton, Barrister at Law, Solicitor for the Executrices of the last will and testament of the said deceased, their Christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, full particulars of their claims, and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them.

And notice is hereby further given that immediately after the said twenty-third day of September, A. D. 1923, the said executrices will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate among the parties, by law entitled thereto, and they will not be responsible for any claims of which notice shall not have been received as aforesaid at the time of such distribution.

Dated at Acton this 23rd day of August, A. D. 1923.

CLARA ANNIE WALKER,
AMY BEATRICE GIVEN,
Executrices.

H. N. Farmer, Solicitor for the said Executrices. 2-3

ODD LAWS IN GREAT BRITAIN

Some very odd laws still remain on the statute-books in Great Britain.

Perhaps the most ridiculous Act of Parliament still in existence is that passed in the reign of Edward III, regulating the meals of the people, which forbids more than two courses being served at dinner or supper, except on certain holidays. Needless to say, it is broken with impunity.

Another Act forbids the consumption of meat on Wednesdays, the penalty attached being a fine of one pound or a months' imprisonment.

The Sunday Observance Act of Charles II's time is another old law which may still be invoked. This measure makes it illegal for any person to cry or sell goods on the Sabbath; to use a boat, wherry or barge; or for any tradesman, workman or laborer to do any "worldly business" on the Lord's day.

So recently as 1915, a King's Bench Divisional Court felt themselves obliged under this statute to uphold the conviction and fine of five shillings imposed on a pumpman at a Welsh colliery for buying some sweets at a refreshment house at Ammanford on a Sunday.

All the ancient laws still in force, however, are not equally ridiculous.

When the magistrates order a defendant to be "bound over to keep the peace and to be of good behavior," they act under a law of Edward III.

The writ of Habeas Corpus, one of the bulwarks of the Englishman's liberty, is issued in accordance with the Act passed in the time of Charles II, which was declaratory in some degree of the provisions of Magna Charta.

Another salutary enactment is the Statute of Marlbridge, passed so long ago as 1267, which governs the conduct of landlords who may be seizing the goods of rent strikers.

COMFORTS OF INVALIDS

Improved provision for the comfort of invalids and cripples is one form of current progress that probably owes its impetus to the great war. The old-fashioned wheel chair, laboriously hand-pushed, seems likely at last to become obsolete, as modern propulsive methods are adapted to the new purpose, according to Popular Magazine. In a recently designed outfit the wheel chair takes the form of a sidecar on a light steel frame, which may be attached in a few minutes, by four bolts, to a standard bicycle, of either diamond or drop-frame style. Spring suspension and deep upholstering make the side seat comfortable.

A PLAIN TALK

The world has for us just what we have for it; it is a great whispering gallery which flings back the echoes of our voices. If we laugh, it laughs back; if we curse, it curses back.

There is no joy like that which comes from a useful life; the perpetual effort to do our level best; to try to get ahead without crowding others back, and injuring their opportunities or interfering with their rights; making the most of ourselves not only without making anyone else the poorer, but by helping them as we go.

When a man goes upward he can carry a score of others with him, if he will.

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION
TORONTO
AUG. 25th—SEPT. 8th
The Show Window of Nations
Estimated attendance, 1923, 45th Consecutive year, 1,500,000
Programme without precedent in its variety and extent
Scores of new features and all of the old that have retained public favor
GEORGEOUS CLEOPATRA SPECTACLE
Crowning triumph in the production of super-pageants
1500 Performers
JOHN. G. KENT, Managing Director ROBERT MILLER, President

TAX NOTICE---1923

MUNICIPALITY OF ACTON

The Tax Notices for 1923 are now being sent out. For the convenience of all concerned payments have been arranged to be made in two instalments, at the Bank of Montreal.

FIRST INSTALMENT — SEPTEMBER 20
SECOND INSTALMENT — NOVEMBER 23

Any ratepayer may pay the whole of his taxes on or before September 20, but one-half the amount must be paid on or before that date. Failure to comply with this arrangement entails extra expense and trouble.

An addition of five per cent. will be made to every tax rate or assessment remaining unpaid fourteen days after the said 20th day of September, for the first instalment, and the 23rd day of November for the second instalment; and it will be the duty of the Collector immediately after the said several days appointed for payment, to collect at once, by distress or otherwise, under the provisions of the Statute in that behalf, all such taxes, or instalment of taxes.

PLEASE TAKE YOUR TAX NOTICE WITH YOU TO THE BANK WHEN MAKING PAYMENT.

W. J. REID, Collector

Free Press Job Printing is always Neatly Done

Does Advertising Pay?

Successful business firms say that money expended in careful and judicious advertising through the newspapers, is their best and most profitable investment. During the past few days over four thousand large catalogues from a city departmental store were distributed through the Winchester Post Office, at a cost to the firm of not less than $4,000.

It seems a large sum for one small post office distribution, and yet the same firm have been sending catalogues through this same office, not once, but four times a year counting their smaller spring and fall catalogues.

It seems a large amount of money for one firm to spend in one community, but there can be no doubt that the investment is a paying one. If it was not, the firm would soon discontinue to do business.

A local merchant whose advertising account amounts to two or three hundred dollars in the year thinks himself a generous advertiser, whereas if he spent double or three times the amount, it would prove a better and more profitable investment than the smaller amount.

Much money is spent in advertising and the business man who does not look after his advertising regularly, and place before the public something that will attract their attention, while not exactly wasting his money, is getting a very poor return for it in comparison with the merchant who looks carefully and regularly after his advertising. Yes, it pay to advertise, and it pays to look carefully after your advertisements. And finally, brethren, there is no better known medium for advertising than through the columns of your local newspaper.—Winchester Press.