The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1925

THE PLEDGE

"Dear, Dr. Moore," said Ferguson,
"pray do not be alarmed.
For if the O. T. A.'s to stand, I pledge
it won't be hanged.
And though I'm not a lawyer great,
dear doctor you may bet
That G. H. Ferguson's aware, that
dry does not mean wet."

Encouraged by this statement clear,
the foes of demon rum
Set out to battle hard against the
brewers' mighty sum.
And soon the fight had run its course
—for time slips fastly by
And much to Ferguson's surprise the
province voted dry.

"I'll follow a consistent course," G.
Howard then announced,
Though by the slaves of booze, no
doubt, this statement was denounced,
But folk who like a fearless man were
rather greatly pleased—
The wets with sporting spirit low were
not to be appeased.

And so it seemed King Booze had got
another well timed blow,
The answer to his overtures had once
again been "No!"
And folks who had the good of youth
in mind and right at heart
Were pleased that with the work of
years they did not have a part.

But politicians sometimes start a scrap
within their camp,
And soon G. Howard's sentiments were
noticeably damp,
And then he reached the breaking
point—the wets were pretty sore,
His pledge received its walking card—
there entered four point four.

Once more King Booze is happy, and
there's reason for his smile,
"You've got to have a foot," he says,
"before you get a mile."
And much against the people's wish
his comeback looms ahead,
Although in favor of his work a good
word can't be said.

"Dear Dr. Moore," said Ferguson, "pray
do not be alarmed,
For if the O. T. A.'s to stand, I pledge
it won't be harmed."
A premier's pledge—the people's wish
—it does seem rather strange,
That such a mandate's scoffed upon
and there's to be a change.

—Wilf G. Palmer, in the Star.

LINK PETERS AND THE PARTRIDGES

In the Dilmouth post office the talk turned to feats of marksmanship. Caleb Peaslee had a vast fund of reminiscences, probable and otherwise, and the younger men often fell into exaggeration, "to draw the old gentleman out.

"Speaking of shootin'," Wendell Cooper remarked casually, "that oldest sprout of Newt Spinney's was out with me a day or two ago, and I saw him make a double on partridges,—clean right and left,—and both birds was in the air. It ain't often you see that done."

Mr. Hyne shifted his rheumatic leg with a groan. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Cooper," he observed in a tone of crabbed reproof. "Speakin' o' that as if it was a thing to be talked about. I o'n remember when a man couldn't think of shootin' a partridge with a shotgun. If a man couldn't take a rifle and snip their heads off, he'd scurcely be allowed in the woods with a gun."

Mr. Peaslee had turned his face toward the talkers with an air of attention, and Jake Piper, observing this, deemed the time ripe for taking part in the conversation.

"Well, I d'know," he remarked. "I've understood that even in the old times the man with the shotgun was as sure to get the bird."

Mr. Peaslee cleared his throat gently. "'Bout the first shotgun to be brought into these parts," he observed, "was fetched here by Budfish Tanner, long before either you or Wendell was born, Jake. It wa'n't thought to be much of a piece for a man to take into the woods.

"Link Peters was reckoned a good shot with a rifle in them days," he went on, "and one morning he and Budfish Tanner started out after pa'tridges. It was a foggy mornin', and you know how smok'll hang in the air a mornin' like that. Sometimes it'll be half a minute b'fore you c'n see a thing after you've fired.

"They strated up the old Hatcase Pond road," resumed Mr. Peaslee, "and where the road opens out into the pasture there was a moss-covered log stuck out in the road, and right on the end of the log stood a pa'tridge. Tanner up with his shotgun, but Link stayed him. 'Lemme get that pa'tridge the way woodsmen ought to get him,' Link says, so he up with his rifle and fired.

"Wal, when the smoke fin'ly cleared, Link Peters was about as s'prised as a man could be, f'r there, on the end of thelog, stood the pa'tridge!

"Wal, Link loaded and fired agin, and the same thing happened. When the smoke cleared, there was the bird standin' on the log. And Link loaded and fired agin,—four times in all,—any yet the bird sot there, right where she'd been in the beginnin'.

"After the fourth shot Link begun to be scared; and stood his rifle down on the ground and looked at Budfish kind of pitiful. 'For the lan' sake, Budfish,' he says, 'what's come over me? I can't shoot at all!' And Tanner says, 'Wal, now I'm going to try to get that pa'tridge, and after that we'll look into your case, and see if it's you or your rifle that's to blame.' So he up with the shotgun and fired, and that time when the smoke lifted the pa'tridge was gone. Budfish walked over to pick up the bird, and then he turned round grinnin' and beckoned to Link.

"You see," explained Mr. Peaslee "there hadn't been jest one pa'tridge there; there was five of 'em, an they walked out on the log one at a time. I've seen them act like that a good many times. And when Budfish peeked over behind the log he found the whole five of 'em there, and four of 'em had their heads shot clean off!"

WHEN NOAH FISHED

In a public school recently the children were called upon to write an essay, and at the appointed time little Hugh submitted an effusion on the ark, in which he made the statement that Noah fished one day for about five minutes. When the teacher looked over the composition she was not a little puzzled. She couldn't understand why anybody fond of piscatorial sport should give up in so short a time. "Hugh," she remarked, looking up from the essay, "you say that Noah fished for only five minutes." "Because," was the prompt explanation of Hugh, "he didn't have but two worms."—Harper's Weekly.

PAT'S REMEDY

Irish wit is a well-head that has never been known to run dry. Pat McGuire had been misbehaving, and appeared before his commanding officer for the third time, charged with being drunk.

Pat stated his side of the case with all the eloquence at his command, but the colonel was unmoved.

"Eight days in the guard-house!" he said, sternly.

But in writing the "8" on Pat's defaulter sheet, the pen splutered. Pat noticed this, and leaned forward.

"Thry it, t'will make a '3' aany aister, sorr," he suggested, in a persuasive whisper.

THE OLD FAMILY DOCTOR

He entered often the homes of toil,
And joined in the homely meat;
He shod in the home of the artisan
He went where the Master sat.
At the poor man's fire, and the rich
man's feast,
But who to-day are the poor;
And who are the rich?
Ask him who keeps
The treasures that ever endure.

By the couch of pain, with skill he
bends,
Again the thin hand lies
Cold in his palm, while the last far
look
Steals into the steadfast eyes;
And now the burden of hearts that
break,
Lies heavy upon his own—
The widow's woe, and the orphan's
cry,
And the desolate mothers' moan.

It is not in vain that he has trod,
This helpful, though toilsome way;
It is not in vain that he has wrought
In the vineyard all the day.
For the soul that gives,
Is the soul that lives,
And bearing another's load,
Doth lighten his own,
And shorten the way,
And brighten the homeward road,

THE DOCTORS OF ACTON

For eighty years Acton has been favored with having skilled and reputable doctors resident within borders. Nearly always, for the past sixty years or more, there have been two. Sometimes there have been three. But our beautiful town, with its rather lofty elevation of 1,000 feet higher than Toronto, with its fresh air and good water, has been so healthy a place through all the years, that two doctors have been ample. And the old town has been fortunate in the type of men who have ministered to the pains, and ills and ailments of the residents of the community. Honest, godly men they have been, almost without exception. Upright in character, standing for the best things in life, always ready to do their best in self-sacrificing effort to alleviate pain, build up the constitution, save life, and do their part in bringing comfort and happiness to the homes where their services have been required.

Twenty-two of them there have been in the eighty years since men of this useful profession first came to settle in this place of homes.

Acton's first resident physician was Dr. Shook. He had faith in the place and in his ability to minister to the needs of those requiring the skill of a physician. Dr. Shook purchased one of the first lots sold on Mill Street out of the new survey of the Rufus Adams' farm. This property comprised two lots on Mill Street, one in front and one on Bower Avenue in the rear, siding on the west side of Frederick Street. Here he erected a comfortable home, planted shade and ornamental trees, and created attractive home surroundings. It is quite a coincidence that nine of the twenty-one doctors who have practiced in Acton had their homes and surgeries on the site where this first doctor settled when he came to Acton.

Dr. Nelson McGarvin settled in Acton shortly before Dr. Shook retired. Dr. McGarvin was a native of Middlesex County, and was born there ninety-five years ago last month. He graduated in Toronto University 1852, and took his degree of Doctor of Medicine at Victoria College, Cobourg, in 1856. He settled in Acton that year—nearly seventy years ago. In the spring of 1854 Dr. McGarvin married Mary A. Freeman, daughter of Isaac Freeman, of Trafalgar, and sister of Dr. Freeman, of Milton, and Dr. Freeman, of Georgetown. Mrs. McGarvin died in 1859, and the following year the Dr. married Miss Sarah C. Hilts, of Ballinafad. The Dr. was a busy man. He was popular in his profession, and he took an interest in the affairs of the community. He was a School Trustee for many years and was a member of Acton's first Council when the place was incorporated in 1878. He afterward filled the office of Reeve for several terms. Dr. McGarvin built a home, where Mrs. George Hynds now resides. The store of Harold Wiles' was his surgery and drug store. Later he purchased the Dr. Shook property and lived there for years. About 1870 he engaged in manufacturing with the late Henry Smith. They conducted a glove leather tannery, where the Storey tannery was later established. In 1874 in partnership with the late C. S. Smith they established a commercial lime business at Dolly Varden, under the firm name of McGarvin & Smith. Twenty-five or thirty years ago Dr. McGarvin removed to Butte, Montana, where he conducted a large practice for years. He died about ten years ago.

Dr. Carter, a young medical man from Guelph, conducted a practice here for some years. His surgery was in Dr. McGarvin's first residence. The Dr. met a tragic death on the Grand Trunk Railway near Guelph.

Dr. Robert Morrow came to Acton during the early days of Dr. McGarvin's practice. Mrs. Morrow was a Guelph lady. The Dr. bought the Rufus Adams homestead on Bower Avenue and Frederick Street, succeeding Mr. Johnstone, father of Mrs. R. Little, in the ownership of the property. Dr. Morrow made many friends as a doctor. He had a brother who conducted a drug store—George—in the Eubage block on Main Street, but he made up his own prescriptions. It was a frequent boast that he knew his laboratory so well that he could compound a prescription in the dark. Dr. Morrow owned the land surrounding what is now known as Corporation Pond. He built a bridge across at the foot of what is now Alice Street, so as to get his horse and cow over to the pasture lands on the north side. Trout were plentiful in the pond in those days. The Dr. seldom fished himself, but it annoyed him greatly to have the boys of the village roaming over his property to "go fishin'." Dr. and Mrs. Morrow removed to Guelph about thirty years ago. He still survives though he must now be in his nineties.

About the time Dr. McGarvin began to give attention to business pursuits Dr. W. H. Lowry graduated as a doctor, winning the gold medal of his year. He settled in Acton and took up Dr. McGarvin's practice, residing in his home. The first year Dr. McGarvin's house was destroyed by fire, and Dr. Lowry's prized gold medal went through the fire, with all his instruments and equipment. All were lost. Nearly fifty years ago Dr. Lowry married Miss Ann Jane Hill, daughter of Mr. Charles T. Hill, another of the members of Acton's first Council. Their home in Acton was the old Capt. Burns property on Frederick and Church Streets. The Dr. improved the property and made it into a very comfortable home. Dr. Lowry's practice in Acton and neighborhood was large. He was a skilful physician and his services were much in demand. The Dr. left here about thirty years ago and went to Guelph, where he practiced until a couple of years ago when he retired. Dr. and Mrs. Lowry are still resident in Guelph.

Dr. S. A. McKeague, of Welland port, succeeded Dr. Lowry and purchased his property, as well as his practice. He brought his first wife, Miss Effie Moote, daughter of Allanson Moote, for many years a prominent resident of Hamilton, to their new home here. Mrs. McKeague died a year or two after removal here. After the lapse of several years the Dr. persuaded Miss Alice Henderson, daughter of the Hon. David Henderson, to share his home. It was a very happy marriage, and Alice like her sainted mother, proved to be an ideal homemaker. During his stay of 18 or 20 years in Acton the Dr. enjoyed a large practice. He also took a keen interest in Church and educational matters. To his credit I am glad to state that it was through the initiative of Dr. McKeague that the graduates from our Public School were provided High School privileges. This took place the year of the retirement of Principal Thomas T. Moore, and the installment of Principal W. H. Stewart. It must be nearly twenty years since Dr. McKeague and family removed to Winnipeg. There the Dr. has prospered, his family has grown up and entered positions of usefulness, and they all speak highly of their western home and environments. Dr. McKeague disposed of his practice and his property here to Dr. E. D. Ault, who came here from eastern Ontario.

These worthy men had a share in the professional skill required at the advent of hundreds of our citizens, and of hundreds more who have removed to make their homes elsewhere on this mundane sphere.

Well, well, here I am at the close of my allotted space, and have only covered the terms of half a dozen of the twenty-two doctors who have practiced in Acton. There remain the well-known names of Dr. M. Forster, and his son, Dr. Fred J. R. Forster, Dr. J. F. Uren, Dr. J. N. E. Brown, Dr. Springer, Dr. Auld, Dr. Holmes, Dr. Kelley, Dr. Gray, Dr. Halstead, Dr. Macdonald, Dr. Lake, Dr. McNiven and Dr. Nelson.

Brief sketches of all of these will be given in successive weeks. Mary says: "I'd like you to write nice stories of Dr. Uren and Dr. Gray, for you know they were always welcome to our home when we had sickness, and when we hadn't." "All right," I told her, "I'll try and do them full justice, and all the others, too."

The Old Man

WISE SAYINGS

Living beyond your means will drive you to extremes.

Rocking the boat is dangerous pastime for divers reasons.

The beautiful things are always the simple things, like mother's love, a heart-song, a sunrise, a friendship, a prayer.

Trouble seldom troubles people who refuse to recognize it.

We will always have luxuries, because we will always want them.

Wisdom isn't so much knowing, as knowing when you don't know.

Good luck differs from other varieties only when you make good with it.

Envy is not only an unpolite indulgence, but an admission of personal weakness.

There is nothing so strong or safe in any emergency of life as the simple truth.

Fame is cheap compared to the amount of work most people will do for mere money.

Not to enjoy one's youth when one is young is to imitate the miser who starves beside his treasures.

I wonder why it is we are not all kinder to each other than we are. How much the world needs it! How easily is it done!

My character may be my own, but my reputation belongs to any old body that enjoys gossiping more than telling the truth.

Paying a child to be good shows the power of matter over mind.

If a man could have half his wishes he would double his troubles.

Life gives you no rainbows until you have scattered the sunshine of a few smiles over the mist of your tears.

Do not pray for easy lives, pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle.

CANADIAN FARMER'S ADVANTAGES

Better Off in Many Respect Than the Farmers of the United States

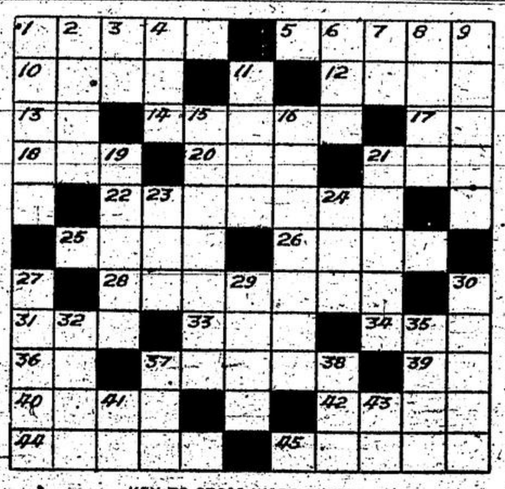
"In spite of certain real difficulties with which he is faced to-day, the Canadian farmer enjoys certain clear advantages over his brother in the United States," stated Hon. Thomas A. Low, Minister of Trade and Commerce in a recent address.

"Canada enjoys an advantage," said Hon. Mr. Low, "in the number of owners of her farms. No less than 38 per cent. of the United States farms are owned by tenants as against only 8 per cent. in Canada. Ownership gives the occupant a more permanent interest in the land and community than any form of lease, as well as a greater interest in the welfare of the soil, and a broader view of his agriculture than immediate profit, quick returns, exhaustion of the farm and transfer to another holding."

At present there are 711,090 farms in Canada as compared with 6,448,343 in the United States. The average farm in the American Republic is 148 acres, while 198 acres represents the average in this country; but the value, however, is in reverse proportion, the Canadian holdings being valued at $9,263, and the United States one at $12,084.

The net agricultural production per farm in Canada, with 1920 figures as a base, average $2,136, compared with an average of $1,703 in the United States. On the basis of all farms, the average expenditure for labor was $155 in this country and $210 on the other side of the boundary.

The Free Press' Cross Word Puzzle



KEY TO CROSS WORD PUZZLE

Horizontal

1 A long nosed animal.
5 A dish.
10 Destruction.
12 Uncommon.
13 A preposition.
14 Proficient.
17 A famous Canadian ranch (ab.).
18 A small mark.
20 Part of a grain.
21 Article of clothing.
22 Sanction.
25 A birthstone.
26 A fastener.
28 Not sacred.
31 Constitutus (ab.).
33 To decompose.
34 Good to eat (sing.).
36 A conjunction.
37 An opinion or doctrine held as true.
39 A north Eastern state in U. S. A.
40 A prefix from the Greek, meaning beside or near.
42 A north Central State in U. S. A.
44 Select.
45 Discolored places.

Vertical

1 Commerce.
2 Meaning oneself.
3 Jumbled type.
4 Girl's name.
6 Practical skill applied to subjects of taste.
7 A syllable for a tone in the musical scale.
8 Any surface.
9 A measure of penetration.
11 To burn.
15 To feel deep grief for.
16 Prove legally.
19 A bugle call.
21 A girl's name.
23 Equal.
24 Prefix in German names.
27 Space for action.
29 Loving, affectionate.
30 Famous character of Dumas'.
32 By mouth.
35 A single thing.
37 A kind of fancy work.
38 The highest part.
41 A New England State (ab.).
43 An exclamation calling attention.

NEWS FROM ACTON OVERSEAS

Gleaned From the Columns of the Acton Gazette and Express of February 6

Mrs. Talbot will not seek re-election as an Acton representative on the Brentford Guardians.

The Mayor of Acton (Ald. S. M. Smee) attended the reception give by Viscount and Viscountess Grey of Fallodon at the Hotel Cecil on Wednesday.

Sir William Mitchell-Thomas, Postmaster-General, spent the week-end at Torkington House, Acton, with his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Barlow.

Among the many local musicians who are resident in Acton, there are few who are better known and whose talents are more appreciated than Mr. Alfred Martini.

Louisa Newman (43), a charwoman of Bangor-street, Notting Dale, was charged at Acton Police Court on Tuesday with being drunk and disorderly and using obscene language. She was fined 15s.

The inspection staff of Messrs. D. Napier and Sons, Acton Vale, held their annual dinner and concert at the Horse Shoe Hotel, Tottenham Court-road W., on Saturday evening.

For causing an obstruction with a chestnut barrow at Acton on Friday evening, John Simeoni, of Acton, was fined 10s. at Acton Police Court on Saturday.

Mr. H. E. Hicks was the speaker at the Acton Brotherhood on Sunday, and he gave an interesting address on "Things New." Mr. F. Ferriss contributed three solos, and the Brotherhood orchestra gave selections.

We may now look forward, after several years of agitation, to a start being made on improvements at the Acton Post Office, the Acton sub-post offices, and local postal facilities in general.

The death of Mr. Jesse Chance, a former Acton representative on the Brentford Board of Guardians, occurred at his house, 26 Amherst Road, Ealing, on Sunday week, in his 69th year.

Mrs. E. C. P. Monsam, hon. treasurer of the Acton Women Citizens' Association, was able to attend the meeting of the association last week after an illness extending over six months.

That Chiswick is inclined to postpone definite action towards a preliminary understanding with Acton on the amalgamation question is attributed to her still hankering after union with a community on her west.

The Parish Church Orchestra, whose services in occasionally brightening evensong at St. Mary's Church are much appreciated, again assisted in public worship there on Sunday evening.

The social side of the activities of the Acton Chamber of Commerce was well sustained at its monthly whist drive, held in the Steyne Hall on Thursday evening in last week. Mr. J. Taylor, secretary, acted as M. C. for a large company.

Miss M. D. Ellis, 31 Temple Road, Acton, student of the Goldsmiths' College, was invited to an "at home" given by Viscount and Viscountess Grey to representatives of the League of Nations Union at the Hotel Cecil on Wednesday.

The Mayor of Acton, Ald. Miss S. M. Smee, was the guest of the Chiswick Civic Association on Saturday evening, when she and Ald. Marlow Reed, Mr. Harry Johnson and others, spoke on "The Uses of Local Government."

Very striking and beautiful were the old-world ceremonies, revived at St. Thomas' Church, Acton, on the Feast of the Purification of Our Lady, Candlemas Day.

Up to the present there has been no great rush of candidates for the three Acton vacancies on the Middlesex County Council, the election to fill which will be held on March 4, and it is quite possible that there will be no contests.

George V. Marsh, aged 20, a laundry hand at Colville Road, Acton, was charged at Acton Police Court on Monday with stealing on January 30, from 178 Bollo Bridge Road, Acton, a cycle, value £2. He was bound over.

Mr. Hunter, who has been confined to his bed for about a couple of months, died on Saturday, aged 83, at his residence, 36 Mill Hill Road, Acton, passing peacefully away through old age. A native of Penpont, Dumfriesshire, he came to London when a young man.

Mr. F. J. Read, of Acton, attended the home counties conference of Conservative agents at the National Unionist Offices on Tuesday, and was afterwards present at the annual dinner of the Middlesex Conservative agents, held in the evening at the Tracadero.

The sad case of Mrs. Agnes Murray-Bryant, a blind woman, aged 64, of 4a Palmerston Road, Acton, who died suddenly, was the subject of an inquest by Mr. R. Kemp, coroner, for West Middlesex, at the Acton Fire Station on Friday afternoon.

Some time ago the Acton Women Citizens' Association decided to be represented in the public gallery of the Acton Council, in order to obtain reports of what that august body was doing. Several members went to endure the self-imposed ordeal, but one attendance seems to have been enough for them.

"Raising the school age to fifteen," was the subject set for discussion, from the points of view of teachers, parents, employers and ratepayers, at the meeting of the Acton Women Citizens' Association held in the Priory Schools on Friday evening.

It is announced that Princess Mary has promised to open the new headquarters of the Royal Association in aid of Deaf and Dumb, Old Oak Road, East Acton, on May 5. The foundation stone of the building was laid by the Prince of Wales last April.

A large congregation, including numerous Acton residents, assembled in St. Stephen's Tuesday afternoon, for the marriage of Mr. Sydney Ralph Midleton Barlow, late captain R.G.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Barlow, Torkington House, Acton, to Miss Nina Muriel Barter, fourth daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Ewart Barter, 31 Queen's Gate Gardens, S. W.

The annual general meeting of the Acton branch of the Junior Imperial League was held on Wednesday week at the Priory Constitutional Club. Sir Harry Brittain was unanimously elected president; Lady Brittain, Ald. R. Kent, Ald. J. P. Hamilton, Ald. R. T. Mence, and Mr. R. Graham, vice-presidents.

On Wednesday evening the young people of the United Methodist Church South Acton, gave in the Central Hall, in aid of the National Children's Home, a series of dramatic episodes in the life of Florence Nightingale, written and arranged by Mr. C. Hocking, assistant librarian of the Acton Public Library.

A number of Acton friends, several of whom are members of the lodge, attended a meeting of the Orpheus Lodge of Freemasons, held at the Holborn Restaurant on Saturday, when the business included the initiation of Mr. W. Alban Field, Shalimar Gardens, Acton, a popular tenor vocalist, and a members of the Philharmonic and Madrigal Societies.

Following an emergency meeting of the Borough of Acton Lodge of Freemasons at Freemasons' Hall, on Monday evening, an informal social gathering was held in the Connaught Rooms. The chief feature of the after-dinner proceedings was the presentation of a couple of clever watercolor caricature sketches, by Mr. Hal Taylor, the well-known Acton artist.

The "Acton Gazette" is informed that Mr. J. McNish, president of the Acton Branch of the National Citizens' Union, is considering an invitation to stand as Independent candidate for the North-West Ward of the borough at the Middlesex County Council elections early next month.

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK

That the place to spend money is in the home town?

That when you shop at home you reap the benefits? So does your home town.

That you can find complete stocks of seasonable merchandise in the home town?

That if a visit should be made through all the stores, you would be surprised at the amount of dependable merchandise carried by them?

That no matter what article you desire, you will find it at a reasonable price?

That those who go out of town to shop are only fooling themselves when they think they can do better away from home?

That local merchants deserve the first consideration?

That they deserve trade?

That they should get it?

That they are part of the town?

You help yourself when you buy at home.

—E. B. Waite.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

"Cable Crossing—Do Not Anchor"

At a dozen points across our boundary waters, submarine telephone cables link up Northern and Southern shores. Down in the cold, dark, depths these underwater talkways lead a stormy life. Anchor ice delights to crush and grind them, and ship captains either cannot read or do not heed the warning signs "Cable Crossing—Do not Anchor", with the result that the cables are dragged from the river bed and put out of commission.

A noteworthy instance of this occurred when in a recent snow storm a liner, to avoid collision, threw out its anchor, digging deep into a submarine telephone cable and making necessary a difficult repair job.

The river soon froze over at the spot where the damage occurred and telephone repair men were able to restore the cable by raising it through a long trench cut in the ice.

All told these submarine telephone cables enclose over 650 miles of wire.

OFFICIAL TIME

"He was going twenty miles an hour," said the Park policeman to the magistrate, of the automobilist. The New York Sun tells how the policeman proved his statement.

"Nonsense!" rejoined the accused. "He doesn't know any more exactly than I do how fast I was going. He's only guessing at it."

"I had a stop-watch, and kept my eye on him from the Webster statue to the big ailanthus-tree with the crooked limb," continued the policeman. "That's just over a block, and he made it in eight seconds. One block is two hundred and sixty-four feet. If he made two hundred and sixty-four feet in eight seconds, he would go one thousand and eighty in a minute, and sixty times that would be one hundred and eighteen thousand eight hundred feet, or twenty-two and one-half miles an hour."

"You can't beat the watch and mathematics, sir," said the magistrate.

"I didn't know that policemen had to pass examination in mathematics," remarked the automobilist" when he paid his fine.

WORTH THE PAIN

Five year old Humphrey was standing in the kitchen with his eyes on a dish of cakes when his mother came in and found him.

"What are you doing here, Humphrey?" she asked.

"I was just thinking, mother," replied the youngster.

"Thinking? Well, of what were you thinking? I hope you haven't touched those cakes."

"That's what I was thinking about?" came the ready answer. "I was wondering whether they were good enough to be whipped for."

BEETHOVEN UP TO DATE

A man who was willing to have his neighbors think him a fine musician installed a mechanical piano near the front window of his home, and spent hours a day pedaling out melodies. He received compliments for a time, says the San Francisco Argonaut, but his little son, William, betrayed him in the end.

"Your father is a great pianoplayed a noticeable lack of tail—a across the street remarked one day.

"Yes," replied William, "but it makes his feet awful sore."

THE MODEST BEET CURES HICCOUGH

The modern garden beet, a popular relish in the most homes, is acclaimed as a sure remedy for hiccoughs by an aged woman, Mrs. Zachariah Travers, of Hagerstown, Md., who had read of the epidemic of hiccoughs prevailing in many cities.

Mrs. Travers declared that pickled beets were eaten by her husband, who had a severe attack of hiccoughs, were found to be the only effective remedy for his malady. She is passing it along to those who are suffering from the disease.

A FULL LINE OF LEGS

Mrs. Baron was one of the new "summer folks" stopping in Ridgeville, and was not yet acquainted with the vernacular of the place. Consequently she was somewhat surprised, upon sending an order for a roast of lamb to the nearest butcher, to receive the following note in reply:

"Dear Mam, I am sorry I have not killed myself this week, but I can get you a leg off my brother (the butcher at the farther end of the town). He's full up of what you want. I see him last night with five legs. Yours respectful.

"George Gunton."

DECEITFUL APPEARANCE

A judge of the Bombay Hill Court, who is pompous in manner and never forgets that he is a judge, was walking up and down the platform of a railway station, just before taking his seat in the train. At that moment a hot and perspiring Englishman rushed onto the platform, and said to the judge:

"Is this the Bombay train?"

The judge coldly remarked: "I am not the station master."

The other at once retorted: "Then, confound you, sir, why do you swagger as if you were?"

Internal and External Pains are promptly relieved by DR THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL

THAT IT HAS BEEN SOLD FOR NEARLY FIFTY YEARS AND IS TO-DAY A GREATER SELLER THAN EVER BEFORE IS A TESTIMONIAL THAT SPEAKS FOR ITS NUMEROUS CURATIVE QUALITIES.

Were the "Good Old Days" Really Good?

When you hear an old-timer sigh for the days of his forefathers, smile quietly to yourself and think of this:—

The ancients got along without automobiles, soap, stoves, tooth-brushes, window glass, breakfast foods, telephones—without practically all of the things we consider the bare essentials of life.

There never has been a time when life bettered itself so rapidly and so consistently as now. New conveniences and new comforts are now continually being thought out and brought out for your benefit.

In order to reap the advantages that are yours to-day, you must read the advertisements. They bring you news of all that the world of invention and discovery is doing to make your work easier, your home-life more pleasant, your clothing and food problems less difficult. They keep you informed of all that is new in the markets and stores. They tell you not only about the goods, the styles, the varieties and prices, but also where and when these things are to be had.

The advertisements are messages from the business world to you. Heed them.

Don't Overlook the Advantages that are Yours—Read the Advertisements