The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1925

READING THE HOME TOWN PAPER

When you read the hometown paper,
And you're miles away from home,
There's a thrill that comes to no one
But the folks compelled to roam;
For the ads look so familiar
And the names art all so sweet
That your fancy goes a-roaming
Down a sunny hometown street.

When you read the hometown paper
In a gloomy hotel room,
There's a something tugs your spirit;
There's a lifting of the gloom;
For across the miles alluring
Is a picture looking grand
And your folks come out to meet you
From the pages in your hand.

When you read the hometown paper
In a train that's homeward bound,
There's a keener satisfaction
Than in any you have found,
And somehow while you are reading
You've a heart as light as foam,
For to read the hometown paper
Brings you mighty close to home!

—Anne Campbell

THE GRADES OF CANADIAN EGGS

The value of egg grading will not have reached the limit of its possibilities until the buyers for the family table have learned to distinguish between the different grades, which are "Specials," "Extras," "First," and "Seconds." Until one has learned to ask for "Specials" when the finest quality of new laid eggs is desired he will have no assurance of getting that quality of freshness and delicacy of flavor so desirable in a boiling egg. This, which is the highest of the standard grades, is a product largely of the specialist poultryman who observes every condition for producing the highest type of egg and of getting it to market at once. Eggs of this grade are the largest, requiring to be 25 ounces to the dozen and of uniform size. Eggs of the "Specials" grade are not on the market at all seasons of the year. The next grade, "Extras," to all but the most exacting, is a first-class boiling egg, lacking only that delicacy of flavor that goes with extreme freshness. This is a popular egg for the breakfast table and is obtainable at practically all seasons of the year. It might weigh a little less than the "Specials," the standard being 24 ounces to the dozen. "Firsts" come into a class of smaller eggs being 22½ ounces to the dozen, and while still good they lack the flavor and texture of the higher grades. "Seconds" come within the culinary class, still sound in quality but not so fresh as firsts.

During a discussion of these grades at a session of the Agriculture Committee of the House of Commons, it was brought out by an officer of the Department of Agriculture, that the grocers who are wide awake to the advantages of advertising their best grades of eggs are rapidly developing their trade in this commodity.—Issued by the Director of Publicity, Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

THE MODERN SKIRT

Is there not perhaps something to be said in defense of the light, close-fitting modern skirt? Why view it with hostile eyes merely because it is "something different?" Why judge it by the form it takes in its most indiscreet and extreme manifestations?

Compare it with the skirts of earlier fashions,—the hoop-skirt,—the elaborate draperies that accompanied the bustle, the full skirt that was stiffened into enormous size by crinoline and horsehair linings, the plaited skirt with yards and years of excess material, the trailing skirt that gathered dust and filth from the street. In any such comparison the modern skirt is a triumph of common sense, comfort, simplicity, neatness and health.

By the "modern skirt" is meant the skirt that clears the ground by two or three inches, and contains only half of the material as its predecessors.

The new fashion does not distort the figure. At the present time, women wear no absurd hump in any part of their toilet—no bustle, no puffed-up sleeves, no ruff, no pompadour. With the lighter skirt has come also the one-piece dress, which allows all the weight to fall on the shoulders. That is a great gain.

The whole tendency of the change is away from the distorted and the artificial, toward the freedom, simplicity, and beauty of the Greek costume—a tendency not imitative but adaptive. As such, the change has much to commend it. It is in the abuse of the new fashions, not in the use of them, that immodesty lies.

SAFETY FIRST

Safety slogans as a rule are solemn, depressing and terrifying, but occasionally a lighter vein is introduced by advocates of caution. Some of these are clever and punchy.

A sarcastic railroad man suggests to careless motorists: "Better stop a minute than forever."

Not to be outdone, a locomotive engineer offers this one: "Try running into one of our locomotives. They satisfy."

A hotel manager is credited with this one:

"Stop! and let the train go by,
Hardly takes a minute;
Your car starts out again intact,
And better still—you're in it."

THE MAN'S THE GOLD FOR A' THAT

Class distributions in England are supposed to be clearly defined, but a nice story which comes from the London Globe shows a pleasing variety of answer to the question, "What is a gentleman?"

Hearing a house carpenter spoken of as a gentleman by a furniture remover, a county magnate sought delicately for explanations.

"Lor' bless yer, sir," answered the furniture remover, "we calls every man a gentleman as pays twenty shillings in the pound."

LOW-COST TRIP TO PACIFIC COAST

A captivating four-week tour of Western Canada and the Pacific Coast, with a trip through the United States on the return journey, is being planned for Canadian teachers and their friends this summer.

Those who take advantage of this trip will see the greatest scenery on the continent—the Buffalo herd at Wainwright; Jasper National Park; Mount Robson, with its unsurpassed mountain scenery; Mount Robson, the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies; the totem poles of Kitwanga and the mystic beauty of the Skeena River.

At Prince Rupert the party transfers from train to the boat for the glorious water trip of 750 miles through the sheltered Scenic Seas of the North Pacific Coast to Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle.

On the return trip five wonderful days will be spent touring Yellowstone National Park by motor, with a trip to Salt Lake City and three days at Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado. Then its Denver, Clear Creek Canyon, Idaho Springs and Lookout Mountain before heading for Chicago and Toronto.

The tour leaves Toronto July 9, and you cannot afford to miss it. Full information, fares, etc., can be secured with illustrated booklet from A. E. Bryson, 44 Silverthorn Ave., Toronto; Martin Kerr, 4 Beulah Ave., Hamilton, or any Canadian National Railways Agent.—41-2.

The Free Press' Short Story

A Pocketful of Auger Chips

BY C. A. STEPHENS

FOR fifty years Grandair Cranston had lavished his love and care on the old Cranston farm. He had been born there, and he had lived and worked, there all his life. Year by year he had cleared the fields of stone and fenced them with walls. The farm buildings looked neat and well cared for. The sixty-acre wood lot that stretched from the fields up to the foot of Hedgehog Ledge had been cleaned and cleared of undergrowth until you could drive a team from one end of it to the other, among the three hundred or more immense old sugar maples and yellow birches.

That wood lot, indeed, had been the old farmer's special pride. He loved those big, old-grown maples, loved them so well that he would not tap them in the spring for maple sugar. It shortened the lives of trees, he said, to tap them, particularly large, old trees.

It was therefore very distressing to see how, after Grandair Cranston died, the farm was allowed to run down and go to ruin. His wife had died years before; they had no children; and the only relatives were a nephew and a brother in Portland, and a neice in Bangor. Cranston had left no will. The three heirs could not agree about dividing the property. The case went to court and stayed there for five years.

Meanwhile the farm was rented first to one and then to another tenant, who cropped the fields, let weeds and briars and bushes grow, neglected the buildings and opened some unsightly gaps in the hitherto tidy stone walls. The taxes went unpaid; none of the heirs would pay a cent toward them; and the fifth year after the farmer's death the place was advertised for sale at auction for delinquent taxes.

The place was about a mile and a half east of our old farm in Maine; and in March of the fourth years after Grandair Cranston died, two young neighbors of ours, Willis and Ben Murch, wrote to one of the Cranston heirs, and got permission to tap the maples in the wood lot at the foot of the ledge and to make maple sugar there.

They tapped two hundred trees, three spiles to the tree, and had a great run of sap. Addison and I went over one afternoon to see them "boil down." They had built an arch of stone for their kettles up near the foot of the great ledge, and had a cosy little shed there. Sap was running well that day; and toward sunset, since they had no team, we helped them to gather the day's run in pails by hand. It was no easy task, for there were two feet or more of soft snow on the ground, and there was as many as three hundred brimming bucketfulls that had to be carried to the sap holders in the shed.

Several times I thought Addison was shirking. I noticed that at nearly every tree he stopped, put down his sap pails, picked up a handful of the auger chips that lay in the snow at the foot of the trees, and stood there turning them over with his fingers. The boys had used an inch and a half auger, for in those days people thought that the bigger the auger hole and the deeper they bored, the more sap would flow.

"Don't hurry, Ad.," I said, smiling, as we passed each other. "The snow's soft! Pails of sap are heavy."

He grinned, but said nothing. Afterward I saw him slyly slipping a handful of those chips into his pocket. What he wanted them for I could not imagine; and later, after sunset, as we were going home, I asked him why he had carried away a pocketful of auger chips.

He looked at me shrewdly, but he would not reply. Then, after a moment, he asked me whether I thought that Ben or Willis had seen him pick them up.

"What if they did?" I asked. But I could get nothing further from him.

Almost a year passed, and I had forgotten Ad's pocketful of auger chips, when we saw the notice that the tax collector had put in the county paper announcing the sale at public auctin of the Cranston farm on the following Thursday, for delinquent taxes. The paper had come that night, and Thodora read the notice aloud at supper. The announcement briefly described the farm property, and among other values mentioned five hundred cords of rock-maple wood ready to cut and go to market.

"That's the old sugar lot up by the big ledge, where Willis and Ben made syrup last spring," said I. "Ad, what ever did you do with that pocketful of auger chips?"

Addison glanced at me queerly. He seem disturbed, but said nothing. The following forenoon, when he and I were making a hot-bed for early garden vegetables, he remarked that he meant to go to the auction sale.

It was not the kind of an auction that draws a crowd of people; there was only one piece of property to be sold, and that was an expensive one. Not more than twenty persons came to it—mostly prosperous farmers or lumbermen, who intended to buy the place as a speculation if it should go at a low price. The old squire was not there; he had gone to Portland the day before; but Addison went over, as he had planned, and Willis Murch and I went with him.

Hilburn, the tax collector, was there, and two of the selectmen of the town, besides Cole, the auctioneer. At four o'clock Hilburn stood on the house steps, and read the published notice of the sale and the court warrant for it. The town, he said, would deduct $114—the amount of unpaid taxes—from the sum paid for the farm. The place would be sold intact to the highest bidder.

The auctioneer then mounted the steps, read the Cranston warranty deed of the farm, as copied from the county records describing the premises, lines and corners. "A fine piece of property," he added. "How much am I offered for it?"

After a pause, Zachary Lurvey, the owner of Lurvey's Lumber Mills, started the bidding by offering $1,000.

"One thousand dollars," repeated the auctioneer. "I am offered one thousand dollars. Of course that isn't what this farm is worth. Only one thousand! Who offers more?"

"Fifteen hundred," said a man named Haines, who had arrived from the southern part of the township while the deed was being read.

"Sixteen," said another; and presently another said, "Seventeen!"

I noticed that Addison was edging up nearer the steps, but I was amazed to hear him call out, "Seventeen fifty!"

"Ad," I whispered. "What if Cole knocks it off to you? You have only $100 in the savings bank. You could not pay for it."

I thought he had made the bid for fun, or to show off. Addison paid no attention to me, but watched the auctioneer closely. The biders, too, seemed surprised at Addison's bid. Lurvey turned and looked at him very sharply. I suppose he thought that Addison was bidding for the old squire; but I knew that the old squire had no thoughts of buying the farm.

After a few moments Lurvey called, "Eighteen hundred!"

"Eighteen fifty," said Addison; and now I grew uneasy for him in good earnest.

"You had better stop that," I whispered. "They'll get it off on to you, if you don't take care." And I pulled his sleeve impatiently.

Willis was grinning broadly; he also thought that Addison was bluffing the other bidders.

Haines then said, "Nineteen hundred," and Lurvey at once cried, "Nineteen hundred and twenty-five!"

It was not apparent that Lurvey meant to get the farm if he could, and that Haines also wanted it. The auctioneer glanced toward us. Much to my relief, Addison now backed off a bit; as if he had made his best bid and was going away; but to my consternation he turned when he neared the gate and cried, "Nineteen fifty!"

"Are you crazy?" I whispered, and tried to get him to leave. He backed up against the gatepost, however, watching the auctioneer. Lurvey looked suspicious and disgruntled, but after a pause, said in a low voice, "Nineteen seventy-five." Haines raised it to $2,000, and the auctioneer repeated that offer several times. We thought that Haines would get it; but Lurvey said, "Two thousand twenty-five," and the auctioneer began calling, "Going—going for two thousand twenty-five!" when Addison shouted, "Two thousand and fifty!"

Lurvey cast an angry look at him. Haines turned away, and Cole, after waiting for further bids, cried, "Going—going—gone at two thousand and fifty to that young man by the gate—if he has got the money to pay for it!"

"You've done it now, Ad!" I exclaimed in distress. "How are you going to get out of this?"

I was frightened for him. I did not know what the consequences of his prank would be. To my surprise and relief, Addison went to Hilburn and handed him $100.

"I'll pay a hundred down," he said, "to bind my bid and the balance to-morrow."

The two selectmen and Hilburn smiled, but accepted it. I remembered then that Addisn had gne to the village the day before, and guessed that he had drawn his savings from the bank. But I did not see how he could raise $1,950 by the next day. All the way home I wanted to ask him what he planned to do. However, I did not like to question him before Willis and two other boys who were with us. All the way home Addison seemed rather excited.

The family were at supper when we went in. The old squire was back from Portland; grandmother and the girls had told him that we had gone to the auction. The first thing he did was to ask us whether the farm had been sold, and how much it had sold for.

"Two thousand and fifty," said I, with a glance at Addison.

"That's all it's worth," the old squire said. "Who bought it?"

Addison looked embarrassed; and to help him out I said jocosely, "Oh, it was bought by a young fellow there."

"What was his name?" the old squire asked in surprise.

"He spells it A-d-d-i-s-o-n," said I.

There was a sudden pause round the table.

"Yes," I continued, laughing, for I thought the best thing was for Ad to tell the old squire at once. "He paid $100 of it down, and he has to get round with nineteen hundred and fifty more by to-morrow noon."

Food was quite forgotten by this time. The old squire, grandmother, and the girls were looking at Addison in much concern.

"Haven't you been rather rash?" the old squire said, gravely.

"Maybe I have," Addison admitted. "But the bank has promised to lend me the money to-morrow at seven per cent. if—if," he hesitated and reddened visibly, "if you will put your name on the note with me, sir."

The old squire's face was a study. He looked surprised, grave, and stern; but his kind old heart stood the test.

"My son," he said, after a short pause, "what led you into this? You must tell me before we go farther."

"It was something I noticed over there in the wood lot a year ago. I haven't said anything about it so far; but I think I am right."

He went upstairs to his trunk and brought down a handful of those auger chips, and also a letter that he had received some months before. He then spread them out on the table by the old squire's plate, and the latter, after a glance at them, put on his reading glasses. Small and dry as the chips had become, we could still see what looked like tiny bubbles and pits in the wood.

"Bird's-eye, isn't it?" the old squire asked, taking up a chip in his fingers. "Bird's-eye maple. . . . Was there more than one tree of it?"

"More than forty, sir, that I saw myself, and I've no doubt there are others," Addison replied.

"Ah!" the old squire exclaimed, with a look of understanding kindling in his face. "I see! I see!"

In the winters we did a great deal of lumbering at the old squire's, and we boys had naturally picked up much knowledge about lumber and lumber values.

"Yes," said Addison. "I've planned to get hold of that wood lot ever since last spring. I wrote to Jones & Adams to see what they would give for clear bird's-eye maple lumber, for furniture and room finish, and in this letter they offer $90 per thousand. I haven't a doubt we can get a hundred thousand feet of bird's-eye out of that lot."

"If Lurvey had known that," said I, "he wouldn't have stopped bidding at two thousand!"

"You may be sure he wouldn't," the old squire said with a smile.

"As for the quarrelling heirs," said Addison, "they'll be well satisfied to get that much for the farm."

The next day the old squire accompanied Addison to the savings bank and endorsed his note. The bank at once lent Addison the money necessary to pay for the farm.

No one learned what Addison's real motive in bidding for the farm had been until the following winter, when we cut the larger part of the maple trees in the wood lot and sawed them into three-inch plank at our own mill. Afterwards we kiln-dried the plank, and shipped it to the furniture company.

Out of the three hundred or more sugar maples that we cut in that lot, eighty-nine proved to be bird's-eye, from which we realized well over $7,000. We also got $600 for firewood; and two years later we sold the old farm for $1,500, making in all a handsome profit. It seemed to all of us no more than right that $3,000 of it should go to Addison.

For years Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has ranked as a reliable worm preparation and it always maintains its reputation.

NEWS FROM THE ACTON OVERSEAS

Items which our Readers Will Appreciate from Acton, England

The following was gleaned from the Acton Express, of Acton Middlesex, England of April 1st:

There was a good gathering at the Acton Brotherhood meeting on Sunday, when an address was given by Ald. N. W. Hubbard, J.P., on "Religion and Service."

For assaulting Richard J. Coleman, of Petersfield-road, Acton, John Rhoney, of Acton, was fined 20s. and costs at Acton Police Court on Wednesday.

A G.W.R. motor-van was descending Acton Hill on Wednesday afternoon when its front off-side wheel came off just outside the Police Station.

The late Mr. J. Healey, of Alfred-road, Acton, late head surveyor of the London and North-Western Railway Co., left estate of the gross value of £1,677.

The dedication festival of the Acton Parish Church took place on Wednesday. Holy Communion was celebrated at 7, 8 and 11 a.m., there being a large number of communicants at each service.

The Bishop of Kensington will be the preacher at St. Martin's, West Acton, on Sunday morning.

Lady Brittain has been made a member of the executive committee of the Society of Welsh Musicians.

On Wednesday a ladies' night was held at the Acton Priory Constitutional Club, and to entertain the ladies a Bohemian concert, of which Mr. D. F. Rice was the director, took place.

Under the auspices of the Acton branch of the Junior Imperial League a successful social and whist drive took place at the Acton Priory Constitutional Club on Thursday evening last week.

On Wednesday evening the last of a series of talks to lay-folk was given at St. Thomas's Church, Acton Vale, by Mr. C. W. Randall, the subject being, "Bringing Souls to Christ." The primary duty of Christians was the service of God, he said, and that service was most imperfectly performed if the work of soul-saving did not form a great part of it.

Over 1,300 boxes have now been issued under the Acton Hospital thanksgiving for health scheme.

Elizabeth Thomas, of Essex Parkmews, Acton, was fined 10s. at Acton Police Court on Wednesday for using obscene language.

Sir Harry Brittain gave a lecture on Roumania at the Ladies' Carlton Club on Thursday afternoon last week. The lecture was illustrated with lantern slides from photographs taken by him when he was on a visit to the Queen of Roumania.

Miss Emily Rosina Scotcher, Catherine-road, who has been missing since the 12th inst., has Acton friends, and it is possible that she may have wandered in this direction.

A woman who, having been reduced to a state of beggary in Poland, came to England and found her husband living with another woman in Acton, took proceedings against him at the Marylebone Police Court for desertion.

Charles Knight, of Golden-manor, Hanwell, was among the number of motorists who were summoned to the Acton Police Court on Wednesday for exceeding the speed limit. His speed was stated to have been thirty-four miles an hour, and he was fined £3 10 s.

The wives and children of the Acton branch of the London United Tramways Clubs and Institutes were the guests of their own husbands and fathers at a delightful tea and entertainment held in the recreation hall of the Acton depot on Friday evening.

The useful and religious social work carried on in the crowded area of South Acton by the United Methodist Church and what it owes to the generous giving of members and friends, found illustration at a sale of work for the funds held in the church school room on Saturday afternoon and Monday evening.

Sir Harry Brittain's Bill for the protection of British birds, dealing with various phrases of cruelty to English singing birds, passed through the report and third-reading stage in the House of Commons on Monday night. It is now ready for submission to the House of Lords.

How by means of a finger-print police officials formed the opinion that the same man had broken into Gunnersby Station restaurant on two occasions, was explained at Acton Police Court on Wednesday, when John J. Cleves (24), labourer, of no fixed abode, was charged on remand with attempting to break into the restaurant.

Of the thirteen candidates nominated for the seven Acton seats at the Brentford Board of Guardians, at present filled exclusively by Conservative or "economy" members, seven are members of the Labour party, and six are understood to be willing to join in a general Conservative or "economy" ticket.

An engagement is announced between W. H. Middleton, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Middleton, Penylan, Cardiff, and Marjorie Mary, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Lord, Lynton-road, Acton.

The Minister of Pensions has appointed Miss M. E. Hutchings, 40 Mattrock-lane, Ealing, to be a member of the Ealing, Acton, Uxbridge and District War Pensions Committee in place of Lady Langford (resigned).

The funeral of Mr. E. Eydmann, a former captain of the Acton Fire Brigade, took place on Wednesday afternoon. The first part of the service was conducted in the Acton Parish Church, and the committal part at the side of the family grace in the Old Cemetery, Churchfield-road, the Rev. A. C. Fulcher, Medcraft officiating.

The annual dinner and dance of the Ealing and Brentford Licensed Victuallers' and Beersellers' Trade Protection Society was held at the Holborn Restaurant, on Tuesday week, under the presidency of Col. W. Grant Morden, M.P., and there was a record attendance and a gratifying list of donations.

A branch of the Girl Guides movement that has made great progress lately is that of the "Post" Guides. This branch caters for girls suffering from any kind of physical disability, and the training as the name implies, is carried on by means of letters and frequent personal visits. Acton is not behindhand.

So far as it is possible to do so at the present stage in the course of somewhat delicate negotiations, the Ealing and Acton Town Councils have supplied the public with information concerning the origin and progress of one of the most beneficent projects for its benefit that has ever been launched in this neighborhood. The joint agreement statement with regard to the proposed purchase of Gunnersby Park, published in this paper last week, put concisely the chief reasons that actuate two local authorities in their endeavour to acquire a noble heritage for the inhabitants of this district in particular and the people of London in general.

MURINE
Keeps EYES
Clear, Bright and Beautiful
Write Murine Co., Chicago, for Eye Care Book

GIVING A FRIEND "FACE"

An interesting story that illustrates the loyalty of the Chinese in friendship is told by Mr. Isaac Taylor Headland in "Home Life in China." Mr. Hurt, a former president of the Union Pacific Railroad, was staying with Major Conger, the American minister in Peking, says Mr. Headland, and he wanted to get some choice pieces of the best Chinese porcelain. I was asked whether I could go with Mr. Hurt, which I was glad to do. In one of the shops we found a large and very fine Yung Cheng vase.

"Ask him how much he wants for it," said Mr. Hurt. I did so, and the man answered:

"Three hundred fifty dollars."

"I think I shall buy it," said Mr. Hurt, "but not to-day."

I was so busy with my work the next morning that I could not go shopping, and so while Mr. Hurt and a friend who could talk Chinese were wandering along the street, they dropped into the shop again and inquired the price of the vase.

"Four hundred dollars," said the dealer.

"But," said Mr. Hurt, "he told Mr. Heidland yesterday that it was three hundred and fifty dollars."

"Four hundred dollars," repeated the merchant.

When I called on Mr. Hurt that afternoon he said to me:

"How much did that man want for that Yung Cheng vase?"

"Three hundred and fifty dollars," I answered.

"Well, we were down there this morning, and he asked us four hundred for it."

"We'll inquire again this afternoon," I said.

When we got to the shop I said to the dealer, "How much is this vase?"

"Three hundred and fifty dollars."

"He told us four hundred this morning."

I said to the dealer, "Why did you do that?"

"To give you face," he answered.

The dealer thought they suspected that I was getting a commission on the vase, and that they might be able to buy it cheaper if they were alone. He intended to show them that both he and I were honest men, and that there was no collusion between us. Such is the attitude of a Chinese merchant toward his friend.

The ease with which corn and warts can be removed by Holloway's Corn Remover is its strongest recommendation. It seldom fails.

THE PRIDE OF THE POOR

At the present stage of sociology no onlooker need doubt this story of the "might have beens" of a great city:

So many men to whom the city missionary had given money for a night's lodging had expressed a preference for a certain East Side lodging-house that he wondered what constituted its particular attraction.

"It makes us feel self-respecting," the men said, when questioned.

So far as the missionary could see, it was a typical lodging-house, whose inducements to self-respect were not apparent to the ordinary eye. He appealed to the manager. By what method did he fan the fires of self-respect in his guests?

The manager pointed to a sign above his desk.

"Gentlemen are requested to leave their valuables with the clerk."

WHAT SHE MUST HAVE THOUGHT

Royal people often have to do things like ordinary folk, but when they do the ordinary folk always get a little shock of surprise. The other day a telegraph clerk got one of these shocks when a motor car stopped outside the village post office in which she worked and a good-looking young man alighted.

"Where are your telegraph forms?" asked the young man as he entered.

The girl told him. He wrote a message, and when he had slipped it across the counter she read:

"Arrive Buckingham Palace to-night. George."

In the middle of the shock, Prince George spoke again.

"I say!" he said. "Could you give me a match?"

"Oh, yes! What kind?" she replied.

Whether she was flustered or not, the historians do not relate. But such a meeting must have been rather a test of her nerves.

ASTHMA
POTTER'S ASTHMA RELIEF the well-known remedy of the English Chemists, Messrs. POTTER & CLARKE, is now on sale in Canada:
Asthma Powder and Cigarettes, 60c
Asthma Smoking Mixture, 35c
Sports Package, 35c
If not available through your Druggist, write the Canadian Distributors
BRITISH AGENCIES LIMITED
48-52 Lombard St., Toronto
POTTER'S ASTHMA RELIEF

DR. SOPER
DR. WHITE

Specialists in diseases of Skin, Blood, Nerves, Bladder and Special Ailments of men.
One visit advisable; if impossible, send history for free opinion and advice. Question blank and book on diseases of men free. Consultation free. Medicines furnished in tablet form. Hours: 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. and 7 to 8 p.m. Sundays, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.
DRS. SOPER & WHITE
5 Toronto Street, Toronto, Ont.

The Public Health

CITIZENS ARE REQUESTED TO COMPLY WITH THE PUBLIC HEALTH ACT

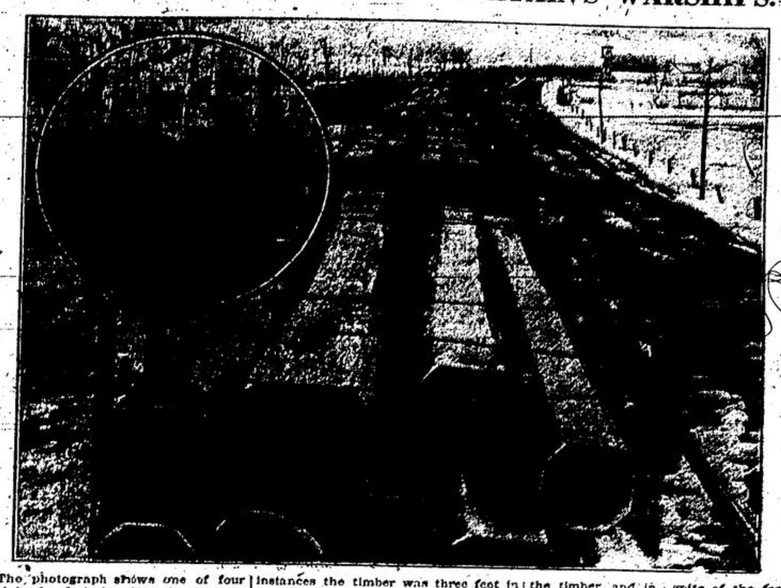
Notice is hereby given that all residents of Acton are required forthwith to clean their cellars, drains, yards, pig styes, water closets, outbuildings, and other premises, and remove therefrom all dirt, manure, and other substance which may endanger the public health, and to have the same completed by the sixth day of May next, on which day the Sanitary Inspector will commence a general inspection; and further take notice that the section of the Public Health Act prohibiting the keeping of hogs between the 15th of May and the 15th of November, except in pens at least 70 feet from any dwelling house, and 50 feet from any street or lane, with floors kept clear from all standing water and regularly cleansed, will be strictly enforced.

All citizens are earnestly requested to keep their premises constantly clear and thoroughly disinfected.

GEORGE BARBER,
Reeve of the Municipality.

Acton, April 2, 1925. 40-4

ONTARIO WHITE PINE FOR BRITAIN'S WARSHIPS.



The photograph shows one of four trainloads of virgin white pine logs cut from the Egan limits in Preston and Clancy Townships in the Algonquin Park District, which were recently sent via the Canadian National Railways to Quebec for shipment to England on the order of the British Admiralty. The timber was hand hewn by the J. R. Booth Company of Ottawa and it is the finest shipment sent from Ontario in the memory of lumbermen. In some instances the timber was three feet in diameter and in no case was it less than two feet through. The shipment required 120 flat cars and aggregated 120,000 feet of timber.

Inset are seen from left to right the following members of the J. R. Booth Company: C. Jackson Booth, Vice-President; J. R. Booth, President and J. Fred Booth, Managing Director. Mr. J. R. Booth, Canada's venerable lumber king, visited the railway yards to see the timber, and in spite of the fact that he is in his ninety-ninth year, he exhibited a lively interest in the shipment and walked almost the full length of the train during his inspection. It was Mr. Booth's foresight which preserved for his company such remarkable stands of timber as that from which this virgin white pine was cut. Experts agree that it is the finest white pine left in Canada.

BORE ON TOO HEAVILY

"This won't go for only one stamp," said the village postmaster to old Mr. 'Kish, as the latter handed a bulky and much-sealed missive to him.

"Whuf for? What's de maddah wid dat?"

"Too heavy," replied the postmaster, balancing it on his hand.

"Umph! I tole dat boy so—when he was a-writin' of it. I tole him he was writin' too heavy a han', but he kep' on a-bearin' down an' a-bearin' down on de pen, lak a load of hay. I'll take it back, sah, an' make him write wid a pencil. I ain't gwine spen' no mo' two centses jes' fer his pigheadedness."

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Departure from Montreal, May 30th, by the White Star-Dominion Line Steamship "Megantic," attending the ceremonies for the Beatification of the Jesuit Martyrs.

Departure from Montreal, June 3rd, by the Canadian Pacific Steamship "Minnedosa," under the Spiritual Direction of His Lordship, the Rt. Rev. M. F. Fallon, D.D., Bishop of London.

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