The Acton Free Press

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BUYING CROWN JEWELS

Plucking a thorn from a traveller's path,
Turning away a neighbor's wrath;
Stretching a hand toward the needy soul,
Pointing a way to the distant goal;
Lifting a fallen brother up,
Sweetening the draught in the bitter cup.
Planting sweet flowers in a lonely grave,
Seeking a single soul to save,
Sowing the seed 'gainst a springtime rain,
Watching in love by the bed of pain;
Heeding the orphan's plaintive cries,
Wiping the tears from sorrow's eyes;
Shunning to act the liar's part,
Loving the truth with a fervent heart;
Guarding from all a friend's good name,
Burying deep the tale of shame;
Working to earn the bread we eat,
Climbing the hill with patient feet;
Dealing with men in an honest way,
Seeing heaven's light in the darkest day;
Bidding the poor to the ample feast,
Treating with kindness the poor dumb beast;
Hoping for all things good and true,
Trusting in God in what we do,
Earning true riches as we go—
Buying crown jewels as white as snow.—M. A. Kidder.

HIS ONE CHANCE

"It's a curious succumstance how women, fond of v'riety as they be, will give a man the same things t'eat year in an' year out," said Captain Abijah Sawyer to Captain Nelson Judkins, as the two men sat on the wharf in the sun one September morning. "That's as sartin as the tides," responded Captain Judkins. "I've eat more herrin' than any other man livin', I presumo t' say."

"Well, now, my woman feeds me on pickled salt fish an' baked portaters," said Captain Sawyer.

"It ain't that it ain't nerishin' food, and well-cooked," he continued; "but it's sing'lar how much M'ri' does set by them two things for a steady diet. An' sence I've given up follerin' the sea, I ain't had but one chance to git a change o' food in the year. I cal'late I've eat about a thousand pounds o' salt fish durin' that time."

"I shouldn't wanter make no statements as to the number o' herrin' that I've been obleged to stow away," said Captain Judkins. "But when you was down to Marthy's Vineyard, week b'fore last, you must'a' had an op'tunity to git in a fust-rate meal. I und'stood you stopped at the hotel durin' thd day."

"Yep, I was there fer a dinner," returned Captain Sawyer, looking abstractly out to sea. "That was the one chance I was referin' to."

"Why don't you speak up an' say what you had?" said Captain Judkins, after a long pause. "'Twon't make my herrin' taste any wuss nor any better, so fur's I know."

"Well," said Captain Sawyer, still gazing out over the water. "When I took up the bill o' fare an'see all the diff'rent things there was t' make a ch'ice of, my head spun round jest like a top. I looked her up an' down; one spell I had some thoughts of orderin, a tenderline steak with fixin's."

Captain Judkins gave a grunt of dismay.

"Well, I didn't," continued Captain Sawyer. "I studied quite a season over the furrin dishes, but I deemed it wasn't best to run any feeks so fur from home. An' by that time the waiter was gettin' kind o' impatient, an' he says, 'What'll you have?' kind o' quick, an' I decided all in a whew!"

"Well, what did you have?' asked Captain Judkins.

"Why, I says, 'Bring me a mess o' pickeled salt fish an' a couple o' baked portaters,'" said the recent traveller, carefully avoiding his old neighbor's eye. "It appeared t' be the most natural thing to say, an' so the words jest slipped out b'fore I come to realizin' sense."

SCOTTISH PROHIBITION COMMISSION

The report of the commission sent out by the Scottish Churches to investigate the working of prohibition in the United States and Canada has just appeared in the public press. All four men who composed this commission were men of outstanding prominence. Two of them are ministers of prominent churches in Edinburgh, one is a well-known Edinburgh advocate, and the fourth is an editor and author whose name carries weight. In their investigation they visited all the principal cities in Canada and the United States.

The most important findings of the commission are:

That prohibition in the United States has come to stay.

That matters in British Columbia have not been improved by the attempt at government control, which, they declare, is socially injurious and leads to evasion of the law through activities of clubs, that drunkenness has not diminished and that bootlegging is as active as ever.

That the "drug-habit" is a separate problem and that there is no connection between it and prohibition.

That conditions in Ontario are much more satisfactory than they are in British Columbia and Quebec. "Manufacturers say that prohibition has contributed to the increased production. Drunkenness and poverty have decreased. Families are better fed and better clad. Homes are brighter and better furnished."

That the blame of difficult administration of phohibition acts rests upon the Dominion Government.

That said commission will advocate prohibition in Scotland.

THE SPORTSMAN'S DON'TS

The following rules for sportsmen are taken from the Ontario Fish and game laws.

Don't permit hounds or dogs to run deer during close season.

Don't permit the flesh of any bird or animal taken, suitable for food, to be destroyed, or spoilt, or the pelts of fur-bearing animals to be destroyed or spoilt.

Don't purchase or sell wild geese, wild ducks or other water fowl, snipe, quail, woodcock, ruffed grouse, (partridge), large or small-mouthed black bass, mashinonge, speckled trout rainbow trout or other Pacific trout.

Don't buy or sell pelts of fur-bearing animals, either commercially or for personal use, before securing a license.

Don't keep fur-bearing animals or game birds in captivity without first securing a license.

Don't trap fur-bearing animals without first securing a license, unless you are a farmer trapping other than beaver and Otter on your own premises. Fox by gun and dog, and bear, by any means, may be taken without a license.

Don't ship out of province, or sent to a tanner, any pelts without a permit.

Don't angle or hunt without a license, if you are a non-resident.

Don't shoot between sun-set and sunrise.

Don't take any small or large-mouth black bass, mashinonge, speckled trout, brown trout, rainbow trout or other Pacific trout except by angling.

Don't take more than one deer, moose or caribou per license, nor a cow moose or moose calf.

The Free Press' Short Story

Bob's "Zephyr of a Scrap"

BY E. B. HARRIMAN

"BOB," said Ab Fletcher to one of his "cow-punchers," a red-haired young giant with a square jaw and blue eyes that had a twinkle of humor in them, "you ketch that eleven-forty and get over to Wolford's after that three-year-old bull I bought. Get him in a car by himself, and you can stay with him. Don't take him in a box car if you can get a cattle car; it's too hot in a box. Keep him tied in one end, and you bunk in the other so you can see him. I guess you know a six-hundred-dollar bull is worth lookin' after."

Bob caught the eleven-forty and started after the bull.

"I ain't struck on this bein' a valet to a Hereford bull that ain't dehorned yet," said Bob to Blank Marcy, who rode over to the station with him, "but it's better than fence buildin', and that's the alternative if I stayed."

It was three hundred and sixty miles to Wolford's, and the train crossed the pass at an elevation of six thousand feet. The journey would take Bob down among the orange groves of San Bernadino, and he was glad of a change from the plains of Nevada.

The ride to Wolford's was entirely uneventful. Bob, who disliked inaction, yawned many times and wished himself back with the fence gang. But at last the train brought him to his destination. He got off at the station and walked the two miles to the Wolford ranch. At sight of the neat barn and stables, the painted fences and the attractive bungalow, he woke up a little. He had never seen a ranch like that on his side of the mountains.

Mr. Wolford made Bob welcome and told him to look around all he wished. The main business of the ranch was dairying and selling blooded stock. To Bob, who had been raised on a stock ranch of the old style, the Wolford ranch, ran on modern scientific principles, was a revelation. He watched the electric milkers in dumb amazement, and was astonished to observe that before the cow was milked, the men brushed her sides and washed and dried her udder.

About ten o'clock the next morning the station agent telephoned that the cattle car had been set in on the switch, but Mr. Wolford decided not to load Pluto, the bull, until the afternoon. The train that was to pick up the car was not due until a quarter after five, and there was no use in making the bull stand in the car any longer than was necessary. By the end of his journey the beast would be tired enough of his quarters.

About half past three Mr. Wolford rode out of his gate, holding the rope that was fast to Pluto's nose ring; Bob rode behind on a borrowed horse. They let the bull take his own gait to the station, for they wished to humor the beast in every way possible, so that he would be in an amiable mood on the trip. The loading chute did not dismay the animal in the least, and he was soon standing in a thick straw carpet, tied in one end of the car. In the other end, on a lot of loosely piled straw, Bob spread his blankets.

At twenty minutes after five the car rolled out on the main line at the rear of a heavy freight train. Bob tried to establish friendly relations with his travelling companion, and for a while he talked to the bull and scratched his neck; he found the beast quite ready to accept his little attentions. When Bob tired of that, he sat on his blankets and sang three or four of the lugubrious songs that cowboys delight in. Even that amusement palled on him after forty or fifty verses, and he lay back with his hands under his head. He could see the stars through the openwork sides of the cattle car.

"We ain't goin' to lack for oxygen, my ol' bullygen," he remarked to Pluto. "G'night, you white-faced hypocrite, pretendin' you like this kind of travelin'."

Pulling the blankets over himself, Bob yawned widely and loudly and was asleep before his teeth clicked together.

Clanking along the grades, the engine toiled and snorted through the night. So long as the train kept moving, Bob, sleeping in the cattle car, heard not a sound; but every time the train stopped, his eyes fairly flew open, and he stayed broad awake until the train was moving again. At those times he always took a look at Pluto.

Well along in the night the train pulled its heavy length up to the level at the head of the pass and there found a signal to stop. The whistle yelled and screeched staccato notes that went rumbling and echoing across the ridges among the peaks and canons, and the brakes squealed complainingly.

"Pluto, old boy, this ain't no station," said Bob, unrolling himself from his blankets and going to the side door, which he pushed open. "By golly, the summit of the pass! What in time has hit us now."

He jumped to the ground, and, reaching backward, pulled the door shut, then he struck off up the track to where he could see two lanterns bobbing beside the train. He found the conductor and two brakemen talking with another man, who proved to be the signalman from a wreck that lay half a mile ahead.

"She bucked plumb across the right of way and lies there all mixed up, waitin' for the wrecker," the signalman was saying. "The wrecker ought to be along in an hour, and then it will take a couple more to clear the track. You boys might as well set a signal and take a nap. I'm going to crawl into the bushes for a snooze right now."

As Bob stood listening the conductor turned his lantern on him.

"Who the dickens are you?" he demanded.

"Jest the cow-punch actin' as valet to the bull in the rear car."

"Oh, yes, I remember you now! I didn't recognize you at first."

So Bob came into the ring of light and sat on the ground with them. Thoroughly happy and care free, he talked and laughed with the trainmen, told stories of the plains, and listened to others of wrecks and adventures from their railway experiences; the time passed quickly and pleasantly. After an hour or so they heard sounds from below that told them that the wrecker was at work. Then the signalman came out of the bushes and, picking up his lantern, walked off to his wrecked train. After another long wait the signals from the wrecker engine told them that the track was clear; the conductor looked at his watch and turned to Bob.

"Elit the grit for your palace car. We're going to move right pronto. Can you flip her if she is rolling a bit?"

"Spre, Mike!" said Bob. "Let her roll."

He started to run back alongside the train. The clank of the couplings and the jar as the train started came when he was not more than a third of the way, and he ran faster. He knew that he should have to reach high to get a grip on the side of that car, and that he must not let go his grip when he once got it. By the faint moonlight he could see the cattle car coming to meet him; he stopped short, wheeled and began to run with the train. When the cattle car overtook him he reached up and caught the latticed side.

As he drew his body up he noticed for the first time that the side door, which he had shut, was standing half open. He could see the bull with his white face turned toward him, and felt thankful that the creature was still safe and sound, but he could not imagine how the door had got open.

Shifting his weight a little to one side, he slipped in through the door. Then he saw that the bull was greatly excited. Yanking the door shut and fastening it at the same time, he started toward the beast; but he had taken only a step or two, when a sound from the other end of the car made him turn.

Beside his blanket stood a bear, growling and showing its white teeth. Bob felt his red hair rising, and panic almost seized him. He looked away toward the bull, but when he came within reach of the excited animal, which was now bellowing in thunderous tones, the creature gave a quick start forward and thrust viciously with his horns.

One horn caught the seat of Bob's overalls and flung him against the side of the car. The shock woke him from his daze, and he knew what to do. Stepping quickly in close to Pluto, he unsnapped the line from the nose ring. Now that the bull was free, he became more confident and, stepping out farther from the side, lowered his head and pawed at the straw. The bear started to rise on its haunches, changed its mind and, growling fiercely, waddled toward Pluto.

"Oh, if I only had a six-gun!" groaned Bob. "If I get out of this, I'll never be ketched without one again."

He ran his hands through his pockets, and his fingers touched a clasp knife. It was not much of a weapon with which to fight a bear, but it was better than nothing. Opening the knife, he stepped close to Pluto. Teamwork was the only thing that would count now.

When the bear had reached the middle of the floor, Pluto charged. As the bull went forward with his tail held high, the bear started to rise on its haunches in order to have its forearms free for striking. But it was too slow. The bull hit the great beast with its left shoulder at the base of the neck and knocked it fairly over on the other side. Bob heard the bear snarl with rage and pain as the bull pressed his advantage with heavy strokes of his hard, white horns. Then came the sounds of heavy slaps as the bear struck at the bull's neck. In sudden panic, Bob realized that one of those slaps might break the bull's powerful neck. He thought not so much of his own danger if he were left alone with the bear as of the fact that he must save the bull, which was in his charge.

Clasping the knife handle, he sailed in. As he threw his body forward, he struck—and struck hard. He felt the blade go home, and quickly drew it back for another stroke. The train had hit the down grade now and was fast gathering speed; the cattle car was rocking and lurching, the fighters nearly rolled in a heap. Three times Bob struck before he received any hurt; then a paw came down across his right forearm and the claws tore long slits in his flesh.

Thankful that the blow had not made him drop his knife, he shifted it to his left hand and again threw himself into the fight. As he struck and gouged, he could see the white face of the bull swing from side to side; then the face grew dark with the blood that flowed from the bull and the bear. The whole fight seemed one great hideous round of snarls, bellows, growls and yelps. Bob's arm rose and fell twice more; then he forgot everything.

When the train stopped at a siding to switch two carloads of ranch machinery and supplies, a brakeman held a lantern at the side of the cattle car. What he saw made him shout to the other brakeman and the conductor. They opened the door and carried the red-headed "cow-puncher" toward the caboose; then they tied up a badly scratched bull and looked curiously at a bloody mass of fur that had once been a bear weighing seven hundred pounds.

When the doctor had finished sewing and patching and sterilizing the claw cuts on Bob's arms, and the two that ran all the way from the back of his head to his shoulder blades, the "cow-puncher's" blue eyes peered at him from among the bandages. "Well, doc," Bob chuckled, "it was sure some zephyr of a scrap."

TURNING THE TABLES

Parents who have been too ready to blame the schools for everything, from a young person's bad social behaviour to the amount that college graduates don't know, should take a lesson from the experience of several hundred Toronto parents with the principal of a certain public school in that city. His critics had annoyed him to the point of exasperation, and finally he "came back" with a pointed questionnaire to the parents of the pupils in his charge. Here is what he asks them:

1. Do you visit the school to inquire about your child's progress and deportment and to see if you can help the teacher to help the child?

2. Do you encourage your child in respect for teachers and others in authority?

3. Do you send your child to bed in time so that he will be rested and fit for study?

4. Do you provide plain, nourishing food and see that your child is up in time to eat a good breakfast?

5. Do you teach your child to read the papers and find out the best in them, and do you encourage and interest them in public affairs?

6. Do you avoid gossip and telling of incidents which may be misinterpreted by your children?

7. Do you interest yourself in your child's sports and amusements and friendships?

8. Do you encourage helpful conversation at the table?

9. Do you comply with the rules on public health in your home, and do you keep in mind the fact that while the school may do much to instil the right principles, your children are handicapped if you do not support it by instilling obedience and high ideals of patriotism and social life?

The number of failures in the parents' ranks demonstrated how effectively the principal had "struck home." It is only fair that the home should be asked to at least share the responsibility of training children with the school.

SMALL TOWN

Nathanael's way of saying it was "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" His vocal interpretation of the proverb was doubtless accompanied with a nasal elevation. Nazareth was not on the main line of highways to Jerusalem or to the coast. Hills separated it from the plain of Esdraelon, whose soil yielded both grain and legends of battle. Nathanael was fashionable wary of a Messiah from Small Town.

Does anyone love Small Town now? Did anyone ever. It kow-tows so ridiculously to the pocket-edition of Sir Dives. It constitutes itself a board of censorship for prospective prodigals. Scandal seamed and gossip sharpened, its baglike tongue tasted misery and believes that there is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed—and practices accordingly. It is a city of tongues, but not of Babel. There is a complete absence of confusion. Some literary critics were first literary failures. All of us are most critical of others wherein we have ourselves failed. So Main Street is an avenue where idealists run the gauntlet of tongues, tongues made by keen failure. And prophets? One Sunday in the synagogue is enough for the best of them. Then, anywhere else.

Small Town is ugly. Its architecture belongs to the well-known period, Atrocious. Its little square has a dead centre, the sculptured likeness of some departed son, heroic and homely. The beauty of the Heights is but a foil to enhance the squalor of Railroad alley. A short remove locates us Gehenna, with its ashes, smoke, and tin cans. Gehenna is a dump, or vice versa.

But the churches of Small Town are the climax. Jerusalem has a temple and a worship to match it. Nazareth has only a synagogue. About all that it has in common with Jerusalem is a Book. Nazareth goes to church somewhat better than Jerusalem. Jerusalem cynically suggests that it is because there is nowhere else to go; that after a Sunday afternoon three weeks long, even church is a relief. Nazareth thinks that Jerusalem will probably have longer afternoon to think things over by and by. From Nazareth to Spoon River is not such a step after all.

Jesus never recovered from his youth at Nazareth. It colored his speech permanently. He kept talking of children playing wedding or funeral in the streets and disputing which should have their way; of women grinding at the mill, or leavening measures of meal while forever hungry children asked for something to eat; of widows formally suing out of lawyers justices of the peace; of lost coins and lost boys, and of stories of servants in a town where servants were plentiful, cheap, and easily replaced.

Jesus never recovered from his youth at Nazareth, fortunately for us. He is most universally intelligible when he is re-echoing Nazareth. Nazareth is the one place where the average person can see life whole and see it steadfastly. Nazareth offers a field of observations of human beings where conclusions may be drawn without jeopardizing the result by unknown elements. Nazareth never gazes at a multitude and wonders where they belong. It does not look down from the nineteenth story of an ever-shifting tide of antilike beings called men, and remark, "How do they all make a living?" It knows. It needs no publication of income taxes. If Nazareth's editor did such a thing, he would be dealt with summarily and conclusively.

Nazareth offers the great experiences of life in compact form for continued reflection. Nazareth is sympathetic. One-third of its gossip is but the overflow of excess energy. One-third of it is embryonic sympathy. Nazareth really loves its sons. It may not know it until it is too late. And it pardons its prodigals—after a while. At least it does not treat them as seven-day wonders and then commit them to oblivion. The difference between the memories of Nazareth and Jerusalem is the difference between Purgatory and Annihilation. Even a poor former is preferable to a perfect latter.

Nazareth offers a philosophy of life to its children—pungent, exacting, quite disillusioning, but penetrating. Its sons are not soft or timorous. When they combine deep religiousness with early experiences, they are pioneering and productive in later years.

Can any good thing come out of Small Town? The sons of Small Town recall hearteningly that at least once there did.—Henry L. Lambdin.

HOW FORGERY IS DETECTED

In many trials, the charge of forgery is proved or disproved by handwriting experts.

The specialist in chirography first shows the juror that out of a dozen signatures of his own name no two will be alike in general form. Then he turns to the authentic and forged signatures, and points out the fact that his first suspicions of forgery were aroused by the indentical of the two signatures. They are alike to the minutest detail. With all the skill the forger puts into his crooked work, he still keeps to the bid principle of copying the authentic signature which he has in hand. The more nearly he can reproduce the signature in every portion, the more readily can the forgery be proved.

One of the most important facts from which the expert may begin his investigations of possible forgery is that every man has his pen scope. This technical term describes the average stretch of paper which a man may cover without lifting his hand from the paper and shifting his hand to continue the line.

The signature of the name is one of the easiest and least-studied groups of words. For example, the pen scope through a letter may show an average stretch of one inch, varying with the text. In the signature of the name twice its scope is often used by the signer. If this is done, the forgery is even more easily proven by the much shorter pen scope of the copyist. However free of stroke the forger may naturally be, his effort to produce a facsimile of another man's signature will make his pen scope shorter.

One of the commonest means of reproducing a signature is to put the genuine one on a piece of glass, lay another piece of glass on top of it, and fasten the piece of paper that is to receive the forgery on top of that. Then by holding the glass strips to a bright light, the original signature casts a shadow that may be traced through in pencil. From the tracing, the ink forgery is completed.

When a forgery done in this way is put under a strong magnifying glass, it will not bear scrutiny. If the original has a strong downward stroke on the capital letters, the movement will be free, and will leave the pen lines with smooth edges. The man who is tracing such letters cannot trust himself to the same free movement of the pen, and the result, under the glass, shows hesitancy and uncertainty.

AN ATHLETIC MOTHER

The solemnity of the church service was somewhat disturbed when the minister pictured in glowing terms the selfishness of men who spend evenings at a club and leave their wives in loneliness at home.

"Think, my friends," said he, "of the poor, neglected wife, all alone in the house, rocking the cradle with one foot and wiping away her tears with the other."

THE HISTORY OF CENSUS TAKING

The Census in Canada and the Census of Earlier Times

The Dominion Bureau of Statistics has released the first volume of the final report on the Census of 1921. The main results of the Census have been given out in a series of some thirty bulletins, each dealing with specific aspects of population and agriculture. The volume, however, contains the final detailed figures by local units, showing (1) the numbers, sex and geographical distribution of the population, (2) the racial origins, and (3) the religions. The volume also contains the administrative report on the taking of the Census.

According to the British North America Act 1867, the taking of a Census is one of the twenty-eight specific subjects exclusively assigned to the Dominion as distinguished from Provincial authority. The first Census Act was passed by the Parliament of Canada in 1870 an the first Census of the Dominion of Canada was taken in 1871. Altogether six decennial Censuses of Canada have been taken since the formation of the Dominion.

Census taking dates from a very early period. Moses numbered the children of Israel in the fifteenth century, B.C. But investigations of a similar nature were known many centuries earlier; in Babylonia about 2200 B.C., in China about 2000 B.C., and in Egypt about 3800 B.C. A Census taken by King David in 1017 B.C. achieved an evil notoriety in history from the Divine wrath which it is recorded as having provoked and which was cited for many generations in Europe in warning against the spirit of inquiry. As late as 1753 the taking of a Census was condemned on religious grounds in the British House of Commons, when more than one member looked upon the proposal as ominous and feared lest some public misfortune should follow the numbering. The Romans were assiduous census-takers both under the Republic and the Empire and in later years the Breviary of Charlemaine in A. D. 808 and one Domesday Book of William, the Conqueror (A. D. 1086) are celebrated mediaeval census. Later, for several centuries, the idea of census taking disappears from Europe.

This report, however, brings to notice that the credit for taking the first census as known in modern times belongs to Canada. The year was 1666 and the census was one of the Colony of New France, as Canada was then called. This census was a systematic record of each individual by name, taken at a fixed date, showing sex, occupation, conjugal and family conditions. The records of it are carefully preserved in the Archives of Paris, a transcript of which may be seen in Ottawa. When it is recalled that in Europe the first census date only from the eighteenth century, notably those of Prussia (1710) and Sweden (1748) and France and England (1801), the achievement of the primitive St. Lawrence colony in instituting what is to-day one of the principal instruments of governments of government in every civilized community calls for more passing appreciation.

From 1666 to 1763, when the French regime ended, no fewer than 15 censuses were taken in New Canada, nor was this census taking limited to what is now the Province of Quebec as in the latter years of this period seven similar census were taken of Nova Scotia, six of Newfoundland and one of Prince Edward Island.

Under British occupation there were censuses of Canada in 1765, 1874 and 1790. From 1817 onward census taking in Canada has been more or less frequent, but it was only with the formation of the Dominion of Canada that they were taken at a stated period for the Dominion as a whole.

As above stated, the main figures of the 1921 Census have already been made available to the public but the following may be noted: the total population of Canada in 1871 was 3,689,257; fifty years afterwards in 1921 it was 8,788,483, an increase of 138.22 per cent. In the last decade the increase was 21.95 per cent., while in the first decade following Confederation it was 17.23 per cent. in the second 11.76 per cent., in the third 11.13 per cent., and in the fourth 34.17 per cent.

It is also interesting to note that in 1871 Ontario possessed nearly 44 per cent. of the population of Canada, and Quebec a little better than 32 per cent. while in 1921 Ontario possesses 33.38 per cent. and Quebec 26.87 per cent. of the total population. The relative position of the Maritime Provinces as regards population in 1871 and 1921 is strikingly illustrated by the fact that at the date of Confederation they had 20.8 per cent. of the total population as against 11.4 per cent. in 1921. Of course, the explanation lies in the growth of the Prairie Provinces. In 1871 out of a total population of 3,687,257 only 18,000 or .42 per cent. dwelt in the Middle West; in 1901 they possessed slightly more than 3 per cent. of the total population, while in 1921 they had more than 22 per cent.

The growth of urban population in Canada is forcibly illustrated by the fact that in 1921 there were 109 cities and towns in Canada with a population of 5,000 and over, as against 37 in 1911, 27 in 1901, 15 in 1891, 34 in 1881 and 21 in 1871. In 1891 the total population living in urban centres made up 31.8 per cent of the total population; in 1901 it had climbed to 37.5 per cent.; in 1911 to 45.4 per cent. and in 1921 to 49.5 per cent. From 1891 to 1921 the rural population showed a gain of 34 per cent. as against a gain of 183 per cent. in the urban population in the 30 years.

In 1871 Montreal, within the area comprised within its present limits, had a population of about 115,000 as against 618,506 in 1921 and Toronto, similarly considered, grew in the fifty years from 59,000 to 521,893. Winnipeg, which scarcely found a place on the map in 1871 with 241 persons, in 1921 had 179,087. Among the outstanding features may be noted that Vancouver and Calgary were first noted in the 1901 Census, while Edmonton, Regina, Saskatoon did not find a place in the censuses previous to 1901.

The effect of immigration on the ethnic composition of the population is illustrated by the fact that in 1881, 59 per cent. of the population was of English, Irish, or Scottish origin, 31 per cent. of French origin (nearly all native born) and 2½ per cent. Indian, leaving only about 9½ per cent of the population as belonging to other races, while in 1911 or thirty years later, the proportion was as follows: British races about 54 per cent. French 23½ per cent., Indians less than 1½ per cent., and all other races nearly 16 per cent. In 1921 the proportion was British races 55.5 per cent., French 27.9 per cent., Indians 1¼ per cent., leaving all other races with 15.43 per cent of the total population.

The section dealing with the classification of the population according to religious beliefs enables persons who are interested in such a classification to ascertain with the fullest detail the relative strength of the various denominations by counties, townships or cities. Of the total population in 1901, the Church of England claims 12.69 per cent.; Baptists 5.92 per cent.; Lutherans 1.72 per cent.; Methodists 17.07 per cent.; Presbyterians 15.63 per cent.; Roman Catholics 41.51 per cent. while in 1921, twenty years later, the proportions were, Church of England 16.02 per cent.; Roman Catholics 38.50 per cent.; Baptists 4.80 per cent.; Lutherans 3.28 per cent.; Methodists 13.18 per cent.; Presbyterians 16.03 per cent. The Jews, which numbered 16,401 or less than one-third of one per cent. of the population in 1901, had 125,190 adherents in 1921 or 1.42 per cent of the total population.

ABOVE RUBLES

"Won't you buy this rose?" said the charming flower vendor at a charity bazaar. "I only ask $2."

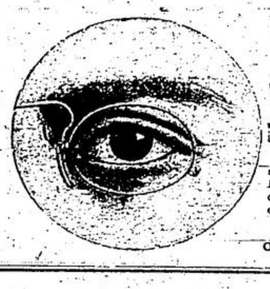
"I am sorry," said her victim with a courtly bow, "but the price is a little too high."

The lady kissed the flower—"and now," she suggested, "perhaps you will buy it."

"Madam," said the courtly one, "the rose is now priceless."

Young Tender Leaves
and tips used in
"SALADA"
GREEN TEA
are sealed in air-tight aluminum foil. Their fresh flavor is finer than any Japan or Gunpowder. Try SALADA.

BUCKLEY'S
BRONCHITIS MIXTURE
40 DOSES 75¢
At all Druggists Results Guaranteed
The Lightning Remedy
for COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS



Dr. J. Cadesky
OF TORONTO
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST
Will be at A. T. Brown's Drug Store, Acton
Monday, February 2
Anyone suffering from Eye-strain, Defective Vision or Headache should not miss the opportunity of consulting this eyesight specialist.
CONSULTATION FREE
Office Hours 9 a. m. till 5 p. m.

THE COACH as McLaughlin-Buick Builds it

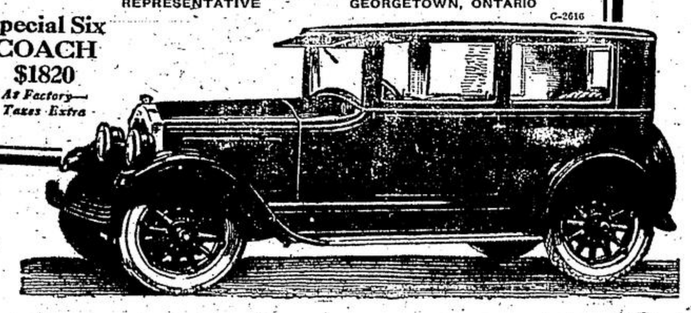
FRONT seat passengers in the new McLaughlin-Buick Coach do not need to get out of the car to enable rear seat passengers to enter or leave either door—wider doors.

This is only one of the many improvements which the McLaughlin-Buick Coach, with its Fisher-built body, offers to those who prefer the Coach type.

Thirty and more improvements on Coach design, including 4-wheel brakes, sealed chassis; automatically lubricated motor, Duco finish, are yours in the Coach as McLaughlin-Buick builds it.

S. V. KING
REPRESENTATIVE GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

Special Six COACH $1820
At Factory—Taxes Extra



C-2616

Pity the Salesman who cannot—

The salesman who is not free to use Long Distance without being criticized is probably not covering his territory in the most economical manner.

He is competing with salesmen who call up their customers between visits; secure repeat orders; or sell additional items;

—with Sales Managers who encourage salesmen to use Long Distance, because it saves money and time;

—with salesmen who, when travelling, telephone to customers in small towns from some central point.

Of two salesmen who both preserve a proper proportion between expense and sales, the one who uses Long Distance the most is usually the most effective.

Each New Subscriber Adds to the Value of Your Telephone

The Mothers

Of this community are the buyers of most of the goods required for the home, themselves and the children—and, in large measure, for the men as well.

These women are the closest readers of the local newspaper. A message in The Acton Free Press is certain to be read by the very people the home merchant must reach with his "store news."

ADVERTISING is the bond of confidence that ties your store to the homes of the community. The homemakers EXPECT to be invited to your store. Are you willing to be shown that

"An Advertisement is an Invitation"

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