The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1927

SIT ON THE LID AND LAUGH

Build for yourself a strong-box,
Fashion each part with care,
When it's strong as your hands can make it,
Put all your troubles there.
Hide there all thoughts of your failures
And each bitter cup you quaff:
Lock all your heartaches within it,
Then sit on the lid and laugh!

Tell no one else of its contents,
Never its secrets share;
When you've dropped in your care and worry,
Keep them forever there.
Hide them from sight so completely,
That the world will never dream half;
Fasten the strong-box securely,
Then sit on the lid and laugh!

CONFEDERATION AND AFTER—SIXTY YEARS OF PROGRESS

Idea of Confederation

Who first conceived the idea of linking together in a strong and permanent union the scattered colonies of British North America, it would be difficult to say. Probably, like a good many other important movements, this idea of Confederation was a gradual growth, simmering in the minds of a few men of vision until the time was ripe to make it a reality. Most people are inclined to associate it with the Fathers of Confederation, but the idea is much earlier than their day. They, however, took hold of it and trimmed and fashioned it into a practicable scheme.

Of the thirty-three Fathers of Confederation, perhaps seven may be regarded as the governing minds. These were the actual Fathers of Confederation—Macdonald, Cartier, Galt, Tupper, Brown, McGee, Tilley, and it is probable that Galt, although little is heard of him to-day, should rank high even among these. Without the influence and enthusiasm of Cartier it would have been impossible to persuade French Canada to consent to the union; Brown ensured the support of the influential Reformers of Upper Canada; Tupper and Tilley won the Maritimes; McGee, by his eloquence, swayed the Irish vote; and Macdonald's inimitable leadership piloted Confederation through countless difficulties; but it remains true that without the far-sightedness and enthusiasm and constructive mind of Alexander Galt it is very unlikely if the Dominion would now be celebrating its Diamond Jubilee.

Galt saw, years before his associates, that a union of all the provinces was the only solution of the problem: the only way out of the political tangle which every year was becoming more hopeless. He took the idea of Confederation and, with infinite care, built it up into a complete and practicable scheme. The practical politicians of his day were inclined at first to laugh at him and to brush his plan aside as an impossible dream, but in the end they were forced to admit that it was not only practicable but the only possible road to peace and security. Galt not only developed the scheme of Confederation, but he, more than any other man, prepared the public mind to accept it. In season and out of season he talked Confederation, and, although no spell-binder, his clear, logical mind, his complete faith in the idea, and the confidence that people had in his integrity, won the support of thousands of citizens who otherwise might have regarded the union of the provinces as a mad and dangerous experiment.

Without questioning for a moment the debt that Canada owes to the genius of Macdonald, in steering the ship of state through the rocks and whirlpools of party, racial and provincial jealousies and misunderstandings into the harbor of Confederation, it is only just to Alexander Galt to remember that he, above all others, sowed the field that Macdonald reaped. Macdonald was a shrewd and cautious statesman. He had no faith in rash experiments. He knew that the wise and successful politician led the people the way they were already inclined to go. Macdonald was indeed the captain of Confederation, but Galt was its prophet.

Altogether, before and after Confederation, Alexander Tilloch Galt gave nearly sixty years to the service of his country. He lived to see its weak and scattered provinces welded into a powerful and ambitious Dominion. A man of rare personal charm, modest and unassuming but with a quiet dignity that commanded respect, he had the genius of his family for finance and colonization, and was a master of diplomacy. It is only right that Canadians should remind themselves that they owe a debt of gratitude to this man whose constructive vision and untiring effort were devoted so largely to the creation and upbuilding of the Dominion.

THE COMMON

Who can account for the subtleties and intricacies of words?

Ordinarily we use "common" as a term of reproach. We say of certain people that their manners are common, their dress is common, their speech is common, meaning that they are undesirable and offensive. Our great object in life is to avoid the common in that sense, to get away from the vulgar, the trite, the mean, the everyday. Goethe made it his chief praise of Schiller that he flung behind him into dim oblivion the common, which enchains and enslaves us all.

And yet, as we reflect, we feel that there is something wrong here. It should not be. It cannot be, that what is common to humanity—and what else is the fundamental meaning of the word?—is worthy only of opprobrium and contempt. We see the suggestion of a different use in the lines of Gray as to one who is recovering health:

The meanest flowret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.

Common! The most beautiful things in the world are the commonest. The sun, as Gray says, the stars, the clouds, the swift stir of autumn winds and the quiet drift of autumn leaves, all common, and so, infinitely lovely. And the simple, essential elements of human life are exquisitely common. What is commoner than death? What is commoner than suffering or hope or love? These are the truly common things, and surely those are the things that count for all of us, as Wordsworth means when he speaks of

Joy in widest commonalty spread.

If it is only because our hearts and lives are common, just common, that we can speak to others at all, can make ourselves understood by them. The greatest souls of the whole world, such men as Shakespeare and Lincoln, make themselves individual solely by their vast, sure grasp and understanding of the common. Genius is rooted in the common, though it soars into the unique.

The next time you call a thing or person "common," stop to consider whether that very commonness does not imply something to love.

If you intend to do a mean thing, wait till to-morrow; if you are to do a noble thing, do it now, now!—Rev. Dr. Guthrie.

OLD AUNT JANE'S SINGING FIFTY YEARS AGO

A look and rather tallish form dressed up in calico,
A good ol' maid that boasted that she never caught a beau,
A face that wasn't what you'd call attractive, but it packed
A look that more than evened up the beauty that it lacked.
She never seemed to spend no time a-worryin', but sung
The songs o' Zion an' the Lamb until you'd think her tongue
Would sure wear out from overwork; from mornin' plum till night
She'd warble them old-fashioned tunes that gave her such delight.
No matter if the sun would shine, Or storm clouds was a-singin',
Or if the day was dark or fine, Ol' Jane'd keep on a-singin'.

When she could read her title clear to mansions in the skies,
She'd bid farewell to every fear an' wipe her weepin' eyes,
The weepin' bein' only figgerative, it appears,
For them ol' honest eyes o' hern'd never leak no tears.
She'd sing in ringin' voice about a fountain filled with blood,
An' sinners—lookin' guilty stains—that plunged beneath the flood,
An' asked if she'd be carried up on flowery beds of ease
Whilst others fit to win the prize an' sailed through bloody seas.
About the New Jerusalem
Her voice was always ringin'—
It made no diff'rence how—things come,
She'd jest keep on a-singin'.

In church that sweet clear voice o' hern'd git right up an rise
Until the brethren all know'd 'twas heard up in the skies,
An' when revival meetin's come ol' Jane was right on hand
To help the mourners with their sorrow toward the Promised Land.
An' many a sinner felt the pain o' deep conviction's sting
And made a start to seek the Lord from hearin' of her sing:
"Alas! an 'did my Saviour bleed, an' did my Sovereign die!
Would He devote that sacred head for such a worm as I?"
There never was a great divine
That had the power of swingin'
The fearless sinners into line
Like Jane could with her singin'.

When she was on her dyin' bed an' folks with tearful eyes
Was standin' 'round to see her start toward the waitin' skies,
She said in song she stood upon o' Jordan's stormy shore,
An' that she was a goin' home where she would die no more.
An' when we saw her sinkin' right into the arms o' death,
A smile crep' on her poor ol' face, an' with her dying breath
We saw her raise her eyes to God and heard her faintly sing:
"Oh, grave where is thy victory? O! death where is thy sting!"
An' I jest know that when its flight
Her happy soul was wingin'
Toward the realms of pure delight
It kep' right on a-singin'.

CAN YOU REMEMBER?

I wonder how many readers of the column can remember these Acton events of fifty years ago this week:

Mr. Harry Hunt, Acton's popular G. T. R. station master, left yesterday for a pleasure trip to England. He will be absent about two months.

Mr. Zalman A. Hall, manager of Boardmore & Co.'s tannery here, is about to remove to Bracebridge to superintend the construction of the new tannery now being built there for the firm. Mr. Hall will have a share in the business.

George Yemen, who went into business in groceries, crockery, glassware and fancy goods, a few months ago, has made an assignment and left town. Youth and inexperience was the cause.

Mr. Richard Hamilton, of Acton, has secured the contract for the erection and equipment of Boardmore's new tannery at Bracebridge. He will be absent from home all summer.

Samuel Laird, baggageman at the Grand Trunk Railway station, had two fine turkeys mysteriously disappear one day last week. They were probably absorbed by some Russian gourmand.

The large hall over the Post Office has been divided into two parts. The Knights of Pythias will occupy the larger part as a lodge room. The other portion will be used for Council, Division Court and other public meetings. THE FREE PRESS vacated the hall a few weeks ago for its new office adjoining.

A raid was made on John H. Burns' potato pits the other night on his farm on Main and Queen Streets. Eight or ten bushels of potatoes were stolen. Mr. Burns says they were Early Rose potatoes. The thief evidently rose early to accomplish his purpose.

Wheat now in demand on Saturday at $2.00 a bushel, but the price is now down to $1.80 to $1.90. Those who sold last week were fortunate. The price of flour is up to $5.00, if it goes higher we'll have to stop eating bread and take to cake and pie.

Mr. Jacob Spenda, of Toronto, will lecture on prohibition in the Temperance Hall next Saturday evening. Tavern licenses have been granted to Robert Agnew and Thomas H. Campbell, for the year. The application of John McQuarrie was refused by the commissioners.

The Milton Champion is now published by Messrs. Panton & Rixon, the partnership between Messrs. Wallace & Panton having been dissolved.

A committee of the Village Council was appointed to consider the opening of Mill Street through to the third line. They found that it would cost $50 to get sufficient land from P. M. Armstrong; that it would take two acres off Mrs. Samuel Speight's farm and part of two lots belonging to William Osmond; a total cost of about $500. I find that the street was opened from Young Street to the Speight property, but in the fifty years since the proposed road was never opened to the third line.

People here who were built up on the prospect that the European war would make better times, take it all back when they are buying the family stock of bread and meat.

A complimentary supper was tendered Mr. Z. A. Hall at the Dominion Hotel on Monday night, as a token of esteem. He is leaving for Bracebridge to take the management of the Boardmore tannery in a few days. The party attending comprised: W. H. Storey, Chairman; Dr. McDarvin, Reeve; James Matthews, D. D. Christie, David Henderson, John Secord, Fred Secord, C. H. Smith, Edward Nickle, Duncan Kennedy, Joseph Allan, Charles Cameron, Richard Hamilton, Robert Graham, and others. Several excellent speeches were made and Mr. Hall thanked all for their good wishes.

On Thursday evening a complimentary supper was tendered William Gordon, on the eve of his proposed removal to Kincardine. It was held at the Roskin House, Acton. Mr. John Warren, Deputy Reeve of Esquesing, was chairman. On the following evening Mr. Gordon was presented with a purse by the Knox Church folks. He had been precentor in the church for several years.

There, you see I am still poring over that fifty-year-old file of THE FREE PRESS for interesting local news of half a century ago, and here I give you the results.

The Old Man

ANNUAL AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS, 1927

The Dominion Bureau of Statistics has made the customary arrangements for the collection and publication of the annual agricultural statistics of Canada for the year 1927. These Statistics will be based upon returns to be collected next June from individual farmers upon cardboard schedule issued to them through the teachers and children of rural schools. The schedule is a very simple one, calling only for the areas sown to field crops and the numbers of farm animals alive on he farm in mid-June. Upon the resulting estimates of total areas sown are based preliminary, provisional and fine estimates of yield, which are of supreme importance in connection with the movement, financing, distribution and sale of principal cereals, especially of wheat of which Canada is now the world's leading exporter.

The present plans for the collection of these statistics have been followed annually since 1917, and the estimates based thereon have come to be confidently relied upon by all interested in the production and distribution of Canadian grain.

In connection with the celebration this year of the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation, accurate statistics are indispensable for a proper appreciation of the national progress, and in order to ensure that the statistics of the Jubilee year may be as accurate as possible, it is earnestly hoped that farmers throughout the Dominion will not fail to render the small service required by filling up and returning the schedule issued.

If any farmer should not receive the cardboard schedule by the middle of June he should apply for same either to the school teacher of the nearest local rural school, or to his Provincial Department of Agriculture; or to the Dominion Statistician at Ottawa. The aim is to obtain a complete schedule from every farmer, as the more numerous the returns, the more trustworthy will be the resulting estimates.

FRIENDS OF YOUR WIFE

Of course they are tedious at times, and you are not quite so gracious to them as you might be. It used to be different. When you were engaged, Margaret and Eleanor seemed extremely attractive. You chatted with them, you dented with them; they took special pains to be agreeable to you; even at times you felt a certain pleasure in making your betrothed a little jealous of them, which she was singularly ready to be.

Now all that is changed. They are less anxious to please you, or you think they are. Even, at times, they are inclined to a gentle mockery of your peculiarities, which it is hard to take in the right spirit. They appear to stir up trouble, too—no doubt without meaning it. They make your wife restless and discontented. After a visit from one of them, there is always more talk about new clothes, new furniture, or this party, or that concert.

In any case, at home a man has a right to be quiet. When he gets in tired at night, crumpled up with care and worry, he wants to stretch out at his ease, take homely attitudes, and not be bothered with that stage politeness that his wife demands for her visitors, and that she would like for herself.

All that is natural, but think of the other side. You have friends, too—Tom and Dick, and Jim. You can see them outside the house much more freely than your wife can see Margaret and Eleanor; yet you expect them to come to the house and to be made welcome. They fill your wife's parlor with smoke and loud tediousness. And her part is not the perfunctory one that yours is. You can murmur a gruff "How d'ye do?" and retire to your den. She must put on her best frock and her best smile, make conversation, which is hard work for her and which is generally unappreciated by you. Often, after a long day, she must go into the kitchen and prepare some special dish that you thoughtlessly ask for. She does it, with or without complaint, according to her nature. Usually she is glad to do it, but she would be much pleased if you would remember it, and show her friends a little more consideration.

VERY LIVE STOCK

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, while on her way to address an important meeting in Cincinnati, missed her train. She telegraphed the news of her mishap. As a large audience was expected, the committee offered to send a special engine to fetch her. The Twentieth Century Magazine gives Mrs. Livermore's account of this unconventional trip:

I had travelled on an engine before, so I readily agreed to the proposal. I got along without dimculty until we were stopped by a derailed freight train, sixteen miles from Cincinnati. The engineer was greatly troubled, but after consulting time-tables on other roads and beyond the wreck, he declared that in seven minutes a fast cattle-train would leave a near-by station, and would go through to Cincinnati without stop.

He assisted me to alight, and then to mount into an empty wagon that somebody had left hitched to a post. He climbed in himself, and drove as fast as he could. We reached the station just as the engineer of the cattle-train was giving the signal to start. He declined to take me, and produced his printed instructions, which forbade him to carry any freight but "live stock" and any passengers but the drovers in charge of animals.

"If I am not 'live stock,' will you please tell me what I am?" I asked him, impatiently.

There was a laugh, a hurried parley between the two men, and the conductor of the cattle train decided to transport me to Cincinnati if I would go as "live stock."

So I was weighed and billed, but put in the caboose and not in the cattle car; and when I reached my destination, I paid my bill and took a receipt. It was a hard, weary afternoon's work, but I kept my engagement and was enthusiastically welcomed by an audience that had patiently waited for me an hour and a half, packed in a crowded opera

Qx-Tongue Falls, Lake of Bays

Throughout the Lake of Bays region of the Highlands of Ontario, which the members of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association will visit when holding their 1927 convention at Bigwin Inn, there are many delightful waterfalls of which Ox Tongue Falls shown above is one—Canadian National Railways photograph.

Delightful Holiday Location

Algonquin Park, in Ontario, is one of the Dominion's charming holiday spots, particularly for the lover of fishing, canoeing and other aquatic sports. Here a canoeist is shown making his way through the passage which leads into St. Andrew's Lake, one of the beauty spots of this delightful holiday resort.—Canadian National Railways photograph.

AS USUAL

First Physician—"So the operation was just in the nick of time?"

Second Physician—"Yes, in another twenty-four hours the patient would have recovered without it."

WHOLLY

Jack: "How are you getting Along at home since your wife went away?"

Tom: "Fine; I've reached the highest point of efficiency, I can now put my socks on from either end."

VILLAGE OF ACTON

Court of Revision

The Municipal Council of the Village of Acton will meet as a Court of Revision in the Town Hall, Acton, Ont., on Wednesday, the twenty-fifth day of May, 1927, at eight o'clock p. m. All persons having appeals against the assessment roll for the said village for the year 1927 will take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

Notice of all appeals must be received by the Clerk on or before the fourteenth day of May, 1927.

Dated at Acton the twelfth day of May, 1927.

46-2 H. N. FARMER, Clerk.

FARMERS'
Accessory Shop

Spring time necessities on hand. What about some Fertilizer, good for grain, corn or roots? See that new Fertilizer Turnip Drill. Some Wire Fencing and Gates, to protect your crops. A new Plow or cultivator. Don't forget about that new Mower and Rake, Hay Loader or Barn Equipment. How about your Water Supply, your Pumps, Windmills, etc.? You also need a certain amount of repairs. Kindly make your requirements known to us and we will give you our very best service. Wire Stretching and Repairing of All Kinds have prompt attention. Thank you. Call again.

J. W. BARDERREE
Phone 100r3 Acton, Ont.

DR THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL
SURE, SAFE AND SIMPLE
RELIEVES PAIN AND COMFORTS
MEMBERS OF MAN AND BEAST.
SHOULD ALWAYS BE KEPT ON HAND AS A HOME REMEDY
USED FOR INTERNAL OR EXTERNAL USE
A DOUBLE QUANTITY BOUGHT TO-DAY AND PAID FOR TO-DAY WILL BE THE TIME WHEN YOU WILL NEED IT.

THE CURE

As Mrs. Rivers finished her story, she lifted her tired eyes to meet the doctor's. The eyes were hard and defiant as well as tired, and a hot color burned in her thin cheeks.

"Now don't tell me that it's all my own fault," she said, "for I can't stand that. It isn't my fault. It isn't an empty mind; or selfishness, or laziness that has broken me down; it is real trouble, and trouble that I was not to blame for. It's no use to prescribe rest. I don't rest. Yet somehow I've got to rest. I'll obey orders if you give me orders I can obey. I am prepared to have it take time—even a long time. On those terms, can you cure me?"

"No." The doctor's answer was instant, unhesitating.

Mrs. Rivers stared at him blankly. The word was like a blow in the face.

The physician, holding her eyes with his keen, steady glance, went on:

"I cannot cure you. No physician on earth can. But you can cure yourself if you have the grit. It makes no difference that the trouble was 'real trouble'; all trouble, is real, and imaginary trouble is the worst. Be thankful that yours is not imaginary.

"Now, here's the beginning of the cure if you have grit enough for it. I tell you frankly that not one in a hundred has. It is for one whole week not to permit yourself to think about yourself in any way whatever. I don't care what you do—whether you take up dressmaking or Sanskrit, or go out scrubbing. I don't care how tired you get physically for this one week—I can attend to that afterward. Just the one thing. What do you say? Are you good for it?"

For a long moment Mrs. Rivers was silent. The physician, as he waited and watched her, saw her pride hardening. Then, "I'll do it!" she said.

"Good!" he answered. "Come and report a week from to-day."

Out in the street, Mrs. River's pride blazed into anger. He had not believed her. He had treated her like a hypochondriac. She would show him! Why, people had gone insane under less sorrow than hers. She—A sudden thought halted her abruptly. She had left the doctor not five minutes ago, and she was thinking of herself!

The next Wednesday came, but Mrs. Rivers was not among the patients in the waiting room. Instead, she sent a note:

"Dear Doctor Gordon, I've failed. I haven't kept out of myself a single day yet. I've tried books and music and cooking and housecleaning and shopping and stalking birds. Yesterday afternoon I took a dozen children from the orphan asylum out for a picnic. For three hours, I assure you, I had no chance for a thought of myself. I'm not going to give up if I have to adopt the whole dozen. Thank you for showing me myself. If I ever succeed, I'll come and tell you. I won't until I do.

Very sincerely yours,
"Madeleine Rivers."

The doctor's answer was brief:

"I am proud of you. Come to-morrow."

GOOD OLD DAYS, NOT SO GOOD—

Talk about the "good old days!" No days were ever as good as the present ones. You live better than any of the kings of old. Where you switch on the electric light, he had a smoky torch. You go to bed on springs; his couch rested on planks. A few overworked minstrels were the best he could get together when he wanted music. You turn a dial and a great symphony orchestra fills the room. And to-day a thin copper wire carries more power than his sceptre ever boasted. You have a thousand kingly comforts that the emperors of distant days never knew.

OF COURSE HE COULD

The lady lion-tamer was a wonderful person. She beckoned for the fiercest lion, and he meekly came to her and took a piece of sugar out of her mouth.

"Anyone could do that," said a man from the audience.

"Do you dare to say you could?" retorted the lady indignantly.

"Certainly—just as good as the lion."

NO. ONE

Maiden Aunt—"And what brought you to town, Henry?"

Henry—"Oh, well, I jus' come to see the sights, and I thought that I'd call on you first."

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

God is everywhere, the God who framed mankind to be one mighty family, himself our father, and the world our home.—Coleridge.

"Tell me," said a heathen philosopher to a Christian, "where is God." "First tell me," said the other, "where he is not."

Occupation was one of the pleasures of paradise, and we cannot be happy without it.—Mrs. Jameson.

The smoke of scandal often arises from the fire of indiscretion.

It is impossible to stuff the body and starve the soul.

It always is time for a train at the level crossing.

Godliness is contagious, but there must be contact.

WHY HE LOST IT.

Little Willie came home from school looking very tearful.

"What's the matter, laddie?" inquired his uncle John.

"I've lost the twopence teacher gave for the best boy in the class!" wailed Willie.

"Well, never mind, old chap," said Uncle John. "Here's another twopence. But how did you manage to lose it?"

Willie—"Because I wasn't the best boy."

The Thing To Do

To make your jams and jellies perfect every time

By Elizabeth Palmer

The old, anxious days of kettle watching and speculating on what "luck" you will have with your jam or with your jelly, are over.

Now even an inexperienced cook can be absolutely sure of success every time. For the new, short-boil method with Certo never fails. You just bring your fruit and sugar to a boil, add Certo, boil it a minute or two, and it's done—ready to skim, pour and seal.

And the beauty of it is that this short boiling time saves the color and flavor of your fresh fruit, so that your jams and jellies look better and taste better. Besides, since you do not boil the juice away, you get so much more jam or jelly from your fruit that you save two cents or more on every glass.

With each bottle of Certo comes a book of recipes for your favorite jams and jellies—and some delicious new ones!

Send for this new (free) booklet.

Douglas Packing Co., Limited
Cobourg, Ontario

Please send me (free) your new colored booklet on Jams and Jellies.

144

Its fine qualities preserved in the modern *Aluminum* package.

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE is extra good.

J. Cadesky
OF TORONTO
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST
WILL BE AT A. T. BROWN'S DRUG STORE, ACTON
Monday, May 30th

Anyone suffering from Eyestrain, Defective Vision or Headache should not miss the opportunity of consulting this eyesight specialist. Appointments may be made with Mr. A. T. Brown, Druggist.

CONSULTATION FREE
Office Hours 9 a. m. till 4 p. m.

Varicose Veins Reduced or Money Back Says E. J. Hassard

This Simple Home Treatment Giving Amazing Results

The world progresses. To-day ailments that took weeks to treat can now be ended in a few days. If you have varicose veins or bunches you can start to-day to bring them back to normal size, and if you are wise you will do so.

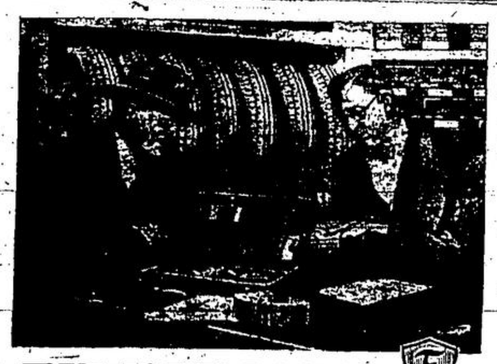
Just get an original bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil at any dispensing pharmacist's and apply it night and morning to the enlarged veins. It is very powerful and penetrating, and only a little is required.

After a few days' treatment the veins will begin to grow smaller and by regular use will soon reduce to normal.

Moone's Emerald Oil is also a marvelous healing agent.

One application, for instance, stops the itching of eczema, and a few applications cause the eruptions to dry up, scale off and completely disappear. It is equally as effective in barber's itch, salt rheum, redness and inflammatory skin trouble.

People who want to reduce varicose veins, or get rid of eczema, ulcers, applied in a few days should not hesitate to get a bottle at once. It is so powerful that a small bottle lasts a long time. Any pharmacy can supply you. E. J. Hassard sells lots of it.



FIRESTONE DEALERS
Demonstrate This Extra Value

The Firestone Dealer in your locality will gladly explain to you the extra value of Gum-Dipping. He is prepared to demonstrate how the cords of the carcass are saturated in a rubber solution, insulating every fibre of every cord with rubber, which minimizes friction. Naturally, tires built of Gum-Dipped cords have extra carcass strength and stamina insuring longer wear.

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited
HAMILTON, CANADA

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR
Firestone

FIRESTONE BUILDS THE ONLY GUM-DIPPED TIRES

Firestones are Supplied in Acton By

Highway Garage
A. McISAAC
Phone 154 Main St.

JAS. SYMON
HARDWARE STORE
Phone 40 Mill St.

Young St. Garage & Implement Shop
C. E. PARKER
Phone 84 Young St.

The Carpet-Bagger

vs.

The Local Printer

Many business men, when considering the cost of any particular job of printing, look only at the small sum they may be able to save at the time on any order. They fail to ask themselves what the carpet-bagger leaves with them throughout the year in the way of business as compared with the local publisher and members of the staff. He also seems to forget that if he and his fellow business men would get more of their printing requirements done in their home town the publisher might be able to employ addition help, which would still further swell the amount of money to be spent in the home town.

Always remember! A dollar spent with a firm in a distant town is gone forever so far as its service to the community is concerned. A dollar spent with other firms in the home town stays there and performs many good services, in its own community. Get your printing requirements from

THE ACTON FREE PRESS

Issued by the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association
313 Manning Chambers, Toronto