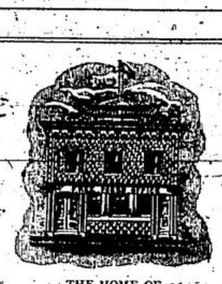

THE HOME OF

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H. P. MOORE, President and Editor
G. A. DILLS, Manager and Assistant Editor

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Editorial and Business Office ... 11w
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THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 12, 1925

EDITORIAL

Perpetual Care at Fairview Cemetery

The Tilsonburg News, whose excellent editorial on "The Care of Cemeteries" appeared in these columns two weeks ago, with editorial comment, refers to the matter again in last week's issue, and says: "We can assure Editor Moore that if Acton adopts the cemetery commission plan for perpetual care, it will have quite satisfactory results if the management is placed in competent hands."

The Boys Want Prohibition

One of the warmest debates at the Boys' Parliament recently held in the Legislative Building, Toronto, was on the O. T. A., and it is a significant fact that the boys who in many cases cannot remember the days of the open bar in the province, should in face of all that has been advanced against the O. T. A. by its opponents be found unanimously in favor of the prohibition measure. At the conclusion of their debate a resolution was passed calling for continuance of the prohibition of the liquor traffic in Ontario, and also that an educational campaign be prosecuted to acquaint the rising generation with the real evils of unrestrained liquor drinking, as known in the days when John Barleycorn was unfettered in the province. It is encouraging to see the boys favoring prohibition because it means that in future when the old guard that opposed it has passed away the friends of the liquor traffic will be few indeed.—Alliston Herald.

A Wide-Spread Evil

The revelations following the serious embezzlements at Hamilton the past fortnight prove that the evil of gambling has a strangle-hold on multitudes of people in that city, as it perhaps has in other cities and towns. The illegal "hand-book" officers scattered promiscuously over the city looks suspiciously like connivance somewhere, unfortunately. A great many well-meaning people regard gambling as a minor evil, difficult if not impossible to suppress in the larger places, and on the whole confined to those whose financial standing is such that they do not suffer by it. "Gamblers are usually men who can afford to lose. They do not deserve much sympathy," is a common view of the matter. This is, however, not true to the facts which have been disclosed in the city named. Pathetic, indeed, is it to learn that young men on moderate salaries or wages have been ruined through this growing craze for gambling. Homes have been broken up; families have suffered sorrow and disgrace, and the results have been heart-rendering in many cases. Added to this is the moral delinquency which has characterized the operations. It is to be regretted that numbers of young people are rather prone to think the ban against all games of chance is unjust and unreasonable; the too strict view of the church-members only. Those who are most familiar with the dark side of life know that the attitude of opposition to every kind of gambling is the only safe course, and Canada's laws generally take strong ground against all gambling practices.

The Policy of Politics

Both the Provincial and the Federal Parliaments are now meeting in annual session. The Local Legislation opened last Thursday with unusual pomp and ceremony, and the House of Commons commenced its session on Tuesday with a brilliant assemblage and old-time display and ceremony. The people of the country naturally think upon the question of politics when the parliaments are functioning. Especially is this the case when in the Provincial House the Conservative party is now in power, and when in the Federal House the Liberals control the Government. The policy of each is remarkably similar. Strategy has its place in political as well as in military campaigns. The party in power may be likened to an army behind entrenchments, and the other party to an attacking force. Thus it has come about that the "outs," to use the political phrase, are forced to attack the "ins." It rarely happens that the minority party proposes an affirmative and independent programme. Instead, it denounces the policy of the party in power and its appeals for support are usually directed to those who desire a change. It is admittedly the duty of the opposition to arraign the party in power. Otherwise an opposition would be of little use. It must critize and find fault, and forces the ruling party to do as well as it knows how. Vigilance on the part of the opposition is frequently the price of good government. Whether the opposition is Conservative, or Liberal, or Progressive, its duty is always the same. It will be so the present session at Ottawa, and this will also be at the course at Toronto.

Politics in Acton, England

Mr. Lloyd George was elected president of the Acton Liberal Association at its annual meeting, held in the Churchfield Hall on Tuesday night. It was announced that his willingness to accept the office was due to his old friends, Mrs. R. O. Davies, and her son-in-law, Councillor Harris, and that there was reason to hope that he would pay Acton an early visit. Mr. P. Barlow, ex-chairman, in giving the election his heartiest approval, said it was a sign that the Liberal party was really united, not only in Acton, but also throughout the country. Cordial thanks were at the same time voted to Lord Gladstone for his services as president.—Gazette and Express, Acton, England.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Hon. Dr. Forbes Godfrey, Minister of Health, announces that the Government has definitely decided to appoint a Provincial Director of Dental Services.

Chief Inspector Cowley says that school teachers must grow steadily in culture and learning and, indeed, men and women in most walks of life must keep on learning if they are to succeed.—Mail and Empire.

The financial statement of the Dominion for the month of January shows a decrease in the net debt of Canada during that month of $2,274,366, as compared with a decrease of $4,149,495 in January 1924. The net debt of the Dominion now stands at $2,415,471,564.

Some time ago it was quite current comment in outside towns to refer to Acton as the home of foreigners. The official census shows that Acton has 79 foreign-born residents; but Burlington has 97, and Oakville has 156. Georgetown has 56 and Milton 42, but Milton Heights, a mile and a half away has another two-score or more.

Under the proposed new tax on gasoline the province stands to collect $1,600,000. Last year there were 80,000,000 gallons of gasoline consumed by cars, trucks and motorcycles of which the are 287,752 in the province. There will be in addition to this the tax on the gasoline purchased by tourists from the United States, which in itself will be a very considerable aggregate.

Liberality never killed a town. Every public enterprise ought to receive substantial aid and encouragement. When you give a dollar towards improving the town, you do not throw away your money, but simply make a good investment. This is a good reason for supporting the Acton Horticultural Society and for taking an interest in Acton Chamber of Commerce.

By a decision of the Appellate Court the town of Sudbury is held liable for the cost of maintenance in the Toronto Hospital for consumptives of a nine-year-old boy whose father formerly lived at Birch Cliff. The Court held that at the time the boy went to the hospital he was clearly a resident of Sudbury, and so under the Ontario Act the town is liable. The appeal of Sudbury was dismissed.

A proposal is made for legislation requiring every motor vehicle to come to a stop before crossing any railway crossing. The Ontario Motor League contends that this would block traffic seriously at many points. The League recommends as preferable the removal of all obstructions barring the view of crossings, and the placing of danger signs 300 feet from every crossing. This looks like the wiser plan.

Canada leads the world in automotive exports in proportion to production, domestic sales of ownership of motor vehicles or that of population. Not relatively but absolutely the automotive exports of the Dominion are only exceeded by those of the United States. Since 1920 the motor vehicle exports of Canada have nearly doubled, the increase being from 9.8 per cent. to 17 per cent. of the automotive export trade of the world.

The attention of sundry voluble members of the Ontario Conservative party is invited to the remarks of Miss Constance Boulton recently. Miss Boulton in effect says that the anti-O. T. A. howlers are poor sports. They howled for a vote of the people, and when they got it they refused to accept the decision. The lady, it strikes us, knows a spade when she sees it and knows what to call it, too.—Star.

The Town Council of Hanover, believing that it was in the interests of the community to require restaurants to close on or before 11.30 p.m., passed a by-law to that effect. Interested parties endeavored to have the by-law quashed and took it to the Court of Appeal. Last Thursday Justice Middleton dismissed with costs the motion to quash the by-law. Most people think that 11.30 is late enough for these places to be open in an ordinary well-behaved town.

At the opening of the House of Commons last Thursday six new members of Parliament were introduced and took their seats. Liberals had the honor of leading five of the six to the Speaker's chair. They were Major-General Sir Eugene Fiset, Rimouski; Jean Francois Pouliot, Temiscouata, Charles Hanna, West Hastings; W. B. Snowball, Northumberland, and W. J. Hushion, St. Antoine. The new Conservative member is Grote Sterling, of Yale.

The Dollar Day continues to prove a great business getter for the merchants who put them on in Ontario towns. They have seldom failed, hence are repeated again and again. Acton business men have not yet tried this method of getting together and bringing the business to the town, but it is not too late. What can be carried on successfully in other places can also be done in Acton. All that is required is good organization with good leaders and the get-together spirit.

"Take your holiday in Canada, instead of going to Switzerland or the Riveria," was the advice given British business men by Sir Ernest Petter, President of the British Engineers' Association, who has just returned to England from a lengthy visit to Canada, profoundly convinced of the fine openings the Dominion offers British trade if only the business at home approach the market in the right way. Canada will glady welcome British capital for development of our magnificent natural resources.

GRANDFATHER MURRAY, MESSENGER

"Seems almost as if we were just sixteen ourselves, with you sitting there making valentines, mother," and Grandfather put down the evening paper, and peered over his paper at Grandmother who was busy cutting out little hearts from a piece of bright scarlet silk.

"Aye, but it's many a the year since I made valentines, John," said grandmother. "But my fingers haven't forgotten the trick of it," and grandmother patted with pride a beautifully shaped little red heart.

"Do you remember, mother, the first valentine I gave you? The big red heart, with lace around it—cost me fifteen cents, it did—and the verse said, 'Roses are red, Violets—'"

"Nonsense, John! Of course I don't remember it," said grandmother sharply, but the look on her face belied her words, and grandfather knew her memory was not so short-lived as she would have him believe.

"I remember," said grandfather slowly. "And I'll wager Tom Kennedy remembers the black eye I gave him when he said he was going to send you a valentine—the idea of him sending you a valentine!"

Grandmother laughed softly as she threaded her needle.

"And I remember," grandfather continued, "the first valentine you ever gave me,—do you remember, Jeanie? —a little red box filled with little red heart-shaped candy. Mmh! they were good!" and grandfather smacked his lips reminiscently. "Far better than all this rich chocolate trash they eat nowadays."

Grandmother nodded slowly. "That's a long time ago, but I believe I could still make those little heart-shaped candies. Lots of things have changed, but hearts are just the same shape that they used to be."

"And what's to be done with all these little red hearts?" asked grandfather, as his wife carefully counted all the little silk hearts spread out on the table. "I'll wager Madeleine's name is attached to some of them, somehow. You fair spoil that child, mother."

"Aye, perhaps, John, but I like to do it. You know, the lassie's going to a valentine party, and she does so want a white dress trimmed with silver. When I was down town this morning I saw the very thing,—such a pretty dress—why, you couldn't have resisted it yourself, John," and grandmother nodded emphatically at the old man who was not far behind her in spoiling their only grandchild, fifteen-year-old Madeleine.

"And how long is it since the bairn simply must have a blue dress, and you just happened to see the very thing? The child has no end of dresses, and she gets so many things now that she doesn't appreciate any of them. She isn't half so pleased with things as she used to be. Why, when you was fifteen, mother, if anybody had given you a white and silver dress, you'd have been jumping over the house with joy."

Grandmother's mouth was too full of pins to answer, for she now had the white and silver dress out from its tissue paper wrappings and it really was almost too pretty to resist—and was busy pinning the little scarlet hearts to the skirt.

"Look, John," she said, as soon as she could manage to speak through the pins, "isn't it going to be lovely! The red looks beautiful with the white and silver."

"Mh-hm," admitted grandfather, "but is the bairn just going to wear it on Valentine's Day?"

"No, silly," laughed grandmother. "I'm just tacking the hearts on and after the Valentine party is over, Madeleine can take them off and have a pretty frock for any party," and she held out the dainty dress for grandfather's admiration.

"Aye, it's pretty," agreed grandfather. "You always did have the knack of fixing things up, mother. Where's this party going to be? Seems to me that child's always going to parties."

"Now, now, John, the child's only young once. This party is to be at the High School, and all the young folks will be going."

"Is you dark-eyed lassie across the way going? I'll warrant there are few parties for her. Seems to me she never does anything but mind babies, and yet the way her eyes sparkle! You ever notice, mother? She's got the brightest eyes in this town. It was she who ran for my hat when it blew off this morning, and the other children just laughed."

"Aye, she's a good lass," agreed grandmother, as she carefully folded up the dainty valentine dress for her young granddaughter. "Poor wee Janet. I'm afraid there are very few parties for her. Her mother does well to keep her at High School when there are so many little ones to look after."

For a long time there was no sound in the room but the ticking of the old Grandfather clock.

Suddenly grandfather broke the silence. "Mother, about those little heart-shaped candies,—you think you could still make them?"

"Now, John," scolded grandmother, "you're too old to be worrying about valentines,—and I've made enough valentines for you in my day," she added with a little chuckle.

"I wasn't thinking about myself," said grandfather, slightly huffed; "it was you dark-eyed little lassie. I'd like to see the way those eyes would sparkle if she got a box of those little red candies."

"Oh," said grandmother, "that's different. I'd like well to see them myself, and the poor child has very little to make her eyes sparkle."

It was grandfather who was the messenger early Valentine morning, and if grandmother had noticed the sparkle of mischief in his own eyes, she mightn't have felt quite so satisfied with her messenger, as she pasted the last little heart-shaped stickers on the two parcels.

All morning grandfather whistled like a boy as he did up the chores, and grandmother herself hummed a gay little tune as she went about her work.

At noon a loud ring from the telephone sent grandmother hurrying to it in excitement, but grandfather slipped quietly up the back stairs. From the safety of the upstairs regions, he listened carefully to the conversation.

"The best candy you ever ate, Madeleine! I don't understand."

"Sick of chocolate! Like little red candies!—but—but—"

"Oh—oh—I see," as enlightment began to come to her.

"You're going to a party to-night? What are you going to wear?"

"Oh, your blue dress will look lovely, dear; I hope you have a good time. Come up to-morrow and tell me all about it. I'm glad—glad you liked the candy, dear," and grandmother sat down weakly on the hall chair.

But she wasn't given much time to recover her breath. What sounded like a young tornado suddenly came to the front door and grandmother went to see what this next disturber-of-the-peace was.

Janet Thompson was too much excited to talk coherently. Almost before grandmother had opened the door, she started. "Oh, Mrs. Murray! I got a valentine!! Such a valentine you never saw in all your life,—oh, yes, you did, because you must have sent it,—it's a white and silver dress with the dearest wee little hearts all over it. Bobby saw Mr. Murray going away from our house this morning and then this box was—"

Grandfather, who was in imminent danger of losing his balance leaning over the banister in order not to miss a word, could stand it no longer,—he simply must see those eyes. Daring grandmother's wrath, he came downstairs.

"Oh, Mr. Murray," cried Janet the second she caught sight of him, "you're the most beautiful valentine—no, I mean, your dress—no, my dress is the most beautiful valentine in the world. Are you sure you want me to have it? When I opened the box, my breath was knocked clean out of me, I thought it was a mistake, but there on the box was 'Janet Thompson,' and there's only one Janet Thompson in this town, and that's me. Mother says if you really mean me, I can go to the High School party to-night. You know, I've never been to one."

"Of course we mean you, dear," said grandmother stooping to kiss the radiant face. "I never trust my valentines to the postman for fear he might get them mixed, but grandfather himself takes them out so that there won't be any mistake."

And grandfather's eyes were almost as bright as Janet's.

READING HORSES' TEETH

You think you know. The horse is firm, his eyes bright. He looks well, and proves it on the road. After you have examined his teeth, you feel more convinced than ever that you have judged his age correctly. But stay. Have you read his teeth aright?

To begin with, his milk teeth are present until he is between four and five years old. Then the mark or dark central depression on the surface of the incisors becomes gradually worn out. In a horse over eight years old, the markings have nearly always disappeared from the teeth of the lower jaw.

Then the shape of the tooth alters as the animal grows older. At first the surface of the tooth is much wider from side to side than it is from back to front. In the older animal, the surface becomes progressively narrower from side to side and, instead of remaining always oblong, it becomes triangular, and even flattened.

In judging the age of a horse then, observe which of the milk teeth are present, and which have been replaced by permanent ones. Of the two, the former are smaller, whiter, and possess a distinct neck. Until a colt is over two years, his are all milk teeth, but his age is estimated by the amount of wear as shown on the crowns.

The first permanent teeth make their appearance in the second and third year. They push out the middle two teeth in both upper and lower jaw. When these central permanent incisors are in full wear, the horse's age is three years.

The second pair of permanent teeth appear in the following summer. When they are fully grown and in wear, your favorite is then four years old. Between four and five years the last pair make their appearance and the horse possesses a full mouth.

Up to this stage, mares and horses are alike. In or near the fifth year, however, the canines or tushes appear in the male sex only.

After a full mouth is obtained, the correct judging of a horse's age by his teeth becomes so intricate that it is popularly supposed to be impossible, especially after the eighth year.

This is incorrect. To the expert it is not difficult to tell the age of any horse up to the fifteenth year, and with a fair degree of accuracy. After that it is possible to approximate it within a couple of years.

CAME OUT JUST EVEN

To illustrate how far wrong one may go in trying to estimate the goods and ills in another man's life, a speaker at a recent public dinner told this story: Two good New Englanders met at a college reunion after twenty-five years. They had been close friends in the old days, but had lost track of each other since.

"Well, Bill?"

"Well, Charley?"

"Tell me about yourself. Where have you been, and what have you done? What has your life been all this quarter of a century?"

"Well, Charley," said Bill, reflectively and somewhat sadly, "I'm about where I was when I started out, just twenty-five years ago."

"That so?"

"Yes; just about in the same place."

"But something must have happened to you."

"Yes, I've been married."

"That's good."

"Well, I don't know. She turned out to be a terrible shrew."

"That's bad."

"Well, I don't know. There was one compensation, she was rich."

"That's good."

"Well, I don't know. She was also stingy."

"That's bad."

"Well, I'm not so sure—she was always just."

"That's good."

"Well, yes, I suppose so. But she died."

"That's bad."

"Well, I don't know. She left a great deal of money."

"Of course. That was—well, money is an—advantage."

"Yes, it certainly is; but she didn't leave me any."

"That's bad."

"Well, it might have been worse. She left me a fine house."

"That's good."

"Yes, that was good—while it lasted. but the house burned."

"That's too bad."

"Yes, that was bad. It wasn't insured, either. So I'm just where I was when I started."

GOING, GOING, GONE!

In the midst of the auction a man came forward and whispered at some length to the auctioneer. Then he went back and mingled with the crowd The auctioneer rapped on the table and announced:—

"A pocketbook containing two thousand dollars in bills has been lost. If it is returned to me, the owner will pay fifty dollars reward and no questions asked."

There was a moment's silence, and then a voice toward the back of the crowd was heard:—

"Fifty-one!"

HE HAD HAD SOME HELP

The man who applied at headquarters for a "little help" from a charitable association set forth his case with so much tact and moderation that the secretary was beginning to be favorably impressed.

"I can't ask them to do too much," the applicant said, modestly. "You see," he continued, in an outburst of delicacy and ingenuousness, "they paid for my wedding last month, and 'twas a real swell one."

Imagination, Humor, Kindness, Athletics Attributes to Success

But Real Success Rarely Obtained Except Through Individual Effort, Says E. W. Beatty

"There are many exceptions to every rule in which accident or good fortune seem to have played a great part in a boy's or a man's life, but in the main, real success is probably rarely obtained except through individual effort." In addressing the students of Lower Canada College recently, E. W. Beatty, chairman and president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, enumerated as qualities and attributes to material success, work, self-reliance coupled with modesty, loyalty, imagination, humor, studied thought and human kindness.

"If I were to pick out for you the most admirable quality possessed by the students of this college, I would say that it is that of loyalty; loyalty to your family, to your school, to your university, to your country and to yourself. The second in the long list of qualities which are admirable is imagination; dreams mean idealism and idealism is often followed by constructive vision. Imagination enables a man to take out of life sometimes more than there is in it. Retain as long as you can your faith in other men.

"The third quality that I would mention is self-reliance, and I think that it is probably one of the outstanding characteristics of the Canadian young man." The field of athletics, Mr. Beatty considers as the most helpful contributor to the spirits of self-reliance and having cultivated the out-doors spirit he would then "cultivate a sense of humor—not the harmful humor that only takes delight in the confusion or humiliation of others, but that humor which enables a man to laugh at himself and hold himself in proper proportion, a man who sees the bright side and communicates the brightness to others."

"Now, most of you," he said, "will proceed from here to a university and into a profession, or maybe without the university course into business, and you will want to succeed, and perhaps you would not mind my saying some of the things that I have observed that contributed to a man's success.

"At the outset come the qualities I have mentioned to you because they are so admirable in themselves. There are many and I can only mention a few. I have mentioned self-reliance. Couple it with modesty—that fast disappearing virtue—and you have a combination of inestimable value to any boy starting in life.

"Now there is a word, an ugly word, which has a great deal to do with a boy's or a man's success—Work! . . . This school and higher colleges can give you much. They can teach you to think, study and analyze, but your education in itself will not make you anything. This is a result which must come from your own effort. Do your own thinking. Advise and consult with others, especially older and more experienced people. Mental exercise is just as good as athletics if you are later to take your place in a contest where judgment and brains are your chief equipment and not physical powers.

"The last quality I am going to mention which helps a boy to succeed is human kindness," Mr. Beatty said. "Your own success will never be retarded by a kindly and neighborly spirit. Remember that you will go much farther through the good will of others than you can possibly go by climbing over someone's back."

You have been intending to try "Red Rose." Why not now before you forget.

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

The ORANGE PEKOE is extra good. Try it!

These Fine Winter Days

Are the days when the appetite is keen, and now is the time to feed up with good wholesome foods. Bread is truly "The Staff of Life," and there is nothing more satisfying. Eat more of it for better health. It's bound to be good, because nothing but the best goes into it.

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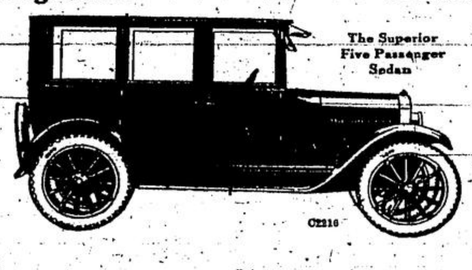

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