The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1927

HOME

Home from the world again, out of all the sneering,
Home, where there's naught but love blended in the cheering.
Shut the door and draw the blinds! now the day is fading,
I can be myself awhile, done with sordid trading.

Home from the busy world, out of all hasting,
Out of all the bitterness, the long and anxious waiting.
Home to hear the kettle sing and hear the children chatter,
Home where there is none to storm, none to fawn and flatter.

Home from the crowded streets, out of all the scheming,
Home where no selfish strife spoils our idle dreaming.
Men in every market place are merely money changers,
Shut the door and draw the blinds! Here there are no strangers.

I shall fare to fight again. Day shall bring its battle,
Thank the Lord for night and home and the children's prattle!
Here I drop my armor cold, and enter into gladness,
Home from the surging world and out of all its madness.

—Edgar A. Guest.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WILL EVER WRITTEN

It was found in the pocket of an old ragged coat belonging to an insane patient of the Chicago poorhouse. He had been a lawyer, and the will was written in a firm, clear hand on a few scraps of paper. So unusual was the will that it was read before the Chicago Bar Association, which ordered it probated, and it is now on the records of Cook County, Illinois.

"I, Charles Lounsberry, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order, as justly as may be, to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

"That part of my interest which is known in law and recognised in sheepbound volumes as my property being inconsiderable and non-account, I will make no disposition of in this, my will. My eight bankbooks, being my sole estate, is not at my disposal, but these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

"Item. I give to all good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and I charge said parents to use them justly but generously, as the needs of their children shall require.

"Item. I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of childhood, all and every flower of the fields and blossoms of the woods with the right to play among them freely, according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against the thistles and thorns. And, I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and odors of the willows that dip therein and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees.

"And I leave to the children the long, long day to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject nevertheless, to the rights herein after given to lovers.

"Item. I devise to boys, jointly, all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played, all pleasant waters where one may swim, all snowclad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may skate, to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all the meadows with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereon; the woods with their appurtenances, the squirrels and the birds and the echoes and the streams' voices, and all the distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the firesides at night with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance or without any incumbrance of care.

"Item. To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars in the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, and aught else they may desire to figure to each other the tastingness and beauty of their love.

"Item. To young men, jointly, I devise and, bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sport of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude I leave to them the power to make lasting friendship and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and grave chorusses to sing with lusty voices.

"Item. And to those who are no longer children or youth or lovers, I leave memory and bequeath to them the columns of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully, without tithe or diminution.

"Item. To our loved ones with their snow crown I bequeath the happiness of an old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep."—Republished through the courtesy of National Art Company, of Toronto.

A WORD IN SEASON

They were talking of the financial success of their old neighbor, who had set up as hotel-keeper in a town fifteen miles away from Bushby. "I thought sure he'd lose what little he had saved up," said one of the men, "but seems he's laid by most a thousand dollars in these five years. They say all the travelling public likes to stop over for a night or a meal with Jed, as the case m'y be. He's pop'lar."

"Well, he knows how to get on," said another man, ready with his tribute. "He don't let 'em get off without paying, same as some do, but yet he don't give offense. Day I was there, a man come for dinner that was intending to slip off, or else he was absent-minded. Tany rate, the waiter tipped the wink to Jed, and he kind of strolled out from behind the desk, and kind of sagged along careless, 'side the man.

"'Look here,' says Jed, half laughing, 'if you sh'd lose your purse betwixt here an' Burlington, I sh'd like to be sure that you had it all right when you left my place,' he said.

"'Why, dear me,' I haven't paid!' says the man, and he turned back to the desk mighty quick. Looked to me as if—but there, I've no call to judge folks, 'specially strangers. Jed got his money—an' he allus would."

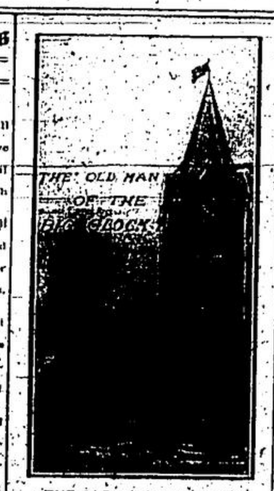
SHE MOVED ALONG

She had been standing in front of the receiving teller for over a quarter of an hour and he seemed quite unaware of her presence—at any rate, he took no notice of her at all.

At last she became too irritated to keep quiet another moment, and, rapping on the window to attract the attention of the teller, she caustically remarked:

"Why don't you pay attention to me?"

"I'm very sorry, madam, we don't pay anything here," was the polite reply. "Next window on the left, if you please."



THE OLD ELM'S ONFLOW

To-day they took the old elm down—
That stately glory of light and shade
That sheltered the ancient house, and made
Homes for the sparrows in its crown,
And, low in the branches stoht and broad,
Refuge for robins, who unafraid
Builded their nests with homely art
Close to the great tree's kindly heart!

"Its long beneficence is done!"
Not so! Full many a winter night
Shall be made — welcoming and bright
With warmth the great tree gained from the sun—
A golden treasure, fairy won—
Haying outward its genial light
From the old fireplace, deep and wide,
Witty children clustered on each side!

Gray ash! The end! It shall be spread
When Spring alights on the snow-streaked hills,
And good brown Earth to her coming thrills
Over each dreaming flower-bed,
And there, with sunshine and rain be speed—
Lo, Hyacinths, Crocuses, Daffodils!
And the Old Elm's might shall be flowing there
In glory of color and fragrance rare!

—Minnie Leona Upton.

THE VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADE

Fortunately we do not often have the fire alarm give notice that a fire is raging in Acton. But when an alarm is turned in Acton's splendid volunteer fire brigade is promptly on the scene and ready for service. Have you ever noticed what fine team work is displayed when it comes to fighting fires? The firemen have this down to a science, and they practice it.

A strong bond of sentiment always unites the veterans of any war. While they were in the service they may have bickered, but once the tension is over they are drawn together through the bare fact of having stood in the same trench and of having heard the same shells roar overhead.

A similar attachment exists among volunteer firemen, and explains the fraternal spirit that usually prevails among those who co-operate to protect their communities from flames. It is in the emergency of fire, exactly as in war, that unexpected displays of daring, of devotion to duty and of self-forgetfulness and of co-operation so often occur. Most of the real war heroes had not been in any way conspicuous in their previous civil life. Their names had not appeared in the newspaper headlines. So when the fire alarm sounds out in the middle of a cold night citizens who may not be overheroic in their everyday pursuits or trifling may suddenly reveal unsuspected courage and resourcefulness that go far to redeem their familiar shortcomings. That is why firemen who have been through common dangers respect one another. In the small town the volunteer firemen usually have a deeper feeling for one another than they have for other neighbors, and the fire hall is a real social centre. It is in such an emergency as a serious fire that the true character of a man reveals itself, and membership in a volunteer fire brigade is likely to depend more on what a man is than on what he represents in property or in family connections. Thus the fire hall becomes a true fraternal lodge.

This appears especially in later life when firemen, like war veterans, continue to meet and and renew the old associations. The struggling village may have become a lively town or a small city with a modern, professional fire-fighting force, so that the old boys of the volunteer days now have nothing to do. Nevertheless, as the war veterans parade on Armistice Day, so some day every summer the old volunteer firemen march in their red shirts and patent leather helmets and drag after them the old steam engine with every bit of her brass polished to mirrorlike brightness, and with every wooden part resplendent in new paint and gleaming varnish; and when the old fellows shuck their coats and tail on to the brakes and the captain yells, "Now, boys, shake her down!" and beats the time with his helmet you get a thrill that even the modern city fire department cannot give you.

COON-HUNTING IN THE OLD DAYS

I wonder if any of the farmers hereabouts go coon-hunting these days. I have often enjoyed a hearty laugh over an incident that happened many years ago, when I was a youngster over on the old farm. One soft March day my father proposed a coon hunt to my brothers and me. We invited two chums to go along, and of course we took old Maje, our dog.

This particular kind of hunt was nothing more than wandering through the Gore, with its swamp of tamaracks and maples and undergrowth, trying to find a hollow tree that held a coon. On finding a suspected tree father would chop an opening near the base and extricate the dozing animal in whatever way seemed most expedient.

We had wandered round through fairly deep snow for two hours, running up to every tree that looked hollow and examining it for fresh scratches or gray hair caught in the bark, but had seen no favorable signs. We boys had begun to lag when father stopped up to a twisting swamp maple stub perhaps fifteen feet high and two feet in diameter. "This looks like coon!" he said and rapped the tree with his axe. It was hollow, and there were fresh scratches and a few stray hairs. "Stand back, I'm going to try it!" he ordered.

Huge dry chips flew into our faces. Maje sniffed about the tree and whined. "See?" said father. "Coon all right!"

Soon a black hole gaped before us, and we all crowded close to peer within. Father poked the handle of the axe into the tree, and it touched something soft. He withdrew the axe, and at once we heard a growling within. Then two spectral green eyes stared strangely at us out of the opening. That was wholly unexpected. Old ring-tail should have been asleep!

For a moment father was "stumped." The coon took advantage of the pause and started to climb. Father thrust in the head of the axe and tried to pin him against the far side of the hollow. But he wriggled from under the axe, and up, up he went. We rival boys scampered away to a safe distance, from where we saw the head of the old coon peep above the top of the stub.

For a moment he hesitated; then like a mammoth flying squirrel away he went toward the ground. Shouting boys, barking dog and excited man tore madly into the brush after him. Father swung wildly with the axe and missed, whirled round and fell. Maje dashed into a bush frozen into the ice, became entangled and yelped in fright. I caught my foot in a snow-covered root and plunged face first into the snow. Two of the other boys, trying to dash through a low opening in the bushes at the same moment, bumped heads and fell sprawling.

It was all over within a minute. The coon had run into a great spreading bog.

Father looked round and then burst out laughing. "You're a fine bunch of hunters! And, Maje, old boy, you have lost your reputation this day!" The dog looked sheepish. "Never mind; he'll come out during the night, and we'll track him in the morning."

But the god of the animals intervened; it snowed during the night.

THE OLD MAN'S OBSERVATIONS ON TRAINING THE FAMILY

Here's a little home-like story I came across the other day, which I think might fit in fairly well in two or three families I know in Acton:

Jennie, the big motherly sister of the home, pushing open the screen door, looked down the comfortable, shady veranda and her lips tightened. In one of the chairs was Lillian's crochet work and the last Canadian magazine, tossed there when Mildred Derry came by and Lillian run out to walk down to the post office with her "for a moment." The moment, Jennie knew, would last all the afternoon—Lillian's moments always did.

In a neighboring chair was Rosabel, Betty's most battered and most-cherished doll, keeping guard over Betty's new hat with the pink rosebuds she had teased for; and carefully piled up in one corner were the beginnings of Dick's aeroplane. Jennie's lips relaxed a little at the sight of that; she seemed to see Dick's excited, freckled little face bending over his work.

"But they've been told and told not to leave their things out when they go off," she declared, "and I am not going to pick them up. If a shower comes, they must take the consequences. I'm tired of picking up for this whole family!"

Jennie went firmly down the path and up the street. As she turned the corner she caught a glimpse of fluttering white in the back yard. Even Maggie had gone off for her afternoon and left her aprons on the line. Maggie was very particular about her aprons. "For me to take in if it rains," Jennie thought. "No, thank you!"

It certainly did look like rain. Jennie, in Mary Helmer's sunroom, watched the darkening sky.

"It's coming!" Mary said, as a blind slammed somewhere. "You'll stay till it's over, Jennie."

But suddenly Jennie saw things. She saw Betty's grief-stricken face over a ruined hat and soaked Rosabel; Lillian's consternation over the present she was making for Cecily Dodge; and Dick—that settled things; Jennie could not have Dick's patient toil undone. She was already half-way down the path. "I'm so afraid no one's got home yet!" she called over her shoulder.

No one was at home, but Jennie was in time. She carried in everything and turned back the chairs; there was even time to take in Maggie's aprons before the rain came. Through it, from opposite directions, came Maggie and Lillian.

"Everything's safe!" Jennie called to them cheerfully.

"O Jennie, you jewel! I'll do as much for you!" Lillian gasped, and, "Good, Miss Jennie, I'm obliged!" Maggie panted.

After all, there were better things than training your family; at least, better than training them when you were angry with them!

The Old Man

HOUSE PLANTS IN WINTER

It is rather difficult to keep house plants in good condition throughout the long winter, hence a few hints may prove useful. Some house plants make little growth during the winter, and, while they are thus at rest, or nearly so, they should be given just enough water to prevent the roots from drying up. This applies particularly to palms, hydrangea and fuchsia, and the two latter being kept in a cool place. Plants which are growing should be kept well watered, but it is important to see that no water accumulates in the pot or in the jardiniere in which the plants are sitting, otherwise the roots will rot and the plant will not thrive. This often happens to large ferns. Plants should be watered only when the soil is becoming dry, and then thoroughly, not every day as is often done.

Geraniums must be kept close to the window and in a window where they will get much sunlight to have them bloom well. Most blooming plants, such as geraniums, cyclamens, impatiens, spiraea, and bulbs, do better if kept in a moderately warm or cool room rather than in a warm one.

Sponging plants, such as ferns, palms, rubber plants and aspidistra, every three or four weeks is desirable. For aphis souse the plants in strong soap suds or some tobacco preparation several times at intervals of a few days and, for scale insects, loosen them with a soft tooth brush or finger nail, and wash off with soapy water or some tobacco preparation, and repeat from time to time.—W. T. Macoun, Dominion Horticulturist.

THE WOODPILE TRAINING

At the old-fashioned woodpile, the country boy acquired physical development, the exercise strengthened his wind and made the muscles firm and powerful and it taught him perseverance. The boy who learned to finish his woodpile was never a quitter when he grew up and he paid his debts and was a good citizen. Something needs to take the place of that job in the woodpileless home. The boys need some tasks by which they will learn industry and perseverance. There ought to be something they could do for the benefit of the family even if they occupy a city flat. It is a help to them when they take some regular job in their spare hours. If any boys have nothing to do after school they stand around on the sidewalk and go to entertainments and beg rides in motor cars, something is going to be lacking in their character that was supplied in the old days of the woodpile.

COMPLIMENTARY

Gebhard Von Blucher, the famous Prussian general field marshall, had as surgeon major of his army a man who was very homely, but extremely proud and vain.

One day Blucher entered the surgeon's tent, and found him standing before a looking-glass, arranging his toilet and admiring himself generally.

"Doctor," said Blucher, laughing, "I suppose that you are the luckiest man in the world!"

"How's that, sir, may I ask?"

"Why, here you are quite in love with yourself, and you haven't a single rival!"

Neighborhood News

GEORGETOWN

The Council has appointed H. R. Mims auditor at a salary of $200.00.

The offer of Chas. Ruddy to build and put up 4 signs on outskirts of town for $35.00 has been accepted by the council.

Rev. Dr. Dickie and Dr. H. G. Reid were at Guelph last week attending a meeting of the Presbytery of the United Church.

Miss Ruth Johnstone, of Chatham, a fifth year student in medicine at the University of Toronto, was the guest of Miss Margaret Dickie at the Parsonage over the week-end.

Mrs. Edward Finlay, Georgetown, announces the engagement of her daughter, Margaret Howden, to Mr. Ronald Harrison, of Toronto. The marriage will take place the latter part of March.

The Board of Trustees of Georgetown School, has placed on record their appreciation of the faithful and satisfactory work done for the school by their late Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. J. A. Thompson, and forward to Mrs. Thompson a copy of the resolution, with a letter expressing the sympathy of the Board for her in her loss.—Herald.

OAKVILLE

Members of the H. E. Young and Company auditing staff commenced work on the corporation's books last week.

The Mount Pleasant Church, lower middle road, Trafalgar, is to be sold by public auction along with some of its contents, on Friday, March 18, at 2.30 o'clock.

With the preparation of the option list, the Oakville Horticultural Society has opened proceedings for the coming season's activities. Last year the society enjoyed a very successful season with an increased membership and a greater interest on the part of the citizens of town in horticultural lines of development and work.

Struck by a west-bound car on the Toronto-Hamilton Highway, near the corner of Kerr Street, yesterday afternoon about five o'clock, Irene Very, six-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Very, was seriously injured. The wounded girl was taken to her home immediately after the accident, where Dr. J. H. Stead found her to be suffering from severe head injuries and body contusions. Later that evening he ordered her to be removed to the Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto.

BURLINGTON

Mr. Robt. Broom has returned home from the hospital after his recent operation, and is on the job again.

The Town Council held a meeting on Monday evening, and passed the necessary by-law for submitting the High School requisition for $31,000 to a vote of the ratepayers.

Mrs. Wm. Bunker is making her rounds soliciting members for the Burlington Horticultural Society. Become a member by joining, and help make the membership over 400 for 1927.

On Tuesday morning of last week, Councillor Ryckman was wearing a bouquet of snow-drops picked from a flower bed on the property of Mrs. Harry Ghent, Water Street. This is the earliest these outdoor flowers have bloomed for several seasons.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Taylor and son, Andrew, returned home on Friday morning last from a trip to California, where they visited his mother and other friends, returning by way of Vancouver.

The annual At Home of the Burlington Volunteer Fire Brigade was held in the Oddfellows' Hall on Friday evening last, and was attended by over three hundred guests from Oakville, Hamilton, Burlington and the surrounding district.

Miss Emma Mills and Mrs. W. Gates were the hostesses on Saturday, March 5, at a delightful little party in honor of the birthday of Miss Norma Gates, of Indian Point. Twenty guests were present and each received a small gift.—Gazette.

MILTON

Mrs. E. J. Wilson was taken to a city hospital last week to be operated upon for some internal trouble.

Last Thursday as Mr. Charles Vanickle, of Ash, was about to chop some wood, he slipped and fell, the axe falling on his right hand and fracturing two of the fingers.

Former residents of Halton County, and there are many in Saskatchewan, are planning a big get-together celebration at Champlain Hotel on March 15.

Mrs. J. P. Hartleman, of Timmins, who has been spending a couple of months here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Hemstreet, has returned home.

George E. Armstrong, accountant in the Bank of Toronto here, left for Newmarket on Tuesday, to take a similar position in the bank there. During his stay in Milton of about a year Mr. Armstrong has become very popular.

Morley Watson, of Tansley, claims the record for hatching early chickens. On Tuesday he had a successful hatching of twelve White Leghorns from a thirteen-egg setting.

H. H. McDonald, of Nelson township, had a narrow escape from being fatally injured the other morning. While attending the horse in its stall Mr. McDonald was savagely kicked and sustained a broken leg. The horse also tried to trample him to death under its feet, but Mr. McDonald fortunately crawled away to safety.—Reporter.

ERIN

Miss M. McMillan, of North Bay, is visiting with her sister, Miss Mary McMillan.

Mrs. Kees, of Minneapolis, Wisconsin, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Frank.

Mr. Wm. Conboy was seized with a weak spell on Wednesday morning, and is quite ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. H. Buchanan and son and daughter, of Bergus, who recently purchased Mr. G. Walker's property and business, moved in.

Miss Ethel Price is convalescing after a recent operation in Guelph General Hospital.

The Gray Apiaries, Hillsburg, have purchased from D. McConnel & Son, Hillsburg, their potato, elevator and flour and feed business.

Dr. John Short, V. S., was the victim of a distressing accident, on Tuesday of last week, when he was limbing a tree, which he had felled. In some manner the tree rolled over, striking him on the left leg, making three fractures between the knee and ankle.

Hillsburg Checker Club defeated Erin Checker Club last Tuesday afternoon, at Dwyer's Hotel, by eight games. There were seven players to each team, 54 games being played; six of them being draws.

The Belfountain and Rockside Women's Institute met on Friday, March 4, at the home of the President, Mrs. Geo. Scott, with over thirty in attendance. As this was the day set apart for the International Women's Day of Prayer, a short prayer service was held before the regular meeting.—Advocate.

—R. U. Coughing, is your throat and tonsils sore, and nothing helps? We guarantee if you use Mrs. Sybilla Sisler's Tonsilitis, you'll be better good, or cash returned.

THINGS THAT DO NOT CHANGE

Far up an untravelled road in this county, there is an old cedar. Not a trace of timber remains, but about the forgotten doorstep roses and lilacs bear beautiful witness to the home that once stood there, although thick-crowding young forest trees lift their green tops far above the green foundation. Probably no one living can remember the great natured, great-souled woman who lived there, but her story, as another Jus told it in "A Kingdom of Two," ought not to be forgotten.

"Aunt Head" her neighbors called her. One by one she had seen the bodies of husband and sons carried across the threshold, past the lilacs. She was beyond middle age when she was left alone. But what seemed the end of her own life, also, was only the beginning of a larger living, the power of which was felt for miles around.

Her first act was eccentric: she tore down the walls of her house, and reared the sloping roof on the stone foundation. Her one fear was of the wild winter storms. But secure in her low shelter, she was not uncomfortable; there was a living spring in the corner of the cellar, and a bulkhead that opened to the south gave her light and air. In the slender shaft of light she wove and spun, and earned enough to give something to others.

Sometimes the need was material. An old wayfarer came to her door one day, helpless and forlorn; she took him in and cared for him until he died. Oftener the need was spiritual. There was no church near by; so she gathered the neighbors for miles about, and since many of them came long distances, she began her services on Saturday by baking bread and cooking a great kettleful of soup for the next day. Then, on Sunday her mighty voice—it could be heard half a mile away, they said—proclaimed the way of righteousness and exhorted sinners to repentance. In sickness or trouble she was always present. In one of the winter storms she dreaded, when the doctor would not risk his life, she went alone on foot over the mountain to bring a new life in. Three times in that terrible night even her great strength gave out, and three times she "laid hold upon the Lord", and went on her way.

The men and women are long dead. Steam and electricity have changed the face of the world she lived in; but beneath the changed the great truths on which she built her life—love, faith, prayer, service—are unchanged and unchanging. They, and they only, are eternal.

DISTINCTLY SUSPICIOUS

It was during the manoeuvres, a British weekly tells us, that a soldier was being tried for shooting a chicken on prohibited ground.

"Look here, my man said the commanding officer to the farmer who brought the accusation, "are you quite certain that this man shot your bird? Will you swear to it?"

"No, I won't do that," replied the canny farmer, "but I will say he's the man I suspect of doing it."

"That's not enough to convict a man," retorted the officer, considerably nettled. "What raised your suspicions?"

"Well, sir," replied the sturdy farmer, as he slowly mopped his forehead with his bandana, "I saw 'im on my property with a gun; then I heard a gun go off; then I saw 'im putting the chicken into his knapsack; and it didn't seem sensible somehow to think the bird committed suicide."

GEMS OF THOUGHT

Buffer, if you must; do not quarrel with the dear Lord's appointments for you. Only try, if you are to suffer, to do it splendidly. That's the only way to take up a pleasure or a pain. —Phillips Brooks.

The commerce of the intellect likes distant shores. The small retail dealer trades only with his neighbor; when the great merchant trades he links the four quarters of the globe. —Bulwer.

Gratitude to God makes even a temporal blessing a taste of heaven.—Toplaine.

Our thanks should be as fervent for mercies received as our petitions for mercies sought.—C. Simmons.

Opportunity, sooner or later, comes to all who work and wish.—Lord Blapley.

Humility is the root, mother, nurse foundation, and bond of all virtue.—Chrysostom.

AN AFTERNOON ALARM CLOCK

The Green Bag credits Senator Ollie James with the following story of a young man in Louisville who recently hung up his "shingle" as attorney at law:

One afternoon a friend, on entering the young man's office, observed an alarm clock on the desk.

"That's a fine idea," said the friend. "A man is very likely to oversleep these fine spring mornings."

The youthful attorney smiled sadly. "That alarm clock was not bought for the reason you mention," said he. "I merely keep it here to wake me when it is time to go home."

SPEED

Jones—"I had a balance in the bank a little while ago, but since I've become engaged—"

Jakes (facetiously) — "Expensive finances, eh, old man? Never mind, remember that love makes the world go round."

Jones (still dismal)—"Yes, I know, but I never thought it would go round fast enough to make me loose my balance."

DARWIN'S LIMITED
Home Service Department

wants clean-cut, neat appearing, ambitious, honest men and women of character to show and sell Darwin's smartly styled Spring Dresses and Coats at the same prices as shown and sold in our large and successful chain of Ladies Ready-to-wear Stores; this is an unusual opportunity to make a permanent connection with Darwin's 20-year-old retail organization and earn a growing income in keeping with your ability. We'll furnish the reputation and capital for you to build a reputation and successful business in protected territory with Darwin's over-values and broad guarantee of supreme satisfaction to your customers. You owe it to yourself to write this very day for full particulars of the Darwin opportunity. Elaborate Free sample outfit to those who qualify. Our style and merchandising experts will train those who have had had former experience. Address Darwin's Limited, Dept. 45, Box 612, Montreal, Que.

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BANK OF MONTREAL
Established 1817
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SPECIALS

TIRES		TUBES	
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30 x 3 1-2 Oversize Cord	6.45	30 x 3 1-2 Oversize	1.45
30 x 3 1-2 Heavy Oversize Cord	7.95	30 x 3 1-2 Extra Heavy Red Oversize	1.95
29 x 4.40 Tires	7.75	29 x 4.40 Tubes	1.45

Look These Over

	TIRES	TUBES
31 x 4	$12.75	$2.10
32 x 4	13.40	2.50
33 x 4	14.10	2.60
34 x 4	14.80	2.70
32 x 4 1-2	18.85	2.90
33 x 4 1-2	19.00	2.95
34 x 4 1-2	19.65	3.00
35 x 4 1-2	21.00	4.00
33 x 5	24.85	4.50
34 x 5	25.85	4.85
35 x 5	26.70	4.90

BUS AND TRUCK TYPE

	TIRES	TUBES
30 x 5	$34.55	$4.20
32 x 6	53.15	8.00
36 x 6	58.40	8.55
34 x 7	75.35	11.10

Balloon Tires & Tubes

	TIRES	TUBES
27 x 4.40	$10.45	$2.50
29 x 4.40	11.15	2.60
29 x 4.75	14.15	3.00
30 x 4.75	15.30	3.15
29 x 4.95	16.50	3.20
30 x 4.95	17.05	3.30
31 x 4.95	18.85	3.45
30 x 5.25	19.10	3.70
31 x 5.25	19.70	3.80
30 x 5.77	22.45	4.40
32 x 5.77	24.55	4.50
33 x 6.00	23.85	5.15

EXTRA HEAVY TYPE

	TIRES	TUBES
30 x 5.77	$26.30	$4.40
32 x 5.77	28.70	4.50
32 x 6.00	26.75	4.90
33 x 6.00	27.50	5.15
32 x 6.20	30.00	5.30
33 x 6.75	35.60	6.25
34 x 7.30	38.95	7.40

SPECIAL GREY TUBE, 29 x 4.40 ..... $1.90

ALL TIRES GUARANTEED

A. J. GURRY

OAKVILLE
"TIRES FOR LESS"

PHONE 215
RADIOS & RADIO SUPPLIES