The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1927

TO-DAY

Many people think to-morrow
Must be better than to-day,
With less of care and sorrow,
And a brighter, easier way;
But it's usually the case,
Aye, in every time and place,
To-day's the only and only day that counts.

Yesterday is gone for ever,
And it's not a bit of good;
Even though you may be clever
You can't use it if you would.
It is buried in the past,
And to-day is going fast,
Yet, believe me, it's the only day that counts.

There's more virtue in the present
Than all the days gone by,
Or anticipations pleasant
Than in all to-morrows lie,
For to-morrow is not here,
And in all the passing year
To-day's the one and only day that counts.

A WARNING TO UNWARY INVESTORS

Warning that the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, is in no way associated with and does not countenance a campaign by a United States house to sell "bankers shares" secured by capital stock of Ford of Canada, has been issued by W. R. Campbell, Vice-President and Treasurer of the Ford Motor Company of Canada, in response to numerous requests from Canadian investors for information.

The literature circulated by this stock-selling company, Mr. Campbell said, may lead unwary investors to suppose that they are buying the capital stock of Ford of Canada. Actually they are offered "bankers shares, one hundred of which are presumed to be issued against each share of Ford stock deposited by the issuers with a trust company. As these shares are sold at $10 each and the present market for Ford stock is in the neighborhood of $585.00, the "bankers shares" are being sold at considerably more than the corresponding stock market value of Ford shares.

Asked if the Ford Motor Company can do nothing to stop this stock selling campaign in Canada, Mr. Campbell stated that two years ago when another organization began similar activities his company was successful in securing a temporary restraining order from the New York State attorney-general. The result was that the company immediately suspended and was quickly replaced by another company. Concerns of this nature can be so quickly organized and require so little capital that it would be impossible to keep pace with them through the issuance of restraining orders.

Data relating to Ford of Canada's growth and activities is used in a prospectus sent out by the American stock-selling organization. This information, Mr. Campbell stated, is used entirely without authority and the Ford Motor Company of Canada emphatically recommends against the purchase of those fractional shares.—Richmond Hill Liberal.

THE PET NAME

"Mother, dear,"—there was a little flush on Caroline's cheek and a certain tightness about her pretty mouth, "I wish you'd speak to Aunt Emmeline; it might have some effect. I've said all I can say, and it's so much wasted breath. She goes right on 'Callieing' me just the same. Callie! It's a perfectly dreadful nickname; but now, when I've at last succeeded in getting everyone else to drop the absurd, soft, squashy thing, it does seem too bad that Aunt Emmeline should keep it up. Can't you make her understand that I've evolved into Caroline?"

"I'll try, child," mother promised a little dubiously, "but she's elderly, and she may understand but not remember. Old folks' memories hark back to the accustomed. You must try to be patient."

Caroline did not feel patient; and an hour later, calling on Katharine Willmott, annoyance again possessed her mind as she sat waiting for her friend in front of an open fire in the library. Katharine's name was never abbreviated to Katie, or Kitty, or Kate, although, as her mother's name was Katharine, also, there would have been at least the excuse of convenience. Perhaps it was because Katharine had unusual dignity for a young girl; some day she would be like her mother, who was a stately and beautiful matron with wonderful manners and the grand air.

"And if they'd been Carolines instead of Katharines," reflected Caroline enviously, "Carolines they would have stayed, that's certain. Nobody would have babyed their names into absurdity."

Katharine came in just then, apologizing for her delay.

"Mother has just had a telegram that Cousin Adelaide is dead," she explained, "and it upset her. She isn't upset often, and when she is she needs fussing over and petting all the more—"

"Your mother doesn't seem as if she could ever need petting, though she'd be lovely to pet if she'd allow it," said Caroline. "She always seems to me rather like a queen, you know."

"Well, I suppose queens have their troubles," responded Katharine. "Anyway, mother has. When that telegram came—well, it was queer. We hardly ever see Cousin Adelaide, and mother knew her death would be a release, and I know they'd never been very intimate, but— Well, mother put her head right into a sofa cushion and had a hard cry. And you'd never guess what she sobbed out when I was dabbing her forehead with eau-de-cologne. She said she was a goose to give away, and she could only be glad that poor Adelaide had found peace—but now there was no one left in the world to call her Kitten!"

"To call her—what?" cried Caroline.

"Kitten, her little-girl pet name. And when I said I would, if she wanted, she laughed through her tears and said no. Mother Kitten wouldn't do; she was a grown-up cat to her most-grown-up Katharine, and she couldn't go back and didn't want to. Only Cousin Adelaide belonged to the old days, and it used to sound so good to hear that cracked voice of hers welcome her always with, 'So here you are again to see the old lady, Kitten.' Wasn't it queer and touching, Caroline? I'd no idea a silly little pet name could mean so much."

"Nor I," came the answer softly. Mrs Willmott—Kitten? Suddenly Caroline seemed to see herself in the future, an old, old Caroline, thinking with a tenderly reminiscent smile of a young, young Callie. Callie was not so bad after all, although she still meant to be Caroline to the world in general. But at least she would ask Aunt Emmeline to go on calling her Callie.

A PRECISE PRIVATE

An officer was inspecting at one of the camps, a daily paper tells us, when he came upon a big, round-eyed private doing sentry duty with a gun that he held in anything but the approved manner.

"Don't your know better," demanded the officer, "than to point an empty gun at me?"

"But it ain't empty, sir," protested the private. "It's loaded!"

MEMORIES

'Twas somewhat more than fifty years ago
I started life within a cottage low,
Built of rough hardwood logs the forest loaned
Abundant on the land my father owned.
Piled in four walls that made our home, 'twas there
That I, blessed with a pious mother's care,
Spent my young boyhood days and dreamed the dreams
That youth will ever dream; and now it seems
The greatest joys the passing years unfold
Are dim, sweet, distant memories of old.

I see each log in that old home to-day,
Just as some fifty years ago it lay,
Imbedded in that rugged wall that rose,
Each alternated course in superpose
Till in my fancy each possessed for me
Some constant individuality,
Hewed at the corners with an axeman's skill
Of such perfection that they seemed to fill
Each other at the angles where they seat
As if of steel, and run with mighty heat.

This up beyond a story's height the load
To form the low-roofed chamber overhead,
Where my first cot was placed against the wall,
With scarcely room for me to stand at all.
The wider spaces 'twixt the logs were caulked
With riven bolts of softer wood that baulked
The crafty workman's skill, to fit each space
Exactly; so he drove them into place;
Then over these at last a coat of clay
All little imperfections fell way.

Where doors and windows came, the logs were cut
Right out, and in the openings were put
An unsmoothed plank that answered for a frame.
The rounding logs were chipped back to the same,
And rough pine casings nailed around each one;
With this the outside finishing was done.
And this rough structure as it stood to view
Was just our home, the only home we knew,
And home in every sense the word implies
Is but a sheltered hearth that satisfies.

Inside, 'twas plain, if plain rough logs can be
With each a new irregularity,
And over all the roughness, brown with age,
Was pasted fast our county papers' page,
A bedroom and a pantry occupied
The greater part of all the western side,
And 'twixt the two a stairway led aloft
My creaky pathway when my mother oft
Would banish me, and sometimes punish too,
For things I ought, but somehow didn't do.

The old stair door I yet remember well,
The gateway to my lonely prison cell;
'Twas three breads wide, with battens on the back,
And safety lock I'll say it didn't lack;
For, on the downward side a wooden latch
Fell safely in a tough old hardwood catch;
Out there it was a very simple thing
To open, but inside one used the string;
So when my mother wanted me to stay
She simply pulled that little string away.

The loft above was one great room that might
Have made a spacious banquet hall, if height
Had been proportioned with the rest of it.
As 'twas, it only made a chamber fit
For beds against the outer walls, where one
Could lie and reach the timbers as they run
From end to end. And, oh the joy to wake
And hear the rain drops patter on the shake!
No instrument will ever play again
Like that old roof responding to the rain.

But I must leave these recollections now
For kindred souls who better might know how
To speak their worth, and see the final end
To which these old associations tend.
I might not gauge correctly all the good
Of all their attributes understood;
But as these cherished memories grow dim
Against the far horizon's western rim
I know they are as sacred yet to me
As those short prayers I said at mother's knee.

E. M. Averill

"Mid pleasures and palaces, tho' we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! Home! Sweet, sweet home!
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!"

Home is the magic circle within which the weary spirit finds refuge, whether it is a log cabin, a humble cottage, or a mansion. I can remember log houses, which were real homes, scattered all over this community. I often wonder if there wasn't just as much real happiness in those old log-house days, when the inmates were struggling for better conditions, and more pretentious homes, as there is now, that the end aimed at has been achieved.

Do you know, there is not a brick house within a radius of five miles of us here in Acton, in connection with which my memory easily antidates their erection. We've had a happy community throughout the hundred years and more since settlement was first made here. The home generally have been real homes, whether of the original log construction, or of the later frame, or brick, or stone, or stucco.

Home! That name touches the fibre of the soul, in a way which a mere habitation never does. What tender associations are linked with the home. It calls up the fondest memories of life and opens in our nature the purest deepest feelings.

Jennie Lind thought of this when, more than fifty years ago, she sang with such deep emotion and pathos that song of John Howard Payne's as it never was sung before. As the thought of her old home far away the Swedish nightingale poured forth the notes of "How Sweet Home" in a manner which brought thousands of her hearers to tears. The brevity and simplicity of this home song has a charm concealed in it which the songs of the great masters lack noticeably. And why? Because every heart vibrates to this theme of home. It is law to our hearts, and binds us with a spell which neither time nor change can break.

How often we hear persons speak of the home of their childhood, as does the poet in his "Memories" at the head of this article.

And aged parents will rejoice when at the coming Christmastide they have the children at home again, and the children's children.

Home, in one form or another, is the great object of life. It stands at the end of every day's labor, and beckons us to its bosom; and life would be cheerless and meaningless did we not discern across the river that divides it from the life beyond, glimpses of the pleasant mansions prepared for us.

The Old Man

THE BEST-KNOWN BANK NOTES

The Bank of England note is by all odds the most widely known paper currency in the world. Uncle Sam's credit is growing better every year in the money markets of the globe, and his gold notes especially are readily accepted all over Europe at a fair valuation. But our worthy Uncle issues several different kinds of notes, which tends to confuse foreigners and destroy their confidence, while the canny "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," as the Bank of England is called, issues them only in one form which has been maintained virtually without change ever since 1694, when the "Old Lady" commenced to do business. Go where you will in any part of the civilized or half-civilized globe, and you need not want for money if you have in your pocketbook one of those plain-looking squares of white paper upon which the promise of the "Governor and the Company of the Bank of England" to pay the bearer the sum of five pounds is engraved.

The paper used for the manufacture of Bank of England notes is like no other paper known. For nearly two hundred years it has been manufactured for the bank by the same firm of paper makers. It is made of fine linen cuttings, and the process of its manufacture is a carefully guarded secret known only to the most trusted employees of the makers.

It is of a peculiar whiteness, and its crisp texture is readily recognizable by those accustomed to handle money. It is very tough; and a folded note is said to be capable of sustaining a weight of fifty pounds without tearing. The paper is made in oblong shape, just the size of two notes, printed side by side, and for this reason a Bank of England note always has three rough or deckle edges and one straight one where the two notes have been cut apart.

Curiously enough, the note is not of equal thickness all over, but is "reinforced" in one portion of the upper left-hand corner, where a vignette of the figure of Britannia is printed. It would require very sensitive fingers indeed to detect this slight additional thickness in one note, but when a dozen or so new ones are held tightly together the increase in bulk is easily felt.

The Bank of England never pays out the same note twice. If you present a check in the paying department and immediately redeposit the notes in the receiving department, those particular notes are retired and immediately cancelled. After being cancelled they are held by the bank for a few years, after which they are burned.

There are some curious stories related about Bank of England notes. In 1740 a note for thirty thousand pounds was lost by being drawn up the chimney by the draft, and the owner of the note, who was one of the directors of the bank, was reimbursed for the amount lost. Some years afterwards, when the director was dead and his house was being demolished, the note was found intact in a crevice of the chimney. It was presented by the director's heirs, and paid, though but without protest by the bank. A butcher in 1837 requested a loan of five thousand pounds on one of two twenty-five thousand-pound notes that were issued in that year. Such a large note in the possession of a plain butcher naturally caused comment, and it was pointed out to him that he was losing a small income in interest as long as he kept his funds tied up thus. The man's only answer was that he liked the looks of the twenty-five-thousand-pound note, and that he had another just like it at home.

HIS MEDDLESOME WAY

Mr. Jones had contracted for the building of a dwelling-house, the price of which was to be three thousand dollars. Having abundance of leisure on his hands, he went occasionally to see how the work was progressing. His first noteworthy discovery was that the workmen were not living up to the specifications in the matter of the foundation. He went to the contractor.

"Mr. Smith," he said, "the plan for my house calls for a foot and a half foundation wall, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, the men are laying a one foot wall. I must insist on your living up to the letter of the contract."

Mr. Smith, annoyed, repaired immediately to the scene of operations and gave orders for the building of the foundation according to specification.

A few days later Mr. Jones discovered that the workmen were not using the kind of brick in the main wall that was specified in the contract.

Mr. Smith, in response to an energetic remonstrance, corrected this mistake also.

Then Mr. Jones found out that the masons were not "tying" the wall by laying every seventh course crosswise as provided in the specifications. The contractor remedied this likewise.

Things went smoothly after that until the carpenters began to do the inside work, when Mr. Jones ascertained that the lumber was of an inferior grade, and not at all what had been agreed upon. He went to the contractor and made another complaint—this time in language decidedly uncomplimentary.

Then Mr. Smith's patience gave way. "See here, Mr. Jones," he said, in the tone of an injured man, "if you keep on meddling in this way, how do you suppose I am going to make any money out of this job?"

A GAGACIOUS MOUSE

Mice had been making inroads upon the family larder, and wardrobe, and so, the head of the family set a trap, the bottom of which was simply a piece of tin in which the manufacturer had left little slits, or openings, about a half inch wide, parallel with each other and extending the full length of it. When in the morning he found a single mouse rushing wildly from wall to wall of its cage, he lifted the trap from its hiding place and laid it on a thick rug in front of the grate, where a fire was burning briskly. Then, although he had no intention of being cruel, he entirely forgot that the little creature was in danger of being roasted alive.

When he returned the mouse had actually built a barrier ten or fifteen times the size of its body between itself and the fire. With its teeth it had cut away the fuzz on the surface of the rug through the slits in the bottom of the trap, and had heaped this material together into a veritable wall of defense until it entirely filled the trap.

THE EVIDENCE

"I don't know whether to become a painter or a poet!"

"Become a painter!"

"Have you seen my pictures?"

"No, but I have read your poems!"

Superstition renders a man a fool, and skepticism makes him mad.—Fielding.

WOULD PLAY TO HIS APPETITE

A Scottish member of a golf course near London took a business friend for a day's golfing. After the morning round they lunched very sparingly on biscuits and cheese.

"Man," cried the enthusiastic Scot, as he gazed through the open window, "this is my favorite course. Isn't it yours?"

"Er—not exactly," replied the starved guest. "I should have preferred a good steak and onions."

Strife is like a jet of water pouring through a crevice; the wider the crevice the stronger the flow.

"NOT AT HOME"

The absurdities of some phrases of fashionable life receive very frequent illustration.

A lady who had been taken ill at her own home, and who wished to spare herself the annoyance of having many people come to her door on her day for receiving calls, sent her card around to her friends with this written upon it.

"Mrs C. , being confined to her bed by illness, will not be at home next Wednesday, as usual."

NOT SO GREEN

A farmer's boy brought a cowhide to the village produce dealer and asked what the price was for hides.

"Is it a green hide?" asked the dealer.

"Naw," replied the boy, disgustedly, "they ain't no green cows. The one this skin came offen was a brindle."

SMILES

"How did you screw up courage to propose to the rich Mrs. MacTavish, Bandy?"

"Losh, man, 'twas awfu'! I'd sworn I'd do it come Monday nicht, an I took her for a ride in a taxicab, and wi' ane e'e on the meter tickin' awa', I had her won at the end o' half a crown."—Tit-Bits.

The President and Directors of the

ROYAL WINTER FAIR

desire to give expression to their appreciation of the generous patronage which the public have extended the sixth "Royal"—a fitting tribute to Canadian Agriculture in this Jubilee Year, and for the Fair an unparalleled success.

GUELPH WINTER FAIR

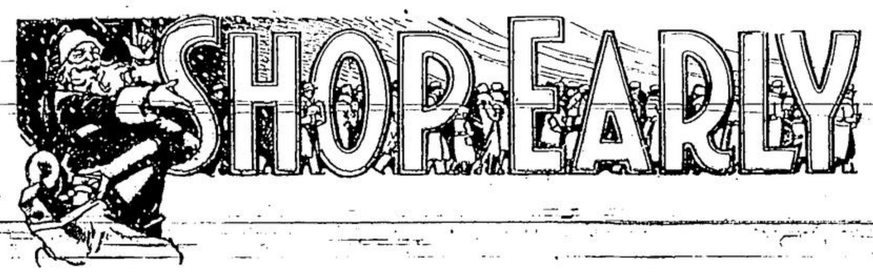
December 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th

Unexcelled exhibits of Horses, Beef Cattle, Dairy Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Seeds and Poultry. Light Horse Show—Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Ladies' Softball Tournament—Thursday evening. All seats in arena reserved for evening performances.

General Admission 25c

Reserved Seats for Evening 25c and 50c Extra

PETER CHRISTIE, President. R. W. WADE, Secretary.



To some people Christmas seems to come suddenly---without warning---almost as a surprise. These are the people who form the dense crowds on December 24---the frantic last-minute shoppers. Fortunately---each year---an increasingly large number of people really heed the annual warning---"Do Your Christmas Shopping Early." For one thing, they have learned that anything worth doing at all---is worth doing well. They have learned that gift giving is a fine art, worthy of time and care and intelligence. Therefore they plan their shopping---choosing with fine tact and taste the gifts most suitable for each friend and relative.

This is a much more sensible plan for all of us. Isn't it better to shop at leisure and in comfort rather than to shop later in haste and in discomfort? The stores are now ready with stocks of new merchandise. New toys, new books, novelties of every kind. For those who choose practical gifts, the new styles in clothing and furnishings for men, women, boys and girls are ready for selection. In furniture stores, at the jewellers—shopping may now be done with plenty of time for thoughtful consideration of each purchase.

At the radio dealers—at the gift shops—at the music stores—on motor row—one may now select important gifts with due regard for proper selection and Christmas delivery. Won't you this year be numbered amongst the early Christmas shoppers? It is the best way, really. You'll enjoy shopping now and your selection of gifts will be better, too. Remember the postal clerks. Mail packages early. The postmaster joins us in saying again, "Do Your Christmas Shopping Early."

Maple Leaf Economy Store — DRY GOODS AND FURNISHINGS

H. W. Hinton — JEWELLER AND WATCHMAKER

H. L. Harrison — BOOTS AND SHOES AND RUBBERS

Harold Wiles — CONFECTIONERY AND RESTAURANT

Kenney Bros. — BOOTS AND SHOES AND REPAIRING, VALISES AND SUIT CASES

Acton Co-Operative Store — GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

A. T. Brown — DRUGS, STATIONERY AND RADIO

McLean & Co. — DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES

Acton Produce & Grocery — C. K. BROWNE

J. McKeen — FAMILY BUTCHER

E. J. Hassard — DRUGGIST AND STATIONER

Nelson & Co. — DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES

Orrie Lamb — CASH AND CARRY BUTCHER SHOP

Red and White Store — J. W. JONES

W. R. E. Blair — PLUMBING AND TINSMITHING

W. D. Talbot — HARDWARE AND RADIOS

Watson's Bakery — BREAD, PIES AND CAKES

A. Reesor — DRY GOODS AND NOVELTIES

Poultry Pool of Canada — FAMILY BUTCHERS

Miss Jessie Galbraith — MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS

W. J. Stuckey — CABINETS AND PIANO LAMPS

H. A. Coxe — GARAGE AND AUTO ACCESSORIES

James Symon — GENERAL HARDWARE

J. M. Savage — ACTON FISH STORE

W. R. Lashbrook — PLUMBING AND HEATING

Johnstone & Co. — FURNITURE

George W. Benton — BUTCHER AND PURVEYOR

W. M. Cooper — GENTS' FURNISHINGS

M. Edwards & Co. — BAKERS AND GROCERS

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