The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1927

SIGNS OF SPRING

There are voices in the meadows,
Notes expectant in the air,
Hustlings in the stiffened branches
Though the woods are grey and bare.
Wind, shrill-whistling, cannot drown them
For they're waking everywhere.

There's a whisper in the tree-tops
Through the silence of the night,
Though the moon is coldly silver,
Window-panes with frost are white;
Have you heard a sigh of rapture
When the golden dawn brings light?

There's a murmur in the mosses
Fragrant green and drenched with rain.
Though the pools have ice upon them
Crisp the ground where snow has lain,
Breaths that stir the heart with longing
For the scent of flowers again.

You may look—the veil of winter
Close around still seems to cling,
But with sense attuned you harken—
Undertones, in everything:
Earth is quick-pulsating, eager
For the radiant days of spring.
—Leod Naunton.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the issue of The Free Press of Thursday, March 28, 1907

Special Easter services in all the churches next Sunday.

Schools close this afternoon and resume on Monday, April 8.

It is not often the case that the snow has entirely disappeared by March 24. The roads are worse than usual just now.

Easter eggs will be unusually high this year. They were 22c for new laid this week.

Councillor Bell's planing mill commenced operations this week. The saw mill will start the season's cut next week.

Easter rates on all railways will be single fare. Tickets good from March 28 till April 2.

The warm rains following thunder showers on Monday and Tuesday helped materially to take the frost out of the ground.

The members of the Young Men's Association will entertain the ladies of the Methodist church in the Young Men's Association Hall on Friday evening.

Dr. E. D. Ault has given the contract to have his barn on Frederick Street converted into two dwellings. He will build a new barn in the rear of his residence.

Miss Laura Ryder has the daintiest and most attractive window in town. Easter eggs, chicks, ducklings, hams and confectionery are artistically arranged.

A very successful concert was held on Monday evening last under the auspices of the Lacrosse Club. The talent was all local and comprised an orchestra, quartettes, solos, readings, duetts, etc.

At the meeting of Guelph Presbytery last week Rev. J. C. Wilson, B. A., and Mr. A. T. Munn were appointed commissioners to the General Assembly, which meets in Montreal in June next.

On Tuesday of last week, during a terrific gale, a portion of the metal roof of the Acton House stables was blown off and this was succeeded by the falling of the rear wall and gable into the mow. There were several teams and the landlord's pony in the stable and John McEachern and Malcolm McDougall opened the front door and went in. The pony was in a box stall in the west corner and was whinnying with fright. Mr. McDougall was in the act of opening the door to liberate the pony and Mr. McEachern was standing beside him, when the joists and flooring of the mow gave way with the weight of cement blocks, the mass of debris falling on the men below. Mr. McEachern was struck on the right temple by the corner of a cement block, fell to the floor and was covered with rubbish. His death was evidently instantaneous. Mr. McDougall was painfully cut about the head and badly bruised on the right hip. Upon recovering consciousness his cries soon brought aid and he was soon liberated. It was some time before it was known that Mr. McEachern had been in the stables.

The Acton House stables were erected last summer, the walls being of cement, the roof of galvanized iron. When the roof was blown off the wind had full sweep upon the walls, and later the south corner gave way.

Mr. M. McDougall, who was so badly injured in the wreck of the Acton House Stables last week, is rapidly recovering.

The hearts of the ladies are surely gladdened this season with the varied displays of Easter millinery. Miss McMillan exhibited dainty spring styles at Unsworth's show rooms on Saturday and Monday. Messrs. Henderson & Co. had their parlors in attractive array yesterday when Miss Wallace made her visitors forget the murky weather outside; Miss Annie Smith sustained her reputation with her artistic models, and Miss Florence Murray has opened show rooms at the family residence.

The Acton Gun Club re-organized on Tuesday, with the officers elected for the season as follows: President, J. Bauer; Vice-Pres., C. C. Speight; Sec.-Treas., W. Stark; Field Captain, Dr. Gray; Referee, J. D. Bauer; Committee, N. McLeod, W. Rafer, T. T. Moore, and the officers. Total membership to date is 22.

BORN

POULDS—In Acton, on Saturday, March 23, to Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Foulds, a daughter.

CANADA'S FRUIT AHEAD

Eat more Canadian fruit and vegetables. This is the slogan of the Markets division of the Fruit Branch at Ottawa. That it is sound advice all the doctors agree. Fruit and vegetable consumption means improved health, physically and mentally. For the more popular understanding and appreciation of this fundamental truth the branch carries on a vigorous campaign by lectures and demonstrations and by the issuing for free circulation of such publications as "Canadian Grown Apples," and "Fruits and Vegetables, Canning, Drying and Storing." Exhibits are also made at fairs at home and abroad. The Dominion Minister of Agriculture in his last report was enabled to make the following gratifying statement: "Canadian apples obtained 'Empire Honors' at the Imperial Fruit Show last fall by capturing nine prizes out of a possible ten, including the two silver challenge cups for the dessert and cooking classes, the former being won by British Columbia with Jonathan, and the latter by Ontario with R. I. Greening. Canada's sweeping victory gave splendid publicity to Canadian-grown apples in the United Kingdom and should go a long way toward familiarizing the British consumer with our high-quality fruit and encourage the buying of empire products."

CAR LOAD OF HORSES

A car load of western horses, ranging in weight from 11 to 15 hundred pounds, all broken, will be sold by public auction at Mr. Harold Bingham's, lot 20, 10th line, Esquesing, on Friday, March 25, at one o'clock. Terms, cash, or may be arranged with responsible parties. Ben Petch, auctioneer. 38-2

OUR COMPLETE WEEKLY STORY

Norah's Bright Idea

By Marguerite Aspinwall

NORAH laid her pen down and opened and closed her hand rapidly five or six times to relieve the ache in her cramped fingers. Her brown eyes wandered down the long rows of desks in the office, and her lips parted in a little sigh as she observed the absorbed faces bent over the afternoon's work.

The girl at the desk beside her own was addressing and filling in post cards, just as Norah herself was doing; and so were the two girls in front and the one across the narrow aisle.

Through the window on her other side a tantalizing finger of sunshine was playing hide and seek with itself among the neat piles of cards on Norah's desk.

No one except Norah seemed to notice it. Busy typewriters clicked on; pens flew across envelopes and cards; sharply insistent telephone bells rang here and there, first on one desk, then on another.

No one noticed Norah, either. Four days ago, when she had first come, some one had explained her work to her, had given her lists, post cards, and baskets of letters and then had left her to herself to carry out her instructions.

The fashion department of a big woman's magazine had recently started a shopping service for out-of-town readers, and Norah and the four other girls round her were employed to address post cards acknowledging the receipt of orders and to fill in on the back the name of the shop that would ship the goods. It was not very interesting work, but it was simple.

She had been so proud of getting a job at the very first try! It had all come about in this way. After grandfather had died last year,—they had lived with him ever since Norah's own father had died years before,—Norah's mother had done everything that a slender little wisp of a woman with three children could do to keep things going and let Norah, the oldest, finish high school. She had taken in sewing for neighbors, had put up jams and jellies and had opened and closed summer cottages during the spring and the fall.

She and Norah had talked hopefully about Norah's "business career"—they always dignified it with that imposing phrase when they were alone together. They had made such plans for the future—things they would do for the younger children and for each other; trips they would take in vacations—of course the trips were in long way off in the years, but it was fun to discuss them.

Then, two weeks after her graduation, Norah had seen the Household Word's advertisement for clerical workers in the "Help Wanted" column of the Sunday newspaper, had answered it in person the next morning and was engaged before a single other applicant had put in an appearance.

"I'm to get fourteen dollars a week," Norah announced grandly at supper that night to mother and the wide-eyed twins. "And that's only the beginning. You'll see. I'm going to work so hard they just won't be able to help moving me higher."

Mother, with cheeks almost as pink as Norah's from the excitement of the moment, was inwardly convinced that Norah would be nothing less than fashion editor in a few months. The twins, who had the vague notions of what a fashion editor might be, joyfully predicted vast sums of money, which they were willing to assist Norah in spending.

Altogether it had been a most exhilarating affair, that supper.

Norah took up her pen slowly. She did not mind the actual addressing, even though it was monotonous; but how, if she were kept addressing endless post cards day after day, was her chance ever to come to do anything different?

Of course she tried to avoid mistakes in the work and to write as many cards as she could between nine o'clock and five, but then, those four other girls did as much, too, or they would not have been there. Norah realized now that she had dimly expected the office to be a kind of glorified school, where her efforts would be noticed and commended.

An unreasonable little feeling of utter desolation squeezed two unexpected tears into her eyes and forced a lump up into her throat. It was foolish, of course, and who knew it, but for the moment the impersonal hurry and routine of the office and her own insignificance frightened her. There—for there was a good fighting spirit in Norah, inherited from mother, who had not given up at a much harder pinch than her daughter had ever known—the girl lifted her curly head to a determined angle. A new aspect of the case had occurred to her.

If she went on doing her work in a machine-like way she would be treated like a machine. But if she kept her mind alertly on each detail, tried to find better or quicker ways to do it— She gave a deep little sigh of relief, and her eyes began to smile in their usual fashion.

It was not for the office to discover her, as she had ignorantly imagined; it was for her, Norah Landen, to discover herself.

During the next hour she wrote steadily, doggedly. Each time she or one of the four girls round her finished a pile of a hundred cards she passed it on to a sixth girl at a desk farther down the office; this girl dated each card with a small changeable rubber date stamp.

"Before much quicker that is than having to write it out by hand," Norah said, lingering a moment after handing over her cards. "I wonder why—" she began impulsively and stopped short.

She turned abruptly without another word and went back to her own desk on flying feet to think out an idea that had come to her.

It was so simple that she was afraid for a minute or two that some one else in the department might already have thought of it and discarded it for some reason.

Still, suppose no one had. Norah took up one of her lists and counted over carefully the names of the shops with which most of the orders were placed. There were exactly eight of them, and they all had long names that it took a great many loops and twists of a pen to write.

"I don't believe anyone has thought of it here," Norah said under her breath. "The department is new, and all the short cuts haven't been worked out yet."

She wondered whether she had the requisite courage to walk into the fashion editor's private office and ask for permission to explain her idea. For a second or so she hesitated.

"But if it's really a short cut she'll want to know," she argued with herself. "I guess I—will." And she rose bravely on the word.

The door of the fashion editor's office stood wide open, and, halting timidly on the threshold, Norah saw that Mrs. Lloyd was leisurely sorting samples of gayly colored chiffons and velvets. She glanced up at the sound of foot-steps, and Norah noticed that her eyes were kindly.

"Did you wish to see me about something?" the fashion editor asked in a pleasant tone.

"Oh, yes, please!" Norah forgot her shyness and smiled back. She came into the office softly and, leaning against the big roll-top desk, spread out her funny little collection on the blotter.

"I thought," she began a bit breathlessly, but nevertheless holding her voice steady, "I thought I had better come to you. I am quite sure I have found a way to save time in filling the shopping orders—about several hours a day, perhaps. You see, here." Norah drew her collection of exhibits forward one by one. "This is one of the cards we write them now, and here's the list of shops we're using this month—they're all awfully long names to fill in. This other thing's a date stamp. One girl stamps all the cards, you know, and it's so nice and quick. Wouldn't it be a good plan to have a rubber stamp made for each shop, too, and then, after the cards are addressed, they could be put in separate piles, a pile for each shop, and one girl could stamp them all when she dates them."

Norah stopped, quite out of breath, and faced the fashion editor, with shining eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Good! I will make out an order for them at once," Mrs. Lloyd said briskly, trying not to smile at the eagerness of the young face before her. She looked at Norah rather curiously. "How did you happen to think about saving time, my dear?"

Norah's flush deepened.

"I don't want to be just a—a sort of machine always," she said shyly.

Mrs. Lloyd put her hand impulsively on the girl's arm.

"I'm glad to know you feel like that," she said simply, but the approval in her tone went warmly to Norah's excitedly beating heart. "We haven't much use for machines here, either. Go on keeping your eyes open, my dear, and whenever you have another idea bring it to me."

Norah went out of the office with a triumphant little tune beating in her brain in rhythm with the dancing impulse in her tips of her toes. She turned gayly to her next-door neighbor, a stolid, flaxen-haired girl of about her own age.

"Isn't it the most wonderful day ever!" she demanded.

The flaxen-haired girl sighed heavily.

"Uh-huh!" she agreed indifferently. "What's I was out of the office to enjoy it, though."

"I don't," said Norah. She glanced about her with a propriatory air. Everything was different. It was her office now.

"Work is nothing more than a very interesting game," she added with conviction, "when you've learned how to play it right."—Companion.

PREPARING FOR THE BREEDING SEASON

The poultry flock on the average Canadian farm will be made up of one of the general purpose breeds, that is, a breed that will give good table fowl and also lay a fair number of eggs.

The egg production end of the business is the one from which the greatest profits may be expected and even when mating the general purpose flock egg production must be kept prominently in mind if the best returns are to be secured.

Vigor is the foundation on which all mating must be built. Continued heavy egg production over a prolonged period is one of the best indications of this desirable quality. This is especially true when jhere is, in conjunction with this, the ability to give fertility and hatchability to the eggs and vitality to the chicks.

Those who have no records to which they may refer should select females that are active, that have clean cut faces, and bright, prominent eyes and that handle well, that is, those having soft, pliable skins and that have soft abdomens showing that they are not loaded down with heavy deposits of internal fat.

The male to mate to these females should be their counterpart, of good size for his breed with long, broad back, the width carried right back to the tail, strong and virile with clean cut face, and a prominent, piercing eye.

It is generally money well spent for those who have no breeding records, to purchase males of known breeding from breeders who are keeping careful records. These males, while conforming to the appearance previously described, should be carefully selected from dams showing a heavy production of large eggs over long periods, and whose sire's dam also showed the same characteristics.

Those breeders should early be separated from the balance of the flock and no attempt made to force them for egg production.

Rather should they be given an abundance of fresh air and exercise to keep them in good hard condition.

In the absence of green food, well cured alfalfa or clover hay should be liberally supplied. Cod Liver oil is also excellent to put the birds in the best physical condition and to ensure strong vigorous chicks. This may be fed at the rate of about two per cent. of the grain or mash by pouring it over the grain or mixing it in the mash.

Hatch your chicks early, the late summer chick is seldom a money maker.—Geo. Robertson, Poultry Division, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

BETRAYED BY "BETSY"

"It is a curious fact," said the old railroad engineer to the patient waiters in the village barber shop, "that a man, after he has run an engine a long time, comes to regard it as human, and to expect of it rational and even highly moral behavior.

"She's a little mite cranky now and then, you'll hear a man say tolerantly, 'and I have to coax her up a bit, but'—here he always begins to swell with pride—'there's nothing mean about her. I can trust her!'

"That's true, every word," a listener burst out eagerly, "and when he finds she's gone back on him, he doesn't know what to make of it. He's hurt and mortified clean through. There was old Davis who ran the East Bridgewater branch of the Old Colony. You knew Davis?"

The engineer nodded. "For fifty-five years," he said.

"Then you know the story then better than I do. You tell it," urged the listener.

"The details don't matter," the engineer responded, readily enough, "but one day the old man's hand was crushed—by his own engine; one that he had handled without accident for years. We fixed him up the best we could, and he bore all our fumbling without a whimper; in fact, he didn't seem to feel it, although it was plain enough that he was pretty well broke up. But when we started him off home, he turned to us with tears in his eyes.

"'Boys,' he said, and it was the first word he had spoken, 'boys, I wouldn't have believed it of Betsy!'"

AN AWKWARD JOB

Smith's opportunity had come at last. He had been offered a really good job in Australia.

So he forthwith threw up his twenty-six bob a week clerkship, and made arrangements to leave for the isle of kangaroos.

While passing through Liverpool on his way to the docks, he was unexpectedly hailed by a friend from Manchester, who inquired: "Hello, old man! Where are you off to?"

"Australia," was Smith's reply.

"Right-oh, then!" said his friend. "I'll walk a bit of the way with you."

GONE AWAY

I know a quiet country town,
By which a streamlet falls and flows;
And in the dell and on the down,
The yellow sunlight glints and glows.

I never think of but I sigh,
Beyond whose garden, smoothly mown,
The rushing engines shriek and fly.

I know a chosen chamber there,
A fairy figure used to grace;
I know an eastern window, where
Was wont to watch, a fairy face.

I tread the narrow winding street,
I linger in the lonely lane,
Which once were trean by fairy feet,
That will not tread their paths again.

I love that quiet country town;
It is to me a sacred place;
And as I wander up and down,
Those vanished steps I seem to trace.

And still the hours serenely pass,
And still quiet a streamlet flows;
And still among the shining grass
The yellow sunlight glints and glows.

And there the house is, square and gray,
And there the new-mown meadows lie,
She used to gaze on day by day,
In faith and dreamy reverie.

Yes, all is there—except the face;
That little window gapes forlorn;
And on me as I haunt the place,
The morning sunshine smiles in scorn.

This poem appeared in the first number of THE FREE PRESS, on Dominion Day, 1875. When I found out last week that Editor Jeggs had resigned the position he had held so long, I at once turned to the old files, which, by the way, I borrowed from the office at New Year's and haven't yet returned. It seemed to me this first poem had quite appropriate sentiment, and I bring it to the light of day again, after all the years. You see, away back in those days there were recollections and reveries, just as there are to-day.

RETIREMENT OF THE EDITOR

Well! Well! Well! And so THE FREE PRESS has lost its old-time editor. I suppose the announcement shocked the rest of you last week as it did me. I have known for some time that our friend, the retired editor, was overloaded with work and responsibilities, and that he is not as vigorous as he was a score or more of years ago, but it never dawned on me that he would ever give up the newspaper which he has kept at so high a standard, and which I know he regards very highly. His magisterial duties are exacting, but they take him out over the country, with much time spent outdoors, and I suppose being much less confining than his editorial work he has chosen this for his future activities.

Gly! what a long time H. P., as he has always been familiarly called, has been at the helm. I knew him when he was knee-high to a grasshopper, and going to school to Mr. Little, the old schoolmaster; I remember him when as a lad he worked in his father's shingle factory; I can easily recall when he attended Rockwood Academy and then went to Albert College, Belleville, to finish up; and I remember quite distinctly when he went to THE FREE PRESS office to go into partnership with his brother, now Rev. Dr. T. Albert Moore. Say, that seems a long time ago. I figure it out that if he had stayed on till July, he would have been in his fiftieth year in THE FREE PRESS office. I was rather struck with the statement made in his good-bye article last week that he had been in business longer than any other native-born son of Acton had continued continuously in business for himself in town. He surely ought [illegible] something about the place [illegible] fairly well qualified to know its needs, and its advantages.

I think he has been pretty faithful to the town, and I can say this in my column very freely, now that he has nothing at all to do with the paper. I feel that the new man has big shoes to fill, and has his job cut out for him, even if he has been an understudy of the chief for fifteen years. However, we'll make fair allowances for him, and I think everybody will feel like doing all they can to support him by kind words and generous patronage.

Say! come to think of it, I recollect when THE FREE PRESS was established in Acton in 1875, and the first paper that was printed. The first copy I saw was the very first number. Mr. Hacking, the founder, came over to the old Drill Shed, which stood where Mrs. Harry Holmes' fine residence is now located.

The Sons of Temperance were there on the afternoon of July 1st, Dominion Day, preparing for their annual strawberry festival. Of course I was one of them, and it was there I got a copy of the first edition of THE FREE PRESS.

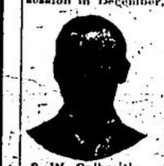
Say! when I began to think of this I remembered that THE FREE PRESS calendar of 1880, had the pictures of the founder and his successors. I hunted up the old document, and there they were, the four of them, staring me in the face from that calendar sheet. I laid me up to the office at once and asked Mr. Dilts if, by any chance, he could find those old engravings. "Why, yes," he said, and in half a minute, from the systematically arranged mortuary — I think that's what he called it— of THE FREE PRESS, he produced the cuts, and here they are, in the light of day again.

J. H. Hacking, Founder

This is Joseph H. Hacking, the founder of THE FREE PRESS on July 1st, 1875. Mr. Hacking was an experienced newspaper man. He published the Listowel Banner, I am told, for years. Then he got the fever for a daily paper, and founded the Guelph Daily Advertiser. The Advertiser was very short-lived. Mr. Hacking then came to Acton, with faith in its future and established THE FREE PRESS.

The first apprentice of the new Acton paper was T. Albert Moore. He was an apt pupil and soon became proficient. In 1877 Mr. Hacking put him in charge of his job printing business in Guelph. While there he became acquainted with Steve Galbraith, of the Guelph Mercury. They both had aspirations and together came to Acton and stumped Mr. Hacking to sell out to them. He did so and I believe they took possession in December, 1877.

T. Albert Moore, First Appentice



B. W. Galbraith, T. A. Moore's Partner

The new firm name was Moore & Galbraith. The young proprietors did well, I understand, but in the following March, Galbraith was offered a position as editor of the Daily Post, Montreal. He accepted the position and the partnership was dissolved. For three months or so, Albert Moore conducted the business alone; then in July, 1878, his brother, H. P. Moore, became his partner.

The new firm name was T. A. & H. P. Moore. In 1879 T. Albert Moore entered the ministry of the Methodist Church and H. P. was left to paddle his own canoe and do his best to give the people a satisfactory local newspaper. That he succeeded the future years have told. I've been satisfied with the results and I think most of the people have also felt that THE FREE PRESS has given the public the worth of their money. At any rate the old editor has kept Acton in the limelight as few other country newspapers that I have known have done. Now that he is out of it I have no hesitation in saying that it is my honest opinion that THE ACTON FREE PRESS has always been a worthy representative of the town in which it has been published.

H. P. Moore, in 1878

I wonder if the retiring editor felt like saying, as one of his predecessors said fifty years ago:

"And now, farewell!
And if, forever,
Fare-ye-well!"

The Old Man

A LONESOME BOY

The boy sat huddled so close to the woman in gray that everybody felt sure he belonged to her; so when he unconsciously dug his muddy shoes into the broadcloth skirt of his left-hand neighbor, she leaned over and said: "Pardon me, madam, will you kindly make your little boy square himself around? He is soiling my skirt with his muddy shoes."

The woman in gray blushed a little and nudged the boy away.

"My boy!" she said. "My goodness, he isn't mine."

The boy squirmed uneasily. He was such a little fellow that he could not touch his feet to the floor, so he stuck them out straight in front of him, like pegs to hang things on, and looked at them deprecatingly.

"I am sorry I got your dress dirty," he said to the woman on his left. "I hope it will brush off."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," she said. Then as his eyes were still fastened upon hers, she added: "Are you going uptown alone?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "I always go alone. There isn't anybody to go with me. Father is dead and mother is dead. I live with Aunt Clara, in Brooklyn, but she says Aunt Anna ought to help do something for me, so once or twice a week, when she gets tired and wants to go to some place to rest up, she sends me over to stay with Aunt Anna. I am going up there now. Sometimes I don't find Aunt Anna at home, but I hope she will be at home to-day, because it looks as if it is going to rain, and I don't like to hang around on the street in the rain."

The woman felt something uncomfortable in her throat and she said: "You are a very little boy to be knocked about this way," rather unkindly.

"Oh, I don't mind," he said. "I never get lost. But I get lonesome sometimes on the long trips, and when I see anybody that I think I would like to be long to I scrunge up close to her so I can make believe that I really belong to her. This morning I was playing that I belonged to that lady on the other side of me, and I forgot all about my feet. That is why I got your dress dirty." The woman put her arms around the tiny chap and "scrouged" him up so close that she hurt him, and every other woman who had heard his artless confidence looked as if she would not only let him wipe his shoes on her best gown, but would rather he did it than not.—New York Times.

ORDER AT ANY COST

Whenever the teacher in the sixth grade of a certain public school was obliged to leave the room, he always left one of his pupils in charge of the class. One day he called on Janet to act as monitor. "Keep order, Janet," he admonished her as he left her at his desk.

Some time later, hearing a great commotion in the room, he hastened back and softly opened the door. At that instant a boy burst from the cloak-room and dashed down the aisle. After him clattered Janet, thwacking him with the blackboard pointer. While the other pupils cheered lustily, Janet and the boy ran up one aisle and down another, and at every step Janet breathlessly demanded, "How dare you leave your seat?" At last the boy having got much the worst of it, was glad to slide into his own place. A congratulatory shout from the delighted spectators hailed Janet's triumph.

As the little disciplinarian turned to take her place at the desk she saw the teacher and marched straight to him and handed him the pointer.

"That boy went to the cloak-room without asking my permission," she said. "You asked me to keep order, and I sure did."

"That's right, Janet," he replied. "I heard it."

GEMS OF THOUGHT

A pure heart at the end of life, and a lowly mission well accomplished, are better than to have filled a great place on earth, and have a stained soul and a wrecked destiny.— Dr. J. R. Miller.

Gracefulness has been defined to be outward expression of the inward harmony of the soul.—Hazlitt.

It Will Prevent Ulcerated Throat.—At the first symptoms of sore throat, which presages ulceration and inflammation, take a spoonful of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Add a little sugar to it to make it palatable. It will allay the irritation and prevent the ulceration and swelling that are so painful. Those who were periodically subject to quinsy have thus made themselves immune to attack.

Neighborhood News

BURLINGTON

Wm. Bridgman, chairman of the High School, has returned home from the Hamilton Hospital, and is now convalescing at his home on Brant Street.

Mr. Alf. Cripps, lighthouse keeper at the canal, has returned home from the Christie Street Hospital, Toronto, where he underwent an operation for injuries received during the war.

Oliver Roy Maude, of Burlington, has been appointed leader of a group of Moody Bible Institute students, who conduct meeting every Sunday afternoon at the Cook County Hospital, Chicago.

Harry Wardell had a narrow escape from a serious accident on Monday. He was proceeding up Brant Street in a truck, and was struck by a racing car at the Brant Street crossing. Fortunately the radial was travelling slowly, and the only damage done was a bent fender.

At a meeting in February the Burlington Women's Institute passed a resolution to disband. The piano and dishes were sold. Last week a meeting was held, quite lively in discussion at times, and notice was given to rescind the former motion. Refreshments were served at the close of the meeting to those who remained for the social hour. The next meeting will be held on April 2, when it is expected the question of disbanding or continuing the organization will again be discussed.—Gazette.

GEORGETOWN

Mr. Wakefield Ford is recovering nicely from his recent severe illness and is now able to be up around in his home.

The Mission Band of the United Church, Georgetown, will hold a concert on April 4 in the school room of the church.

Mr. Thomas Sykes had his right hand severely injured last Thursday when an emery wheel, which he was operating at Creelman's factory, burst.

Mr. Harry Dayfoot, who has been in Toronto General Hospital for some weeks, is improving and expects to be home shortly.

Mr. T. J. Hill, Glenwilliams, who had his hip broken by a fall some time ago and was taken to Brampton Hospital, is not improving as rapidly as was hoped for.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fergrave, mother of Mrs. R. McWhirter, celebrated her 79th birthday on Sunday last. She was the recipient of hearty congratulations from her many friends.

Mr. M. Givens, of Kindersley, Sask., is visiting with friends in Georgetown and vicinity.

The Engagine Women's Institute held their regular monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. J. R. Thompson. There was a good attendance. Dr. Collop gave a very interesting and helpful address on the care of the teeth.

The high prices that were received for potatoes early last fall have dropped until dealers are receiving from 75c to 80c per bag, and expect a further drop before spring. The crop did not prove as great a failure as was anticipated, and in addition great quantities were brought in from the Maritime Provinces.—Herald.

OAKVILLE

Mrs. P. J. McCallum and daughters are visiting in Arnprior.

Mr. F. S. Jarvis, of Galt, is a guest at the home of his son, T. R. Jarvis.

Mrs. A. D. Chisholm, who has been seriously ill in the Hamilton City Hospital, is reported to be convalescent.

Miss Hanks, of the local High School staff, was the special speaker on Sunday at Walton Memorial United Church.

The annual meeting of the Oakville Baseball Club has been called for Thursday, March 24, and will take place in the Council Chamber.

W. S. Savage, one of the pioneer residents of this locality, gave an interesting address before the Rotary Club on Monday night on the early history of Oakville.

Little Miss Irene Very, six-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Very, is recovering from the severe injuries she sustained when knocked down by an automobile at the corner of Colborne and Kerr Streets last Wednesday afternoon.

Oakville Lodge L. O. L. No. 272, entertained a large representation from Burlington Lodge L. O. L. No. 278, last evening. The meeting was one of the first in forming a full co-operative movement among the Halton County Orange Lodges towards the making of their annual celebration, which is to be held in Oakville in 1928, a thorough success.—Record.

The 7th company of the Ladies' Aid of Saint John's Church held a real Jiggs and Maggie dinner in Lusk Hall on St. Patrick's Day. The chief menu was corn beef and cabbage. The hall was crowded to capacity. After the dinner, a play of Maggie and Jiggs was given by local talent, which caused much enjoyment.

MILTON

Judge Elliot conducted the County Court sessions at Hamilton last week, Judge Gauld not being well enough to preside.

Mr. Geo. Sitzer has sold his fine brick residence on the corner of Main and Court Streets to Mr. David Crawford, of the C. P. R.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bell and two children, who have been spending the winter in Scotland, arrived home on Tuesday.

Miss A. Boyd, of Milton, has gone to New York City, where she will take a responsible position as night supervisor in a hospital there.

The Milton Choral Society, which has been holding practices weekly since last October, are putting on their second annual concert in the Princess Theatre this (Thursday) evening.

J. M. Campbell, manager of the Bank of Commerce at Dundas, and his two sisters, Misses Lisle and Charlotte Campbell, Milton, are on a trip through California and Florida.

Governor McGibbon has lost five of his erstwhile boarders from the county jail, that number having been recently taken to serve time in the different penal institutions to which they were sentenced for offences committed.

The annual meeting of the Milton Lawn Bowling Club was held last week, and was well attended by the members, much enthusiasm being shown at the prospect of a successful and enjoyable season at the green. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Honorary President, A. McGibbon; President, C. R. Turner; Vice-President, G. H. Dawson; Secretary, A. L. MacNabb; Treasurer, M. E. Panton; Auditors, W. J. McClenahan and G. A. Homstreet. Chairmen of Committees—Greens, J. W. Blain; Entertainment, L. Bervos; Games, X. E. Millson.—Reformer.

All Night with Asthma. Everyone knows how attacks of asthma often keep their victims awake the whole night long. Morning finds him wholly unfitted for a day of business, and yet business must still be carried through. All this night suffering and lack of rest can be avoided by the prompt use of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy, which positively does drive away the attacks.

ERIN

Mr. Robert Niddrell, Hillsburg, has purchased the residence of the late Henry Matthews.

Mrs. Charles Smith has returned home from Guelph after spending a couple of weeks with her parents.

Mr. Wm. Conboy, Village Clerk, is able to be about again, following an illness of a few days' duration.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ganton and family, of Elmvale, have moved to the Warden farm, on the 8th line.

Mr. Wallace Young, 9th line, Erin, has been confined to his room with an attack of heart trouble.

Mr. Thos. Wilson, 9th line, Erin, has sold his farm to Mr. John Hinchliff, and will hold a clearing auction sale, on Friday, April 8.—Advocate.

To have the children sound and healthy in the first care of a mother. They cannot be healthy if troubled with worms. Use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

5000 FACTS ABOUT CANADA

Canada's jubilee year, celebrating the sixty-years of Confederation, is fittingly emphasized in the 1927 issue of "5000 Facts About Canada," the famous tabloid cyclopaedia of the Dominion, compiled by Frank Yeigh, the well-known Canadian publicist, lecturer and author. It is a treasure to read of our remarkable national progress, as tersely set forth in this unique booklet, under fifty chapters. The contents are more varied than ever, and will prove a revelation to the reader. No bitter way of making known our resources, wealth and prospects exists than this publication, and it should have a wide circulation this year. Copies may be had from leading bookstores, or by sending 35 cents to Canadian Facts Publishing Company, 588 Huron Street, Toronto 2, Canada.

Holloway's Corn Remover takes the corn out by the roots. Try it and prove it.

Simple Remedy For Bad Stomach Gives Quick Relief

No Need of Strong Medicines or Diet—Famous but Simple Old English Recipe Keeps Stomach in Fine Condition, Banishes After-Eating Distress

If you are a victim of stomach troubles—Gas, Sourness, Pain or Bloating—your days have come and certain relief by following this simple advice.

Don't take strong medicines, artificial digestants or pull down your system by following unnecessary starvation diets.

Never hurry your meals or overeat of anything, but within reason most folks may eat what they like—if they will keep their stomach sweet, clean and active and free from the souring acids that hinder or paralyze the work of digestion.

And the best and easiest way to do this is to follow every meal with a small amount of pure Bisurated Magnesia—a pleasant, harmless and inexpensive form of Magnesia that promptly neutralizes acidity and keeps your stomach sweet and clean.

A week's trial of Bisurated Magnesia, which may be obtained from any druggist "at small cost," will easily convince you of the great value of this old English recipe.

CLEARING
AUCTION SALE
TOWNSHIP OF ERIN
FARM STOCK, IMPLEMENTS, ETC.

The undersigned has received instructions from
FRANK JENNINGS
to sell by Public Auction, at his farm, Lot 26, concession 4, situated on the Fourth Line, Erin, on
MONDAY, MARCH 28, 1927
at 1 o'clock sharp, the following:
HORSES—1 Bay Driving Mare, 10 years old; 1 Bay Gelding, 11 years, general purpose.
COWS—Black and White Cow, milking well, breed in December; Roan Cow, milking well, bred in February; Jersey Cow, milking well, bred in December; 3 Holstein Calves.
HOGS—1 Sow, due April 2; 2 Chunks.
POULTRY—50 Hens and Pullets.
HARNESS—1 set Brass Mounted Breeching Harness; 1 set Single Harness.
FURNITURE—A quantity of Household Furniture.
IMPLEMENTS—Deering Binder, 6 foot cut, with sheaf carrier; Frost & Wood Mower; 10 foot Hay Rake; Paris Walking Plow; Wilkinson Walking Plow; Fleury Walking Plow; Spring Tooth Cultivators; set of Harrows; Scuffler; Deering 13 disc Seed Drill with grass seeder; Wagon with box; Buggy; Cutter; Democrat; Robsleighs; Fanning Mill; Turnip Pulper; Wheelbarrow; Hand Grindstone; Grindstone; Hay Fork, Ropes, etc.; 75 egg Incubator; Melotte Cream Separator, new; small Triumph Churn; Logging Chains; Forks; Hoes; Shovels; Window Sash; Ladders; Barrels; Cedar Posts, etc.
TERMS—10 and under cash; over that amount 9 months' credit, on furnishing approved joint notes. 6% per annum off for cash. Poultry and Furniture cash.
ROY HINDLEY, Auctioneer,
38-2 Phone 15r6, Erin, Ont.
C. O. PLANK, Clerk.

CLEARING
AUCTION SALE
TOWNSHIP OF ERIN
FARM STOCK, IMPLEMENTS, HAY AND GRAIN

The undersigned has received instructions from
JAS. RUSSELL
Lot 5, line 5, Erin, 2 miles west of Hillsdale, to sell by Public Auction, on
FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1927
at 1 o'clock sharp, the following:
HORSES—Black Horse, 8 years old, weight 1,500 lbs.; Brown Horse, 11 years old; weight 1,500 lbs.; Brown Horse, 3 years old, weight 1,400 lbs. These horses are good in all harness.
CATTLE—5 good young Cows, Durham grades, supposed to freshen in April and May; 2 Heifers, rising 2 years; 1 Steer, rising 2 years; 3 Steers and 1 Heifer, rising 1 year.
PIGS—6 shoats, about 90 lbs.
IMPLEMENTS — Frost & Wood Binder, in good shape, 7 foot cut, with sheaf carrier and truck; McCormick Mower, 6 foot cut, nearly new; Deering Side Delivery Rake; Frost & Wood Hay Loader, nearly new; Massey-Harris Seed Drill, 11 disc, nearly new; Deering Cultivator, in good shape, nearly new; Chatham Fanning Mill, with bagger, nearly new; Massey-Harris Hay Tedder; Tudhope Anderson Plow, nearly new; 2 Fleury Plows; set of Fleury Harrows, 4 sections; 1 Wagon, box and shelvings, all complete; 1 Top Buggy, nearly new; 1 Road Cart; 3 sets of Whiffle trees; 3 Neckyokes; Tudhope Manure Spreader, nearly new; Forks, Hoes, Shovels, Chains, Clevices, etc.
HARNESS—2 sets Team Harness, nearly new; 2 sets of old Harness; 2 sets of Single Harness; pair of high top Collars; 4 odd Collars; Robe.
HAY AND GRAIN—Some Hay and Grain.
TERMS—10 and under cash; over that amount 10 months' credit, on furnishing approved joint notes. 5% off for cash. Hay and Grain cash.
H. J. KERR, Auctioneer,
38-2 Phone 36, Acton, Ont.
C. O. PLANK, Clerk.

Business Directory

MEDICAL

DR. J. A. McNIVEN
Physician and Surgeon
Office and Residence—Corner Bower Avenue and High Street.
PHONE 48

DR. E. J. NELSON
FREDERICK STREET
Acton, Ontario

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