The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1924

NO CHANCE

A man stood up and faced the world,
With angry lips and scornful glance:
"A failure, yes! A broken wreck,
But stop; I never had a chance,
My youth was pinched with want and woe;
I longed for pow'r; I lied. I stole.
I never had one decent chance,
How dare you judge my soul?"
An old grey widow standing there,
Of gentle face and humble ways,
Looked slowly up and on the man;
Fixed all the question of her gaze,
"No chance—of what?" she asked in tones
As steadfast as her patient eyes.
The broken man burst out: "What chance?
Dimean, a chance to rise!"
Then spoke that dame with strong reproach;
"There came, my friend, such chance each day,
The chance to help the weak, the chance
To cheer the lonesome on their way,
By chances such as these alone,
We rise, we climb, we reach our goals,
And as we use them, we ourselves
Pass judgment on our souls."

—M. O. W. Erskine.

"WANTED, EXPERT FINISHERS"

"Here's a suggestion worth considering—one profession, or trade, that is not overcrowded," said Ted, recently graduated from college, turning with a smile to his sister.

"What is it? I thought everything was overdone these days," responded Rhoda.

"'Wanted, Expert Finishers'—somebody's advertising for them."

"Finishers? Finishers of what? I've heard the term before, but I haven't the remotest idea whether it refers to furniture or something in the tailoring line."

"I'm not certain myself," said Ted, "but it's suggestive just the same—plenty of expert starters there are, but very few finishers, expert or otherwise."

"Oh!" The prolonged monosyllable expressed dawning of her brother's meaning, and also annoyance. Ted was so apt to moralize and to make her feel vaguely in the wrong.

"Anything personal intended?" she asked after a moment, with a rather forced smile.

"I didn't say so, did I?" Ted responded with an amused lifting of his brows.

But Rhoda sat dreamily "thinking it over," after Ted had left the room. "Did it apply to me? Am I apt to begin things courageously, even expertly, and then fail to 'carry on' 'Expert finishers?' The phrase is oddly suggestive."

Only a few moments later Rhoda's mother joined her in the window.

"I see you have finished Lottie's little rompers," as she looked out at the little pink-clad form going blithely down the gravel walk.

"No, mother, I didn't quite finish them," Rhoda answered. "But I promised to have them done for her to wear over to Lily's this afternoon. Lily has some just like them, you know, and they're both so wild over those little cross-stitch rabbits. I couldn't bear to disappoint Lottie—I began them so long ago, you know—but they really weren't ready for her to put on. I didn't have all the buttonholes worked, so the poor child had to use safety pins. She didn't seem to mind the pins—and I was careful to put them in so they would not show."

"But she might better have worn her old rompers—safety-pins are unlidy!"

"Well, she didn't mind," Rhoda repeated, but a thoughtful look had come into her face.

"Rhoda, what are we going to do about that sewing class at the settlement house?" Meta Raymond ran up to the porch that afternoon to ask abruptly. "Mrs. Brundage called me up yesterday—and, well, she was perfectly courteous about it, of course, but she made me so uncomfortable. I could tell by her tone that she doesn't like the way we're doing—or rather the way we're not doing. It seems some of the children are losing interest and dropping out—because they can never be sure who will be there to teach them you know. Mrs. Brundage said that twice they have had to put in anybody they could get at a pinch—because our girls didn't go."

"But the idea!" Rhoda flushed at the criticism. "What can she expect in all this heat, and some of our girls out of town, too!"

"Yes, of course, but at the same time," Meta hesitated, "at the same time, Rhoda, we did undertake it—we weren't forced into it—we began so enthusiastically—I can see how Mrs. Brundage feels."

Suddenly Rhoda flushed. "Dear me, Meta, last Tuesday was my day, wasn't it, mine and Mary's. I completely forgot it. But did Mary forget, too?"

"She must have," Meta said briefly. "Anyway she wasn't there, and the week before that was my day—with Patty. I had a chance to go motoring that day with Aunt Lou, so I sent word to Mrs. Brundage—I took it for granted she would be able to pick up somebody in my place. But I'm afraid whoever went didn't know much about the work—from something Mrs. Brundage said."

"Too bad!" said Rhoda briefly.

"I've come to the conclusion lately," Meta said soberly, "that it's a whole lot easier to begin things than to finish them! Mother has been pointing out that to me—and Mrs. Brundage sort of hinted at it, too. It's so easy to start in with a flourish and then get discouraged and leave things unfinished."

"Expert finishers!" Suddenly that advertisement in the morning paper and Ted's comments upon it, rushed into Rhoda's mind. She said the words aloud—laughing at the puzzled look on her friend's face.

"I dON'T know why it wouldn't be a good name for our class to take—to try to live up to," she said, dimpling. "We call ourselves the Willing Workers—now if we'd just add to that 'Expert finishers'! It's strange, Meta—but all this just fits in with something Ted was saying this morning while he was reading an advertisement."—Bertha Gerneaux Woods.

JUST OVERTOOK HIM

Private Banks had been the most bashful and retiring little man in the army. When women visited the camp he had always fled for shelter and stayed there until after they had left. So it came as a surprise when one of his former companions came across him in civilian garb and was introduced to a large, husky girl as Mrs. Banks.

When he was able to get Banks aside, he asked him how he had met his wife.

"Well," returned the little man meekly, "it was this way. I never did exactly meet her. She just kinder overtook me."

A WONDERFUL PIECE OF SURGERY

Philadelphia, Jan. 21.—After he had undergone an operation without the use of an anaesthetic, announcement was made at the University Hospital that Cletus Moore, eight-months-old baby, who was rushed from St. Louis to Philadelphia for removal of a tack in his lung, by means of a bronchoscope, would recover, and would be able to return to his home within the course of a few days.

Back Home

The road must turn at last,
The road that leads back home;
Safe through the storms that break,
Lash of the swirling foam;
Where the green couch is fixed,
The gray World Mother waits
To welcome each in turn
Back through the ancient gates.

The road must turn at last,
Where friendly maples bend
Over the dreamless sleep
Out at the journey's end;
Over the dreamless sleep,
Deep where the shadows fall,
And from the star-lit night
Only the lost winds call.

Here is the man all loved,
Yet the great heart is still,
Where the worn hands are crossed,
Under the silent hill;
Where the far crowds are bowed,
And the rain-mist is gray,
Here is the man all loved—
What is there more to say?

Greater than men might know,
When in the bitter fight,
He looked through fame's red flare
On to the greater light;
The light of "Peace on Earth,"
But dimly understood,
Where the scarred world might know
Faith in its brotherhood.

Calling her son back home,
Where the last dreams abide,
Now the World Mother waits,
With her great arms held wide;
Arms that were built to hold
Children of plain and town,
Each one to find in turn
Rest when the sun goes down.

When the dark night is on
Each one can hear her say:
"See—the green couch is fixed,
Where the winds kneel to pray;
Here is the rest you're earned
Under the rose-crowned sod;
Safe in my guarding arms,
Here is the peace of God."

GETTING BACK HOME

I think there must be in the breast of every normal-minded man or woman an inherent desire, sooner of later, to "get back home." The road must turn at last, the road that leads back home.

I was struck quite forcibly with this the other day. When the editor called to see how I was getting along with my latest attack of rheumatism, he had, among other reading matter he brought me, a New Year's card from his friend, Mitchell Cobban, of Winnipeg, an Acton boy of long ago. By the way, Mitchell's father, James Cobban, was a warm friend of mine, and our friendship continued until the day we laid him away in Fairview Cemetery, a score of years or so ago.

What impressed me about Mitch's New Year's card was this couplet, which it bore:

"Some day I'll wander back again,
To where the old home stands."

There, you see, is the same enduring sentiment which I spoke about above.

And when Mitchell wanders back home again some bright day he will find that "The Old Man" will have just as cordial a welcome for him as any of his younger cronies—and it will be very largely for his father's sake.

As I hinted before, I think there is in all of us, whether we talk about it, or display it to others or not, a strong undercurrent of sentiment. If it were otherwise we would not be very normal in our makeup, for the literal meaning of sentiment is briefly, feelings or emotions of the higher sort, such as are awakened by ideas and ideals of moral worth, or as the poet Gray beautifully puts it:

"Brightened-eyed sentiment hov'ring o'er
Scatters from his pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

The little verse on Mitchell Cobban's New Year's card brings back a picture—pictures, all different in detail, yet every one alike—the picture of some well-remembered spot, with an old-fashioned house, where we know every corner, and hidden nook, with its familiar furniture, and surroundings; and, enriching and hallowing the whole, the memory of the old folks there; a picture that has a spot in our hearts no other can own, because it is the picture of our old home. The heart-strings that vibrate to the thought of home find a responsive note in the little couplet of Mitch's New Year message.

"VILLAGE BANDS IN DANGER"

Say, what do you think of this? Is the radio going to become a menace to our Citizens' Band? If so, then I say, keep out—if I am an old-fashioned fogy. I found this, under the heading above given in our Globe the other morning:

"Some villages which skate by radio music, from some far-away city, are putting themselves on the back for their progress, but they should not forget the crushing of a village industry, namely the local band. It is all well enough to boast in Western Ontario of the benefits of an orchestra in Pittsburg or Chicago, but what is to become of the home tooters who have kept the rink alive these many years? If it were a manufacturing concern, the local C. M. A. would have convened long ago and sent a long telegram to Ottawa. As it is, the town bandsmen, being unorganized, and not connected with the Musicians' Protective Association, are left to take their medicine, the victims of progress, like many another group since the age of machinery began.

Luckily, the bandsmen are not dependent on the subsidy from the rink to keep them alive. They earn their living in the stores and factories, and, except on practice night, are just like other people. On Thursday nights they go down to their rooms, and then for two hours their efforts fill the air for blocks around. When they start a new piece it is not very perfect, and listeners with trained ears find it convenient to move to another part of the town, but this is soon overcome, and at least the younger element look forward to the next concert or appearance at the rink with some enthusiasm. The Town Council passes a small grant for their funds, the local members subscribe, one or two wealthy men chip in, and later a concert is given to raise money for music. They become, in fact, a very real part of town life, and their name appears in large letters on the bills for the summer garden parties. Many a politician has sought and gained popularity by claiming the 'no once played in the local band, or if he could "double in brass" so much the better, for it added mystery to accomplishment to his record.

In the smaller places the band appeared at the rink one night a week as a rule, say, Friday night, and the entire younger set came out, boy and girls coupled off. On other nights the boys "shinnied" or "hockeys" around with the freedom of the occasion. The rink band may have been only four or five men usually, but on the night of a hockey game the band suddenly grew in strength, with manfold members playing away as the watched the game without cost."

Well, what about it? I'll say this: The radio may be all very well for a little entertainment in the home, of an evening, for those fortunate folks who have lots of time, and nothing else to do—who are prepared to wait for the "static" to clear, and breaks to connect, and numbers to come on. But as for real band music the radio is no satisfactory substitute for the real, genuine living music, such as Acton Band discourses, and has been playing for the last fifty years or more. No sir-ee; no radio set will ever take the place of our band for real good skating. I know, for I've been in the band, and I've skated in the rink—though I'd make a mess of either exploit now. And I believe the present management of the rink, for they are real live, up-to-date fellows, will vote for the band instead of the radio for rink music every time.

The Old Man

BEATEN BY AN ELEPHANT

The list of men who have encountered lions at desperately close quarters, who have been actually mauled by them and have yet survived, is long. Far fewer in the annals of African exploration and hunting are those who have come into direct personal contact with an angry elephant in his native wilds, and have lived to tell the tale. One of them is Capt. W. T. Shorthose, who has recently related his terrible experience in his book, Hunt and Adventure in Africa. He had shot and wounded a bull elephant after following it for six hours, and the creature had thundered away into the bush. Renewing the pursuit, he soon caught an undefined glimpse of a gray bulk some eighty yards distant and fired again.

"The enraged beast," he writes, "dashed off a few yards and, catching our wind, uttered a shrill scream of anger, and came tearing down his track straight at me. My two trackers speedily got out of the way. I pulled for the frontal shot when the elephant was about fifty yards away, but the safety catch was off. Hastily putting it on, I fired as soon as I possibly could. He was on me in a second, and, dashing into the thick grass on my right, I fired at his head.

"Neither shot seemed to affect him, and he nimbly swerved and caught me a blow with his trunk. Never had I seen anything move as that elephant; the speed was terrific. My fate was irrevocably sealed, I thought, but had little time to consider anything as I was 'smudged' from place to place, squashed and beaten, expecting every moment that my head would become a pancake, or that I should have a tusk thrust through my heart. Being physically strong, I kept my muscles as taut as possible and waited. I was suddenly hurled into the air and, luckily landing on my feet, was able to start creeping away.

"Scarcely had I moved when the infuriated beast leaped upon me with a snort, and the 'smudging' process began again until I saw millions of stars and seemed to be thrust into the bowels of the earth.

"Suddenly I became aware that the elephant was no longer mauling me and started crawling into the long grass at the beast's left. I seemed to remember him tearing at something on the ground."

It was the hunter's rifle, which the elephant broke in two pieces at the stock while its battered and half-fainting owner managed to stagger away, listening fearfully for another charge. He reached a tree, and on a second trial managed to climb to the first fork and from that refuge to shout for help.

His native companions—better late than never—came rushing. He slid from his precarious perch and fell in a helpless heap as they reached him. He was suffering agony and supposed that half the bones in his body were broken. The natives improvised a hammock from his water-proof coat and carried him back to camp. There they sent out word of his condition, and two days later white friends reached him on motor cycles, and not long afterwards a doctor.

Six days later, although he was still weak, shaken—and frightfully bruised, he had the reassuring knowledge that all his organs were intact and that nothing was broken except his collar bone.

The elephant, though it wounds were probably mortal, escaped.

SEED IDEAS

Big ideas do not arrive ready-made. Many people are under the impression that an inventor, when he starts out, sees his machine with all its parts perfected. Instead, he generally starts with the idea of what he wishes to accomplish, adds to it, builds up around it, and sets his machine together bit by bit. The writer, too, generally gets the inspiration for his book in what might be called a seed-idea. Sowed in the soil of his sub-consciousness, watered by reflection, it becomes in time a thing of strength and beauty.

Do not despise your idea because it is little—most seeds are. Give it a chance to grow. A squirrel can tuck into its mouth several potential oak trees. The idea that has vitality in it, even if it is tiny and undeveloped in the beginning may accomplish great things in the end.

HEALTH HABITS

1.—Eat only plain, wholesome food—some fruit, some roughage, each day.
2.—Eat at regular times, avoid munching between meals.
3.—Let fried foods alone.
4.—Drink plenty of water at all times.
5.—Use your tooth brush at least twice daily.
6.—Avoid close, poorly ventilated rooms.
7.—Insist on fresh air for work, sleep and play.
8.—Get out of doors every day.
9.—Take regular exercise.
10.—Be clean in mind and body.

COULDN'T INFLUENCE THE KITTEN

The four-year-old descendant of a line of Baptist ministers was found on tiptoe struggling to immerse her kitten in the rain-water barrel. The kitten was equally frantic in her efforts to avoid immersion, and at last by dint of kicking, clawing and wriggling, managed to free herself from her small mistress. As the tip of the little tail disappeared over the wall, the disappointed missionary ejaculated:

"You won't be a Baptist! Then go and be a Presbyterian!"

A WORD THAT PAID

Among the passengers that got on a Western train recently was a well-dressed, fine-looking man.

He found a seat just in front of me beside a black-haired, restless young fellow of nineteen or twenty.

Soon they were inconversation, or rather the young man was. He was a frank, boyish fellow full of life and eager to talk about himself. The older man listened with interest. So did I. But I did not do it on purpose. I just had to hear what the young fellow said, he spoke so distinctly.

He was a railroad fireman, so he told his seat mate, and had been at work five months. He explained proudly how well he knew the road, how much he knew about engines, and how versed he was in the rules.

"I make good money," of course, he was bound to add that naively. "My check last month was a hundred and seventeen. But it all goes," he was proud of that; "I haven't saved a cent in five months."

The man listened, and then he said in a tone that implied that he understood, and was not sitting in judgment:

"Yes, money does go quite easily, so easily one scarcely knows how or where after it is gone.

"Still, it is a good plan for a fellow to make himself save some of it, even if only a little. I have found, when my money was going too fast, it helped me to buy a piece of property, something of permanent value. Paying for it gave me more real pleasure than scattering my funds idly, and then I had something to allow for it.

"A man on a salary, who buys a lot or a house or a few acres of land near town, something of known and steady value, finds that the monthly payments he has to lay aside will not be greatly missed; and first thing he knows, he will be the owner of a good piece of property.

"And it is a good thing for a young fellow in another way," he continued. "It gives him a feeling that he owns something, and has something to look after and be interested in. A permanent piece of property is a great steadier for any of us."

Two stations farther the man got off. Directly the young fireman slipped back to the seat beside me. He did not know that I had overheard.

"You know," he said, after a brief conversation, "what I am going to do? I have a nice little piece of land right at the edge of town which my father gave me; and I am going to build a house on it, and pay for it by the month. I can save fifty dollars every month out of my wages, and then I can rent the house, and at that rate it won't take me very long to pay for it. In two or three years I'll have a nice little home all paid for."

And as I caught a glimpse of what that change of purpose would mean to this young man and others throughout years to come, I was thankful for that stranger, who had spoken in kindly thoughtfulness the things he knew to be best rather than in flippant and careless agreement with the boy's careless mood.—The Christian Endeavor World.

AN INGENIOUS MIND

There are just as many young people of ingenious minds in our world to-day as there ever were. There really ought to be more than in the years past, for opportunities for discovery are greater to-day than ever before.

Why then should not our boys and girls apply themselves to the solving of the many problems which everywhere face them? Somebody must find remedies for disease and social wrongs, why shouldn't we do it? It is easy to be a repeater and to keep doing what others have done before us. Emerson reminds us of this:

"Easy to match what others do,
Perform the feat as well as they;
Hard to outdo the brave, the true,
And find a loftier way."

This, however, is no reason why we shouldn't attempt to solve some of the world's big problems. It is a mistake to underestimate our ability. There is no reason whatever, why the youth of to-day should not produce men of the type of Newton, Edison, and Alexander Graham Bell. Genius is just the same thing now as it was centuries ago, and we haven't by any means reached the limit of accomplishment on any line. The call of to-day is a call for initiative. Men are needed who can suggest remedies for life's evils. Any one can find fault with existing conditions, but only a few can suggest the cure. Every lad as he grows up should busy himself in trying to work out the problem of how he is going to bless the world by the contribution he is able to make. James Russell Lowell sounds the true slogan:

"New occasions teach new duties;
times make ancient truth uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward,
who would keep abreast of truth.
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires!
We ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly
through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the future's portal with
the past's blood-rusted key."

HELPING EDUCATE A NATION

The National University of Mexico is asking the co-operation of all the educated people of the country in a campaign to reduce the number of illiterates within its borders. It makes the suggestion that all citizens able to do so give a part of their leisure time each day to serving as voluntary school teachers without pay. The university offers to supply blackboards, reading charts, and all the other material necessary for an improvised school and also agrees to give every volunteer teacher a special diploma after he has presented for examination one hundred pupils whom he has taught to read and write. This diploma is not merely a mark of honor; the holder will be given preference if he is seeking a position with the government, and if he is employed in any capacity by the national railroads the possession of a diploma will be a help towards promotion.

FRIENDS WHO BELIEVE IN YOU

Stick to the people who inspire you with self-confidence. That does not mean the flatterers, of course, for flattery, while it may be responsible for vanity and conceit, does not give birth to anything strong and wholesome. But there are people who, while they do not flatter you, believe in you and make you believe in yourself. There is something in their attitude which is a challenge to you to develop powers hitherto neglected, to attempt feats that up to this time have seemed beyond you, to be worthy of a confidence whose inspiration you feel, even if it is not put into words. If you have friends who have this effect upon you, stick to them.

PICTURES ON MEMORY'S WALL

It was a thrilling story that McGregor had to tell.

"I had abandoned all hope," he said. "As I sank for the third time my past life seemed to rise before me in a series of grim, realistic pictures."

A murmur of sympathy rolled from the lips of listening friends; but just as McGregor was preparing to resume, McTavish interrupted him sharply and hopefully.

"And did you happen to notice," he asked, "a picture of me landing you a fiver in the autumn of 1910?"

Neighborhood News--Town and Country

ERIN

A Horticultural Society is in process of organization for this community.

Mr. W. E. Bush made his annual vacation with London friends last week.

Miss Elsie Scott entertained a number of her girl friends to a social evening at her home on Friday evening of last week, in honor of her sister, Mrs. Keith, of Toronto, and Miss Eleanor Wood, of Guelph.

A number of friends of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Neville surprised them on Thursday evening of last week, when they assembled at their home for a social evening.

The masquerade carnival, held at the King George rink, on Thursday evening of last week, was a splendid success. A large crowd of spectators, as well as skaters, assembled and the costumes were attractive.

Mrs. Nicholson, of Caledon, is staying with her brother, Mr. Wm. Pearson, while Mrs. H. Theobald, who has been with her father for some time, has gone to Hamilton, where she and Mr. Theobald will reside.

The Y. P. C. I. have been holding very successful meeting in Burns' Church on Tuesday evening of each week. The membership roll is now reaching near the hundred mark. The programmes have been splendid and very pleasant evenings have been spent.

The 17th anniversary of the Christian Church, Hillsburg, will be held on February 17, with services at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. On Monday evening a supper will be given in the basement of the church from 5 to 8 o'clock, followed by a programme in the church.—Advocate.

MILTON

The Board of Managers of Knox Presbyterian Church offer for sale the Manse property.

At the organization meeting of the Public School Board, Mr. W. E. McCready was elected chairman for the year.

E. W. and Mrs. Preston, of Carlisle, Pa., are visiting friends in Milton and Hornby.

L. B. Tansley, of Shelburne, has bought the business of James Turner, butcher, and will take possession tomorrow.

Milton's annual bonspiel will come off on Monday, February 11. Invitations have been sent out to other clubs and a number of crack rinks will be here.

The officers of St. Clair Chapter, No. 75, O. E. C., were installed at the regular convocation last Thursday evening by Ex. Comp. M. H. Sproat, assisted by Vy Ex. Comp. S. H. Rews and Ex. Comps. J. M. Mackenzie and G. W. McKenzie.

Matilda Rixon, widow of the late John E. Bell, died at her home at Guelph on January 19, in her 88th year, after a long illness. Mrs. Bell was a daughter of the late James Rixon, Sr., and was born at the homestead, Trafalgar, about a mile out of Milton.

The skating party, held at the arena Tuesday night under the auspices of the I. O. D. E., was a most gratifying success in every way, and was the event of the season. No finer exhibition of fancy skating and dancing on the ice has ever been witnessed here.

David Hutcheon, County Treasurer, was not at Tuesday's meeting of the County Council. He is confined to his bed by illness. It is hoped that he will be out again within a week or so. In the meantime, Mr. Irving, last year's Warden, will be in charge of his office.

A grand concert will be given in the Princess Theatre on Thursday, February 14, under the auspices of the Halton Agricultural Society. Capt. Larry O'Brien, with the Shamrock and Thistle Revue Co., will provide the programme.—Champion.

GEORGETOWN

The Citizens' Band will play at the carnival in the arena to-morrow night.

Mrs. Lawson and Major Grant were at Guelph attending the funeral of Mrs. Hugh Walker.

The Arena Co. have given final notice that any boys playing tag on the ice will be expelled from the arena for the season.

About thirty members of the Methodist League had a sleigh ride last Friday evening. On their return they enjoyed games and a luncheon in the church.

Mrs. E. C. White passed away at Toronto last week. She was the widow of E. C. White, who manufactured the first envelopes made in Canada in Georgetown over sixty years ago.

Mrs. Matilda Milburn, who passed away in her 89th year at Toronto, last Friday, was a sister of the late Mr. Frank Taylor, and aunt of Mrs. J. W. Beasey, Georgetown.

The Sunday School classes of Dr. and Mrs. F. H. Watson were entertained to a sleigh ride on Tuesday evening. A luncheon at Mr and Mrs. John Millar's, 7th line, was a feature.

Mr. T. J. Cameron, agent of the Canadian National Railway at Georgetown for the past 13 years, has been appointed General Freight Agent at Guelph, and will shortly remove to the Royal City. Since coming to town "Jack" has always taken an active interest in town affairs generally. He has been an obliging and courteous official of the railway and made many friends during his stay here. Both he and Mrs. Cameron and daughters will be missed by a large circle of friends here.

Georgetown's splendid Soldiers' Memorial will be a work of art, a lasting monument to our hero dead and a credit to the citizens of our town. A representative of Mappin & Webb, of Montreal, who have the contract for the memorial, met the Mayor, Reeve and other members of the Council on Tuesday morning and made all arrangements for the completion of the work. The large bronze group for the top of the monument is being made in England at the present time. It is expected that all will be completed and ready for unveiling on the King's birthday, June 3.—Herald.

OUR LOYAL FRIEND, WORK

When you take up your work again after an illness, you discover that it is not mere drudgery, just a necessary preliminary to getting something to eat, or at least, to having a reasonable amount of spending money. One who is convalescent knows few keener joys than getting back to work. The doing of familiar tasks, once dispatched wearily or impatiently, comes to be a satisfaction beyond words.

Illness frequently brings together alienated friends. The causes of estrangement seem unspeakably trivial, up against a background of suffering and danger. And an attack of illness does us a service when it brings about a reconciliation between ourselves, and that under-rated but loyal friend, our work.

FINE BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

Garage, repair and 9 cavity vulcanizing plant. Ready for business. Little opposition, live town near Toronto, 4,500 population. $480.00 will buy this complete business. Vulcanizing plant cost $700.00. Low price for quick sale. Selling owing to family sickness. Reply to this office.

AXIOMS FOR 1924

Business neglected is often lost.

Above all, that I be not a coward.

The bull dog wins because he hangs on.

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.

High interest generally means low security.

Let yourself and not your words speak for you.

There is nothing in the world worth doing; wrong for.

A man's true wealth is the good he does in the world.

When speed sacrifices safety, 'twere better to go slow.

To be of use in the world is the only way to be happy.

Impossibilities are merely the half hearted efforts of quitters.

Happiness is neither a vested right nor a self-sustaining state.

A customer offended is harder to be won than a strong city.

The biggest room in the world is the room for improvement.

Being everlastingly on the job beats carrying a rabbit's foot for luck.

If you see good in everybody nearly everybody will see good in you.

No one is useless in the world who lightens the burden of it for anyone else.

The man who says he never makes a mistake probably doesn't know one when he sees it.

They that forsake the law praise the wicked. But such as keep the law contend with them.

ECLIPSE FOR THE MOON

A young couple were occupying the porch swing later than usual one moon-light night. From a near-by window her mother inquired: "Mary, what are you doing up so late?"

"Looking at the beautiful moon, mother."

"Well, its twelve o'clock. You had better send the moon home."—Everybody's Magazine.

SURPRISE
A PURE HARD SOAP
SURPRISE SOAP

For Every Use About the House

For washing floors and linoleum—washing woodwork and windows—for the many uses about the house—SURPRISE wears well—washes well in any water and is *soft* on the hands.

Why Ford Predominates

The Empire Builders

From time immemorial, Britons have gone forth and pioneered the remote corners of the earth.

In the face of seemingly insuperable difficulties they have built up a world-wide trade—trade that grew and flourished in spite of the limitations of those primitive burden-bearers, the native carriers, the mule train and the camel caravan.

Ford carries the burdens of Empire trade on the hill-trails of India, on the African veldt, on the sheep-stations of Australia and New Zealand, on the plantations of Ceylon and Burma, on the rubber estates of Malaya and on the jungle-paths of Borneo.

Universal usage under all these conditions has stamped the Ford as dependable transportation.

Made in Canada for the Empire

The Ford car is completely made in Canada with the exception of parts to the value of $15.02.

See Any Authorized Ford Dealer

Ford of Canada is represented by Sales and Service Dealers in the following cities and territories.

S. W. African Protectorate
Zanzibar
Bermuda
Union of South Africa
Kenya Colony
Uganda
Tanganyika
Gold Coast
Nigeria
Sierra Leone
Gambia
India
Ceylon
Burma
Straits Settlements
Federated Malay States
British Borneo
British Somaliland
Mauritius and Reunion
Newfoundland
Fiji
New Caledonia
British New Guinea
Australia
New Zealand
Aden
Nyasaland
Iraq
Jamaica
Dutch Borneo

Ford

CARS · TRUCKS · TRACTORS

CF-2C

Telling the Story

When the merchant tells the story of his goods in his newspaper advs., he automatically reduces the amount of time required to wait on a customer. The more completely the story of the goods and what they will do for the customer is told, the shorter will be the time required to sell them. In most cases this saving alone will pay for the ad., while the additional business it brings in will be so much velvet.

Newspaper advertising is being everywhere advocated by the largest advertisers on the continent as the best method of developing business. It takes some of them a long time, but gradually they all find out that the paper that's read by the whole family round the table—is—the medium through which to reach the people by those who have something to sell. And the little town paper is the one that is most closely scanned in the home.