

TELL HIM NOW

If with pleasure you are viewing
Any work a man is doing,
If you like him or you love him,
Tell him now.
Don't withhold your approbation
Till the season makes oration
And his lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow.
For no matter how you about it,
He won't really care about it,
He won't know how many teardrops
You have shed.
If you think some praise is due him,
Now's the time to slip it to him,
For he cannot read his tombstone
When he's dead.

More than fame and more than money
Is the comment kind and sunny,
And the hearty, warm approval of a friend.
For it gives to life a savor,
And it makes him stronger, braver,
And it gives him heart and spirit to the end.
If he can't your praise bestow it;
If you like him let him know it;
Let the words of true encouragement be said:
Do not wait till life is over
And he's underneath the clover,
For he cannot read his tombstone
When he's dead.
—George A. Turner.

INCONGRUOUS FRIENDS

A pretty story of affection between a cat and a rat comes from the shores of Lake Ontario. A farmer, who is also a shopkeeper, found a nest of rats in pulling down a wall, and one of the two baby rats stole into a pocket of his coat. It seemed so helpless and trustful that he could not bear to kill it, and kept it as a pet, feeding it with meat and cheese, which it took from his hand. His life was in danger from the cat, and to save it, he put it into a large wire cage. By and by the rat grew accustomed to its presence, and finally the farmer one day put the rat into the cage also. It made one of two half-hearted attempts to catch the rat, and then lay down and went to sleep.
The upshot of the matter was that the two animals became fast friends. Now they fairly live together. By day they wander in company about the house and shop, or lie side by side in the shop window, where the strange sight attracts much attention.
They are very jealous of each other. If anyone pets the cat, the rat runs about squeaking with anger. If the rat is favored, the cat is in its turn brittle and complains. If they get separated for any great length of time they are sure to be soon looking for each other, and sometimes when they meet they fairly dance for joy.

MOTOR CARS IN CANADA

While the United States comes first in the ratio of motor cars to population, and Hawaii second, Canada stands third in the list, according to the latest analysis of world car distribution, according to an analysis recently published by the Automobile Manufacturers Association.
The United States has one car for every six inhabitants, Hawaii one for each eleven, and Canada, one to every thirteen. Afghanistan has one car for every 1,150,000.
The total motor vehicles in use in the world is placed at 23,959,248, of which 20,827,141 are passenger cars. Of these, more than 14,000,000 are in the United States, Great Britain, with 2,547,747 cars, stands second in the actual number of registrations; France is third with 725,000, and Canada, fourth with 715,982. Germany, Australia, Argentina and Italy are the only other countries with more than 100,000 motor vehicles in use.
Some of the most densely populated countries have very few cars, the most ports states. Thus, China, with 426,000,000 inhabitants, has only one automobile for every 21,271 persons, while British India has only one car for every 2,573 of its population of more than 247,000,000. France has one car per 53 persons.

FLOWER WISDOM

A garden cannot live entirely by itself. Even the finest stock needs fresh blood from the garden of another.
A few little purple petunias can spoil a whole bed of mammoth fringed beauties.
Some flowers must not be massed; they are so depressing when past their prime.
Bede your recess blossom, sow their beds with forget-me-nots.
All pansies are gadabouts, and take to the road at the change of season. It takes chrysanthemums two years to recover from one move.
The scarlet runner is worth while; it grows well, looks well and sells well.
Pongloves are all on the surface; they are a great show, but they are not in the early fall—let them alone.
Fertilize deep, if you want strong roots for endurance.
What is easily grown and free flowering is not so appreciated by the gardener; if the neighbors are successful with it, down its value goes another peg.
If flowers don't fill a bit of bare ground, weeds will.

JUST WHITEWASH

In the good old days the whitewash brush was in constant use on every farm. A liberal application of whitewash brightened up the buildings. The coating-of-lime prolonged the lives of fences and buildings that were otherwise would soon have rotted away. How an orchard looked up, how clean and fresh the trees appeared after a liberal coating of whitewash! There was no spraying in those days, for it wasn't so necessary where the whitewash brush was applied frequently.
White fences brightened up the lane and seemed to beckon to the traveler, and invite a closer inspection of the premises. For a mile along the road in either direction the line of whitewashed posts attracted attention and suggested that here was a farm where cleanliness abounded, and where no one need hesitate to buy food.
Many persons object to whitewash on the ground that it soon becomes flaky and scales off. That objection is easily overcome by mixing a little glue with the whitewash. It will then stick almost as well as putty. In the days when merchants placed their advertisements on board fences along the roads the painters used a mixture of whitewash and glue that was background for their signs, and most of the signs lasted as long as the fences.

COOKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

By way of illustrating the roughness of some railroads, the Boston Transcript tells the following story:
A traveler, eating his breakfast in the dining-car, and ordered, among other things, two soft-fried eggs. The rest of the order came immediately, but he waited in vain for the eggs. Finally when the traveler's patience was almost exhausted, the waiter appeared, smiling and apologetic, but without the eggs.
"Sorry about the soft-fried eggs, boss," the cook says; "the rough road has scrubbed 'em off the pan."



FULFILLMENT

"Twas a feathered bit of life,
Holding in your apple tree,
Pouring forth his passion-song
In a flood of ecstasy.
"Heart! Dear heart of love," I cried,
"You shall yet be satisfied!"
Later—with his gentle mate—
Learning to contentment there,
Learning to learn how to wait—
Eager, glad, expectant pair!
"Heart! Dear heart of love," said I,
"Twill be better by and by."
Later came a hungry brood,
Clamoring for constant food,
Hard-worked parents—brave, dis-
tressed—
"With no time for needed rest!"
"But we'll have with love sublime,
"Twill be easier sometime."
Blessed future! ever fraught
With the hope of better things,
When his joy on hearts have sought,
Shall approach on shining wings!
Sweet fulfillment—far or nigh—
We shall grasp it by and by!
—Mrs. Frank A. Brock

BORN IN ACTON 63 YEARS AGO

I learned last week of the death of one of Acton's sons whom I knew well when he was a lad here sixty years ago, and whom I have kept rather closely in touch with ever since. His name was William Grant, whom we knew familiarly about town when he was a boy; yes, and up to the time he left town in his young manhood, as "Billy Grant."
He was the elder son of our old friend and fellow-citizen, Squire Alexander Grant. I can remember the family living in four different homes in Acton. The first was the stone house on Main Street, situated south of the entrance of Education Lane. In those days that property on which Education Lane is situated belonged to the Overtons, and was across Main Street from Thomas Overton's house, while Sandy Grant's house was directly across from the old California Hotel, conducted at various times by Tom Munroe, John Fielding, William Ward, Robert Ames, Robert Storey, and I think Robert Dickie was the proprietor the night it was burned down, thirty-three years ago.
Billy Grant's mother was a daughter of the late Duncan Kennedy, Sr., who lived at "Kennedy's Crossing," where Thomas P. Watkins now lives, on the first line. Alexander Kennedy, Duncan Kennedy, Robert and Lachlan Kennedy were brothers of his.
Mr. Grant disposed of this home and went to live in a small house where John Dunn's fine brick house now stands. Fifteen or twenty years later he purchased the Kelso estate where Miss Perryman's residence and the offices of H. N. Farmer, M. A. Bartlett and town clerk, are now situated. His last residence was in the west side of the duplex house of John Cameron, which he had converted out of the old Temperance Hall, on Church Street. Here he passed away. Like scores of others of his day, William Grant was a pupil of the late Robert Little. Also like many of the pupils of this teacher, he was inspired to qualify himself for the teaching profession. During his school days he spent the summer time in working in one of the shingle mills in town, and for several summers he was a faithful employee with Moore Brothers in their factory above the railway track, on the property now owned by Mr. D. H. Young.
After concluding his school course, my friend, Billy Grant, spent a term at the Mount Allison University, and then engaged as teacher for a year or two in the Scotch Block. He came from a family of teachers. His sisters, Annie, Maggie, Jennie and Nellie were teachers, and I am not sure but that his brother Robert did not also become a pedagogue and taught for a number of years.
About this time Billy Grant's friend and schoolmate, Dan Mann, began to come into his own as a railway man. It was very natural that Billy Grant should be attracted to the business which in a very brief period, had brought Dan into prominence, and laid the foundations for his future prestige and fortune. I don't know how it came about, but Billy soon found himself in an executive position with Mackenzie & Mann in the office of the Canadian Northern Railway. For between thirty and forty years he continued with this wonderful aggregation, which for years was closely allied to Acton, and when the Dominion Government took over the Canadian Northern and amalgamated it with the Grand Trunk Railway System, forming the Canadian National Railway, our boyhood friend went over with many others of the staff, and had his official place transferred from Toronto to Montreal. A few weeks ago he retired from his position and returned to Toronto; but he seems to have had some connection with the road when his sudden death occurred last week.

Billy Grant was an intelligent boy, and was always anxious to inform himself by gaining information from reliable and experienced sources. Often it was remarked in his boyhood days that Billy was more often found in the company and listening to the conversation of groups of men than boys. Through this he became well informed on many topics usually unknown to the average boy.
So Billy Grant is gone. He had reached his sixty-eighth year, and, although some of us are older, and continue to reside in the old home town, we have tender memories for the boy who always appeared to enjoy the companionship of the older boys.

A USEFUL START

William M. Everts seldom met his match, but Harper's Weekly tells how he once found it in Senator David Davis. Mr. Everts was a mere student of a man, while Mr. Davis, who weighed upwards of three hundred pounds, was blessed with a circumference quite as great as his length. The two senators were perpetually sweating each other in fun, and one night at dinner Mr. Davis said:
"If you will let me choose the course, I will guarantee that with a three-year start I can beat you in a race of one hundred feet."
Everyone at the table laughed and said, "Take him up, Mr. Everts."
The challenge was accepted, and Mr. Davis was asked when he would race, to which he replied that he was ready at once. The whole party then journeyed to the course chosen by Senator Davis.
This proved to be an alley between two houses just three feet in width and one hundred feet deep. He stepped into the mouth three yards, said "Go!" and walked through quite leisurely.
Mr. Everts could neither get past him or under him, and he called Mr. Everts back to the street and acknowledged that the joke was on him.

WHERE SHAKESPEARE STOOD

The Town Council of Stratford-on-Avon proves itself worthy of its sacred trust in deciding that the bridge over which Shakespeare walked, shall not be pulled down.
The old bridge, with its fourteen small but beautiful arches, was built late in the fourteenth century by that Sir Hugh Clopton who also built the house in which Shakespeare afterwards lived, and which, another member of his house destroyed later. There must have been another bridge long before it, and before that a ford, for it certainly represents a very ancient highway. Indeed, the Romans may have used it, for they are known by their coins to have lived not far away.
By Shakespeare's time it must have been well weathered, and we can imagine him lingering on it with Anne Hathaway, gazing on one of England's fairest scenes.

HE COULDN'T TAKE THE MEDICINE

Dr. McKinnon was a physician who had the reputation of being a very effect of cheerfulness on sick persons.
"You must drive away this depression," he remarked to one particularly gloomy patient, "I'll give you a tonic. Sing at your work you know, and that sort of thing."
"Sing at my work," doctor grumbled the patient. "How do you think I can't sing a glass blower?"

Piles Go Quick

Piles are caused by congestion of blood in the lower bowel, and internal remedy can remove the cause. That's what Colman's Hem-Roid tablet succeeds, because it relieves the congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Hem-Roid has given quick, safe and lasting relief to thousands of Pitt sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. E. J. Farnham and Druggists everywhere sell Hem-Roid with this guarantee.

For a number of years it was no uncommon thing to see the private car of Sir William Mackenzie standing on the siding at the Grand Trunk Railway, while Sir William and Lady Mackenzie were here visiting their daughter, or the private car of Sir Donald Mann, who was here spending a day or so with his father on his farm. On several occasions both the private cars of these estates were here in town at the same time.

VISITING HIS BIRTHPLACE

I observed in last week's issue of the Free Press that Fred Ramsey and his wife, of Gloversville, N. Y., were in town that week visiting the old home, to which they were returning like to have seen Fred and his Kankeo wife. They tell me she is a nice little fellow for this spirituelle business. I believe Fred found what he was looking for here during his visit. If he'd asked me I could have taken him to the spot; which was the house where Mrs. Peter Sayre now resides. Fred's father and mother were William Ramsey and Aggie Henderson. They were married about fifty-four years ago, when Mrs. Ramsey's mother and father lived in Gloversville. I haven't told you their names yet, but they were Mr. and Mrs. William Henderson. Mr. Henderson was the auctioneer here for many years.
The Ramseys lived in Acton until about thirty-five years ago, when they removed to Gloversville, N. Y. They were good citizens. Both were workers in the Disciples' Church. After they went to Gloversville, I believe they continued their church work.—Mr. Ramsey was superintendent of the Sunday School of the Disciples' Church for a long time. Finally he got too old, and retired. He died a few months ago. Well Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ramsey had the gratification of seeing his birthplace and meeting a number of his friends and the friends were glad to see them. I mean Fred and his wife.

The Old Man

EXCELLING IN CEDAR

That such misunderstanding of most herolds of the prophets, Jeremiah, established into the palace of Jeholkin. It was a new palace, lined with cedar and decorated in vermilion. Neither Josiah, the king's illustrious father, nor David, his first ancestor, had lived in such a house. To build it an overzealous people had been hurried, but what was to be done about it?
Jeremiah walked in and confronted the king and said, in substance: "You are a great king, an exalted judge of cedar; a potentate of palm and vermillion. And while your people are in a host in Egypt and your people are trembling under the fear of invasion from Assyria you live here in luxury. You do not deserve to be buried in the same soil with your father. His excellence was a people's simple qualities of justice and piety. You deserve, when you die, to be hauled out and thrown on the dump like a dead ass."
Stinging words, brave words; we wonder how Jeremiah was able to speak them and get away alive, and this is the hero who is often remembered only as the "weeping prophet!"
We think of the generation and extent of cedar and vermillion. Our houses have electric light and steam heat. If these things make a people great, why are they not really made the generations whose children we are? We are moral creatures, devoted to duty, and the authority of conscience. We can never afford to think lightly of these qualities. Cedar will place to black walnut and black walnut to quarter-oak and oak to mahogany, as the things change; but there is but one kind of honest and righteousness.—"Did not thy father eat and drink and do justice and righteousness?"—"He did not do justice, but he did not do it as a pauper; he had enough and left an honored name. That was real success."

ACTON FALL FAIR

Tuesday, Sept. 21st and Wednesday, Sept. 22nd

"We're Going to have a Fair, Boys"

We're going to have a fair, boys, we're going to have a fair; And all the folks that love to meet their neighbors will be there. It's going to be bigger—bigger far than all the rest. Of all the fairs we've ever had it's going to be the best. It's going to be your fair—it's going to be mine. And everyone for miles around is falling into line—Fathers, mothers, babies, boys and girls will be there—We're going to have a fair, boys—a rip-tail-snorter fair.

We're going to have a fair, boys—a rip-tail-snorter fair; Get out the old-top buggy and hitch up the sorrel mare. Or get your new six-cylinder—invite the hired man—Come in your glittering new coupe, or in last year's sedan; Or use a three-deck wagon—you'll get here just the same. Or if you would rather, step on board the puff-puff train; And if all else should fail you, get a plane and ride the air—We're going to have a fair, boys—a rip-tail-snorter fair.

We're going to have a fair, boys—a hang-up, sizzler fair; Come and see the biggest cows that ever switched a tail—Come and leave your worries, forget all carking care; Cows that give the richest milk that ever filled a pail. Come and see the fattest hogs that ever gave a grunt—Pure-bred hogs of royal birth—not a single runt; The woolly sheep—the horses, with sleek and polished hair—We're going to have a fair, boys—a rip-tail-snorter fair.

We're going to have a fair, boys, a rare, old, jolly fair—Bring the "kids" to see the fun, and ride up in the air; Try your luck at winning things; forget you're growing old; Taste the winners—roasting hot; or "pop" that's icy cold. Climb into the grandstand—hear the music—see the fun; Watch the classy racers, as around the track they run; Put on your go-to-meeting suit and grease your curly hair—We're going to have a fair, boys—a rip-tail-snorter fair.

Splendid Prize List

Scottish and Clog Dancing

Old-time Fiddlers' Contest

Acton Citizens' Band

Races and Everything

Big Midway and Merry-go-round

The New Park Entrance

The contractors are busy at the new park entrance, endeavoring to have the work as near completed as possible for the fair days. A visit to the fair will provide an excellent opportunity for all to view the extensive improvements being carried out at Prospect Park this year. The fine ornamental wire fence will be completed, the granite pillars at the vehicle entrance will be finished, and the combined ticket office, Secretary's office and band stand will be well under way to give you a fine idea of what will be accomplished. The improvements will agreeably surprise you and add to your convenience in attending functions in the park. You may enter by either Park Avenue or Knox Avenue, but the Knox Avenue entrance will be the most convenient for the vehicles to enter. It's just another one of the reasons that will make your visit to the fair more attractive this year.

The Secretary will have an Office at the Town Hall on Saturday and Monday

It will be Well Worth your While to Visit Acton Fair this Year