The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1927

MOTHER KNOWS

Nobody knows of the work it takes
To keep the home together,
Nobody knows of the steps it takes—
Nobody knows but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes,
Which kisses only smother,
Nobody pained by the mighty blow—
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother,
Nobody knows of the tender prayer—
Nobody knows but mother;

Nobody knows of the lessons taught,
Of loving one another,
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears
Lest darlings may not weather
Storms of this life in the coming years,
Nobody knows but mother;

Nobody knows of the tears that start,
The grief she'd gladly smother,
Nobody knows of the breaking heart—
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody clings to the wayward child,
Tho' scorned by every other,
Leads it so gently from pathways wild
Nobody can but mother;

Nobody knows of the hourly prayer
For him, our erring brother,
Pride of her heart, once so pure and fair—
Nobody—only mother.

THE GIRL WHO FILLED IN

The woman with silver hair had told several amusing anecdotes which the girls in the boarding-house had thoroughly enjoyed, says a writer in the New York Press. 'Now tell us a tragedy,' begged one girl. The elderly woman paused for a moment, then said:

"Once upon a time there was a baby born and named Angelina. Angelina was an ugly baby. Even her father thought so. 'Mercy!' said he. 'What a homely little sinner.'

"That made Angelina's mother cry. 'I wish you wouldn't feel that way about her,' she said. 'Ever since our first little girl died there has been a vacant place in my heart; now Angelina will fill it.'

"Angelina's father never spoke of the little girl's looks after that. But she did not grow handsome. She was still ugly when she started to Sunday school. Every teacher thought so, and although plainness of feature was no bar to religious instruction, they could not agree as to which class Angelina should enter. Each teacher said that she already had more pupils than she knew what to do with. But finally one young woman said, 'I think I can take her. One of my children moved away last week, and Angelina can fill in in her place.'

"As she grew up, Angelina's social career was regulated on the same stop-gap principle. In her whole lifetime she was invited to just two balls and four dinner-parties, and each time was asked because some preferred guest had backed out at the last minute, and she was convenient to fill in.

"One day Angelina met a man who was on the lookout for a wife. He was a very practical man. His wife had died the year before, and he wanted somebody to take care of his five little children. He explained the situation to Angelina. 'What I want,' said he, 'is somebody to fill my first wife's place in my home.'

"Angelina realized that she need never expect to be first in anything, and she consented to act as domestic filler in.

"One day Angelina died. Those who knew the story of her life almost believe that she did even that because no one else was ready to go at that moment.

"The clergyman who preached her funeral sermon knew nothing of Angelina's frustrated hopes, but he wound up by saying that he hoped there was some empty spot in heaven where this hand-maiden could fill in. And that was the earthly end of Angelina."

The girls were disappointed with the old lady's story.

"I thought," said one, "that you were going to tell us a tragedy."

"Tragedy?" said the old lady. "My dear child, if that is not tragedy, I don't know where you will find it."

POPULATION OF PRAIRIE PROVINCES

According to a recent statement issued by the Canadian Government Bureau of Statistics the population of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta was 2,067,623 at June 1, 1926, when the last census was taken. This is an increase of 111,600 over the population of 1921 at the decennial census. The largest increase of the three Provinces since 19[illegible] was in Saskatchewan, which [illegible] to 922,942, as the [illegible] rubbers, shedding dirt [illegible] in their wrapping, and hang them into the old black trunk. "Next time maybe you will speak a little prettier to a man of my age."

For Both House and Stable.—There is a good deal of similarity, physically speaking, between human beings and the lower animals. Both are subject to many ailments arising from inflammation and to all manner of [illegible] and bruises. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is an entirely reliable remedy for such ailments and mishaps in [illegible] human beings and the lower animals.

A DUTCHMAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS DOG

"You ass, you only a [illegible] was your fun, you [illegible] turn round three [illegible] times to be [illegible]

Dread of [illegible] thousands in[illegible] the attacks return and [illegible] respite is given the mind is [illegible] torment from continual anxiety [illegible] Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma [illegible] changes all this. Relief comes [illegible] once, while future attacks are [illegible] off, leaving the system [illegible] state of peace and [illegible] believed he [illegible] pensive and [illegible]

A city cha[illegible] girl for a ride [illegible] window, he said: [illegible] "Does that air [illegible] She looked at h[illegible] moment, then asked: [illegible] Hill?"—College Comics.

THE OLD HAND-ORGAN MAN

Where is the old hand-organ man
who used to come around
To gladden us in Springtime with his
repertoire of sound?
He used to trudge from town to town
along the country lanes
And stop before the farmhouse doors
to grind out wheezy strains.

He'd play upon our heart-strings with
the songs we used to know;
Like "Silver Threads Among the
Gold," "Ben Bolt," and "Old Black
Joe;"
He'd grind out patriotic airs, and
hymns, and everything;
He was—of all the Season's signs the
surest sign of Spring.

Ere the first courageous robin piped
a note of trills and throbs,
Ere the swamp-frog and the tree-toad
were back upon their jobs,
With the first mild, balmy zephyrs he
appeared upon the scene
And shocked the farmer with "The
Wearing of the Green".

For he knew not of the hyphenate's
and catered to no clan,
Just played his tunes, haphazard like,
did this old organ man;
But they knew—those old-time farmers—when they heard that alien
air,
That 'twas time to start a-planting—that Spring had come "for fair."

He used to wear an old slouch hat
and a faded velvet coat,
And have a red handkerchief knotted
round his hairy throat;
He was very far from handsome, he
was never strong on style,
But his pirate-like old visage was
redeemed by one huge smile.

And his talk was not uplifting, for
the lingo that he used
Would make most any language feel
ill-treated and abused.
Yet he got his message to us, put it
over with a fling;
With the wisdom of a wizard he could
set the time for Spring.

How the village children loved him,
how they followed him about!
For tied to his old hand-organ was
the cutest monkey out!
That monkey, like Jocko, was an expert at baseball,
He could catch each flying penny as
it grazed the garden wall,
He could stop the hottest grounder,
not a penny went astray,
He could beat the Big League Wonders with the swiftness of his play!

To the children that old grinder seemed
as wealthy as a king,
For he owned the precious monkey,
and he always brought the Spring!

No one knew the organ-grinder, no
one could pronounce his name;
With the twilight he would vanish
just as strangely as he came;
One might meet him, jogging homeward, on some lonely railroad
track,
Monkey snuggled to his bosom, heavy
organ on his back.

And his home? Some city attic,
stocked with cobwebs, mold and
dust,
Where he'd dine with shivering Jocko
on a stale and blackened crust;
There, perchance, he'd sit a chattering to the monkey on his knee,
Boasting of the warmer Springtimes
of his sunny Italy.

There are items in this century that
we well could do without,
Like the fads and fancy "isms" that
are filling us with doubt;
We might go without a World Court,
to juggle with the law,
We could well exist without another
World-wide war.

Let them oust the sure-cure fakir
from the common of our town,
Let them bar the one-ring circus with
its effervescent clown,
Let them take the uproar from the
First, or take most anything—
But leave us that hand-organ man—
our surest sign of Spring.

—Frances Sullivan.

A REVERED LANDMARK TO BE REMOVED

I have just heard that the old Brick Church, on the second line, about a mile above Acton, is about to be torn down. It has been purchased by an Acton contractor, who has agreed to remove it by the time the snow flies. To some of us old residents this old church has many interesting memories. It was located on the northwest corner of John Sharp's farm, lot 32, the last lot in Esquesing Township.

This church, which was one of the first brick churches to be erected by any denomination in Esquesing, was built by the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1865. Eli Snyder was the contractor. He first built the church shed and reserved the north end for quarters for himself and Mrs. Snyder while he was at work on the sacred edifice. I remember quite distinctly calling there that summer to see them, and found them quite comfortable and cozy, with their two-roomed domicile. In fact I had a meal with them there, and it was quite up to the meals for which Mrs. Snyder was famous, when the family lived in the house where George Soper and his family reside; or when they resided on the farm on the Acton sideroad where Mr. Cripps is now engaged in farming.

The bricks for this new church building were made at Glenwilliams and were teamed to the site by "bees" in which the farmer members took part. The late George Leslie often spoke of the trips he made for brick when a young man. I think the lumber came from the Mt. Helena mills. It was splendid lumber and was nearly all clear pine. When completed, the congregation was very proud of their new edifice.

A tragic event occurred in connection with the preparations for the opening and dedication of the new church. The building was completed in the winter time. Several of the ladies volunteered to spend a day or two each in scrubbing floors, and cleaning the woodwork. The foremost of these was Mrs. John Gamble, who lived on lot 1, Erin, a short distance from the church. During the work of cleaning she contracted a severe cold, which developed into pneumonia, with fatal results. During the week following the opening services this energetic mother in Israel passed away, leaving a sorrowing husband and small family.

I find I cannot recall the details of the opening services of the new church, but I do remember that they were impressive, and there was general rejoicing among the members over their fine new place of worship. That it was a brick church was a matter of very manifest pride.

For nearly half a century regular religious services were held in this House of God. Many earnest ministers and scores of Godly members were associated with the church. The fervent revival services, the grand old missionary meetings; the Sunday School tea-meetings were all occasions of interest in their respective spheres. Numbers of noted men officiated at anniversary services, and many a spiritual uplift was experienced in both regular and special services.

I remember going there to a service conducted by Rev. Francis W. Warne, in 1878, just before he went west to enter the ministry there. Mary was with me. It was an impressive service, and particularly so because a young man of the community was going west to preach at a time when Manitoba seemed a long way off, and when preachers in that sparcely settled country were very few. Rev. Mr. Warne preached at Carman and other points. Then while taking a post-graduate course at the Northwestern University, at Evanston, Ill., Bishop Thoburn, of India, who was on a visit to the United States, was at Evanston, and met the young Canadian preacher, and invited him to go back to India with him to preach the gospel there. He went and met with great success, and in 1900, upon the death of Bishop Thoburn was elected by the General Conference of the Methodist Church of the United, north, to succeed the Godly missionary bishop who had introduced him to the work in India many years before. For twenty-seven years this Erin boy has been at the head of the great Christian movement in India as Bishop Warne. I had no doubt he has often thought of the time when he preached one of his first sermons in the old Brick Church near Acton, and only a few miles from the farm on the fourth line, where he was born.

Among the stalwart ministers who were pastors at the Brick Church were: George Abbs, William Pirritte, Thomas Lynch, Thomas R. Clarke, George Launds, and numbers of others. George H. Kennedy, of Georgetown, was a local preacher who was always acceptable and frequently occupied the pulpit there. H. P. Moore, Acton, filled vacancies there many times and was always kindly received by the congregation. Lewis Cann, of Crewsons Corners, officiated there several times. Rev. Daniel Johnston, now of Iowa, and one of the popular ministers of the States, commenced as a local preacher in the old Brick Church. Verily history was made in this sacred place, which is now to disappear.

And now the old church, which has been the scene of many memorable services, but which has fallen into disuse, largely owing to the growing prevalence of the motor car, is to be razed to the ground, and its brick and lumber converted into a new home for some family in Acton. "Such is life and life's experiences. "There'll be many a sad heart when the old Brick Church is no more.

The Old Man

LOGICAL CONGRATULATIONS

Philosophers and disappointed candidates for feminine favor have been known to say that reason is never the spring of woman's action. Mr. Wenlfell is a married man, and his opinion on this point may not be entirely unbiased, but he is sure that his wife, at least, is very logical.

Not long ago Mr. Wendell accompanied his wife on a visit of congratulation to a newly engaged couple. On the way Mrs. Wendell said:

"Of all vain and selfish women she is the very worst!"

"Indeed!" said Mr. Wendell, with appropriate interest.

"And as for him, Jack—he is the very last word of bachelor selfishness and egotism!"

Mr. Wendell made no dissent, but he fell to wondering how his wife would get through her congratulations of this unlovable pair. As for himself, he expected to say, "Well, old boy!" in a loud, cheery voice, and mumbled the rest.

He need not have felt at all anxious. Mrs. Wendell's words were warm, flowing apparently from a fountain of satisfaction. On the way home Mr. Wendell said, meditatively:

"You appeared delighted, Caroline."

"I am," said Mrs. Wendell. "I don't know when an engagement has pleased me more."

Mr. Wendell wondered if he had heard aright.

"Delighted!" repeated Mr. Wendell, firmly. "Because now, dear, neither of them can spoil another pair."

DANGER IN OVERDOING IT

Farmer Sledgeby had long wanted to buy the eighty acres adjoining his place on the north. In a casual way he called one morning on Farmer Crossman, who owned those acres, and said, "By the way, neighbor, there was a man asked me the other day if I reckoned you'd like to get rid of this piece of land, and I told him I guessed so, if you got your price. Is that about right?"

"Oh, yes," said Farmer Crossman. "I'd sell anything I've got if I could get my price."

"And what might your price be for the eighty?"

"Well, I'd sell for four thousand dollars."

Now four thousand dollars was a reasonable figure for the land, and Farmer Sledgeby knew it, but he thought it would not do to seem eager to buy, and he could not resist the temptation to dicker a little.

"Isn't that much for it, maybe, if it was in good order, but look how the buildings are run down."

"Yes," admitted the other, "the buildings do need some fixing up."

"And the west half of it needs draining."

"That's right."

"There's a right smart patch of thistles in the cow pasture that'll cost something to get rid of, too."

"I believe there is."

"And there's only two wells on the whole place."

"That's a fact."

"Don't you think—h'm—thirty-five hundred dollars would be about right for it?"

"It'd be too much. I'd be ashamed to take that for it. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll fix the place up like it ought to be, and then I shall want five thousand dollars for it. You can tell that man so that asked you about it the other day."

That was all the satisfaction Farmer Sledgeby ever got out of his neighbor. He had overdone the matter.

A MAN OF HIS WORD

Jones looked coldly at his friend, Brown.

"A short time ago I thought you never meant anything you said, Brown, but lately I have changed my mind."

"Oh! And what caused you to alter your opinion?" asked Brown.

"You remember borrowing $5 from me?"

"Yes." Brown spoke curtly.

"You said that if I lent it to you you would be indebted to me forever."

"Yes." More curtly still.

"Well, you are keeping your word, all right."

Neighborhood News

OAKVILLE

Mrs. Bowman and her young son, of Minneapolis, are summering with Mrs. Medelley.

Rev. Norman McLeod very acceptably filled the pulpit of Knox Church on Sunday last.

Lawrence Brout and George Doty motored to Brockville and Ottawa over the holiday and witnessed the celebration at Ottawa.

Kenneth Cragg has accepted a position with the MacLean Publishing Co. in Toronto and leaves Oakville this week-end.

Miss Marjorie E. Porter has passed her first year honor course in English and history at Toronto University.

Dr. B. Grant Jeffries, who has been in Chicago for some years, is shortly removing to Magnolia Springs in Alabama, seeking a milder climate. His health of late has not been the best.

John H. Moulton, of Cleveland, was in Oakville visiting his mother over the week-end and favored the Star with a call. His daughter, Miss Edna Moulton, is remaining in Oakville for July and goes to Muskoka for August. —Star.

ERIN

Mr. Lorne Wolfe, of the Local Bank Staff is spending his vacation at his home near Orangeville.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Walker, of Hanneraville, spent the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Overland.

Mrs Salmon spent a very pleasant holiday at Muskoka Lakes, with her son Thomas, who returned with her.

Mrs. Wm. Short, of Arthur; Rev. Canon and Mrs. Appleyard, of Woodstock, visited last week with Dr. and Mrs. Short.

Rev. Edward and Mrs. Lee expect to spend their vacation in Manitoba during the next month, with children and old friends.

Mrs. and Mrs. C. E. Watson, Mrs. M. Milloy and Miss Mildred Milloy, of Toronto, were week-end visitors with Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Scott.

Congratulations to J. F. Flaherty, B. A., son of Mr. James Flaherty, Caledon Township and a former pupil of Erin Continuation School, who recently passed his second year examinations at Osgoode Hall, Toronto.

July 1st was quietly observed in our village; with so many neighboring towns and villages celebrating, it was thought advisable not to attempt a programme of sports; many, however attended the sports in various places and fittingly celebrated the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation.—Advocate.

MILTON

The Public School staff has been re-engaged for the coming year. The last four engaged will receive an increase of $110.

Rev. N. A. Hurlbut and family left on Monday for a month's holiday at their summer residence at Port Ryerse on Lake Erie.

Inspector John Mills, of the head office of the Bank of Toronto, Toronto, visited his parents here during the Jubilee celebration.

H. W. Watson, formerly of the Milton High School staff, has been appointed science master in the Kincardine High School at a salary of $2,700.

Mr. and Mrs. Reey and little daughter, Cleeria, of Detroit, and John and Mrs. Patterson and family, of Paris, visited W. and Mrs. Tickner, on Saturday.

O. M. MacKillop, formerly principal of the Milton High School, left on Tuesday to take a course in agriculture at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph.—Champion.

At the horse races held at Woodbridge, A. L. Chambers, in the classified event, won first with Sylvester Todd, and third with Laura the Great.

Among the early pioneers who settled in the Township of Esquesing were the Chisholms, and their descendants, of whom there are a goodly number, will hold their first re-union picnic at Stanley Park, Erin, on Saturday, July 23.

Messrs. J. W. Blight and F. L. White former employees, have purchased the Champion office and plant from W. Panton, the firm to be known in future as Blight & White. Mr. Panton, after being at the helm for a good many years, retires from the publishing and printing business.—Reformer.

GEORGETOWN

Mr. W. A. McClure lost a valuable Jersey herd sire last week from pneumonia.

Mr. E. H. Heaton, of Toronto, visited at the home of his sister, Mrs. H. C. Mier, over the week-end.

Mr. George Whalley, of Buffalo, visited in town over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wright, of Huntsville, are visiting at J. Roney's.

Mr. Harold Coffen, of Tarpon Springs, Fla., is visiting relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Erwin are visiting with friends in Rochester.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Willoughby and family are at the Golf Links for the summer.

Canon (Major) H. F. D. Woodcock, of Christ's Church, Deer Park, Toronto, and Mrs. George Woodcock were the guests of Lieut. Col. and Mrs. G. O. Brown during their visit to town on Sunday.

Our esteemed townsman Mr. G. T. Coo is celebrating his 77th birthday to-day.—Mr. Coo has a remarkable memory and can tell you the birthday of over 1,200 of his friends. Congratulations, George.

On Saturday last the firemen were called to a fire in the kitchen at Mr. Ross Forgrave's caused by a coal oil stove. The kitchen was considerably damaged before the blaze was extinguished.—Herald.

BURLINGTON

Mr. Vickers Peart was home from Sudbury over the holidays.

Stan. Coates was home from Orillia over the holidays.

Taylor Bros. are making preparations to move into their new store on Brant Street on Monday next.

Councillor Byckman stated to the Gazette on Tuesday that he had in growth in his garden pea vines, which measure 7 foot, 6 inches high. He invites the public to inspect them.

Traffic was exceptionally heavy on the highway on Monday, it being an American holiday. Two small collisions were reported to the police.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvine G. Hefsky, of Ottawa, Ont., made a short visit during the holiday at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Fothergill, of Appleby.

The Gazette has received many compliments and telephone messages upon the front page of our Confederation number published last week. A visitor in town said he had never seen anything more appropriate for the occasion. The Gazette appreciates these words of encouragement.

The new town clock was installed in the Public Library on Tuesday. It was placed directly over the door at the entrance to the Library. The Women's Institute decided upon this idea a few months ago, and no doubt it will be gladly welcomed by the citizens. The clock is of a very neat appearance, and should fill a long felt want.—Gazette.

A NEW SALUTE

At weddings it is the custom after the minister has pronounced the contracting parties man and wife, for the minister to say to the groom, "Salute your bride" or merely "Your bride." At this juncture wideawake grooms kiss their bride. We heard of an instance where the minister addressed the groom "Your bride" and awaited developments. In his confusion the groom turned to the bride and blurted out, "How do you do Missus."

OLE'S TESTIMONY

Ole Olson, trackwalker, was testifying after a head-on collision.

"You say," thundered the attorney, "at ten that night you were walking up toward the Seven-mile crossing and saw No. 5 coming down the track at sixty miles an hour?"

"Yah," said Ole.

"And when you looked behind you you saw No. 5 coming up the track at sixty miles an hour?"

"Yah," said Ole.

"Well, what did you do then?"

"Aye got off the track."

"Well, but, then what did you do?"

"Well, Aye said to myself, 'Dis hane hell of a way to run a railroad'."

CALLS AND JELLY

As Mrs. Hill put out her hand to ring Mrs. Brower's bell, she stopped with her nose raised delicately in the air and an expression of mingled amusement and despair in her eyes. Was all the world preserving? Mrs. Van Horn had been canning peaches, and had sent word that she was sorry, but that she would have to be excused. Mrs. Keeled had been making sweet pickle, and, although she did not excuse herself to her caller, she was so preoccupied a hostess that Mrs. Hill made an early escape. And now at Mrs. Brower's—yes, there was no doubt about it; a sudden waft of hot, sickish sweetness from the back of the house settled the matter beyond question. Mrs. Brower was making grape jelly.

Mrs. Hill's hand fell from the bell; then, with sudden decision, she pressed it firmly. She might as well go through with it now that she was out. But if all the church callers were having experiences like hers, she did not blame people for saying that there were two sides to the question of church friendliness.

Small footsteps sounded through the hall and then the door was opened by a little girl with shyly friendly eyes and a face from which a hasty effort had not quite yet removed the traces of jelly. Mrs Hill gave her her little card and waited—a trifle defiantly—for the result. She did not have to wait long. A small flushed lady in a gingham dress appeared at once.

"Mrs. Hill?" she said cordially. "You're from the church, aren't you? I can't tell you how much I appreciate your coming. I thought I should be lonesome here, but with everyone so cordial I'm not going to have a chance to be. I'm making jelly, and I've got to run back to it, but it you'd just let me treat you like an old friend and invite you out to the kitchen I'll promise to establish you outside the danger zine. Maybe you'll try a little bit and tell me how it tastes. To be sure, I have Maidie's opinion, but that is hardly unprejudiced!"

Mrs Hill followed her hostess out into the kitchen. It was a delightful call, and the jelly—served with crisp wafers—was perfect. Before she realized what she was doing, Mrs. Hill was telling of her other calls and how she almost turned away when she smelled the hot grapes, and they were laughing over it together like old friends.

But as she went home through the September afternoon a sudden thought came to Mrs. Hill. "I wonder," she said to herself, "what I'd have have done if anyone had called while I was making jelly!"

WHO WAS THE GUILTY PERSON?

A newly appointed second lieutenant was detailed for duty with the quartermaster and put in charge of transportation. Although he was well educated, he knew nothing of motor cars.

One day one of the truck drivers came into the office and reported that his truck needed overhauling.

"What seems to be the chief trouble?" inquired the officer.

"Well, sir, two cylinders are missing for one thing," replied the driver.

"When did you discover that?" demanded the lieutenant, who of course did not realize that in automobile parlance a cylinder may be "missing" and yet may also be present.

"This morning when I went into the garage, sir."

"Were you the first person to enter the garage?"

"Yes, sir. I locked it up last night, and I was the first to enter this morning." The man seemed a bit puzzled.

"Was the truck all right when you left it last night."

"Yes, sir."

"You keep the keys to the garage, do you not?"

"Yes, sir."

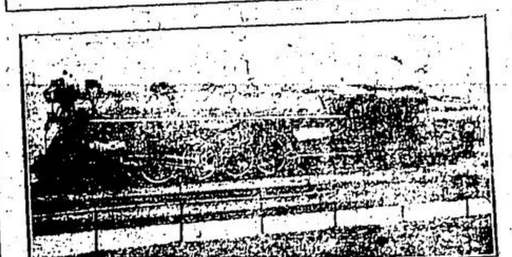
"Had the lock or the windows been tampered with?"

"Why,—er,—no, sir. Everything was secure."

"Then who do you suspect took those two cylinders out of the car?" the lieutenant inquired innocently.

But the question remained unanswered, for the man was suddenly taken with a bad choking fit, and the officer had to jump up and pat him on the back.

Canada's Newest Locomotive



The illustration depicts the new "6100" class locomotive, the latest production of the mechanical department of the Canadian National Railways. Forty of these "Northern Type" engines have been manufactured in Canadian plants for use of main line fast passenger and manifest freight service. They are 93 feet 10¼ inches over all. The tender has a capacity of 11,000 imperial gallons of water and 20 tons of coal. In working order the total weight of engine and tender is 638,000 pounds. Note the new position of the whistle, located on the left hand of the smoke box near the stack. This is to save the driver's ears. These engines are designed for power at speed and it is estimated that they can make 90 miles an hour with a heavy train.

Firestone Dealers

ARE PIONEERS IN BALLOON TIRE SERVICE

Another Reason Why They Serve Motorists Better and Save Them Money

The advent of the Balloon Tire required an expansion in repair methods. To meet this situation Repair Schools were opened at the Firestone factories where the Firestone dealers and their repair men have been instructed in the care of tires and the use of the specially-designed Firestone Balloon Tire equipment.

In each territory throughout the country Dealer Educational Meetings have been held. These have been attended by most of the Firestone Service Dealers who have obtained the latest information regarding tire construction, care and repair methods.

Firestone Dealers are kept up-to-date on fire development and service—continually progressing and improving their ability to serve you better and save you money. See the nearest Firestone Dealer to-day and let him handle your tire requirements.

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

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

FIRESTONE BUILDS THE ONLY GUM-DIPPED TIRES

Firestones are Supplied in Acton By

Highway Garage	JAS. SYMON	Young St. Garage & Implement Shop
A. McISAAC	HARDWARE STORE	C. E. PARKER
Phone 154 Main St.	Phone 49 Mill St.	Phone 84 Young St.

Let's get a good start!

"Make my breakfast lots of Kellogg's Corn Flakes—with fruit and rich, sweet milk. . . . That's a smiling start for any day!"

Just taste Kellogg's to know why 11,000,000 people demand them daily. It's flavor! Wonderful crispness and flavor! Serve with milk or cream and add fresh or canned fruits or honey.

Made by Kellogg in London, Ont. Oven-fresh in the inner-sealed red-and-green package. Imitations cannot equal such wonder-flavor. Demand the genuine! At cafeterias. On dining-cars. In restaurants. Sold by all grocers.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

Wake Up!

Dozens and dozens of "good [illegible]ders for both buyers and sellers have been made and will be made through the small ad columns of THE FREE PRESS. Do you want---or have for sale---a house, a chair, a pig, a fur coat or freshly laid eggs---you will find the small ads a source of quick action.

Do you want something? Then ask for it through our small ads. Have you something you'd like to sell? Then tell the world through our small ads. Our small ads get results for both buyer and seller. An ad in our small ad column is very inexpensive.

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