The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1924

GOING TO CHURCH

Some go to church just for a walk,
Some go to stare, and laugh, and talk,
Some go there to meet a friend,
Some go their idle time to spend.
Some go for general observation,
Some for private speculation.
Some go to seek or find a lover,
Some a courtship to discover.
Some go there to use their eyes,
And newest fashions criticise.
Some to show their own smart dress,
Some their neighbors to annoy.
Some to scan a robe or bonnet,
Some to price the trimming on it.
Some to learn the latest news,
That friends at home they may amuse.
Some to gossip false and true,
Safe hid behind the sheltering pew.
Some go there to please the squire,
Some his daughters to admire.
Some the parson go to fawn,
Some to lounge and some to yawn,
Some to claim the parish doles,
Some for bread and some for coals.
Some because it's thought genteel,
Some to paint their plump zeal,
Some to show how sweet they sing,
Some how loud their voices ring.
Some the preacher to hear,
His style and voice to praise or peer.
Some forgiveness to implore,
Some their sins to varnish o'er,
Some to sit and doze and ponder,
But few kneel and worship God.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, January 14, 1904

The ice-men are getting in their harvest.

The roads are in fairly good condition again.

Snow-shoeing is a popular pastime now with some of the athletic citizens.

The several cars of coal which came in last week have made the fuel situation easier.

A number of the skaters at the rink during the cold weather last week had their toes frozen.

Georgetown had another smashup last week, a rear-end collision. The van took fire and two or three cars were burned.

A hockey match between boarders of the Clark and Dominion Hotels on Friday evening resulted in a victory for the former by a score of six goals to one.

Mrs. Alfred Soper entertained her Sunday School Class and a number of friends to a sleigh drive to Ballinafad last Thursday night. The company was royally entertained at Mr. Kentner's. The roads were so heavy that it was six the next morning before the party reached home again.

A young Bible student was asked: How many are there in your class? He replied:

If you multiplied the number of Jacob's sons by the number of times which the Israelites compassed Jericho and add to the product the number of measures of barley which Boaz gave Ruth, divide this by the number of Haman's sons, subtract the number of each kind of clean beast that went into the ark, multiply by the number of men that went to seek Elijah after he was taken to heaven; subtract from this Joseph's age at the time he stood before Pharaoh, add the number of stones in David's bag when he killed Goliah; subtract the number of furlongs that Bethany was distant from Jerusalem, divide by the number of anchors cast out when Paul was shipwrecked, subtract the number of persons saved in the ark, and the remainder will be the answer.

BORN

DRYDEN—In Guelph, on Monday, January 11, 1904, to Dr. and Mrs. Dryden, a son.

BUYING BY MAIL

How would you like to journey to the nearest city for a pound of sugar, or a yard of muslin, or a spool of thread? And how would you like to make the trip when you need a prescription filled in a hurry, with death running you a race?

You would make some noise if forced to such an extremity—and then more noise.

You would say—and justly so—that a town in which you cannot buy a pound of sugar, or a yard of muslin, or a spool of thread, or even get a prescription filled, is a mighty poor excuse for a town and not worth living in.

Yet our merchants can only afford to keep these things for your convenience as long as you buy other things from them.

It is not doing the town any good to buy the little things here and then chase off to a city or send to a catalogue house when you want something on which the merchant has a chance to make a dollar.

Neither is it doing you any good, for the prosperity of each citizen is dependent to a large extent upon the prosperity of the community as a whole.

We are not telling you something you do not know.

We are simply refreshing your memory in hopes the time may come when our people will conclude that a town that is worth living in is worth trading in.

That's all.

CANADA'S NATIONAL WEALTH

The national wealth of Canada is estimated by the Government Bureau of Statistics at $22,482,841,182—which works out at around $2,500 per head of population.

The estimate has been reached under the "inventory" method. This consists in totalling the amounts known to have been invested in agriculture, manufacture, dwellings, etc. Farm values are the largest item in the total, these—which include, buildings, machinery, live stock, etc.—account for $6,592,351,789. The next largest item is urban real property, totalling $5,844,000,000.

The estimate is based on returns for 1921 (the latest year for which the statistics are available). It is pointed out that in that year, money values of commodities reached their peak.

ONCE CALLED "YELLOW BOYS"

The name "Yellow Boys" was one a favorite one for the British sovereign. Yet it is curious to think that this name for a sovereign went utterly out of fashion long before the war and the disappearance of the sovereign, though it seems to have been fairly universal for the sovereign or the guinea of a century ago, and later. Witness the pathetic poem of Macaulay on the fate of a man who accepted a post in the West Indies, hoping to retrieve his fortune, but only ruined his daughters' complexions:

Mr. Walker was sent to Berbice
By the greatest of statesmen and earls,
He went to bring back yellow boys
But only brought back yellow girls.

ENGLAND TO ESTABLISH "BACHELOR OF AGRICULTURE" DEGREE

With the present academic year England is inaugurating a title new in scholastic circles, that of "bachelor of agriculture." The new line of study leading to this degree will cover a five-year period. The first two years will be spent at Bristol University, where students will follow the general lines of botany, chemistry, and other scientific subjects. The second two years are to be spent at the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester and during the fifth year students will be employed in actual farming.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

FOR SUNDAY, JANUARY 13

THE BEGINNINGS OF HEBREW HISTORY—Gen. 47: 1-6; Exod. 1: 14.

Golden Text—

God is my King of old,
Working salvation in the midst of the earth. —Psa. 74: 12.

The Text Explained.

Gen. 47: 1—The land of Goshen—A pastoral district in the Delta about forty miles northeast of Cairo. "The district was long afterward known as 'the land of Rameses' from the care spent upon it by the second king of that name, who often resided there, and founded several cities in the neighborhood."—Hasting, Dictionary of the Bible.

Verse 3.—Thy servants are shepherds—"He prepares his brethren for an introduction to Pharaoh, in the expostulation that by laying stress on their herdsmen's calling they may have the desirable frontier district of Goshen assigned to them."—Skinner.

Verse 4—Able men among them—Pharaoh offers to make any specially capable members of the family supervisors over his cattle, "an office frequently mentioned in the monuments as one of high dignity." Cattle breeding was carried to great perfection by the Egyptians.

Exod.—1: 10—And fight against us—Rebel against the ruling dynasty and usurp the power for themselves. As the Israelites were rapidly increasing in numbers, the jealous, cruel king found it easy to attribute to them such motives.

Verse 11.—Made their lives bitter—"The Egyptians contrived a variety of ways to afflict the Israelites; for they enjoined them to cut a great number of channels for the river, and to build walls for their cities and ramparts . . . they set them to build pyramids and were them out and forced them to learn all sorts of mechanic arts, and to accustom themselves to hard labor."—Josephus.

Lesson Themes

Welcomed—Feared—When the Israelites entered Egypt they were welcomed and settled in the fair land of Goshen. They increased in numbers as did other alien populations and Pharaoh became afraid. It has been estimated that at the time of the Exodus at least one third of the population of Egypt was of alien blood. The Pharaohs failed in Egyptianization and by oppressive measures hastened the calamity they sought to avert. America's millions of aliens raise similar problems of industrial oppression versus Americanization.

Preparations of the Oppression—Strange as it may sound, the oppression prepared the Israelites not only for their deliverance, but also for their subsequent history. The oppression gave them training in the industrial arts and even in the finer arts. The wilderness journey showed them to have expert artificers and craftsmen. The training was of high value in the later settlement of Canaan. The oppression gave them for the first time a racial consciousness and sense of race solidarity which has held through the centuries to this day. The twelve tribes who entered Egypt were independent, clannish, but the tyranny of the Pharaohs drove them together. It may be added that the well-organized travelling camp in their journey through the wilderness gave them a military training greatly needed in their later invasion of Canaan, with its walled cities and military defenses. Most important of all, their years in Egypt gave the true Israelites a training in religion which was their deepest and strongest bond. Moses was forever insistent that the great movement of the Exodus had the sanction—indeed, was commanded by Jehovah. It was in Jehovah's name that all his commands and military orders were issued. Joshua, his successor, pursued the same method and lasted even his war dispatches in Jehovah's name. It may be said that the Exodus was an ancient labor revolt, a literal "walk out" in which a race of slaves marched to freedom, as they believed, at the command and under the specific direction of their God.

For Study and Discussion

How long were the Israelites in Egypt? Were there other aliens in the land? Why did Pharaoh fail in his problem of Egyptianization? How did he oppress the Israelites? Compare Moses and John Brown. How did the oppressions in Egypt prepare the Israelites for their subsequent history? What light does this lesson throw upon modern economic problems?

Daily Readings for Next Week

Monday, January 14—Exod. 3: 1-12.
Tuesday, January 15—Exod. 2: 1-10.
Wednesday, January 16—Exod. 2: 11-25.
Thursday, January 17—Exod. 1-9.
Friday, January 18.—Exod. 11: 1-10.
Saturday, January 19—Exod. 13: 1-11.
Sunday, January 20—Psalm 136.

DESCENDING SCALE

An amusing example of tale etiquette is typical of the elaborate but artificial rules of politeness that French society observed in the early nineteenth century.

Talerand, the famous diplomatist, was one of the most conspicuous figures in social affairs as well as affairs of state. He attempted constantly to restore to society some of the magnificence and elegance that it had known before the Revolution. Talleyrand is said to have invented an elaborate code of table etiquette.

Even a simple offer to serve a guest with a morsel of beef had to be carefully phrased according to the rank of the guest.

In addressing a prince the host said: "My prince, may I have the honor of serving you with some beef?"

To a marquis, "Marquis, grant me the honor of offering you some beef?"

In the case of a count, the question, "Count, may I have the pleasure of passing you some beef?" was sufficient.

To a baron he merely said, "Baron, do you care for some beef?"

But if the guest happened to be a simple citizen, it was only necessary to look the guest squarely in the eye and remark sharply:

"Beef?"

DIDN'T TROUBLE HIM

In a private ward of a hospital there was recently a testy old millionaire whose case gave his physicians considerable difficulty at first.

"Well, asked the crusty patient one morning, "how do you find me this morning?"

"You're getting on fine," responded the doctor, rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction. "Your legs are still swollen, but that doesn't trouble me."

"Of course it doesn't!" howled the old man. "And let me tell you this: If your legs were swollen it wouldn't trouble me, either!"

MORE COURTESY NEEDED

The old question of hospitality and courtesy should enter into the present day life more than they do, we think. It used to be against good taste to become a man's guest and then criticise his hospitality once received. It is such a pity that this has gone out of fashion.

EASY STREET

"Daddy, where is Easy Street you talk so much about? I've looked at all the lamp posts we've passed, and I can't find the sign anywhere."

"Easy Street is along the waterfront of Daydreams, son," Robert Derrick twinkled down from his superior knowledge and six feet two to the tadpole youngster clinging to his hand. "Where the big wharves are to dock at," he grinned, "when our ship comes in."

"Yes," accepted Bobby perfectly satisfied. For the moment, that is, that a small boy is ever satisfied with the answer to one question before asking another.

"And—and daddy," he began again, "will you take me to walk on Easy Street some time?"

"Sure, Mike. When our ship comes in I'll take you to walk on Easy Street every day."

"And we'll have all the ice cream and peanuts and pink popcorn balls to eat that we want," beamed Bobbie. "And you can buy a new purse and won't have to use the one the elephant stepped on any more."

It was the following morning that Jean Derrick discovered her small son standing before a window, his gaze riveted upon the harbor. "What are you looking at, sweetheart?" she smiled.

"I'm watching for our ship to come in, mother."

She gave one of her dear brimming over laughs that he loved, then a tiny flutter of a sigh. "I've watched so long, Bobbie, I'm beginning to be afraid she's gone on the rocks."

"Like the ship in the storm in my big picture book with the red cover?" he asked eagerly. "The picture where the lightning jumps out at you from the ugly black cloud and a simply tre-men-geous wave stands up on its hind legs and busts water all over the deck?"

Mother nodded. "Yes, a lot of ships that people watch for never come in because they can't weather some storm they meet at sea."

So both father and mother talked playfully in earnest to their small son until suddenly, like a light blown out by the wind and leaving utter darkness, all playfulness went out of their lives.

For one day Robert Derrick came home from the office, white-faced and shaken, a ruined man. Brokenly he faltered out his confession to Jean.

Like many another in the business world who had more ambition than ability to make money, his getting-rich-quick impatience had led him to speculate; first, with his own meagre funds, and then with the firm's.

"Mother, what is it?" asked distressed Bobbie, coming into the room after his father had left it and finding his mother sobbing her heart out. Jean could not answer. She could only gather him in her arms and hold him close.

"Has there been another bad storm at sea, mother?" he soberly questioned. "Are you crying because the ship you've been watching for has gone on the rocks?"

At which she sobbed the more. "Never mind, mother," he comforted, patting her tear-wet cheek, "When I get to be a big man I'll build you another ship."

Between them they managed somehow to make good the shortage. Derrick cashed in his life insurance. Jean added the small, precious inheritance she had received from her Aunt Jane's estate. And they mortgaged the little house with windows that looked out upon the harbor where ships came in.

The firm was persuaded not to prosecute. But Robert Derrick never held up his head again. In a year's time the shame over his disgrace—and one failure after another in new business ventures—killed him as surely as some fatal disease eating at a man's vitals.

So instead of walking hand in hand with his father on Easy Street, Bobbie Derrick's boyhood was spent with his widowed mother in that Hardship Row where live people who have seen better days and who, untrained, unfitted to earn a living, eke out a precarious existence taking in sewing and doing other unskilled poorly paid chores.

Many a time the boy in whose appearance his parents used to take such pride had only patched and threadbare clothes to wear; shabby, run-down-at-the-heels shoes. Many a time he suffered bitterly from the cold, many a time went hungry to bed.

But in the school of poverty in which he grew up Bob Derrick learned lessons that he would not have learned had he grown up in the love-sheltered, protected, spoilt-only-child life of the past.

Instead of self-indulgence he learned endurance. From lack of money he learned its value—and habits of thrift. At the urge of necessity he early acquired a sturdiness, a manliness, a resourcefulness of character.

And then he had his mother to awake that chivalry deep-hidden in the heart of every boy's nature; to stimulate, to inspire. For there was that intimate love between them that comes not from giving parental largess, but from sharing the bitter with the sweet of life.

So, as he shot up in his teens, as he stood at the head of his classes at school, sold papers, ran errands, clerked part time after school hours in an ascending scale of pay, got his vacation jobs, the young stripling was keeping that promise that the little boy Bobby had made; he was building another ship for his mother.

And one day when the fogs had rolled away and the harbor was flooded with sparkling sunshine—the triumphant day, in fact, when on graduating from business college young Robert Derrick was offered a fine position of $150 a month and the promise of quick promotion—the new ship came into port.

"Now I can take care of you, mother," he exulted, beaming down from his tall height at the little woman hugged close; "you're not to do any more sewing for the store or make any more cakes for the woman's exchange—only for yours truly. And you are to be free from all worries and have every comfort that money can buy."

So, with his mother's tremulous hand resting upon his strong arm, Bobbie Derrick walked at last on Easy Street—Easy Street that runs along the waterfront of Daydreams, where dock our ships when they come in—missed by so many who try to find a short cut leading down to it, when the only sure and safe approach is the old rough-hewn way of patient, honest, uphill toil.

PEOPLE'S GREED

People are real greedy. Just as we read about the poultry saving the country along comes some fellow who wishes to make the hens lay two eggs a day. The next thing will be to insist on grease enough to fry them in.

Speedy Relief

IS GIVEN TO COUGHS, COLDS AND BRONCHITIS WHEN TREATED WITH THAT WONDERFULLY EFFECTIVE HOUSEHOLD REMEDY

ROBERT'S OF THE EXTRACT OF COD LIVER AND TAR SYRUP

THE VALUE OF ACCURACY

If a number of people were asked to name the one quality that helps most to ensure, or at least to promote, success in life, no doubt a variety of answers would be given. Probably no one would be in a position to say that there is any one quality that is the one of supreme importance, but all would agree that there are certain requirements that are essential to the highest success. One of these is accuracy.

There are too many of the oh-that-is good-enough kind of people in the world—people who think that if they do a thing "about right," or get a computation approximately correct that is sufficient. Such a habit of mind should be regarded seriously, for, if persisted in, it will absolutey prevent the attainment of the highest success in any vocation in life. In banking and other financial institutions absolute accuracy is demanded and bank clerks will spend hours and even days, in trying to locate a discrepancy of only a few cents. Two years ago the British Government's financial report, totalling over a billion dollars, showed an error of one penny in the balance sheet. During the year several of the ablest accountants and actuarial experts in England spent weeks in trying to find out where the mistake was, but in vain, and last year's statement again calls attention to this slight error. So absolute is the accuracy required.

Corns cannot exist when Holloway's Corn Remover is applied to them, because it goes to the root and kills the growth.

CROP PAYS FOR FARM

With low priced farm lands and heavy yields of grain in Alberta this year, some farmers in the province have been able to accomplish wonders in the way of financing their farms. For example, William Bross, of Consort, purchased a farm in the fall of 1921, which they prepared for crop last year and seeded to wheat this year. They report that the crop they have taken off this fall has paid the expenses and the purchase price of the land in addition.

Of the 83,000,000 acres of land suitable for cultivation in Alberta, only about 9,000,000 acres have as yet been brought under the plow. Good land can be purchased from $15 to $25 an acre. The Province of Alberta has had, this year, one of the largest crops in its history.

PIGS HAVE JOY RIDE

For the first time in the history of the United States—and probably the world—the aeroplane was used in transporting live stock from the territory tributary to the Omaha market. The consignment consisted of five shoats, weighing 150 pounds each, consigned by Peter Parker, Jr., from Dodge county, Nebraska. Pilot Atkinson made the trip with his five passengers from Hooper, Nebraska, to Fort Crook in forty minutes. The balance of the trip was made by truck. The hogs were sold on the Omaha market to a feeder.

Miller's Worm Powders attack worms in the stomach and intestines at once, and no worm can come in contact with them and live. They also correct the unhealthy conditions in the digestive organs that invite and encourage worms, setting up reactions that are most beneficial to the growth of the child. They have attested their power in hundreds of cases and at all times are thoroughly trustworthy.

"THAT'S FINE!"

It has been said of a prominent editor who died recently, that the words spoken oftenest to the circle of workers he had gathered around him were, "That's fine!" Undoubtedly he had to do his share of criticism, to explain, correct and point the way, but with it all, he oftenest fell back upon the encouraging phrase, "That's fine!"

If your conversation was taken down in shorthand for a month without your being aware of the fact, what phrase do you think would appear oftenest? Would it be some sharp criticism, some ill-natured fling? Or would it be some such soul-warming bit of encouragement as that quoted, "That's fine!"

Some people pride themselves on praising rather rarely. They think it shows superiority to be very hard to please. But the world is helped along wonderfully by those who see the good in sincere effort, even though it falls short of the highest success, and are ready to recognize it, by an encouraging, "That's fine!"

Time has Tested It.—Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil has been on the market upwards of fifty years and in that time it has proved a blessing to thousands. It is in high favor throughout Canada, and its excellence has carried its fame beyond the seas. If it were double the price it would be a cheap liniment.

Notice to Creditors

In the Estate of Mary Ritchie, Deceased

The creditors of Mary Ritchie, late of the Village of Acton, in the County of Halton, married woman, who died on or about the eighth day of October, A. D. 1923, and all persons having claims against her estate, are required on or before the fourth day of February, A. D. 1924, to send by post prepaid, or otherwise deliver to the undersigned solicitor for the administrator of the estate of the said Mary Ritchie, their full names, addresses and descriptions, full particulars of their claims and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them.

On and after the said fourth day of February the said administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate among the parties entitled thereto; and he hereby gives notice that he will not be responsible thereafter for any claim or claims of which he has not received notice at the time fixed for said distribution.

Dated this third day of January, A. D. 1924.

GEORGE HIRAM RITCHIE,
Administrator.

H. N. Farmer, Acton, Ontario, his Solicitor.

Notice to Creditors

OF MABEL W. COOK

The creditors of Mabel Winnifred Cook, deceased, of the City of Erie, in the State of Pennsylvania, Nurse, who died on or about the eighteenth day of October A. D. 1923, and all persons having claims against her estate are required on or before the twenty-first day of January, A. D. 1924, to send by post prepaid or otherwise deliver to the undersigned solicitor for the administrator of the estate of the said deceased, their Christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, full particulars of their claims and the nature of the security, if any, held by them for the same.

And that on and after the said twenty-first day of January the said administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate as provided by law among the parties legally entitled thereto; and he hereby gives notice that he will not be responsible thereafter for any claim of which he shall not have received notice at the time fixed for such distribution.

Dated this twentieth day of December, A. D. 1923.

THOMAS BARTLETT MULLIN,
Administrator

By H. N. Farmer, Acton, Ont., his solicitor. 23-3

SAWING WOOD

The buck-saw, like the grain cradle, is practically an institution of the past. A necessary evil once, it should now be regarded as an antiquated invention for driving boys off the farm, and relegated to the museum for curiosities.

The one-man cross-cut is a little better, while the two-man cross-cut is a distinct step in the evolution of sociability. It has its place in the bush, of course, and even the other instruments of torture aforementioned find occasional employment, just as the old grain cradle is resurrected now and then for some special purpose.

As a regular means of working up the winter wood pile, however, these are only to be advocated for one who absolutely has not and cannot get the cash to hire a buzz-saw outfit. Modern life is too busy and full of interest to spend unnecessarily in back-testing mechanical routine which machinery enables us to dispense with. Most of us can find enough manual-labor jobs after we have substituted as much gasoline for muscle as we have wit to use.

We have heard arguments that buzz-sawing is more expensive than buck-sawing. But these calculations are generally based on old-time conditions. As it works out in these times, most of us find that gasoline beats elbow grease by a substantial margin. There is this, too, that buzz-sawing is a more or less sociable job which goes with a vim and men quite properly prefer it to the tedium of hand-sawing.

Again, it will be noticed that the farmer who buzzes his supply gets the job over with and goes on to something else, while the buck-saw adherent is hardly over out of a job. The wood pile stares him in the face until he hates to get past it.

What a comfort there is in looking at a big heap of sawed fire-wood in the yard when a cold snap comes on and the snow piles deep around the buildings.—W. D. Albright, Superintendent, Dominion Experimental Sub-Station, Beaverlodge, Alta.

For Rheumatic Pains—The pains and aches of Sciatica and Rheumatism should be treated with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. The soothing and healing properties of this famous remedy have been demonstrated for fifty years. Use it also for inflammatory pains, cuts, scratches, bruises and sprains, either in human beings of the lower animals.

IMPRESSION AND EXPRESSION

A man gazed out across the sunkissed ocean until the beauty of it filled his soul with light and warmth. He took up his violin and gave his "Sunset" to the world in music as wondrous as was the glory that his eyes beheld.

A woman looked out across the hills and saw the glory of the sun shining behind the mountains. Its warm radiance filled her heart, and with the radiance came the urge to fill other hearts with the beauty of the sun. She caught up her pen and in her poem the sun glinted and gleamed, and filled with glory the common tasks of every day for dwellers in the lowlands.

An artist saw the sun. Its glowing colors reflected in water, and woods and sky, held him as he gazed. The craving of his soul was not satisfied until his brush could express to all the World the glories his eyes beheld in the setting sun.

A little child saw the sunset, "See this tiny little sunbeam that's stealing in between the trees," said the child. As she went about her play she sang her little song, "Jesus wants me for a Sunbeam." In and out she went among the people she met, giving back the glory of the sun in little deeds of kindness and of love.

Melody of the ocean, poem of the mountains, picture of the woods, deed of the plains—in some way we must express our impressions.—Missionary Review.

No child should be allowed to suffer an hour from worms when prompt relief can be got in a simple but strong remedy—Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

PROTECT THE LAWN IN WINTER

During the winter the area which in summer is a lush green carpet in front of the house is often abused. Frequently it is not only neglected, but maltreated. Occupants of the house during seasons of cold weather are prone to remind themselves that "a straight line is the shortest distance between two points" and often they economize in distance travelled at the expense of the lawn.

A well-beaten path made across the lawn in winter will probably work permanent damage. The grass may be killed and the soil so compacted that grass seed sown thereon the next season will not thrive. Such a path will generally be obvious for a number of years. A "cow path" is distinctly an unattractive feature on a lawn. The lawn sign of summer, "Keep off the Paths that are Making" may well be heeded throughout the year.

Another sin against a lawn is to flood it for the purpose of making a skating rink. A body of ice over the lawn in winter is almost certain to completely kill the grass. The grass will not tolerate for a long time a covering which precludes movement of air.

Young lawns should have a covering of snow. A wind-swept lawn, blown free of snow in winter, is likely to lose much of its young clover. Brush spread about tends to deflect the wind and holds the snow.

TAKING LIBERTIES WITH FACTS

Do not allow your desire to be entertaining to get the butter of your desire to be honest. A great many young people allow themselves to take liberties with facts, in order to make themselves entertaining. It may seem to some of you a little thing to tell an experience of another person's as if it were your own, or to color some occurrence, by adding little touches that are purely imaginative. But this sort of thing engenders a contempt of the truth. Keep it up long enough, and you will find yourself unable to distinguish between truth and falsehood. The person who sticks to the facts exactly as they happen, may be less entertaining than another who is all the time touching up his experiences with the bright tints of fancy, but it is the former whose word carries weight.

HISTORY IN SLOGANS

Here, for example, is a quarter of a century of history in a few words:

"Cross of Gold."
"Full Dinner Pail."
"Cuba Libre."
"Remember the Maine."
"My Policies."
"The Big Stick."
"Watchful Waiting."
"Over the Top."
"Make the World Safe for Democracy."
"Back to Normalcy."—New York Times.

Drives Asthma Before It—The smoke or vapor from Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy gives asthma no chance to linger. It eradicates the cause. Our experience with the relief-giving remedy shows how actual and positive is the success it gives. It is the result of long study and experiment and was not submitted to the public until its makers knew it would do its work well

THE COMFORTER

Mr. Thwaitistle was an optimist and a sportsman—a combination that made him a friend to bookmakers both directly and indirectly. His friends, whom he infected with his enthusiasm, followed his tips blindly, with more often than not disastrous results.

"See what you've done," wailed one of his friends after a race. "And you told me I could put my shirt on that horse."

"And did you?"

"Yes—worse luck."

"Well, then," replied the optimistic sportsman, "see the money you'll save on laundry bills!"

Free Railroad Fare
To Nearest Branch

A JOB FOR YOU—$20 TO $35 PER WEEK

We want fifty men. We will train you for Auto Tractor, Garage Mechanics. Hundreds of jobs vacant. Qualify now. Write quick. This is a special offer, good only for fifteen days. Mention ad. Hemphill Bros., Auto & Gas Tractor School, 153 King St., W., Toronto.

DRECO
The Wonder Kidney Liver & Stomach Tonic as Nationally Advertised
Sold by
A. T. BROWN, ACTON, and by a good druggist everywhere

Seasonable Hardware Items

CARPENTERS' TOOLS

By doing all your repairs in the winter months you are saving time and money when the spring rush begins. We have just the right tools you need to repair your buildings and machinery.

FLASHLIGHTS

A pocket Flashlight makes it easy for you to find your way in the dark. They are useful outside, and in the attic, and in the cellar.

W. D. Talbot
Main Street - Phone 76 - Acton, Ontario

Quality Counts

That's the only reason we can account for the demand for Excelsior Brand Flour, and we will always maintain that quality. There are all kinds of pastry flours on the market to-day but just ask any housewife with good baking what brand she uses and you will usually find it is Excelsior Brand.

EXCELSIOR BRAND FLOUR IS THE CHOICE OF ALL GOOD COOKS

D. H. LINDSAY
MILL STREET - ACTON, ONTARIO

ACTON CREAMERY
PAYS HIGHEST MARKET PRICE FOR
CHURNING CREAM

FRESH MILK DAILY—8 CENTS PER QUART
At the Creamery—Sundays from 8 to 9 a. m.
No Cream Received After 12 o'clock Noon on Saturdays

Acton Creamery Co.
T. J. O'NEIL, PROP.
"Quality" Our Motto - Phone 53

Children Cry for
Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER! Fletcher's Castoria is a harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of
Constipation - Wind Colic
Flatulency - To Sweeten Stomach
Diarrhea - Regulate Bowels
Aids in the assimilation of Food, promoting Cheerfulness, Rest, and Natural Sleep without Opiates
To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher
Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Free Press Job Printing is always Neatly Done

Railway Time Tables AT ACTON

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Going West

No. 29	8.13 a.m.
No. 31	10.35 a.m.
No. 33	2.20 p.m.
No. 35	6.09 p.m.
No. 39	8.30 p.m.
No. 25 Hunday	10.20 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	8.12 p.m.
No. 24 Hunday	7.08 p.m.

TORONTO SUBURBAN ELECTRIC RAILWAY

Westbound

No. 53	8.40 a.m.
No. 55	11.40 a.m.
No. 57	2.40 p.m.
No. 61	5.40 p.m.
No. 65	8.00 p.m.
No. 69	11.40 p.m.

Eastbound

No. 54	7.42 a.m.
No. 56	10.42 a.m.
No. 58	1.42 p.m.
No. 62	4.42 p.m.
No. 66	7.42 p.m.
No. 70	10.42 p.m.

SUNDAY TIMETABLE

Westbound

No. 55	11.40 a.m.
No. 59	3.40 p.m.
No. 63	6.40 p.m.
No. 67	9.40 p.m.

Eastbound

No. 56	10.42 a.m.
No. 60	2.42 p.m.
No. 64	5.42 p.m.
No. 68	8.42 p.m.

Freight delivered by special express freight. Freight picked up at an address in Toronto.

E. T. THETFORD, Agent, Acton

See Savage and See better
Write or Phone for Appointment for When You Wish to Come
A. D. SAVAGE
Optometrist & Mfg. Optician
Savage Optical Building
"Right at the Post Office"
GUELPH

T. E. Gibbons
EXPERT SHOE REPAIRING
PROMPT ATTENTION TO ORDERS LEFT
T. E. Gibbons
MAIN STREET - ACTON

Earn Money at Home
Earn upwards of $25 weekly, growing mushrooms for us, all winter. Pleasant work, for either sex. Part of frost-proof cellar or outbuilding necessary. Illustrated booklet and particulars for stamp. Address plainly. Canada Mushroom Co. Dept. 4, 260 Garden Ave., Toronto.

Acton Elevator
NEAR G. T. R. STATION
Following Brands on Hand:
FLOUR—MANITOBA
FLOUR—PASTRY
ROLLED OATS
OAT CHOP
OATS
OILCAKE
HAY AND GRAIN
Grain Bought and Retailed
ALEX. L. NOBLE
HENRY AWREY, Manager

This Store's Policy
To represent goods exactly as to their quality; to sell to those who know and to those who don't know at a uniform fair price; to fulfill all guarantees and cheerfully correct all mistakes; to deserve your confidence, by always giving you satisfaction.
Savage & Co.
Jewellers
GUELPH — ONTARIO