The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1927

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE

Say not—the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes, silent, flooding in, the main

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright!

—Arthur Hugh Clough.

WHITE LIES

They were discussing the probable veracity of an important witness in a case on trial that day, and the leisurely evening conversation drifted to the mooted question of justifiable falsehood. A young lawyer had just expressed himself strongly. In his his opinion, the "amenities of life" could be observed only by an occasional resort to white lies.

"Five years ago," began the white-haired judge after a thoughtful pause, "an item of professional business necessitated my visiting a prison convict in the Middle West. I knew who the man was before I went, but happily he did not recognize me, and I felt that it would be a needless humiliation to remind him that he and his father and mother had spent a week at our house when I was in my teens. He was then hardly half my age. He told me that he was 'IN' for an alleged forgery that he had never committed, though he confessed that he was serving his third sentence for dishonest dealings in money matters.

"At the time of which I spoke he was a pretty, curly-haired boy, one of those cute, clever urchins that fond but thoughtless parents put on exhibition whenever occasion offers. One of his stunts was to 'act out' how his mother received callers. There comes that Mrs. Brown,' he would flute out in his thin, childish treble. 'I don't know what she's coming here for! I see enough of her! Some women know enough to stay at home!' Then followed the effusively cordial greeting at the door. 'So glad to see you!' with smiles as exaggerated as the frown had been a moment before. I have no doubt the boy was repeating what he had often seen and heard, though the mother laughingly denied it.

"In time, the growing lad must have come to claim his mother's performance with what the world outside called lying and deceit. He must have come to see the dearest face to him on earth wearing the mask of the hypocrite. Perhaps that sounds unduly harsh, but it is none too harsh for the bitter facts. He saw his mother, whom he loved and trusted, his ideal of all that was best and purest in character, acting a part, with intent to deceive. He heard her lips speak repeatedly what he knew was not in her heart.

"I admit that I can't offer any evidence that would stand in court." A whimsical smile lighted up the elderly face. "It is difficult to trace moral cause and effect, and I never knew the details of Philip Dunn's downward career. One thing I have learned, though, since I saw the man in his prison garb: The young fellow's first moral lapse was untruthfulness.

"Philip was bright and active; in some ways he was one of the best clerks I ever had," a former employer told me. 'But I soon discovered that you couldn't believe a word he said. It was rather a queer case, too. He never seemed ashamed to be caught in a lie. One might think he didn't see much difference between the plain truth and the plain other thing.'"

The judge sat silent a moment, stroking his gray beard, as he often did over a knotty point of law. "I've always had the feeling that truth is a sacred thing—no matter if it concerns a trivial matter. It's something like the ark of God in Old Testament times. It can't be handled profanely, even when there seems to be a good reason for it. It's a case where God sternly commands, 'Hands off!'"

SPEED

A very wise man, who had reflected much on past, present and future, believed that the distinguishing characteristic of the twentieth century is acceleration. He looked with anxiety and dread upon the universal tendency to hurry forward with ever-increasing rapidity. On the other hand, we know a shrew, staid old lady, a model of all the possible proprieties of life, who insists that she is perfectly ready to ride in anything, so it goes.

Who will question that this old lady embodies the spirit of the age? Speed, speed is what we want, something that will go fast and long and hard. We want speed in the external world. No matter how much noise and fuss and bustle there is with it, we want speed. The motor cycle, the automobile are good enough, but may not the aeroplane be even better? Anything that will make a few more miles to the hour, even if we risk destruction in the process. For the weak point of the speed mania, as of other manias, is that it becomes an encroaching habit, and we are perpetually asking for more, more. And we want speed in the inner world as well as in the outer — new, quick, crowding thoughts, new ideas; or, if thoughts cannot be made to come quick enough, new impressions will do, ever-rushing sensations of light and sound and color, a fresh set thronging in upon us before the old have time to fade.

Speed, inner or outer, means excitement, and excitement helps us to forget, to forget care and worry, to forget pain and long distress, to forget the slow, difficult, puzzling questions about God and life and the meaning of the world, which haunt some of us perpetually and which some of us are finding it harder and harder to answer, for all our speed.

Unfortunately, while speed helps us to forget many disagreeable and undesirable things, it at the same time lures us into oblivion of other things that are not so well forgotten. Speed appears to be quite incompatible with patience, and what do we need more than patience in the complicated life that confronts us to-day? And speed is the enemy of accuracy. "Oh, well, just now we are in a hurry, and this is near enough." And speed forbids thoroughness, the slow, careful adjustment of means to ends, without which even speed is too likely to end in ruin.

There are two general considerations that it behooves those who love speed to remember. First, all speed has to be paid for. Speed of the body requires fuel, and fuel is not always so easily and so cheaply come by. Speed of the soul requires fuel also, and sooner or later it has to be paid for in fatigue and exhaustion, which are near neighbors to despair. Second, the great problem of life, for the individual and for the world, is to know not merely that you are going with velocity, but whither that velocity is hurrying you.

The Free Press' Short Story

"UNTO ONE OF THE LEAST"

HARRIETTE CONNOR STEVENS

"GET off the plaza, little beggar. To think that I should have to leave my painting to open the door for you—just for nobody but you!"

"But ma was hungry, so hungry, Miss, and—"

"Never mind 'ands.' We don't keep alms houses on Wayland Avenue." The heavy door closed with a sharp bang and pretty Miriam Renfroe returned to her easel. Bending over to pick up the brush which had fallen to the floor, she noticed that it was lying directly across a small white card upon which was printed a text. Her teacher had given it to her but yesterday, and Miram's face grew scarlet as those words in the midst of the text stared at her and seemed so big and so black just now. "Unto one of the least of these, my brethren," the card said to her over and over. As though wishing to get away from its silent rebuke, she snatched it up and threw it into the fire but the flames rolling over it flashed to her eyes again and yet again: "Unto one of the least of these." From their tiny heap of pale gray, the very ashes themselves were mocking her with those words: "Unto one of the least of these."

And she! She had done nothing! Her opportunity had come to her, had sought her out even on her own threshold, and she had impatiently thrust it aside. How selfish, thoughtless and how unkind she had been! Miriam covered her face with her hands and the tears came into her eyes.

"I shall do it yet!" she cried as she rushed to the door. "I shall find her and bring her back and tell her how sorry I am. I shall tell her I am ashamed and I shall ask her forgiveness."

A short distance down the Avenue the penitent Miriam espied a queer little combination of torn shawl and calico trudging along, half crying, half dragging a large bag filled with some soft material.

"Come back little girl," she called as she ran down the street and as the child turned to obey, Miriam noticed that the bare feet were blue with cold and the ragged dress beneath the shawl was very thin.

"I was mean and cross to you and I am so sorry, and I want you to forgive me and come into the house and let me give you something to eat." For a moment the little girl stood still and stared at Miriam in a doubtful manner, as though after having been turned away from the house she could hardly believe what she heard.

"Don't look at me like this, oh, don't," cried Miriam. "You make me feel meaner than ever. Come into the house." Then without a word the "little beggar girl" crossed the threshold from which she had so recently been turned away, and followed the banker's daughter into the cozy library.

Miriam left her alone, returning after a few moments with some bread and butter and hot tea. "Here, sit down by the fire and eat this—it will do you good."

To Miriam's astonishment the child burst into tears.

"I can't eat it, Miss, I can't. But I will take it to Ma, if you will let me. She ain't had nothing to eat since yesterday morning. I am hungry, but I can't eat till she's had some."

"You are right, she shall have some soon. Put these shoes and stockings on and tell me all about it. But first, what is your name and how old are you?"

"My name's Alice Wayne, Miss, and I am thirteen years old, and I picks up over to Reynolds' dumping grounds. It's so far away, you know, and Ma, she was so sick with the lung fever I could not leave her long, and —and I thought maybe I might find some rags as people in the big houses wanted to throw away or burn. You see I sells 'em over to Norwood's and buy bread for Ma. She won't never be well no more, Ma won't, 'cause we ain't got no money to buy a doctor. I did not mean no harm when I come, Miss, but I knowed if the rich folks had any rags they'd be clean and I would not have to take so much time to wash 'em and dry 'em like I do them as I gets in the dumping grounds, and I could have more time to wait on Ma. And then if the rags is clean, Norwood gives me a cent a pound. When they ain't he gives me half a cent—and they gits so dirty in the trash cart, you know. It takes a powerful washin' to git 'em clean."

Miriam ran back to her room and as she ransacked the closets and chests for rags, she was thinking as she had never thought before in all the fourteen years of her existence. For the first time she realized how many things she had to be thankful for, and how little good she had done in the world. And then she thought of that poor little girl in the next room, of how she trudged three miles to the dumping grounds, of how hard she must work to pick the rags one by one from the trash, trudge home with them, wash them, dry them and after it all receive perhaps a half cent! And she, who sat at ease in her cozy room, day after day, with all the leisure she wished at her command, all the money she could spend in her purse, everything that heart could wish around her, she had grown angry and turned the poor waif away from the door before even giving her a chance to ask for help.

How the resolutions crowded one upon the other as the large basket grew and grew until it was filled and heaped as high as she could heap it with scraps and rags and bits of cotton cloth.

"Here are some rags that won't have to be washed, Alice," she said as she returned to the library and began making them into a bundle. "I don't see for the life of me, however, how you will manage them, there are so many, and—"

Miriam stopped short as the conflicting thought came rushing to her mind. Could she do it? What would her friends say? Then the carriage was out, and she would have to walk. At that moment, in the heap of ashes there on the hearthstone, she seemed to see quite plainly the words, "Unto one of the least of these," and her mind was made up.

"Put on this heavy coat, Alice," she said, "and we will go straight to your mother. I am going with you and help you carry the rags."

"You, Miss, you going with me—me, and you such a high lady and I such—"

"I am nothing but a plain girl," broke in Miriam, "a plain girl who has been ugly and rude and is sorry—so sorry for it. Come, let us be off."

A ragged sleeve sought the eyes of the little beggar girl and her voice trembled when she spoke.

"I—I—I think you be one of the Lord's, you be."

Down the avenue, each bearing a large coarse bundle, Miriam Renfroe, the banker's daughter, and the little rag picker trudged, side by side. In the heart of the city, Miriam disappeared in a grocery store, only to reappear in a few moments with several packages, which she added to her bundle of rags.

Down one street and up another Alice Wayne led her companion. Finally, pausing in front of a shabby old building, the very shabbiest in the row of a shabby alley, she turned and said simply, "This is home, Miss," and began to climb the rickety stairs.

What a bare and cheerless room they found at the top! No wonder the poor woman lying in the corner looked so pale and ill. There was no fire on the desolate hearth; there was scant covering on the heap of straw which formed the sick bed; and to keep out the cold, newspapers were stuffed in the nash of the one window which served to light the room. Everything looked cold and bare. Miriam quickly set her bundle down and from its depths she took a small bottle. Then kneeling down by the straw bed in the corner, she bent over the invalid and held some sweet wine to her lips

"Here, drink this," she whispered, "it will make you better." The eyes opened wearily and the patient was conscious of her surroundings and drank but did not speak. The woman was indeed very weak and ill and Miriam realized there was no time to lose. Tearing off a bit of wrapping paper she took a small pencil from her purse and wrote a short message. She then ran down the long stairs in such haste that she almost upset a small dirty-faced urchin, who was peering at her from below.

"Do you know Dr. Wiley?" she asked.

"Yes sir—ree—bob—held his horses many a time. He vaccinated—"

"I will give you a dollar is you will get him here inside of an hour," interrupted Miriam.

"A whole dollar! Jehoshat, Joseph! but I'll do it," and away like the wind sped the dirty-faced urchin on his mission.

Up the alley a man was carting a load of short wood. How lucky! A word from Miriam and the wood was soon heaped in a corner of the long gloomy hall, upstairs.

Then quietly, so as not to disturb the invalid, the two girls went to work with a will and in a short time a bright cheery fire was blazing upon the hearth and Alice's mother had been strengthened and refreshed by a cup of hot tea.

To Miriam's delight, Dr. Wiley found the patient's condition less serious than she had thought. With proper care and nourishment she would live, he said. He would come back to see her every day and she should lack nothing that would aid in her recovery. "Had she not had medical attention to-day, however," he added, "it would have been too late."

Proper care and nourishment, and she would live!

Alice threw herself upon her mother's pallet of straw and sobbed for sheer joy. Between her sobs she prayed: "O God bless the kind high lady—bless the kind high-lady!" And then "O Ma, Ma, you're goin' to git well. You're goin' to git well, and the high-lady did it!"

What a day it was! It is impossible to say just how many journeys the dirty-faced urchin made to different parts of the city, but when the afternoon came, the sick woman was resting quietly in a soft, clean bed, with plenty of good warm clothing. The window panes had been put in and everything Miriam could think of had been done to relieve Alice and her mother and to provide for them until they could provide for themselves.

In the west the sun went down.

"I shall come back to-morrow," said Miriam as she bent low over the sick woman. "I hope I shall find you much better." A feeble, emaciated hand stirred on the coverlet and in a whisper came the words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least—"

"Stop, stop!" cried Miriam. "I can't bear it. I can't. All my life I have been thoughtless and selfish. Until to-day I never knew what life means, but I have found out now! From to-day I shall live!"

During all those years that followed, while the banker's daughter was spending her life in the noble work of helping the poor, comforting the bereaved and administering to the sick, Miriam Renfroe never forgot that moment which she always regarded as the happiest moment she had ever known—that moment in the dismal attic when the ragged little beggar girl had thrown herself down by her starving mother's side and buried her face in the straw and between convulsive sobs asked God's blessing upon the kind "high-lady" who had come and saved that mother.

THE CURSE OF PROHIBITION

Prohibition think how its curse has blighted the lives of even the dear little ones. It's taken away from them the funny amusing spectacle of their father coming wabbling up the steps with a nearly empty quart bottle in his hand, all ready to bat them over the head with it. No more can they hope to feel the soft caresses of father's drunken kicks on the seats of their poor little pants.

And the wife! Think what prohibition has done to the poor wife! Where once her husband came home with empty pockets at 2 a. m., and slugged her on the jaw and beat her or chased her around the kitchen with the butcher knife, she now no longer has this pleasant little entertainment to look forward to at the end of the week. Now her husband comes straight home from work and she has all the bother of taking his pay envelope and deciding just how it shall be spent.

As for the men themselves, this prohibition has crushed them. It has changed them from carefree, Saturday night citizens, full of "personal liberty," to poor, helpless creatures, steeped in gloom.

You see them going gloomily into butcher shops to get tenderloin steaks, and then proceeding moodily home with a load of oranges, cottage cheese, bologna, candy, cigars and flaxseed for a big Sunday dinner next day. How deplorably different this from the old-time "load" that man used to take home on Saturday nights! You know instinctively there will be no hilarity in the home that night and nothing to cheer the lives of the little family group like there was in the good old days when papa chased mamma with the knife or put on a hilarious knock-down vaudeville act to amuse the dear little ones.

No, they are gone, "them grand old days" and nights and this wretched, home-wrecking prohibition is all to blame. There is nothing for that family to look forward to on Sunday now, nothing but a great big Sunday dinner and after it a ride in the family sedan.—Arch. Bristow, in the "Evening Times," Warren, Pa.

No matter how deep-rooted the corn may be, it must yield to Holloway's Corn Remover if used as directed.

GRANDPA'S SOLILOQUY

It wasn't so when I was young,
We used plain language then,
We didn't speak of "them Galoots,"
When meaning boys and men"

When speaking of the good hand with
Of Joe, or Tom, or Bill,
We did it plain, we didn't say,
"He slings a nasty quill."

Then when we met a good old friend
We hadn't lately seen,
We greeted him, but didn't say,
"Hello, you old sardine"

The boys got mad sometimes and fit,
We spoke of kicks and blows;
But now they "whack him in the snout,"
And "paste him on the nose,"

Once, when a youth was turned away
From her he held most dear,
He walked off on his feet, now
He "crawls off on his ear"

We used to dance when I was young,
And used to call it so,
But now they don't, they only "sling
The light fantastic toe"

Of death we spoke in language plain,
That no one did perplex,
But in these days one doesn't die—
He "passes in his checks."

We praised a man of common sense,
"His judgment is good," we said;
But now they say "he's well, that old plum
Has got a level head."

It's rather sad the children now
Are learning all such talk,
They're learned to "cain" instead of chat
And "waltz" instead of walk.

To little Harry yesterday
My grandchild aged two
I said, "You love grandma?" said he
"You bet your boots I do"

The children bowed to strangers once
It is no longer so
The little girls, as well as boys,
Now greet you with "hello!"

Oh give me back the good old days
When both the old and young
Conversed in plain, old-fashioned ways
And slang was in the slung

TIME CHANGES THINGS, BUT NOT MUCH

This "Grandfather's Soliloquy" was not written by a grandfather of to-day. "Not on your life!" I almost found myself saying. That bit of reflection concerning the slang of the day was written in my grandfather's time, away back in 1865, over sixty years ago.

Why, bless you, they used slang in those early days as freely as is done to-day, and perhaps a little more freely, too. I can remember in the days when grandpa" wrote his soliloquy that slang was unusually prevalent. You could hear on the streets, almost any time then, such expressions as "Bill Jones put a fin-cat on Jack Wilson last night, when they were quarrelling in Bill's tavern." Or, "Jim Lacey got a shanty over his left eye when Tom Dunn came home on Tuesday." The young fellows called their money "spondulix," and the father was almost invariably referred to as "the old man," by the young sports of that time.

Say, I've always had a good word for the boys and girls, and always will have. I think their slang is less objectionable and their manners more respectful than that of the boys of fifty, yes, twenty-five years ago. Coming along the street the other day rather leisurely, I met a score or more of school boys, wending their way to school. Nearly every one of them touched their caps to me or took them off; just because I am an old man and smiled at them. I like the boys and girls of to-day, slang and all, and I think Acton never had a better behaved lot of young folks than she has to-day.

Of course, I have to admit, there is room for improvement, and our young people will improve if we aim to give reasonable encouragement to improve. Encourage them to spend some of their evenings at home, to keep good company, never to be idle, to be punctual in attending meetings, church services, or at any other engagements. Good company and clean conversation will crowd out much of the slang, and will help the young people in other directions.

The honest, clean, industrious boy will always be wanted. He will be sought for. The merchant will want him for a clerk or salesman, the mechanic or manufacturer will want him for an apprentice, after a while he'll be wanted as a contractor or builder, clients will want him for a lawyer, patients will want him for a physician, parents for a teacher, congregations for their minister, townspeople will want him as a citizen, acquaintances as a neighbor, neighbors as a friend, families as a visitor, the world as an acquaintance. Yes, girls will want him for a beau and finally for a husband. He will grow up to be a man of known worth and established character. And as he grows more and more a useful citizen, the less use he will have for slang.

The Old Man

PAINFUL NEWS

Cecil B. De Mille recently took a party of Middle Western clergymen out in his yacht. It so happened that the wife of one of the parsons was seeing the ocean for the first time, and also feeling the first qualms of approaching seasickness. Finally she timidly approached Mr. De Mille and asked

"Please, please, tell me why this boat jumps so?"

"Well, ma'am," replied De Mille with a smile, "it's on a starboard tack."

Wretched from Asthma. Strength of body and vigor of mind are inevitably impaired by the vitalations of asthma. Who can live under the cloud of recurring attacks and keep body and mind at their full efficiency? Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy dissipates the cloud by removing the cause. It does relieve. It does restore the sufferer to normal bodily trim and mental happiness.

Neighborhood News

OAKVILLE

Miss Helen Tuck is around again after having her tonsils removed last week.

The walls and roof for Alex Dymock's new brick store are completed.

Mrs. Wm. Grant, of Bond Head, is spending a couple of weeks with Mrs E. A. Morden.

Mrs R. A. Johnston, of Drayton, visited with her parents, Capt. and Mrs. E. A. Morden, over Sunday.

Mrs. C. D. Carson, Howard Carson and Dr. Jos. Kenney, of Toronto, left on Wednesday for Venice, Florida, where Mr. Carson has been for a year or more.

There were but few pranks played on Hallowe'en, and all of an innocent character. Some young people dressed up in character costumes and wore masks and had some good-natured amusement.

J. H. Mathias has received a commission to paint the English residence of Col. H. C. Cox, which is located at Wiltshire. Mr. Mathias leaves this month, accompanied by Mrs Mathias, and they expect to spend a good part of the winter in England. Star.

ERIN

Mrs Abbott, of Everton, is visiting with her son, Dr. Abbott, and Mrs Abbott.

Mrs. Nellie Small, of Toronto, visited with friends here over the week-end.

Miss L. Everdell, of Hillsburg, spent a couple of days last week with Mrs. W. McLaren.

Mrs. N. A. Zimmerman and little son, of Milverton, are visiting with her sister, Mrs R. W. Hull.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ecclestone and family have moved into the residence formerly occupied by Mrs. E. Morris.

Mr. J. H. Ramesbottom, of Walkerton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo Ramesbottom, of this village, was elected President of the Western Ontario United Boards of Trade at the annual session at Walkerton, last Friday.

The Caledon Mountain Trout Club property is being wired and the Caledon Electric Co. have a contract to provide the required electric energy, and have commenced the extension of their line from the first line, Caledon West, to the club property, and it will only be a short time until the current will be turned on. Advocate

BURLINGTON

Mr. E. B. Inglehart, of Titusville, Pennsylvania, is visiting here with his brother, Alberto Inglehart, Locust Street.

The Grant-Construction Company have completed their work in town, and are making preparations to take their departure from our midst.

Willie Platt, Hi. Walker, Jack Walker, Norman Walker, R. Sneath, Art Brown, E. Turcotte, and Ross Prescott left on Tuesday evening on a hunting trip in the northern wilds of Ontario.

About one o'clock on Tuesday morning fire destroyed a shed on the property of Mr John Tomlinson, New Street, together with a wagon, baskets, etc.

Early Tuesday morning burglars broke into H. Dentke's book store, on Brant Street, and got away with $14.00 in cash, which was in the till. They overlooked several dollars' worth of coppers in a paper bag. The thieves gained entrance through a door at the rear of the building. The door had been repaired after a previous robbery, and the thieves pried off the galvanized patch that had been nailed on the door, put their hand through the hole, unlocked the bolt, and raided the iron cross bar. Apparently the unwelcome visitors were frightened away, as they did not touch anything but the cash. Gazette

GEORGETOWN

Municipal nominations, November 28.

Dr. and Mrs W. M. McGuire and Mr. and Mrs John Price of Simcoe were visitors in town on Friday.

Chief of Detectives George Guthrie and Mrs. Guthrie, of Toronto, spent Sunday with Georgetown and Glen Williams friends.

Police Magistrate Moore, of Acton, celebrated his 70th birthday last week. The Herald extends congratulations.

Our business men's weekly half holiday ended the first of November, and business places in town are now open Thursday afternoon.

When re-modelling the interior of his home in town last week, Mr James Blair found an old clay ink bottle between a petition, together with a bill from Dr T. Marriott, of Guelph, dated 1862. The bottle is the style used with the old quill pen.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Kennedy, who have been spending a couple of weeks at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Stephens in Toronto, left last week for their new home in Owen Sound. Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy have been residents of Georgetown for many years and have taken an active interest in the social and business life of the town, in church work especially they will be much missed. While our citizens deeply regret their removal, all join in wishing them health and prosperity in their new home. Herald.

MILTON

Miss Bastedo spent the week end with Rev. A. E. and Mrs. Marshall at Newmarket.

Mrs (Rev.) S. W. Hahn of Lindsay, spent the week end here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Hare.

Mr. J. R. Elliot who recently sold his farm adjoining the town, has moved to the residence on Thomas Street, formerly owned and occupied by the late Mrs. Wm. Bews.

Mrs. A. M. MacKillop, of Arran, formerly of Milton, visited friends in town last Friday. Mrs. MacKillop informed us that Mr. MacKillop, who has just recently been appointed Public School Inspector for the Rainy River District, will have residence at Sultbury instead of at Fort Francis as first reported. Reformer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Mackenzie and two little daughters visited friends at Orangeville on Monday.

Mrs. W. F. Hall of Toronto was the guest of Miss H. E. Bastedo yesterday. She is a former art pupil of Miss Bastedo.

Jack Hannant, son of John T. Hannant has purchased the Superior Store grocery business here from John Ford and the estate of the late William M. Durnan.

The interior of the office occupied by D. A. Andrew, District Agricultural Representative has been newly painted and re-decorated. It is now up to date and more comfortable than ever. The office has also been enlarged, which is another big improvement.—Champion.

Wonderful For Indigestion!

When your stomach feels bad; when Gas, Sourness, Nausea or after eating pains make you feel miserable—a single dose of pure Bisurated Magnesia will bring you Instant Relief!

For Indigestion, the prompt effectiveness of this special non-laxative BISURATED form of Magnesia is really wonderful. Even the most obstinate cases quickly respond. Pleasant and inexpensive to use. Ask your druggist.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of The Free Press of Thursday, November 14, 1907

Both Fairy Lake and Anderson's Pond are frozen over. It looks as if skating would soon be here again.

Weather records will note the fact that the first snowfall of the season was on November 10, about quarter of an inch, and it remained over night.

Little Miss Marguerite Stewart picked a buttercup in full bloom on Tuesday and presented it to the editor.

It is rumored in railway circles that Mr. D. D. Mann, of the Canadian Northern Railway, is about to make an extended trip to the Southern States in his private car, "Athabasca."

The price of wheat has taken another drop, only one is being paid here.

Principal Stewart went to Toronto a fortnight ago, at the request of the Board of Education, and selected a large addition of apparatus and supplies for the High School Department.

Evidence of weakness in the walls of the horse sheds at Knox Church has been manifest for some time. Mr. N. P. McLam was awarded the contract for ten one inch iron rods, seventy-nine feet six inches long, to connect the two sides. Nearly half a ton of iron was required for them. The repairs will cost about $300.

As a vermifuge an excellent preparation is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It has saved the lives of countless children.

KIND NEIGHBORS

When Miss Jenkins, after spending fifty-six years in the city of her birth, decided to buy a small farm in the country, she determined to miss none of the delights of farming life.

"I'm going to have a steady horse and two cows and some hens," she announced to her brother, to whom she proudly displayed her new property. "The Adams boys from the next house will help me and teach me how to harness, and of course I shall feed the hens and the little pig."

"The little pig!" echoed her brother. "Do you propose to keep a pig? And where, I should like to know?"

"There's room for a small pig-pen back of the barn, away from the road and everything," said Miss Jenkins, calmly. "Mr. Adams has some cunning little pigs, and that is what I wish. And I asked the Adams boy if he thought when the pig had outgrown the pen I could find some one to take him and give me another little one in exchange, and he seemed sure I could. You've no idea, brother, how obliging the people are here in the country."

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THE TEST

The big man was telling the interviewer how he got started in his profession.

"When I was an infant, my good folks were undecided what I'd become when I grew up, and they struck on a plan. They fetched an apple, a prayer book and a dollar bill. If I played with the apple, a farmer I'd be, if I'd played with the prayer book I'd be a parson, if I'd play with the dollar bill, I'd be a banker. They left me alone for a few minutes and when they entered the room later, I was eating the apple, reading the prayer book, and I had put the dollar bill in my pocket so that's how they made me a politician."

WHERE MONEY TALKS

An amusing story is told by Col. John Ward in "With the Die-Hards in Siberia," that well illustrates the ways of Bolshevik officials.

An Englishman was stopped in the street in Moscow, he says, by a commissary of the Red Guard, who roughly demanded to see his permit.

"I haven't one," was the reply.

"Well, you can't stay in Moscow without one."

"All right," answered the Englishman. "Then I'll leave it. I don't care about staying."

"Have you a passport?"

"No."

"Then the regulations will not permit you to quit Moscow. I'll give you five minutes to decide what you will do."

On the face of it the problem seemed impossible of solution. But the Englishman knew his Russia. He merely pulled out a handful of ruble notes and gave them to the official, who promptly took his departure with a profusion of bows and apologies.

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Under Power of Sale contained in a Mortgage, which will be produced at the sale, there will be sold by Public Auction at the premises a 200 acre farm, composed of Lot Number 19 in the 2nd Concession of the Township of Erin, in the County of Wellington. This sale will be held at 3 o'clock p. m. on

17th DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1927

The soil of this 200 acre farm is clay loam, 140 acres cleared and cultivated and 60 acres swamp with cedar, spruce and pine. There is a stone house, 24x30, "L" shaped barn, 70x80 and 40x40, all fences in fairly good condition, water by well and spring creek, 1 acre in orchard, house slightly damaged by wind and barn has been badly damaged by wind. Property situate about 1½ miles from Guelph, 6 miles from Norton, 7½ miles from Erin, 9 miles from Acton and 6 miles from Hillsburg. There are good roads in the locality and the neighborhood is one which shows evidence of prosperity.

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Rose and Valerie are sisters. Their ages are they are 23 and 18 years of age, respectively, but to look at them you would think they were 14 and 12 so slight and delicate are they. And when you hear the laughter and chatter of these two—for they are resting side by side in hospital cots—you feel sure they must be the lesser ages.

Yes, they are both very slight, but the wonder is they are here at all, for just a few months ago they were admitted, victims of the ravages of consumption. They are better now because they are gaining weight and strength again, and you, who have never lost your health, can hardly understand what a wonderful difference that makes to people who never expected to get well. But then—that is the work of the Muskoka Hospital for Consumptives, and it is being carried on for over three hundred patients each day throughout the year.

Rose and Valerie are a farmer's daughters, in a home where there are eleven children. And they say they are learning all about the disease so they will do their best to see that no other members of the family walk unaware into the dread path that leads to consumption.

Would you not like to contribute to this excellent work? It depends largely upon subscriptions.

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