The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1924

LITTLE NED

In school one day sat little Ned,
A sweet-faced child with curly head,
And bright, brown eyes that looked at me
'Neath lashes brown as brown could be.

As at the boyish face I gazed,
A little hand was shyly raised,
And with a flush upon his cheek
He said, "Please, teacher, may I speak?"

Of course I thought he wished to say
Something about his book or play;
So with no other thought said, "Yes,"
And then—ah, you could never guess!

Out to the middle of the floor
He walked, this little boy of four
And with a look so sweet and wise,
He turned on me his bright brown eyes.

Then, with a bow, dear little Ned
Began, and this is what he said:
"The rose is red, the violet's blue,
The pink is sweet, and so are you!"

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, August 11, 1904

The wheat harvest is over.

The town evidently appreciated Acton's victory at Waterloo on Saturday. When the boys arrived home on the evening train they found a crowd of citizens and Acton Cornet Band at the depot to welcome them and extend congratulations.

The Baptist Sunday School pic-nic is to be held in Warren's grove on Saturday afternoon next.

The prize list for Esquesing Fair to be held in Acton on October 3 and 4, is in the printer's hands.

The annual Sunday School pic-nic will be held this afternoon in Councillor Warren's grove.

Acton won another victory on Saturday when they defeated Waterloo with a score of 5-3. The team that played: E. Ryder, 2 b.; Wallace, c.; Dentz, s. s.; McDonald, 1 b.; Beattie, r. f.; McIntosh, l. f.; M. Ryder, c. f.; Wilds, 3 b.; Hickey, p.

The next game will be played here next Saturday with Guelph, and it promises to be one of the best games of the season. Hickey, the new pitcher, has proven himself a hustler.

HELPING BARBARA

"Now, Barbara, I've got it all planned, and I won't take no for an answer. You're to come in Tuesday—come after dinner if you can't trust anybody else to put those precious babies to bed. Dean will meet you at the station. Then we can go downtown right after breakfast, and with an early start you'll accomplish twice as much as if you came in for the day, as you always do. Besides, we can have the time I've been waiting for to have with you for ages and kill two perfectly good birds with one stone. Remember, I'm expecting you."

Barbara read the letter aloud with tragedy in her voice. Her husband, putting a firm hand over the baby's predatory fork, looked across at her with pleasure.

"You must go, of course, Babs. It's fine of Rita to plan it all, and you need a bit of a holiday."

"But you don't understand!" wailed Barbara. Rita will want me to go with her, and she never knows what she wants, and takes hours to decide, and I shan't get more than three things done. Oh, I know she means it all in the dearest way, but before holidays when I need every minute! And Tuesday, too, when Miss Bennet was coming to sew! It never enters Rita's head that anyone else could have plans to be interfered with!"

But she went, of course—as everyone did when Rita arranged things. She reached Rita's at nine, flushed and tired. Rita welcomed her eagerly and put some new opera records on the phonograph. She was sure that they would be a treat to Barbara. And Barbara, going upstairs at eleven, lay awake for hours from nervous weariness.

They did get started fairly early in the morning—Barbara with her carefully planned list, Rita with a confusion of vague ideas. One concerned a new evening coat.

"Do come and look at stuffs with me, that's a dear!" she pleaded. "We got started so early that you can spare the time."

So they looked for an hour; and then Rita decided that she could wait a while, after all, since the clerk had said that a new style was on the way.

Barbara looked at her list. "Tell me where to meet you at noon, and lets be there before the crowd!" she begged.

"How about the Blue Dragon—or—I don't know, the Delft is pleasanter—or the English Inn."

Eventually they went to the Savoy—and had to wait half an hour for a table.

Barbara could not help laughing, although her eyes were wet, when she reached home that night.

"It seemed so wicked for us to waste hours of time not knowing what we wanted when every moment counted," she said.

At home Rita was explaining to a caller: "I am so tired. I've had my cousin Barbara in for some shopping. It's so hard for her to get in—I felt I really ought to help her, if I could."

A PERPETUAL PUPPY

An elderly English farmer, says London Notes, had been hailed before the magistrates to show cause why he had failed to take out a license for a pet terrier. His oft-repeated reply to the questions of the court was:

"Whoy, he's nobbut a puppy!"

"Yes, yes, so you say," said the clerk at last. "But how old is he really?"

"I couldn't tell to a bit," was the reply. "I never was much good at dates, but he's nobbut a puppy."

Evidence proved, however, that the dog was long past puppyhood, and the bench inflicted the usual fine.

Talking it over afterwards, the farmer exclaimed: "'Ang me if I can un'erstand it! Last year, an' the year afore that, I told the same tale 'bout same dog, an' it wor allus good enough afore! Who's been meddlin' wi' t' law since last year?"

A COVETED HAT

"I've gone every day this week," sighed little Mrs. Wallace, "to look at a perfect love of a hat in Smith's window. Such a darling white chiffon affair, Edward, with great big bunches of perfectly exquisite white roses and such heavenly lace! But the price—well, I wanted it tremendously, but I just couldn't afford to buy it."

"Perhaps—"

"You're a dear, but alas! There isn't any perhaps. Edward, I paid the cook this noon and what do you think? She marched right down and bought herself that very hat!"

RIVAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS

A new boy had moved into the neighborhood. He was sitting on the line fence that separated his particular back yard from the yard pertaining to the next-door neighbor, and was proceeding to cultivate the acquaintance of the next-door neighbor's boy.

"I've gone through grammar school," he said. "I can do every sum in the mental arithmetic, and I always got a hundred mark in my history and geography."

"Well," responded the other boy, thrusting out his lower jaw, "I can move my ears, and you can't."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

FOR SUNDAY, AUGUST 10, 1924

JESUS ENRICHING SOCIAL LIFE—John 2: 1-11.

Golden Text.—Whosoever he saith unto you, do it—John 2: 5.

The Text Explained

Verse 1.—And the third day—After the call of Philip, and the seventh after the events of chapter 1: 19-28. Cana of Galilee—The modern Kanet el-Jelil, about six miles north of Nazareth. The mother of Jesus—Thus respectfully does John always speak of Mary.

Verse 2.—Jesus also was bidden and his disciples—Andrew, John, Peter, Philip, Nathanael, and probably James.

Verse 3.—When the wine failed—A circumstance which would greatly embarrass and humiliate the host, occasioned undoubtedly by the late arrival of these six or more additional guests. Saith unto him—To whom she had long since learned to look for counsel. They had no wine—Mary could hardly have anticipated the working of a miracle if Jesus up to this time had not performed one. She expects him to suggest some way out of an embarrassing situation before it is discovered by others.

Verses 4, 5.—Woman, what have I to do with thee?—The Greek word translated "woman" does not, however, imply and disrespect, nor even personal rebuke, to the one addressed. The word has no exact equivalent in English. Mine hour is not yet come—The hour for publicly showing for his glory was near at hand, but not yet fully come. The miracle a little later is wrought quietly, not even the governor of the feast and probably few of the guests knowing about it at the time. Its purpose plainly was to strengthen the faith of the disciples. Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it—The mother turns the difficult situation over to her trusted son, and instructs the servants to obey him. That she expected anything definite cannot be inferred from the text.

Verse 8.—The ruler of the feast—Possibly a chief servant or a guest chosen to preside.

Verse 9.—Water now become wine—It would seem from a careful reading of verses 7, 8, and 9 that only so much of the water as was drawn by the servants from the full pitchers (of water) to be borne to the ruler of the feast became wine. Knew not whence it was—The miracle was not published abroad or even told the guests.

Verse 11.—This beginning of his signs—That is, of all his signs, from which we may infer that Jesus had never before this performed a miracle.

Lesson Themes

The Perfect Guest.—The marriage at Cana, which Jesus attended, reveals his rare and charming quality of courtesy and social consideration. He was not related to the bridal party. He was there as a friend, showing sympathetic participation in social joys. He had no responsibilities for the occasion. However, he evidently felt that a guest should give as well as receive—a point of view which is too often forgotten. He enriched the occasion by his helpful courtesy toward his host. The attractive social grace of a perfect gentleman characterized the whole life of our Lord. Wherever he went his presence was an inspiration and he had his heartiest welcome from little children. In our brusque and almost brutal social contacts we sadly need the social charm of true Christian refinement.

The Hallowing of Home.—There was, however, in this first miracle of our Lord a deeper purpose, which was to set his seal of approval upon the home. How grateful the bride and bridegroom must have been that there was nothing wanting in the hospitality of their wedding day! They would have no painful memories connected with that day of days. The miracle of the Great Master gave to their home a most sacred association. In hallowing the home of this young couple at Cana our Lord gave his grace unto all true homes where love abides.

The Messianic Hope—It is interesting to note the effect of the Messianic hope upon Jewish home life. The certain expectation that the Messiah should enter the world through the portals of a Hebrew home gave an incentive to worthy social living. Its effect was to add a strange, rare beauty to Jewish motherhood and all the virtues of domestic life. Indeed, throughout the Old Testament period the same process of exalting the life of the family was going on. The hallowing of home binds the whole Bible together in a single clasp, for its opening chapters give us the picture of the garden home in Eden and it closes with John's vision of the celestial home of the redeemed.

The Social Meaning of the First Miracle—It thus becomes apparent that there is a profound meaning in the first miracle which Jesus wrought in Cana of Galilee. The home is the fundamental social unit. It existed before the church or state. The prosperity of both church and state, and all other institutions, depends upon the home. Pliny, the old Roman writer, declared, "There would be no state if there were no family." Civilization depends upon the home life. Thus, in this first miracle, Jesus enriched the whole circle of man's social relationships. The lesson of this beautiful incident has, therefore, a world-wide range.

For Study and Discussion

Where did Jesus perform his first miracle? What was its purpose? Was it for his own glory? Was he related to the wedding party? In what capacity was he present? How did the occasion show that Jesus was a perfect guest? Show the enrichment of life through Christian courtesy and consideration. What deeper meaning has this first miracle of Jesus? How does it give honor to domestic life? What was the effect of the Messianic hope upon the Jewish home? Why is the home the fundamental social unit? Can the ideal of home life be reached without Christian influences?

Daily Readings for Next Week

Monday, August 11—John 2: 13-22.
Tuesday, August 12—1 Tim. 3: 14-16.
Wednesday, August 13.—Eph. 1: 15-23.
Thursday, August 14—Eph. 5: 22-29.
Friday, August 15—1 Cor. 6: 9-11.
Saturday, August 16—1 Cor. 3: 16-23.
Sunday, August 17—Psalm 15.

THE SCIENCE OF SURGERY

Much interest has lately been aroused in London by two surgical operations which have resulted in a marked change of character in the patients. One was that of a boy of good family who had developed strangely brutal instincts. A clever surgeon examined him with care, located what he considered the seat of the trouble, removed a piece of the skull, and thus relieved the deforming pressure. The lad was restored to his parents a normal and lovable child. The other case was that of a soldier who, after an injury in a skirmish, developed a propensity for theft. An operation on the brain cured him.

A Remedy for Earache—To have earache is to endure torture. The ear is a delicate organ and few care to deal with it; considering it work for a doctor. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil offers a simple remedy. A few drops upon a piece of lint or medicated cotton and placed in the ear will do much in relieving pain.

Railways now Preparing for Harvest Rush

Interior view of one of the new lunch counter cars operated on Canadian Pacific lines.

A number of steel Colonist cars as the one above forms part of the equipment of most trains.

Harvesters' train leaving Sault Ste. Marie for Bellevue.

Interior view of Colonist car used in harvesters' trains.

Cutting of all wheat is expected to begin within about a week, says a report of the Ontario Department of Agriculture, and as a rule fall wheat is looking very promising. Western reports are also very encouraging, but just what the harvest is expected to be will not be generally known until representatives of the three prairie Provincial Governments and the two railroads meet in Winnipeg to discuss the labor situation and the best means of securing help to harvest whatever crop there is. However, the crop reports issued to date by the Agricultural Department of the Canadian Pacific Railway have been very optimistic and this company is already gathering and distributing equipment to various points in anticipation of a heavy movement of harvest workers.

The movement of harvesters has developed into quite a department in railroad transportation offices. As once the movement starts it must be rushed through to completion as speedily and effectively as possible, the attention of a large staff of men is concentrated for nearly a month before, during and for some time after the rush on assembling equipment, distributing it to the various parts of the country from whence the harvesters are drawn, making up the special trains, securing supplies for the lunch cars and the hundred and one things which have to be looked after in order to ensure smooth running and of which the traveller usually knows nothing and probably cares less.

During the last four years the Canadian Pacific Railway has handled some 85,000 west-bound harvesters. Last year this Company inaugurated the Lunch Counter car which afforded facilities hitherto unknown to excursionists and, although perhaps not as a direct result of this innovation, over 26,000 men travelled in special trains over Canadian Pacific lines.

This year the Company [illegible] practically the same [illegible] as last. As soon as it [illegible] many are required [illegible] harvest the excursi[illegible] and trains made [illegible] excursions originate from as [illegible] as the Maritimes and as far west as the border of Ontario, but all are of the same type as far as rail equipment is concerned.

Colonist cars are used which afford comfortable seating during the day, facilities are afforded those who wish to prepare their own meals in a small kitchen at the end of each car, and at night bunks may be pulled down as an upper berth or the seats extended to afford comfortable sleeping quarters. The lunch counter car in which as many as fifty men can take a meal at the same time is an important section of the train. The travelling harvester is sure of being able to secure a meal to suit his purse and of the food supplied him being of good quality and served in a sanitary manner. Last year this department on Canadian Pacific lines served over two hundred thousand meals, and the experiment was so much appreciated, and proved such a success that it has now become a regular institution.

Old timers travelling west nowadays regard the trip as a holiday and the number of women and children who have been seen travelling with the harvesters since the standard of service rendered has been what it now is, has increased to a remarkable degree.

MELTING SNOW

During the past winter a new device for removing snow from city streets was put in use. It is called a snow-melter, a huge machine for thoroughly cleaning the streets. Popular Mechanics says that the melting is done rapidly and economically by means of a hot-air blast which is brought into direct contact with the snow.

The melter consists of a double-end furnace with a large grate area surmounted by a horizontal water-jacket and a crescent-shaped cross-section with two inverted L-shaped flues. The dimensions of the melter are the same as those of an ordinary truck.

The melter is mounted on wheels, and can be easily moved from place to place by a team of horses. The water-jacket forms the bottom of an iron frame or box into which the snow may be shovelled direct from the street, or into which a load of snow may be directly dumped.

The furnace burns coke, and is large enough to hold a cart-load at a time. The snow is placed in direct contact with the heated flues, and is melted as fast as a gang of laborers can shovel.

Recognized as a leading specific for the destruction of worms, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has proved a boon to suffering children everywhere. It seldom fails.

A VALUABLE SADDLE

"Don't run an account. Pay for what you get when you get it," was Grandfather White's frequent advice to his children and grandchildren. And then he used to tell us this story:

My father had an account when he lived in England, and once his bill at the saddler's was larger than he expected; but he paid it, for he had no way of proving that he hadn't bought the items charged. A year or two later the saddler died, and it came out through his clerk that he had done some queer things. He was considered an honest man, but queer. A man went to the store one day and bought a saddle, and ordered it charged to his account. And when it was too late the clerk who sold the saddle did not know the gentleman's name.

"Oh, well," said the saddler, "charge it to all who have accounts here, and the right one will pay for it. The others will know they didn't buy it."

And did they know it? Never a bit. The clerk said that forty persons paid for that saddle.

Miller's Worm Powders are a prompt relief from the attacks of worms in children. They are powerful in their action and, while leaving nothing to be desired as a worm expellent, have an invigorating effect upon the youthful system, remedying fever, biliousness, loss of appetite, sleeplessness, and other ailments that follow disorders caused by worms in the stomach and bowels.

HIS PRESERVER

There are many varying ideas of what gratitude is, and in what way it should find expression. It is reported that a soldier in the Civil War—It matters not whether he was of the North or the South—meeting his former commander, expressed gratitude to him.

"Don't you know me?" he asked, eagerly.

"No, my friend," said the former officer.

"Why, sir, you once saved my life!" exclaimed the other.

"Ah, how was that?"

"Why, sir, I served under you at the battle of ——, and when you ran away in the beginning of the fight, I ran after you, else I might have been killed. I've always thought of you as my preserver—my benefactor—bless you!"

TOO MANY LIMITATIONS

"Ham, do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

"Ah does, sah."

"Well, Ham, what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Judge, wit' all dem limitations you jes' put on me, Ah don't believe Ah has anything at all to say."

TRIALS OF THE "WEATHER-MAN"

The "weather clerk" of the comic press is a much abused person. If he does not turn out a good day for all holidays, he has more enemies than any other man living. The real weather clerk, who works in the Government bureaus, has his troubles, too, which are hardly less amusing than those of his fictitious brother. Some of the experiences of a "weather man" are like this:

One day a woman rang him up from a small town to ask what the weather would be the next morning.

"I think it will snow, madam."

"Dear me!" said the woman. "I have made arrangements to go to Toronto."

"Sorry," replied the weather man, "but it's going to snow, just the same."

"But I've got to go to Toronto," said the woman.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Are you quite sure it's going to snow?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"The man next door to me says he doesn't believe it will."

"He may be right, but I don't think so."

"What do you think about it, honestly now? I can't go to Toronto, if it's going to snow."

"Well, madam, I think it's going to snow. However, we can't be certain of anything, of course."

"You can't?"

"Certainly not."

"Then you really don't know anything about it. That's what I thought. I don't believe you know any more about it than my old one-eyed tom-cat. I shall have to report you to Ottawa."

Another experience of the same sort came to this observer of the clouds and the winds. A woman rang him up on the telephone to ask what the weather was in a neighboring town. He looked at the map.

"It's raining there," he said.

"Raining!" cried the woman in horrified tones. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Dear me! Isn't that provoking? I sent my white silk dress to my mother, who lives there, and she was to wash it and dry it out in the field where the soot wouldn't get at it. If its raining she couldn't dry to-day, of course."

"Not very well," said the weather man. "Maybe it won't be raining to-morrow."

"But I have to have the dress to-morrow. She was to ship it back to me to-night."

BREAKFAST FOOD

People who are accustomed to partake of dry toast and hot water for breakfast will enjoy the point of view of a waiter in a restaurant of the far West, as told by the New York Times.

The traveller from the East took his seat at the table one pleasant morning and gazed pensively out of the window until someone approached.

"Have you any breakfast food?" he inquired.

"Well, I guess yes," cheerfully responded the cowboy waiter. "We got ham and eggs, fried sausage, chuck steak, spareribs, mutton chops, corn-beef hash, hog and hominy, light bread, heavy bread, hot bread, cold bread, corn bread, apple butter, peach butter, cow butter, coffee, tea and buttermilk. Breakfast food! Why, that's our winner. Name your grub."

Every 10c Packet of WILSON'S FLY PADS

Clean to handle. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and General Stores

GOOD LISTENING

Good talking is largely dependent on "good hearing." The fact that a man is able to do his mental powers the justice of brilliant expression may be due to the presence of some receptive mind, ready to invite and appreciate. Wits may clash to the point of deafening themselves. The sympathetic and silent listener is the buffer between.

Ruskin is said to have been excellent company. He spoke in a tone of "gentle and playful earnestness." He had floods of thought and knowledge to pour forth, if only he could get the right hearers. But there were the barren occasions when listeners were absent.

One day a friend gave a little dinner for him, Doctor Jowett and Dean Stanley. But no sooner had the dinner begun than the host realized his mistake. He had provided no setting for his jewels, no junior men as hearers. "They wanted to meet one another," he said. "It should have gone off brilliantly, but the soup came and the fish followed, and they simply would not talk. At last I said some stupid thing to Stanley about the architecture of Westminster Abbey, and that drew Ruskin, and started us all off. Then all went well. But I shall never make the same mistake again."

The Many-Purpose Oil.—Both in the house and stable there are scores of uses for Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Use it for cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, the pains of rheumatism and sciatica, sore throat and chest. Horses are liable very largely to similar ailments and mishaps as afflict mankind, and are equally amenable to the healing influence of this fine old remedy which has made thousands of firm friends during the past fifty years.

A COMMON WEAKNESS

Dr. Joseph Le Conte was an authority, recognized by the world at large, on the science of vision. One day he was showing a class how to detect the blind spot in the human eye. He took two coins and held them, one in each hand, before him on the table.

"Look at both of these steadily," said he, "and gradually move them in opposite directions. Presently they will pass beyond the range of vision. That is due to the blind spot. Continue the movement, and the coins will again emerge to view."

Then the philosopher and naturalist had his little joke. "You can experiment for yourself at home," said he. "But if you are unsuccessful, try some other object instead of a coin. Some people have no blind spot for money."

The Terror of Asthma comes like a thief in the night with its dreadful throttling, robbing its victim of breath. It seems beyond the power of human aid to relieve until one trial is made of that remarkable preparation, Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. Then relief comes with a rush. Life becomes worth living, and, if the remedy be used persistently, the disease is put permanently to rout. Take no substitute.

SERIAL ABLUTIONS

Joey's mother, who had been away for a fortnight, returned unexpectedly. After the first greetings were over, and she had straightened the sofa pillows and rearranged the books on the tables, she turned her attention to her son.

"Joey," she said sadly, after a brief examination, "I don't believe you have had a bath since I went away!"

"Yes, mother, I have. Honestly, I have," protested Joey, "only you have not looked in the right place!"

"Looked in the right place! What do you mean?"

"You looked at my neck. You ought to have looked at my arms. They were just as clean this morning! You see I've been bathing in chapters—a chapter a day. Legs are one chapter, arms are—"

"O, Joey!"

"Well, if you've got to wash yourself, that's the only exciting way I know!" whimpered Joey.

Only the uninformed endure the agony of corns. The knowing once apply Holloway's Corn Remover and get relief.

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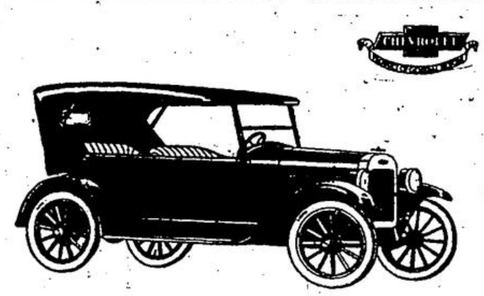

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Railway Time Tables

Canadian National Railways

AT ACTON

Going West

No. 20	8.02 a.m.
No. 31	10.35 a.m.
No. 33	2.29 p.m.
No. 35	5.09 p.m.
No. 39	8.39 p.m.
No. 25 Sunday	10.20 a.m.

Going East

No. 26	7.05 a.m.
No. 30	11.18 a.m.
No. 34	3.35 p.m.
No. 36	6.17 p.m.
No. 38	8.13 p.m.
No. 24 Sunday	7.03 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	7.43 a.m.
No. 56	10.43 a.m.
No. 58	1.43 p.m.
No. 62	4.43 p.m.
No. 66	7.43 p.m.
No. 70	10.43 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	10.43 a.m.
No. 60	3.43 p.m.
No. 64	6.43 p.m.
No. 68	8.43 p.m.

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

E. T. THETFORD, Agent, Acton

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Examinations for Glasses on Thursday, Friday and Saturday only of each week.

Lens grinding and quick repair department operating as usual.

Write in or phone 1091w for appointment.

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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.

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