The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1926

NEIGHBORS

Somebody near you is struggling alone
Over life's deserted sand;
Faith, hope and courage together are gone,
Reach him a helping hand;
Turn on his darkness a beam of your light;
Kindle, to guide him, a beacon fire bright;
Cheer his discouragement, soothe his affright,
Lovingly help him to stand.

Somebody near you is hungry and cold;
Send him some aid to-day;
Somebody near you is feeble and old,
Left without human stay.
Under his burden put hands kind and strong;
Speak to him, tenderly, sing him a song;
Haste to do something to help him along
Over his weary way.

Dear one, be busy, for time flieth fast,
Soon it will all be gone;
Soon our season of service be past,
Soon will our day be done.
Somebody near you needs now a kind word;
Some one needs help such as you can afford;
Haste to assist in the name of the Lord,
There may be a soul to be won.

LIME AS AN AID TO SUCCESSFUL CLOVER GROWTH

Through the use of lime and the clover plant it it possible to utilize atmospheric nitrogen for crop production. It has been found that clover has the power, through the aid of bacteria which live in the nodules in the clover roots, to extract nitrogen from the soil air. Tests conducted by Dr. F. T. Shutt, Dominion Chemist, Experimental Farm, Ottawa, are conclusive on this point, showing a gain of 308 pounds of nitrogen per acre to a depth of 4 inches in five years, where clover was grown, turned under, and the land reseeded for this crop.

Bacteria are extremely sensitive to changes in the acidity or alkalinity of the medium in which they live, and lime, because it creates a suitable medium for the nitrogen-fixing bacteria, is particularly valuable in promoting clover growth. These nitrogen-fixing bacteria may readily be found in soils supplied with lime, but may be entirely lacking in soils deficient in lime, which would indicate that the nodule bacteria, whether within the plant root or living in the soil itself, are influenced in their development by the lime in the soil.

Lime has an influence upon the bacteria which bring about the processes of decay and nitrification, and plays a significant part in stimulating all soil organisms that have to do with the liberation of plant food in the soil.

Clover is generally spoken of as a soil builder, this, in part, is due to its collecting of nitrogen, and in part to its physical effect. In respect to the later it is well known that no crop so thoroughly fills the soil with roots to as great a depth as does this plant. On decaying, not only are air passages provided, but the decaying roots aid in the liberation of insoluble mineral materials, and the humus left from this decay prevents the leaching of soluble plant food and the excessive drying out of the soil.

In a field test at the Dominion Experimental Farm, Kentville, on one-half acre areas, the average of four such plots where no lime was used was 2,480 pounds of hay per acre, and on adjoining plots of similar size, limed, 4,580 pounds of hay per acre. The areas not limed had inferior clover growth with grasses predominating. The limed area was practically all clover.—W. S. Blair, Superintendent, Experimental Farm, Kentville, N. S.

OTHER THAN FOX BREEDING

The growth of the fur industry in Canada is continuous. Nor is this manifest only in the increase of the number of fox farms. In his latest report the Federal Minister of Agriculture states that there was a decided increase in the number of farms raising other kinds of fur-bearing animals. Beaver are being bred on at least nine ranches, fisher on seven, marten on nineteen, mink on thirty-two, lynx on two, blue foxes on four, skunks on twelve, raccoons on forty-one, coyotes on four, muskrats on sixty, and rabbits on at least twenty. Inquiries are being constantly received by the Department regarding the raising of various kinds of fur-bearing animals and especially relative to muskrats, mink and chinchilla rabbits.

Canada is particularly strong on muskrats, almost rivalling Russia and even Siberia. Exceptionally large muskrat ranches exist near Sydney, Cape Breton, and at Radisson, Sask. On the latter there are no fewer than two thousand breeding rats. It is claimed for this country that the muskrat skins produced here are the best in the world. They return between three and a half and four million dollars per annum. Muskrats multiply and thrive well in captivity, hence there is plenty of opportunity for further development.

Mink also thrive in captivity. The skins are in good demand and command fair prices. Young mink find ready sale for breeding purposes.

Chinchilla rabbits, although originated in France as late as twelve years ago, have already become extremely popular. They have been known in Canada for only two or three years, but the demand already exceeds the supply. However, large importations are being made and as there seems no fear of their decrease in popularity, further development of chinchilla breeding may be looked for. The little animals multiply rapidly, and their skins are worth from two to six dollars apiece. Four litters a year averaging seven to eight each are the usual thing.

Says the Minister's report: "Since it does not require much capital to start in a small way, and as women are quite as successful as men in raising them, it is reasonable to suppose that the breeding of chinchilla rabbits will become a factor of some moment in the fur industry."

A KLEPTOMANIA DOCTOR

The newspapers have been telling a story of the late Justice Brewer which, besides being characteristic of the man, is also a good definition of what is often actual petty thieving. Once a man was tried before him on the charge of shoplifting.

A witness said he thought that the prisoner had kleptomania.

"I presume, judge," he added, "that you know what kleptomania is, eh?"

"Yes," said the judge, "I do. It is a disease that I am here to cure."

QUICK WIT

"I never go to church," said the aggressive millionaire to a quiet minister as they sat on the deck of the mail steamer. "Would you like to know why?"

"It might be interesting," answered the minister.

"Well, I'll tell you why. There are so many hypocrites there."

"Oh, you needn't let that keep you away," said the minister with a smile. "There is always room for one more."

The Free Press' Short Story

THE ARMOR OF CURTIUS

BY HELEN WARD BANKS

With a smile, Dr. Brooks laid down the note. "That was nice of the Townsends, Letty. You'll go?"

"I'd love to daddy; it will be heaps of fun; but you'll have to spare me about fifty dollars for clothes."

The smile faded from the doctor's kindly face. "I can't spare you five dollars this quarter, Letty. I'm sorry."

"Never mind, dad; I don't need to go."

"I shouldn't like to have Mr. Townsend think you slighted his invitation. It is a compliment to be asked to the Townsends."

"I know it, daddy. But I can't go to a party like that without proper clothes."

"Do you suppose among so many your clothes would be noticed?"

"I'm pretty sure they would, dad; they'd be in the paper next day. I haven't a rag. I simply haven't."

"And your mother's away too; it's too bad."

"Even mother couldn't make shoes and stockings and gloves out of nothing. Do you really care whether I go, daddy?"

Dr. Brooks rubbed the back of his head thoughtfully. "I'd hate to do anything now that might offend Mr. Townsend. He's getting up an interest again in our Orthopedic Country Home. You know once he almost gave us a piece of land and some money for the building, but Farley rubbed him the wrong way, and he backed down.

"I remember," said Letty. "Is that what Mr. Townsend came for the other night?"

"Yes. Farley's off the hospital board now, and Mr. Townsend seems willing to talk about the Home. I think your doughnuts cheered him up the other night; he asked to see the plans after you brought them in and went into all the items of expense. He's generous, but you never know which way he's going to jump."

"You mean that, if Mr. Townsend asked me as a compliment and I refused, he might be mad at you and shut up on the plans again?"

"He might; he's a queer man, and he's quick-tempered. He was greatly taken with you the other night."

"Young Curtius leaped into the gap
to spare the town of Rome,
And Letty Brooks to a party goes to
save a Country Home.

Isn't that nice poetry, dad? The only trouble is, Curtius had his armor furnished for him, and I haven't even rags to make mine out of; I have no money and mother is away and the party is Friday."

"Can't you wear some of the dresses you wear in the afternoon?" the doctor asked.

Letty laughed. "Oh, you men! Run on, daddy; there's your horse, and you are late."

When her father had gone, Letty sat down on the porch step.

"It's a proposition," she said to herself, "where x-6. I can't get the Townsends prettily that I'd love to come, but I've no clothes. And I can't go in a blue-and-white striped lawn frock and cotton stockings and nice stout, serviceable shoes."

She crossed her arms on her knees and put her head on them. She was quiet for three minutes, and then she jumped to her feet.

"Well, I've decided one thing: I'll go I'm not going to shoulder any responsibility for making Mr. Townsend mad. He liked me in a blue cotton dress and black cotton stockings, but I am afraid Mrs. Townsend and Mary Townsend wouldn't be much complimented by a guest like that, I don't know any of them. This is Tuesday; I've got three days to invent and forge my armor."

She went up to her room and, one by one, laid her frocks out on the bed, shaking her head sadly as each appeared. Finally, with white mull slip in her hand, she hesitated.

"It's the only possible thing," she meditated, "and it's impossible. I suppose Hannah could do it up if only I could manage the waist; the neck's cut right enough, but I can't wear it just prim and plain. And think of a white party dress over black cotton stockings! I believe I did see some stockings once in the Cousin Letitia trunk. Now let me go and see."

She went up to the attic, opened the Cousin Letitia trunk and sat down before it. The first thing that came into her hands was a pair of long, white gloves, not much worn, but with one finger split from top to bottom.

"Mendable!" Letty commented, throwing them aside and delving deeper into the trunk. "Here are stockings, silk ones, too. They were white once, but now they're ancient and yellow. Are they whole? No. They're holey, of course; horrid little snips at the instep; they haven't Jacob-laddered, though. If the holes were anywhere else I could mend them. Oh, and I wonder! These old white slippers I used to play charades in; where are they?"

She pulled the charade box from under the eaves, dug out the slippers and shook her head over them. They were grimy and shabby.

"Not very hopeful fr the armor," she thought, picking up the stockings again. "These are lovely except for the holes. I believe that I could mend them and embroider little things over them if I could match the color. Oh, I know! I'll dip the white mull in tea and make it match the stockings, and I'll color the slippers, and with my yellow girdle it will be lovely. If I can only find something to do to the waist. Let's delve again."

All that she found was two soiled, white, square Liberty scarfs.

"You, too, shall be washed and come to the tea," Letty announced. "You will make a waist, and that little goldy lace in the boudoir cap shall help you. And, O glory! I'll find the skirt and put the petticoat lace on them, and I'll make a butterfly waist, and when it's all tead Hannah will press it for me. And I'll make little yellow roses out of the ends of my ribbon. Oh, I'm cruky about it!"

Right down to hard work she got with deft and nimble fingers and with the ingenuity born in her. The stockings, mended, washed and embroidered across the instep, looked as if they had come out of a Fifth Avenue shop; the slippers covered their age with yellow "make-up"; the ruffled mull skirt and the Liberty waist took to the tea beautifully; the bit of gold lace and the yellow girdle and the tucked-in roses added that charm and distinction. On Thursday night, when Letty pushed her curly hair out of her tired eyes to view her creation, she sighed with genuine pleasure.

"It's rags and tags and, charads box and Cousin Letitia and little Letitia," she said with a contented sigh, "but we have got an armor worthy for Curtius to make the leap in. Now I'll take it down and show it to dad."

"It's very pretty," my dear," Dr. Brooks said, "but to me you always look well in anything. I'll drive you over to-morrow night."

Letty laid her dress carefully down before she dropped into a heap on the sofa. "O dad, I never thought of getting there! I'll have to have an evening cloak."

"Can't you wear your machintosh?"

"O dad," she cried, "if you knew as much about girls as you do about cripples, you'd know I have to have a party cloak! Isn't my dress pretty against that blue-gray portiere? Dad, that's what it is! There's a pair of curtains just like them in the playroom, and they're not needed. They'll wrap me up to go to the Townsends' party. It will mean sewing all to-morrow when I wanted to rest, but it can be done."

Letty plumped into bed early that night, for she was very tired, but immediately after breakfast Friday morning she had the blue-gray portieres out on the veranda and was hard at work. With much planning, much piecing and slashing here and there, and a snatch out of the sides for the sleeves, she had in an hour or two a cloak that rippled round her in long, soft folds.

"It really is stunning," she said, "and there's that old blue skirt that I think will line it if I turn and piece. And, oh, Aunt Miney's old fur collar that we took out of the camphor trunk every year and wonder what we can do with it, and put it back again! Now it will live and add the last touch of elegance to my cloak as I leap into the chasm."

She went upstairs for the collar and the old silk dress. When she came down again a motor car was chugging in front of the house and a tall young fellow stood on the piazza.

"Miss Brooks?" he asked her, with a smile.

"Yes," Letty replied, "I am Miss Brooks."

"Mrs. Little's cook is sick, and she would like to see Dr. Brooks. Is he here? I can take him right back with me."

"He isn't," Letty answered. "The telephone the Fannings', he was going there on his way home; he may be there now."

She went to the telephone and came back. "He's left and is on his way home. I'll tell him, the instant he comes in."

"If you don't mind, I'll wait here," the young man said; "it will save time. I shan't bother you, shall I? You look busy."

"I have to have a full-fledged coat before to-night out of this and this and this. I can't waste a minute; do you mind if I keep on sewing?"

"If you don't mind my watching. I like to see a girl who can do something."

"You always can if you have to," Letty answered, busily ripping the silk seams. "I suppose you're going to the Townsends'?"

"I suppose I am," he said and then he laughed.

"Just then Hannah appeared in the doorway. "Your dress is ironed, Miss Letty," she said, holding the creamy, shimmering, "be-tead" mull out at arm's length.

"Letty turned to survey it. "It's pretty, isn't it?" she asked naively. "And if you could know what it's made of!"

"What is it made of?" the young man asked as Hannah vanished.

Letty laughed and looked at him doubtfully. He was so young and interested and comradely that she could not resist his sympathy.

"I had to go to the party to-night; my father wanted me to go; and I hadn't a decent thing to wear, and he couldn't give me a cent of money. We had a rubbish trunk upstairs—every one has, I suppose. I got a pair of long gloves out of it with one finger all split because one of the gores was made too small. I cut a piece from the end of the arm of the glove and made a new gore and sewed it in, and you would never know. Then I found lovely white silk stockings, turned yellow with age and with holes in the instep. I embroidered dots and things over the darns and yellowed up some old charade slippers and sewed ruffles on the skirt of an old muff slip and made a waist out of two old Liberty scarfs and dipped them all in tea to match them up to the slippers. And you saw the result!"

"Ripping!" he exclaimed.

"It isn't; it's sewed right," Letty answered. And then they both laughed and were better friends than ever.

"And after all that I remembered I had to have a cloak to go in; so I took a pair of curtains,—you wouldn't guess it,—and, after I got it lined and this old fur collar put on, the coat will look as if it cost a hundred dollars."

"You are clever, you know," he said. Letty flushed; it was pleasant to be appreciated. "It's been terribly hard work, but I suppose I'd have done it if my father hadn't thought Mr. Townsend might be offended if I refused. It was nice of them to ask me, you see, for I don't know them; they only asked me because Mr. Townsend knew dad. Dad's terribly interested in getting a Home for cripples in the country, and he and Mr. Townsend have talked it over a little. That's how dad knows him."

"I see," said the young man. "Is that your father dying his horse at the barn? I'll go down there and pick him up. Good-bye."

He was in his car and down the hill, and Letty went back to her ripping.

It was a wonderful cloak. Where Letty had dressed her hair in its prettiest wavy lines and stood in her silk stockings and yellow slippers, clad in her cream-colored floating gown she wrapped the cloak round her and went out into the September moonlight to the doctor's chaise. And as they trotted along the country road Letty wondered whether she should see the Little boy at the party.

The first person that Letty saw after Dr. Brooks had taken her into the house was her friend of the morning. He was standing beside Mary Townshend and her mother.

"This is my son," Mrs. Townsend said. "Roger, this is Miss Brooks. Will you see that she has a good time, please?"

"I thought that you were a Little," Letty said indignantly as they went off together.

"I thought you did, as I was driving the Littles' car and doing their errand. I didn't mean to fool you, but after you got to talking me those corking things about your dress I was afraid I'd spoil things if I mentioned my name. You don't really mind, do you? There isn't a dress in the room that can measure up to yours. And how is the cloak?"

"Fine! I'll show it to you when I'm going home."

There certainly was no frock at the party that was more admired than the ruffled, tea-dyed slip. The only unpleasant moment came at the end when Mr. Townsend spoke to Letty in the hall and she was going away. The cordial manner that he had toward her at her own house changed now to cool politeness. "It doesn't like me very well," Letty reflected as she stepped into the phaeton. "I'm afraid the cloak looks like a curtain."

"Did you have a pleasant evening?" Dr. Brooks asked as he started his horse.

"I had a beautiful time, daddy. But you didn't—I know by your voice. Has something happened?"

"Mr. Townsend has definitely refused to have anything to do with the Home."

"O daddy! Why?"

"I don't know. He gave no real reason. He's a hard man to deal with, he acts so much on impulse. As near as I could figure out, he doesn't seem to think we have a capable board to manage a place like that."

"Then it wasn't on account of me," said Letty. "Oh, daddy, I do wish I could help you."

"Never mind, dear," the doctor answered cheerily. "It's bound to come sometime."

"And all that theatrical armor for nothing," thought Letty as they drove home in silence.

Hannah had the lights burning in the living room, and Letty dropped her cloak off and stood waiting for her father to put away the horse. As he came up the steps a motor ran up the hill and stopped. Mr. Townsend and Roger got out.

"Pardon such a late call," said Mr. Townsend, "but I made a mistake that I didn't want to leave overnight. Dr. Brooks, I want to tell you that the first thing to-morrow morning I am going to make a trust deed for that ten acres of land that I spoke about, and here on the spot is a check to start the Orthopedic Home. I've worked hard for my money, and when I give it away I want to be sure not only that the purpose is good but that the money will be properly handled. I never liked Dr. Farley; he was extravagant in his ideas. From my talks with you I made up my mind that you knew the value of money and could administer it to the best advantage. I liked your home and the simplicity of Miss Letitia. To-night I was disappointed. I've paid my daughter's bills, and I know what clothes cost—such a cloak especially. I'm a blunt man, Dr. Brooks. It seemed to me that you couldn't afford to dress your daughter like that."

Letty looked at him with wide eyes. "Poor old Curtius!" she gasped.

"I know, young lady," Mr. Townsend said, "it sounds funny," but how was it to tell that you were clever enough to make all those pretty things out of your own fingers instead of dollar bills, until Roger told me? I beg your pardon. Here; I'll give you the check. Anyone who can make a wardrobe out of nothing can manage an asylum. "We'll call it the Letitia House. How will that do?"

"O dad!" cried Letty, turning to her father.

"I never can tell you what that means to me, Mr. Townsend," Dr. Brooks said, with shining eyes.

"I'm so glad for those poor little cripples," Letty added.

"I'm satisfied," Mr. Townsend answered. "The only thing I specify is that Miss Letty shall teach the girls to sew and to make doughnuts."

"Look out, father," said Roger in a most serious tone; "the doughnuts are all right, but I'd go slow on the sewing class if I were you; it wouldn't be safe for the curtains."

Neighborhood News--Town and Country

ERIN

Mr. W. James Currie, of Seattle, Washington, visited his cousin, Mrs. Dave MacMillan. It was his first visit to Erin in forty-five years.

Reports are in circulation to the effect that various parties have had their robes, whips etc., stolen from their cutters in the sheds in the village. On Saturday evening a couple of young men nearly caught a certain party in the act, but he was an expert runner.

The Hillsburg hockeyists played the return game with the Fergus team in Elora last Tuesday night, when they were again victors by the one-sided score of 13-1, and are now champions of the Southern Division.

The debate of last Thursday was postponed on account of the weather. The debate will now be held on Thursday, February 11th, in the Town Hall, Hillsburg, when Mimosa vs. Hillsburg will debate. The affirmative of the debate, which is entitled "Resolved that Canada does not need a Senate or Upper House," will be taken by the Mimosa debaters, while the negative will be upheld by Hillsburg.

The first carnival of the season was held in the new Arena on Wednesday evening last, which was a huge success. A crowd of over 500 was in attendance, the receipts totaling $135. Long before the doors were opened a number were waiting to be admitted. In all, 33 in costume appeared on the ice, in a variety of costumes. It was a gorgeous spectacle and all in all was a gala night.—Advocate.

BURLINGTON

Deputy Ileeye Holtby will sail from St. John, N. B., on February 19th, for Liverpool.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Langlois spent a few days with relatives at Rochester, N. Y., during the week.

Miss Annie Potter has secured a position as chief dietitian at Sir Oliver Mowat memorial hospital at Kingston.

Rev. Mr. Turcotte, of Lynn, Mass., conducted Knox Presbyterian Church services in St. Luke's parish hall on Sunday last.

The February meeting of the Clara E. Moore Circle met at the home of Miss Ruth Blessinger on Tuesday evening, February 2nd, with a splendid attendance.

The Howey Memorial Prize, which is awarded to the best all-round scholar in St. Luke's Sunday School, was presented on Sunday afternoon to Miss Minnie James.

A very delightful musicale was held at the home of Mrs. W. C. Kerns, "Oak Bank," last Wednesday afternoon, under the auspices of the Women's Missionary Society of Christ's church.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Page, of Freeman, will celebrate their golden wedding on Monday, February 8th, at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Fred Hiscock, 85 Martha Street.

Sergt. Harry Ogg, Sergt. L. Barnes and Lance Corp. H. Wilvert, of the local company of the Halton Rifles left on Monday morning for Stanley Barracks, Toronto, where they will take a six weeks' course in the Royal School of Infantry.

A meeting of the members of the Baptist Church congregation was held last night when the resignation of Rev. Fred Dyson, the pastor, was considered and accepted, to take effect at once. The pastor did not attend the meeting, but left his resignation entirely in the hands of the congregation.

Rolla Busby received a letter this week from his brother, Robert, who is with the American navy in the Philippine Islands. They are leaving this week for China and Japan, returning by way of the Suez Canal, in September, when he will have circled the world in his four year's service on the U. S. S. "Paul Jones."

The Horticultural Society has secured the services of Miss M. Bell to canvass the town and surrounding district for members for 1926. The officers receive no renumeration. Their sole object is to make Burlington a more beautiful town to live in. Let's make it 400 this year.—Gazette.

LORNE SCHOOL

Lorne School report of examinations for January is as follows:

Sr. IV.—George Graff, Leslie Swackhamer, Leona Waller.

Jr. IV—Verna Murray, Teddy Harrop, Christie Swackhamer.

Sr. III.—Corinne MacDonald, Ruby Murray, Harry Murray.

Jr. II.—Etta Swackhamer, Douglas Guthrie, Grace Graff.

Primer—Beatrice Graff, Ross Swackhamer, Elwood Johnston.

Isabel Anderson, Teacher.

SCHOOL SECTION NO. 10, ERIN

Following is the report of S. S. No. 10, Erin, for the month of January:

V.—Edward Duggan (Hon.).

IV.—David Swackhamer, Jean Cree.*

Sr. III.—Hazel Farey (Hon.), Daisy Foster, Edith Russell.

Jr. III.—Louise Swackhamer, (Hon.), Mildred Foster.

Jr. II. to Sr. II.—Kathleen Farey (Hon.), Stewart Russell, Jack Cole.*

Sr. I.—Vera McEachern, (Hon.); Frank Swackhamer (Hon.), Roy Foster, absent.

Primer—Ruth Cole, Bessie Spiers, absent.

*Missed examinations.

A. W. MacMillan, Teacher.

TERRA COTTA

While Mr. J. Benson, of Georgetown, was helping Mr. Fox take the roof off Mr. T. Elliott's mill here, he slipped and fell about forty feet and sustained some serious injuries. He was immediately rushed to Guelph Hospital by Dr. Marcellous and is now improving rapidly.

Mr. J. McBride has purchased Mr. E. Little's farm for $9,000. Mr. and Mrs. McBride and family will be welcomed back to our midst. We are sorry to lose such kind neighbors as Mr. and Mrs. Little and family.

Word has been received here of the death of Mrs. Robt. Smithson, of Edin, Man. Deceased was one of the early settlers of Terra Cotta, when it was known as Salmonsville. Deceased had just celebrated her 100th birthday.

Lotty looked at him with wide eyes. "Poor old Curtius!" she gasped.

"I know, young lady," Mr. Townsend said, "it sounds funny," but how was it to tell that you were clever enough to make all those pretty things out of your own fingers instead of dollar bills, until Roger told me? I beg your pardon. Here; I'll give you the check. Anyone who can make a wardrobe out of nothing can manage an asylum. "We'll call it the Letitia House. How will that do?"

"O dad!" cried Letty, turning to her father.

"I never can tell you what that means to me, Mr. Townsend," Dr. Brooks said, with shining eyes.

"I'm so glad for those poor little cripples," Letty added.

"I'm satisfied," Mr. Townsend answered. "The only thing I specify is that Miss Letty shall teach the girls to sew and to make doughnuts."

"Look out, father," said Roger in a most serious tone; "the doughnuts are all right, but I'd go slow on the sewing class if I were you; it wouldn't be safe for the curtains."

MILTON

Rev. Canon Naftel, of Milton, has been elected Secretary-Treasurer of Halton Deanery in place of Rev. Percival Mayes, of Georgetown, resigned.

The Women's Auxiliary of Grace Church will hold a Pancake Supper in the School Room on the evening of Shrove Tuesday, February 16.

Mrs. Ruth Betts, formerly of Milton, passed away at the home of a daughter at Manchester, near Kingston, on January 21, aged 89 years. Her husband, J. H. Betts, conducted a bakery here over 20 years ago.

The annual fruit, jam and pickle shower was held in the "Sophia Hyman" wing of the Gordon Home yesterday, from 3 to 5 o'clock.

Miss Edith Galbraith, on the Public School teaching staff at the "Soo," and daughter of R. S. Galbraith, Milton, was just recently operated upon for appendicitis, and is making good progress towards recovery.

Clements & Co. have purchased the hardware business of J. W. Kennedy & Son, Georgetown. Chris. Graham, of Goderich, formerly an employee of Clements' Hardware here, will be in charge of the Georgetown branch.

T. J. McJannet, who has been passing through a critical illness from blood poisoning in his arm, is now making satisfactory progress toward recovery. It was thought at one time that he would lose his arm in order to stop the progress of the disease, but all danger of that is happily passed and he will retain his arm, the loss of which would have been a great handicap to him.—Reformer.

GEORGETOWN

About 200 members sat down at the Oddfellows' banquet in connection with the joint installation of the Oddfellows' and Rebekah officers last week.

Margaret Mayes, second daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Percival Mayes, had the misfortune to fall on the walk last Wednesday and break her leg.

The Daughters of St. George's Church will give a bridge and euchre in the Sunday School room on Tuesday, February 16.

One morning last week the 8 a. m. radial and a truck collided at the station here. A pole was smashed off near the ground, no one was injured.

An interesting event took place at the monthly meeting of St. George's Women's Auxiliary last Tuesday, when the retiring secretary, Mrs. Ros, was presented with an address and purse of money in recognition of 27 years of faithful service.

Miss Helen Tait, of Glencoe, a student at the University of Toronto, spent the week-end with Miss Margaret Dickie at the United Church Manse.

Mrs. W. A. Bailey was able to return home from Toronto Hospital on Saturday last. Her many friends will be pleased to know that she is recovering rapidly from her recent operation.

Mrs. D. M. McKay, of Vancouver, B.C., who attended the Social Service Convention as a representative for British Columbia, arrived in town on Monday night, and will spend a few days with her brother, Rev. Dr. Dickie.

At the annual meeting of the Local Council of Women held last week, the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. H. W. Kennedy; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. H. P. Lawson; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. Matthews; Treasurer, Mrs. Mimms; Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. B. Mackenzie; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Hettie Lawson.

By-laws to meet an overdraft of $18,000 and to borrow $30,000 for current expenses were passed at the last meeting of the Council.

Mr. Sam Kirk has been appointed a member of the High School Board, and Rev. Kenneth McLean a member of the Public Library Board.

E. McCormack will act as Assessor this year for $225.00, and as Collector for $250.00.

The Fire Brigade now has $649.33 toward the proposed new fire alarm system.—Herald.

Great Rejoicing by Rheumatic Cripples

If So Crippled You Can't Use Arms or Legs, Rheuma Will Help You or Nothing to Pay

Get a bottle of Rheuma to-day and wear a satisfied smile on your face to-morrow.

It's a remedy that is astonishing the whole country, and it's just as good for gout, sciatica and lumbago as for rheumatism.

It drives the poisonous waste from the joints and muscles—that's the secret of Rheuma's success.

But we don't ask you to take our word for it; go to E. J. Hassard or any good druggist and get a bottle of Rheuma to-day. If it doesn't do as we promise get your money back. It will be there waiting for you.

The January Examinations

Of the Pupils of Acton Public School for the Honor Roll

The following is the report of the results of the January examinations in each room of the school:

Senior Fourth

Reta McNabb, 487; Ivy Holmes, 483; Marjorie Garden, 477.

Junior Fourth

Aubrey Gervais, 421; Arthur Gamble 412; John McGeachie, 400. Total 550.

M. Z. Bennett, Principal.

Senior Third

John Donaldson, 553; John Mellon, 533; Henry Cripps, 526, Total 700.

D. Folster, Teacher.

Junior Third

Esther Taylor, 487; Andrew Buchanan, 485; Bessie Rawlings, 482. Total 700.

M. R. Moore, Teacher.

Senior Second

Teddy Hansen, 370; Harvey Hasbard, 362; Medena Prepolni, 355. Total 400

A. MacDonald, Teacher.

Second Class

Wilma Watson, 316; Billy Jones, 290; Vera Rawlings, 284. Total 400.

I. Anderson, Teacher.

Junior First

Margaret Arnold, 248; Lois Cripps, 220; Blanche Smith, 200. Total 250.

Senior Primary

Georgie Footitt, 197; Kathleen Huard, 184; Hubert MacPherson, 177. Total 250.

N. Anderson, Teacher.

Primary Class

A—Helen Lamb, 20; Frederick Turner, 20; Burt Patrick, 19; Wilma Hansen, 18; Annie Sagaskie, 18.

B—Vera Coxe, 17; Joe Lasby, 14; Billy Blanch, 13.

C—Lawrence Leatham, 19; John Chisholm, 18; Kenneth Stuckey, 15. Total 20.

B. Gardiner, Teacher.

Promoted From Senior Primary to Junior First

Kathleen Huard, Harvey McCutcheon, Mariam Nicol, Elva Corry, George Footitt, Marguerite Given, Hubert MacPherson, Charlotte Marshall, Herbie Woods, Fred Harwood.

Promoted to Jr. Second

Frank Jones, Herbert Price, Frank Sagaski, Hector Lambert, Reta Withers, Neil McNabb, Bill Withers, Henry Ford, Ellen Dunn, Victor Elliott, Norman Scarrow, Mona McGeachie, Ida Morello, Gordon Mann, Cavell Davis, Fred Wylds.

A. MacDonald, Teacher.

LIMEHOUSE

On Saturday evening, February 13, Mr. Douglas Gowdy will give an illustrated travelogue on his various experiences abroad this summer. Views will include England, Scotland, and the chief points of interest in France and Switzerland. The programme will be supplemented with violin selections by Mr. Alfred Thornton, of Toronto. The ladies will serve light refreshments at the close.

The annual meeting of the congregation of the Presbyterian Church was held on the 27th of January. The financial report for 1925 shows a balance on hand of $156. The budget report showed that $824.5 had been sent to the Treasurer of the Church. The Women's Missionary Society raised $104.07. Mr. Angus Lawson and Dr. James Lindsay were elected to the Managing Board, and the congregation begins the new year full of enthusiasm.

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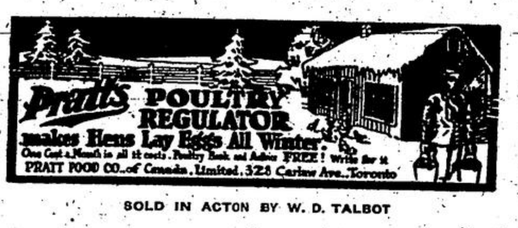

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TAKE NOTICE that we will handle your troublesome notes and accounts on a strictly commission basis—NO COLLECTION NO CHARGE.

We place 34 years' experience at your disposal, and assume all your collection troubles. Send us your list, we will do the rest.

No note or account is considered too small, too large, too old or too far away. We will tackle any honest debt.

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J. M. AIKEN, Manager JOS. J. KELLY, Manager
Reference—Sterling Bank of Canada

Have You---

FURNITURE in your home that you do not need?

DESKS or other furniture in your office which are in the way and that some one else could use?

MACHINERY in your plant that is idle and which does not bring you profits

OR, is your business at a standstill, and are you waiting for business to come in?

Then Advertise!

ADVERTISE persistently.

ADVERTISE in THE ACTON FREE PRESS

ADVERTISE and keep your business card focused before the attention of more than 3,600 readers of THE FREE PRESS who have the means to purchase.

ADVERTISE the sale of your Home and Office Furniture, also the non-profitable machinery.

ADVERTISE and place these announcements in The Want Column, which appears on the front page.

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