The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1924

A USEFUL PAPA

Can your papa make everything
The way my pa can do?
Does he know how to drive in nails?
And does he keep the glue
Right in a corner of his desk
Just to mend things for you?

When doll's carriage lost a wheel
He fixed it in a minute,
And made it list as good as new.
I put my babies in it
And took them out to ride that day—
He said he had to pin it!

And when my dolly's hammock came,
He screwed those little hooks
Right in the wall to hang it on—
Just see how sweet it looks!
I have my clothes-line there sometimes,
He mends my picture-books.

And all the little plates I break—
That's when he uses glue.
And oh, he makes me wooden spoons
To stir mud pies with, too.
Can your papa do all the things
That my papa can do?
—Kate Whiting Patch.

A LESSON TEACHER AND PUPIL

Julia L. Dumont was a Western writer of eminence back in the forties, and she was also a schoolmistress who, says one who studied under her, "deserves immortality." Mr. George Cary Eggleston, who was one of her pupils, says in his life of his brother Edward that her peculiar gift in dealing with any boy or girl lay in seeing what appeal would, in that particular case, prove strongest. When Eggleston came under her care, one teacher after another had attempted to teach him to write, and had abandoned the effort in disgust.

Finally, one writing-master who had been teaching old and young to make hair lines for up strokes and heavy ones for down strokes, and to decorate the paper with elaborate flourishes, called the boy "dunce" and "booby," and dismissed him from his school.

Mrs. Dumont must have heard all this, and when the boy, in his mortification, asked to be excused from writing, she merely said:

"Why, has Mr. Wilson taught you to write so well that you can learn no more?"

"No, Mrs. Dumont," said the humiliated lad. "I can never learn to write."

"Who says that?" she asked, quietly.

"Mr. Wilson and—every teacher I ever had."

"Let me look at your hand, George." He held it out. She studied it closely, and bent the fingers one after another. Then she said, "I hear you are the best marble-player in town. Is that so?"

His pockets were bulging with marbles, and he owned to an exceptional degree of skill in the game.

"Yet Mr. Wilson called you 'booby'! Now, George, I'll tell you what you and I are going to do. I am going to teach you to write a clear, legible and sensible hand, and two weeks from to-day you are going to write a letter to Mr. Wilson. I will dictate it, and you shall sign it, and he will learn whether a boy who can play marbles cannot be taught to write."

The battle was won. The boy resolved to make any effort for the teacher who had believed in him. She advised him to have nothing to do with up strokes and down strokes and flourishes. Absolute legibility, she said, was the first requisite in all handwriting. If one could write rapidly and easily, so much the better.

To the boy's astonishment, he could actually read the lines he had written for his first lesson. At the end of the two weeks he was master of a plain and legible hand, very much like that of Mrs. Dumont. Then, at her dictation, he joyously wrote this letter to his former teacher:

"Dear Sir: I am writing this letter at the dictation of my teacher, Mrs. Dumont. Mrs. Dumont thinks you should be pleased to see that, after two weeks of instruction, I have learned to write a sensible and legible hand, and that I am not quite so hopeless a booby as you thought me."

INTERESTING PEOPLE

What is it that makes people interesting? That is rather an important question to answer because most of us are ambitious in that direction. Whatever else we lack, we like to think we can inspire interest in those we meet.

Sometimes it seems as if novelty were an important factor. We are interested in people that impress us as different. And yet this is not really the case, for if it were, eccentric people would be more interesting than anyone else in the world. On the contrary we are very likely to get very tired of their eccentricities, to find them the opposite of interesting. The people who startle us into attention by being different cannot keep the advantage they have gained. As soon as we are accustomed to them, we realize that their attractions have departed.

No one has ever come nearer the explanation of the mystery than the man who said that the most interesting person in the world is the one who is the most interested. Our little hobbies are a bond of union between ourselves and those who have the same. Every stamp collector finds every other stamp collector interesting; every musician is interested in every other musician. But so few people, comparatively speaking, that this interest is not likely to prove an "open sesame" to very large groups.

The person who is interesting must be interested in more than things, must be interested in people. That is the real secret. There are few of us who fail to respond to the realization that somebody is interested in us personally. And whatever attractions such a person has, we are sure to find them out.

Part of the explanation of this universal interest is to be thoroughly alive. At the death of a very popular young woman some years ago, one of her friends wrote, "There was something more than all this—an extra dose of life which caused a kind of electricity to flash about her wherever she went." That "extra dose of life" is something that appeals to us all. To be thoroughly alive is to touch human nature at all points.

It is right that we should be ambitious to be interesting. It is our business to interest instead of boring and wearying. But in order to achieve this desired end, we must avoid too much introspection, and look for what is of interest in the world about us and in the people we meet.

HOW HE TOOK IT

An exchange tells a story of a Scotch minister whose physician ordered him to drink beef tea. The next day, when the doctor called, the patient complained that the new drink made him sick.

"Why, sir," said the doctor, "that can't be. I'll try it myself."

As he spoke he poured some of the tea into a skillet and set it on the fire. Then, having warmed it, he tasted it, smacked his lips, and said:

"Excellent, excellent."

"Man," said the minister, "is that the way ye sup it?"

"Of course. What other way should it be suppit? It's excellent."

"It may be gude that way, doctor; but try it wi' the cream and sugar, man. Try it that way and see hoo."

"I did," he said, "but I won't do it ye like it."

The Golden Wedding

Fifty years married, Polly and I;
It was but yesterday, I ween,
Since I had just turned twenty-one,
And Polly was only seventeen.

Two years later, and we were wed,
Polly and I, one summer day,
And the birds all sang in the orchard trees,
And the farmers sang as they made their hay.

And the village folk made feast for us,
Polly and me—and the damsels spread
Roses and garlands along the way,
And the blue sky was smiling overhead.

Many a rosy path we've trod,
Polly and I, since that blissful day,
And many a thorn our feet have pressed,
And treasures dear we have laid away.

And our heads are silvered, as you may see,
But our hands clasp firmer as years go by,
And we breathe our happy vows again,
And the old love looks out from eye to eye.

You call us old, and you wish us joy,
And bring loving tokens, both great and small,
But Polly and I to each other yield
The dearest gift, which is more than all.

Love without blemish, and faith that's tried,
By the crucial fires of sorrow and loss;
And the joy and mercy of eventide
Requite the pain of the noonday cross.

And again the sun and the smiling sky
Are as fair as on that summer day
When the birds all sang in the orchard trees,
And the farmers sang as they made their hay.

—Samuel Hoyt.

THE EARLY DAYS

My venerable friend, Major Grant, of Georgetown, who settled here with his parents away back in the fifties, and spent his boyhood and early manhood days here, is contributing a series of intensely interesting articles of the early days in the columns of The Herald. In last issue of the Herald, which I borrowed from a friend, I find he gives the following story, which he attributes to Squire Asa Hall, who settled in Acton nearly a hundred years ago:

He says: "I remember very well the late Squire Asa Hall, of Acton, telling of how in the early days they had to go down to "The Street"—Dundas Street in Trafalgar—to vote. The poll was kept open for six days, but if no vote was polled for half an hour they closed up, so they kept the voters back so as not to have to close. He said they would be away several days from home waiting their turn, and if they were on the side of the "Rebels" a lot of the fellows on the opposite side would hustle them about and try to get them to go home. On one occasion he said things were going very slow and they had to wait, so went back to the tavern where they were staying, and, as was quite common in the early days, they put in the time wrestling, jumping, pitching horse shoes, knocking off caps, etc., usually for drinks. Among the lot was a long, lean Yankee up to all the games, and another smart Alex. who would stump anyone for anything; the big fellow says to the crowd, "Treats for all hands that I can throw you across the creek down there." The little fellow was game, and all hands went down to see the fun. They settled on a spot about six feet wide and of course it would be rather deep. However the little fellow lay down, face to the ground, for the throw. The big fellow took hold and gave a great heave, but failed to land him on the other side. The victim got out, none the worse, but very wet; at once he claimed he had won; the other says, "Wait, that was only the first try." The little fellow gave in that he was beat; and sooner than have another try, as they say, "set it up."

"The Squire said it was one of the funniest things he had ever seen, and he did enjoy telling that and other happenings of the early days. It occurred to me that it might give some idea of the conditions in those early days, and what the early settlers had to contend with. I was often sorry I could not remember more of what he used to tell us. During all the years I lived in Acton I found the inmates of Squire Hall's home one of the most hospitable families as well as the most likable in all the countryside."

My old friend, Squire Hall, was a great story-teller. He enjoyed telling of events of the early days, just as much as his younger listeners did in hearing them. He was a Justice of the Peace and occasionally dispensed justice in local cases. Acton community was well supplied with Magistrates in those early days. There were also Squire Alexander Brown, Squire Archibald Campbell, Squire Alexander Grant, all here and ready to act when occasion required. And they all appreciated the dignity of their position and were as proud as any of the Old Country magistrates of the title "Squire"—every last one of them.

But Squire Hall had one advantage over all the rest. When he came here, a young man from Lower Canada, he brought with him a pair of the old-fashioned dental turnkeys. Because of this possession he became the recognized dental surgeon of the community, so far as the extraction of aching molars was concerned. In fact there were few, very few, dentists in the country in those far-back days, and even the lonely dentist, whose shingle hung out on Wyndham Street, Guelph, rarely attempted anything but extraction; filling, crowning, bridging, etc., never then being attempted, and the false sets constructed were fearfully and wonderfully made. Well, when a decayed tooth became unbearable, among the settlers of this community, they hied them to Squire Hall for relief. If he were at the house the patient was seated in a kitchen chair, the Squire's strong left arm encircled the neck of the victim, and with his right hand he adjusted the wicked turnkeys on the aching tooth. A twist of the wrist, and the tooth came out holus bolus, and often an adhering piece of the jaw bone. If the Squire was out in the fields at work when a patient called, Mrs. Hall would hand her or him the turnkeys and give directions as to the field in which her husband might be found. Often a suffering patient was seated on a maple stump or a convenient boulder, and the tooth extracted. I do not remember ever hearing that Squire Hall was unable to extract a tooth upon which he placed the turnkey. Tooth or jaw, or both, must come, and come one or both did. Such were the experiences of pioneer days.

The Old Man

POLISHING THE LARGEST DIAMOND IN THE WORLD

The wonderful skill and ingenuity of the diamond workers, which envolves the utmost delicacy of workmanship, has never better been illustrated than in the polishing of the biggest of diamonds—the famous Cullinan, presented to the late King Edward VII by the owners of the Kimberly mines in South Africa.

It was necessary to clean the stone in three places so as to remove two very bad flaws. This cleaving was accomplished first by making an incision in the stone with a diamond-cutting saw at a point where it was to be cleaved and following the grain—all diamonds have a grain—to a depth of one-half to three-quarters of an inch.

Before this operation was undertaken, crystal models were made and cleaved, to learn, as near as possible just what would happen when the same process was applied to the real stone. When the incision had been made, the cleaver inserted into the slit a specially constructed knife blade of the finest steel; then with a thick steel rod he struck it a hard blow and and cut the stone in two exactly at the point where he wanted to. The work was exceedingly well executed and successful, for the cleaving of a diamond is not always accomplished along the line it is intended, and not infrequently it happens that in the operation it flies into a great number of pieces.

The Cullinan stone, having been successfully split, the next and final operation was the polishing, the most difficult and nicest process. The huge gem was polished on a disk made of cast iron and steel, revolving at the rate of 2,000 revolutions a minute. The diamond was pressed down on this disk, which was liberally supplied with a mixture of diamond dust and oil, by weights of from fifteen to twenty-five pounds, and the disk was constantly turned from seven in the morning to nine in the evening every day for eleven months before the work was completed.

The Cullinan diamond is many times larger than the Excelsior, the next largest in the world. The former in the rough weighed 3,027 carats. The part of the stone on the mill, when finished, weighed between 500 and 600 carats. The actual commercial value of the stone is about $3,500,000 but its unique character makes it practically priceless.

When the stone was found it was a problem of the diamond company to decide how to dispose of it. The mere enormity of the diamond, weighing over one and a half pounds made it unmarketable and unsaleable, and to cut it up into smaller pieces would destroy not only the intrinsic value, but its sentimental value also. The diamond, therefore, remained in the vaults of the company for nearly three years, when it was decided to present it to the King of Great Britain on the anniversary of his sixty-sixth birthday.

TOO LONG ABOUT IT

The Roxbury Gazette is responsible for an amusing story of a falling out between a Boston grocer and a lady. The lady was one of the fussy and long-winded customers — fortunately not very numerous—we try the patience of shopkeepers, and the grocer on this particular occasion was perhaps suffering from an attack of dyspepsia. As every one knows, grocers in general are models of patience and politeness.

"Are those eggs fresh?" the lady asked, in a provokingly suspicious tone.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the grocer.

"You are quite sure?"

"No doubt about it, ma'am."

"Now, if there is any doubt about it, I shouldn't care to buy any."

"You can depend upon it, ma'am, I wouldn't say they were fresh if they wasn't."

"There were three bad ones in those I bought the other day."

"You won't find none of these that way."

The lady took time to consider. Then she began again:

"Now, you say you are positive these eggs are perfectly fresh?"

"That's what I said, ma'am."

"You'll take back the bad ones if I find any, won't you?"

"You must take them just as they come."

"You'll warrant that there are no bad ones among them, won't you?"

"No, ma'am, I won't. I'd 'a' warranted them when you came in, but they've grown old since then. You can't expect eggs to last forever, ma'am, and another thing—"

But the lady waited to hear no more. The door slammed, and the bargain was off.

THE STRAIN ON PARENTS

"What is mohair, mammy?" asked Sally Peterson Jones, looking up from her slow perusal of the newspaper, and keeping her place on the page with a dusky forefinger.

Mammy Jones began to rock faster. "You know w'at hair is, I s'pose, don't you?" she inquired.

"Oh, yes'm," responded Sally promptly.

"Well, den, does you know w'at a mo is?" asked her mother, rocking still faster.

"No,'m," admitted Sally, with great reluctance.

"Well, chile, yo' can't spec' me to take de place ob a natchel hist'ry ob animals fo' you," said her mother, calmly, allowing the rocking-chair to slacken its speed. "W'en you've hunted up de mo in one ob your schoolbooks, an' know jes' what he looks like, come to me, an' I'll 'splain de rest. But chillen mus' tend'take some work on dere own addication, shorely. 'Tain't right fo payrents to do it all."

KEEP YOUR FEARS TO YOURSELF

Nothing is gained by passing your fears on to other people. If you feel anxious and worried and unhappy, keep it to yourself as far as possible. Most of the things you fret about in anticipation will never come to pass, and it is bad enough to make yourself miserable for nothing without dragging your friends into it.

The world needs a great many things but it does not need any more trouble or worry. There are some troubles we cannot keep to ourselves no matter how hard we try, but our fears do not belong to that class. It is hard to make a secret of a toothache and one who has to undergo a surgical operation is bound to bring distress to those who love him, in spite of forcing our friends to share all our anxieties and fears.

IN THE NICK OF TIME

Mary Searle was as she would have said," at the end of her rope." It was May on the Western ranch. It had been a long, hard winter, Mary's three babies had been happy and well, but what extra feet and hands and tongues they had, and how "mother" was called on every waking minute, no one but "mother" knew.

Now, with the coming of the spring, she had been seized with that desperate homesickness which comes to the eastern girl on the vast prarie. She loathed the flat expanse of treeless plain. She hated the thoughts of the great droves of cattle. She dreaded the faces of the rough ranchmen who must be fed and housed for the work of the great farm. With a hungry longing she longed for the sight of mountains, of pines, of flowing water and of the village street; for the sound of women's voices, and for all the pleasant social interest in the life in the home of her childhood.

She had ceased to sleep well. Every bit of her will-power was needed to restrain her from some wild and desperate deed—she scarcely knew what. Of course, a good cry would do her good, but she seemed to have forgotten how to cry. Then Tom was too busy even to know that anything was the matter. Would he care, if he knew? Was he not all wrapped up in the spring work and the prospects of making "big money" this year?

This was the situation the first day May—and it was full of peril, as any doctor would have known had he looked at Mary Searle's tense face, and the dilated pupils of her eyes, and heard the strained tones of her voice.

When Tom came home that night, he brought her a packet of mail. He believed in keeping up with the times, and there were papers and magazines, and there were sure to be letters from the old home. Mary took up the bundle indifferently. Her mother's letter lay on top, and she opened it. She glanced over the pages of family news, hardly knowing what she read. She came to the last leaf.

"I am sending you," she read, "by this mail a little box of arbutus. I hope it will do you good, dear. I'm sure it will. How I wished you were with me as I picked the blossoms this afternoon! Not a glimmer of sunshine had they ever seen till I lifted them out of their gloomy, chilly caverns of snow and dead leaves. I never gather them without wondering if the Pilgrims found them at Plymouth, in the spring after that terrible winter; and if they plucked heart and courage with the fragrant blossoms.

"They are the very flowers for the pioneer; and I am sending them to you, my daughter, with a prayer that you may not falter, as you do in your own place the same pioneer work to which the early settlers were called."

As Mary read, her aching heart seemed to rise into her throat. She snatched the box, broke the string and raised the cover. The poignant, delicious fragrance of the Mayflowers met her. She buried her face in the delicate bloom, and in another instant sobs shook her and the welcome tears poured down her face.

Tom found her so, ten minutes later, and his "Why, little woman!" was very tender, as he gathered her into his arms. He had the whole story then, and he blamed himself, and he praised her, and he petted her and he laid plans for the future all in one breath. Was it the familiar fragrance of the Mayflowers that brought the tears to his eyes?

At all events the crisis was past at the ranch, and Mary told the exact truth when she wrote her mother, "The lovely Mayflowers came safely on the first of May—in the nick of time!"

ROUNDING THE CURVE

An engineer's life is full of excitement, and also of a strange, wild joy in the power of the great creature under his control. No wonder the strain at last becomes too great, and he requires rest from his nerve-destroying occupation. A railway officer gives a vivid picture of a ride he enjoyed on the engine with the fireman and the engineer. He says:

"When we were a little late and had a passing point to make, the engineer sometimes said:

"'Don't you set any brakes going down here; I've got to get a gait on.'

"Then when the train pitches over the top of the hill, he cuts her back, a notch at a time, until he gets near the centre, and gradually works her throttle wide open.

"How she flies down the hill, the exhaust a steady roar out of the stack, the connecting rods an undistinguishable blur, the old girl herself rolling and jumping, as if at every revolution she must leave the track, the train behind half-hidden in a cloud of dust, and I hanging on to the side of the cab for dear life, watching out ahead where I know there is a sharp reverse curve, and hoping, oh, so much, that he'll shut her off before we get there!

"I watch that grimy hand on the throttle, for the preliminary swelling of the muscles that will show me he is taking a grip to shove it in. Not a sign! His head and half his body are out of the window, and now we are upon it.

"I give one frightened glance at the too-convenient ditch where I surely expect to land, and take a death-grip on the side of the cab. Whang! she hits the curve and seems to upset. I am nearly flung out of the window in spite of my grip. Before she has half-done rolling, she hits the reverse, and I am torn from my hold on the window and slammed over against the boiler; and she flies on, roaring and rolling down the mountain.

"All the time the engineer hasn't moved an eyelid, or the fireman interrupted for an instant the steady pendulum-like swing of the fire door and the scoop shovel. 'How do they do it? Oh, it's easy, after one gets used to it.'"

THE HARD-WORKING CRITICS

The loss people do themselves, the more likely they are liable to ask why other people, have done things in a certain way. You probably have acquaintances who are always wondering why the committee who decorated the church for Easter or Children's Day, did not use a little more of one thing or a little less of something else, and you can be pretty sure that those faultfinders never spent a long day working hard to make the church beautiful for some special occasion.

When you hear a voice saying "I wonder why they did it that way?" take a good look at the speaker, so as to be sure never to ask him or her for any assistance. If you do ask it, you will not get it. The people who sit back, and criticise never have any energy to spare for putting their shoulders to the wheel. The critics work hard simply finding fault.

HE DID IT

A school presided over by a very harsh and bad-tempered teacher had a visit one afternoon from the bishop of the diocese.

The bishop, a genial soul, called before him a white-faced urchin who was very much cowed and depressed by an undeserved punishment he had received that morning.

"My boy," said the bishop, in eloquent tones, "who made this great and glorious earth of ours, and set the sun, moon and stars in the wonderful firmament?"

The white-faced boy began to blubber.

"Yes, and I just came out to tell you, colonel, that I'll be ready to pay part of that claim of your'n afore long."

"You must be doing well?"

"I think I'm doing fust rate, and I'm powerful obliged to you, colonel, for headin' me this way."

"I'm always glad to help if I can."

"I knowed that, colonel, and that's why I come away over here so far from home. It's kinder strange to me, but as long as I'm doin' so well as I am I'm a-goin' to stand hit."

"Are you making any money?"

Jim's face brightened perceptibly.

"No, I ain't, colonel," he replied, hopefully; "but I'm losing it slower'n I ever done in my life before."

It strick me as rather odd at first, but upon reflection I concluded that Jim might have reason for his hopefulness.

AT LAST

Mrs. Silas Bennett was a philosopher. On a certain dismal occasion some of the neighboring women were condoling with her. With commendable cheerfulness, she replied:

I've raised four girls an' three boys, expectin' every time they'd be twins and red-headed like their Grandpa Bennett, an' yet they ain't.

An' I've worried consid'ble over smallpox breakin' out in my big family. So far, 'tain't.

Last summer, durin' July an' August, an' mebbe part of September, I was real melancholic, fearin' I'd got an appendix; but I guess I ain't.

An' through it all, it never once occurred to me that I'd be the one to fall through them rotten old meatin'-house steps an' break my leg in two places, but I be.

Neighborhood News--Town and Country

ROCKWOOD

Mr. Fred Smith spent last week in his bee-yards at Dunedin.

Mr. Wm. Gowdy, of Limehouse, and his son Douglas, of Toronto University, visited friends in the village last week.

Mrs. Colin Cameron sold her residence, the Capt. Shutlis property, on Guelph Street, to Mr. David McCutcheon, of Oapringe, who is removing to this village.

The M. P. Barry Company loaded their last car of turnips for this season on Monday, May 12, completing the largest season's output in their thirty-five years' experience in the turnip business.

Rev. Nathaniel Anderson and Mrs. Anderson, daughter of W. J. Peal, of Guelph, visited friends in this community last week, prior to their departure for Mervin, Sask., where they are now stationed.

ERIN

The Village Council has ordered a double forty-gallon chemical fire engine from the Beckle Fire Engine Company, of Woodstock, at a cost of $75.00.

A Court of Revision will be held on Wednesday evening, May 28.

Mr. Harry Parashuke met with painful accident last week when a large nail penetrated his knee joint.

Rev. J. E. Pettin and Messrs. D. O. Root and J. H. Hurt, of the Baptist Church, Hillsburg, have been appointed delegates to attend the Guelph Association to be held in St. Marys on May 27, 28, 29.

All who wish to enter in the Field Crop Competition, conducted by the Erin Agricultural Society, will please make their entries on or before May 22, as the returns have to be made to the Department by May 26.

Mr. Roy Grundy has made a decided improvement on the appearance of the front of his store, by the removal of the old-fashioned windows, which were replaced with large plate glass windows.

Revival services in the Christian Church, Hillsburg, will begin on Sunday, June 1, at 11 a. m., under the leadership of Rev. John H. Wells, of Regina, Sask., and continue for two weeks.—Advocate.

BURLINGTON

Mrs. James Walmsley, of Towcester, England, arrived here on Monday on a visit to her son, James Walmsley.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Doederleiner, of Yorkton, Sask., are spending the summer with his mother, Mrs. Langhorn, St. Paul Street.

The water tower has been re-wired, and new lights installed. The lights are an attraction in the summer time for summer visitors.

Mrs. Chester Peart was the hostess of a very pleasant gathering of grandmothers on Friday afternoon last in honor of her mother's, Mrs. Bleasinger's, eightieth birthday.

Rev. G. W. Barker, of St. Catharines, and a former pastor of the Methodist Church here, occupied the pulpit here last Sunday, and preached two inspiring sermons to large congregations.

George Kennett, carpenter and builder, of Bronte, has taken up his residence here and is now in partnership with E. Wren, and will carry on a general business in building, decorating and painting.

Rev. William Wilson, of Toronto, who was a visitor last week at the home of his brother, J. G. Wilson, Burlington Avenue, is making arrangements to go to Trinidad, where he will work in the mission field.

On Monday afternoon there was laid to rest in Mount Pleasant Cemetery, Toronto, Mrs. W. H. Essery, of that city, a sister of Mrs. W. V. Hopkins. Mrs. Essery spent some of her earlier days in this vicinity, and would be remembered as Hannah M. Freeman. A very impressive funeral service was held in Dunn Avenue Methodist Church, of which she was a devoted member. Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Hopkins, Sr., and Mrs. Hopkins and Miss Esther attended the funeral.—Gazette.

GEORGETOWN

In an interesting article on the early days Major Grant gives the names of 225 citizens whose names appeared on the voters' list of the village fifty years ago. Of that only eight are now living, J. L. Fraser, L. Grant, Wm. H. Godfrey, Wm. McKay, Jas. Ross, Dr. John Hundish, John Wapshot, Alf. Watson.

Mr. Jim McIlean has passed his exam. in electrical engineering at Queens College, Kingston, and has gone to La Gabelle, Que., for the summer.

Mrs. A. Annandale and Miss Joan Annandale have gone to their new home at St. Andrew's East, Que., to join Mr. Annandale.

Mr. and Mrs. Kottmeir, of Welland visited last week at the home of their daughter, Mrs. W. R. Watson.

The silent policeman at the corner of Main and Mill Streets has disappeared. We expected as much for he has had a "slant" on for some time.

Mr. Rene Livingstone, of the Toronto Police Force, is spending a holiday at his home here.

Residents on Queen Street complain that delivery horses are allowed to browse on the boulevards and destroy the shrubs and grass.

The Methodist Choir were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Allatt, Queen Street, last Thursday night. Miss Allatt, of Toronto, assisted.

Parkdale Lodge No. 510, Toronto, last Wednesday evening were the guests of Credit Lodge No. 219, Georgetown. The visiting lodge came by special cars on Toronto Suburban, bringing with them the Toronto Police Kilties' Pipe Band. The first degree was exemplified by officers of Parkdale Lodge. This was followed by a banquet attended by 250 members.

The contractors have started work on the foundation for the Soldiers' Memorial at the corner of Guelph and Main Streets. The location is good but the area is small.

Miss Annandale, who for some time has been a much valued teacher in St. George's Sunday School was presented with a beautifully bound prayer and hymn book before her removal from town.

A meeting of the directors of Esquesing Agricultural Society was held in the Town Hall on Tuesday evening. Matters in general were discussed in preparation for the big fair at Georgetown on October 3 and 4. President Hon Petch and Treasurer P. W. Cleave were appointed delegates to the district meeting of fair representatives to be held at Brampton, May 28.—Herald.

MILTON

At a largely attended meeting of the official board of Munn's Methodist Church, Trafalgar township, a cordial invitation was extended to Rev. J. A. Jewett to remain as pastor for another year.

Dr. M. E. Gowland returned on Sunday from Rochester, Minn., where he attended surgical clinics at Mayo Bros' hospital, for more than a week.

R. E. Raspberry has bought the dwelling and lot of the late Mrs. Mary Cartmer, on Martin Street, price $2,300. Mr. Raspberry removed to Milton from Kilbride about a month ago.

Ed. Harrop, of the base line, Esquesing, got home last week from his visit to his family in Wales and his trip around the world with his father, Sam. Harrop, the visit and trip covering about seven months.

Ham Henson, the contractor, has begun the erection of the clubhouse at the greens of the Milton Bowling Club. It will be of brick, instead of frame, as at first proposed. The Golf Club has the building of a clubhouse also under consideration.

At the convention of the Women's Liberal Association, held at Toronto last week, Mrs. Fred Dewar was elected as one of its Vice-Presidents for the Halton District.

Rev. R. R. Hare is back from Toronto and will leave for Denzil, Sask., this week, to begin work as pastor of the Methodist Church there.

The annual meeting of the Women's Missionary Society was held in the school room of the Methodist Church, May 6, when the reports of the year's work were read, showing a good year, with interesting meetings. The funds raised during the year amounted to nearly $350.

St. Clair Lodge, No. 135, was honored last Thursday evening by a visit from M. W. Bro. W. J. Drope, of Grimsby, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada, in Ontario. The heavy rain of the day and evening must have interfered with the attendance of brethren, but it was very large. Other prominent visitors were R. W. Bro. H. A. Graham, of Burlington, P. D. D. G. M., and V. W. Bro. Barraclough, of Glenwilliams.—Champion.

HAD BEGUN TO PROSPER

A writer tells a pathetically humorous story of a friend of his, Jack Negly, a Cumberland mountain farmer. The writer had lent Jack a few dollars, with which to buy a pair of steers, and had received from him many visits of apology; for Jack was an honest man, and did not enjoy being in debt.

He was a renter, and at least every other season he was occupying a different farm. By my advice he moved the year before into an entirely new field, a dozen miles from his usual haunts, and I had not seen him for several months. When I did see him, at last, it was by accident, as business called me into his neighborhood. As I rode past his place he hailed me from the corn field and came out to the fence.

"Hello," I exclaimed, "is this your farm?"

"Yes, and I jist came out to tell you, colonel, that I'll be ready to pay part of that claim of your'n afore long."

"You must be doing well?"

"I think I'm doing fust rate, and I'm powerful obliged to you, colonel, for headin' me this way."

"I'm always glad to help if I can."

"I knowed that, colonel, and that's why I come away over here so far from home. It's kinder strange to me, but as long as I'm doin' so well as I am I'm a-goin' to stand hit."

"Are you making any money?"

Jim's face brightened perceptibly.

"No, I ain't, colonel," he replied, hopefully; "but I'm losing it slower'n I ever done in my life before."

It strick me as rather odd at first, but upon reflection I concluded that Jim might have reason for his hopefulness.

AT LAST

Mrs. Silas Bennett was a philosopher. On a certain dismal occasion some of the neighboring women were condoling with her. With commendable cheerfulness, she replied:

I've raised four girls an' three boys, expectin' every time they'd be twins and red-headed like their Grandpa Bennett, an' yet they ain't.

An' I've worried consid'ble over smallpox breakin' out in my big family. So far, 'tain't.

Last summer, durin' July an' August, an' mebbe part of September, I was real melancholic, fearin' I'd got an appendix; but I guess I ain't.

An' through it all, it never once occurred to me that I'd be the one to fall through them rotten old meatin'-house steps an' break my leg in two places, but I be.

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