1928			MARCH			1928
Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1928

WHAT COUNTS

It isn't what you mean to do a week ahead,
It isn't what you know you'll gain
When all annoyances have fled;
It isn't what you dreamed and planned—
Such hopes are but a phantom band—
The day's work counts.

The day's work counts—it isn't much,
The gain of those few painful hours;
But be content if there is shown
Some product of those sacred powers
Which guide each mind, uphold each hand;
Strive with the best at your command—
The day's work counts.

Neighborhood News

ERIN

Mr and Mrs. Maud and daughter, of Rockwood, visited with Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Bingham recently.

Mr. John McCaig has returned to Scotsguard, Sask., after spending two months' holidays with his parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kentner and Mr. Brown, of Acton, were Sunday visitors with Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Bingham.

Mr. and Mrs. Best, of Rochester, N. Y., motored and spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Pines. Mr. Earl Muze returned with them.

On Tuesday last two rinks of Orangeville curlers visited the local curlers and spent a pleasant day. Erin was two shots up on the day's play.

Last week Mr. J. H. Gibson built a snow plow on the front of a Fordson tractor and a number of business men spent a few hours opening the roads to the highways. The temporary plow proved a good outfit and made it possible for autos and trucks to get out to the main roads.—Advocate.

GEORGETOWN

Mr. W. P. Mills has disposed of his garage business and intends moving to Guelph.

Mr. Fred Erwin, who has been confined to his room for some weeks, is now improving nicely.

Mr. James Cleave, who was taken suddenly ill some ten days ago, is still confined to his room.

Col. G. O. Brown, who has been confined to his room for the past week, is able to be around again.

Mr. and Mrs. James Blair went to Toronto to-day to bring home their little son, Jimmie, who has been in the Sick Children's Hospital since early in December.

The sympathy of the community is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pressewood, of Esquesing, in their sad bereavement last Sunday by the sudden death of their dear little daughter, Edith Alberta.

Major Grant and his two granddaughters, Mrs. J. A. Early and Miss Helen Lawson, sailed from New York to-day for a trip through the West Indies and Panama Canal. They expect to be absent five or six weeks.—Herald.

MILTON

Milton High School teachers and students enjoyed a skating party at the Arena last Friday night.

Miss Madge Galbraith, of the St. Catharines High School teaching staff, spent the week-end at her home here.

Mrs. (Rev.) J. N. McPaul, who has been visiting her parents in Baltimore, Md., has returned home.

Clifford Hardy, who was operated upon a few weeks ago, is able to be out again.

At London, last week, the closing convocation of the Royal Arch Masons, John M. MacKenzie, druggist, Milton, was appointed one of the Grand Chapter officers.

Major J. Russell Peacock and bride have returned from their honeymoon and taken up their residence on Victoria Avenue, in the house formerly owned and occupied by Mrs. Gorham.

Mr. J. S. McCannell, Toronto, and son, Frank, of Milton, who have been on a motor trip to Florida, returned home last week. They report a very enjoyable outing in the Sunny South.—Reformer.

BURLINGTON

Mr. O. W. Rhynas returned on the 23rd from an extended trip to California and the coast.

Dr. and Mrs. T. W. Blanshard left last week for St. Petersburg, Fla., where they intend spending the month of March.

Miss Kathleen Dokin has been engaged as teacher in the Ancaster Public School and commences her duties to-morrow (Thursday).

Harold Wilson, son of Mr. Ed. Wilson, Freeman, who has been taking the commercial course at the High School, has taken a position with the Halliday Company.

Mrs. E. Thorpe, who recently underwent an operation at the Hamilton Hospital, was brought to her home here on Sunday last, and is progressing favorably.

For the past few weeks negotiations have been under way for the purchase of the Brant Inn, and it is now announced that the deal has been completed, and that the Inn has been purchased by Noble's, Limited, for $125,000. The Brant Inn is owned by Mr. A. B. Coleman, and is at present leased by a Toronto man. The lease expires on May 15, but it is expected the new concern will take over the property immediately. The new company anticipate making several changes, and provide an up-to-date bathing beach.—Gazette.

OAKVILLE

J. R. Grinham spent Sunday with his brother, F. W., at Kingston.

The Town Council will meet next Monday evening. Perhaps the matter of a fall assessment will again come up for discussion, particularly if the opinion of the town solicitor is laid before the Board.

The Gibson House has changed landlords. Chas. A. Decker has relinquished his tenancy and his son, Andrew Decker, has taken over this well-known hostelry. The new lessee is well and favorably known to the people of Oakville and district.

Our townsman, H. H. Chisholm, who skips a rink for the Victoria Curling Club in Toronto, was victorious in winning one of the big events in the big 'spiel, held in Toronto last week, when he and his assistants won the Wrigley trophy.—Record.

Urban Duncan, of London, spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Duncan.

A successful meeting of the Nine Line Literary Society was held on Tuesday evening, with a varied programme.

The remains of Mrs. Jas. Flood were brought to Oakville from Detroit on Saturday evening last and interred in St. Mary's Cemetery in the evening. The moon had risen before burial was made. Mrs. Flood had been living in Detroit for some time.

There were over a hundred ladies of town at the united prayer meeting in St. Jude's Parish Hall last Friday afternoon. Mrs. R. W. McNeil conducted the service, which was attended by ladies from all our churches.—Star.

The Free Press' Short Story

PLUCK

"YES," said the ironmaster, "first honesty, and then pluck — those are the things needful. Speaking of pluck, sir—" He stopped to answer the telephone, said "Yes," and "No" by turns for five minutes, and then resumed:

"Speaking of pluck, as you were doing just now, reminds me of a story, the beginning and end of which is that one word."

We settled ourselves in our chairs. We were sitting in the office of the ironworks, and the air was full of the sound of great hammers, crashing and pounding; of the sharp hiss of molten metal, and the clear ring of smitten steel.

"I was sitting here in this very chair," the ironmaster began, "one day about seven years ago, maybe eight. Time goes so fast, I hardly try to keep count of it in these days. At any rate here I was sitting, reading the newspaper, when there came a knock at the door.

"'Come in!' I said; and in walked a stranger. He was a young man, about 25 years old, dressed like a gentleman, though his clothes had seen a good deal of service. Tall, with his head held up, and grey eyes that met mine fair and square.

"Always look first at a man's eyes, my boy! If he looks you in the eye, he is worth trying. If his eyes shift about here and there, as if they did not know where to look, or were afraid of seeing something they did not like — have nothing to do with him! That's my experience!

"Well, this young man came up to my desk, and spoke without waiting for me, yet it was no want of manners, for his manners were good.

"'Good morning, sir!' he said; and his voice had a clear ring to it that I liked; 'I want work. Can you give me any?'

"I shook my head. We never took strangers in that way, and I don't recommend the practice at any time.

"'No, sir!' I said. 'We have no work here. Sorry I can't accommodate you.' I took up my paper again and looked to see him go out without more words; but he stood still. 'I must have work!' he said. 'I would try to give you something in return, and I tell you I must have work!'

"He spoke as if I had the work in my coat pocket, and as if he was determined to get it from me at any cost; yet perfectly respectful, you understand, with nothing I could take hold and get angry about.

"'My good sir,' I said, putting the paper down, 'there is no vacancy in this place. If you will give me your name and references, I will make a note of them, and some day when we do have a job to dispose of, I will remember you. That is the best I can do for you to-day.'

"The young man shook his head. 'That won't do!' he said. 'Think again, sir. Surely in this great place there must be something a strong, willing man can do. It is useless to talk of waiting till a vacancy occurs. I must have work now, to-day! It is absolutely necessary!'

"It was on the tip of my tongue to tell him that it was absolutely necessary for him to leave that office and shut the door after him; but I looked at him again, and didn't say it.

"I saw that he was telling the truth, and that he must have work. It was not that he looked shabby, or that there was any suspicion of whining or snivelling about him. If there had been, out he would have gone in real quick time. But there was a look in his eyes—well, I hardly know how to describe it, but the man was desperate, and had some reason for being so.

"'What kind of work do you want?' I asked, putting down the paper again.

"'Any kind.'

"'You mean that?'

"'I do. Anything that will put bread in the mouths of—' he choked a little and stopped. Then, 'I came from the States two days ago, with my wife and three children, and was robbed on the train of my wallet. I have not a penny!'

"'Come with me!' I said. And he followed me out of the works. His story might be true, or it might not, but I had thought of a way to test the metal of which he was made.

"The Stark Mill, in which I had some interest, had been partly burned a few days before, and I had a gang at work clearing away the rubbish. A dirty job it was; the men were up to their waists half the time in mud and water, and the whole place was a muddle of rusty iron and burnt timbers and what not—looked like the end of the world, and the wrong end at that.

"The gang I had on were mostly Italians—it was too dirty work for a Canadian to touch, and even the Irish were shy of it. They were little, dark, monkey-looking fellows, working away, and chattering in their unearthly gibberish. I glanced from them to my gentleman, with his clear white skin, and hands which showed that, whatever trade he had worked at, clearing away wreckage hadn't been part of it—though he looked like one who might have taken a good deal of exercise in athletic sports.

"'Here is a job!' I said. 'The only one I know of. How do you like it'

"'Well enough,' he said, as cool as possible.

"'You'll get a dollar and a half a day,' I told him. 'You'll probably get your death, too. When will you go to work?'

"'In an hour,' he said.

"Well, off he went, and I hardly expected to see him again. But before the hour was out he was back again, in a flannel undershirt and a pair of old trousers. He took his pickaxe, and down he went into that hole as if it was an evening party, sir.

"Well, I went back to the office. I couldn't be hanging around watching the men, or the boss would have been making trouble; but, my new hand stayed on my mind, somehow, and I strolled around by the wreck two or three times in the afternoon making some errand, you understand, in that direction.

"That man was working, sir, like a—like a house afire. The Italians are good fellows, none better, as a rule—but his pick went in and out three times to their twice, and there was no chattering in his corner of the hole. He had little breath to talk, if he wanted to, for though he was a muscular fellow, you could see with half an eye that he had never done such work before.

"The sweat poured down his face like rain, but he never stopped, never looked up, or knew that I or any one else was near—just plodded away, swinging that pick as if there were nothing else in the world.

"'That's pluck!' said I to myself. 'If he doesn't die he'll do!'

"For all that, I thought he would give out after the first day—didn't think his strength would last. When he came in for his pay at night he was shaky and pretty tired-looking; but he said never a word; just took his pay with the rest, and thanked me, and want out.

"The next morning I was very busy, and although I thought of my gentleman once or twice, I didn't manage to get down to the wreck till noon, soon after the whistle had blown for knocking off work.

"When I got there, I saw the Italians lying round on the ground or squatting on the fences, eating their black bread and sausages, and chattering away as usual; but no sight of my gentleman friend in the flannel shirt.

"'Oho,' I said to myself. 'One day was enough for it, was it?' And I thought it would have been enough for me, too. When you are not used to swing of a pick, the day it takes you in the back is something beyond belief. I turned away, and lo! there he was, sitting off in a corner by himself, all crouched up, with a great hunk of bread in one hand and a book in the other.

"I strolled up behind him and looked over his shoulder at the book. It was an Italian grammar, sir!

"My shadow falling on the book startled him, and he looked up. I suppose I must have looked astonished, as I felt, for he smiled, and said, 'I couldn't afford to lose such an opportunity! The boss is very friendly, and I have learned several phrases. Buon giorono signore!'

"'Are you a schoolmaster,' I said, 'and working down in that hole?'

"'No,' he said, quietly. 'I am a bookkeeper. It is a great advantage for a bookkeeper to be able to read and answer foreign letters, and although I have some knowledge of French, it has never come in my way to hear Italian spoken. So now is my chance. I got this grammar for fifteen cents,' he added, turning it over, with a smile—the book was pretty ragged and one cover was gone—'and I think I am getting on pretty well.'

"'Why in the name of everything foolish didn't you apply for a position as a bookkeeper,' I asked, 'instead of this kind of thing?'

"'Nobody will take a bookkeeper without references. I shouldn't think much of a firm that did, I suppose,' he said, flushing a little. 'My references were in my wallet that was stolen and it will be a week and more before I get new ones, as my native town is off the main lines, and letters take a good while to get there. I've always been fond of open-air exercise,' he added, with a quizzical look at the hole where he had been digging, 'and now I am getting lots of it.'

"'Black stiff?' I suggested.

"'So, so! I'll manage, though—often been worse after a day's rowing—and this is just as good bread as any other, and he took a bite out of his hunch, and looked at his book, as much as to say he had talked enough, and wanted to be back at his grammar.

"I walked off, and didn't see him again till he came for his pay in the evening, shaky again, but smiling as if he had had an excursion down to the harbor. So it went on till the fourth day. Every day I looked to see him give out, but his pluck kept up, and it's my belief he would have worked in that hole and got stronger and stronger—if something hadn't turned up.

"The fourth day I was sitting in the office when the door opened, and in came Green, from the boiler-works, over the way. 'Morning,' he said. 'Do you know of a bookkeeper? Our poor fellow, who's been sick for a long time, died yesterday. I have to think about getting another.'

"I shook my head, but an idea came to me.

"'Will you take a man on trial?'

"'What kind of a man?' asked Mr. Green.

"'Well, I hardly know,' said I, 'I think he's a pretty good kind, but I've only known him four days. I can answer for his working power,' and I told the man's story.

"Green went out with me, saw the young fellow, liked his looks, and engaged him on the spot. He finished the day's work, came out of his mud hole, shook hands with me, and the next day found a home for the rest of his life.

"That is seven or eight years ago, and he has been at the boiler-works ever since. If he's not to be made a partner soon, I've been misinformed to-day—and that is what put him into my head when you were talking about pluck just now. That man, sir, had the real article; and when a man has the real article, and is honest to boot, don't talk to me about his not succeeding in life. Going? Well, good morning! . Good luck to you in your new adventure, and let your watchword be—Pluck!"

Relieves Asthma at Little Expense.—Thousands of dollars have been vainly spent upon remedies for asthma and seldom, if ever, with any relief. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy, despite its assurance of benefit, costs as little that it is within reach of all. It is the national remedy for asthma, far removed from the class of doubtful and experimental preparations. Your dealer can supply it

DISQUALIFIED

The Old Men's Club of Shrubville—an informal organization which had a membership of seven—had its own modest but fixed ideas as to the equipment necessary to a man who wished to stand well with the world.

"I haven't got anything to say against that man from Boston," remarked one of the members to a courageous person who had suggested a possible addition to the club, "but he isn't out kind, that's all. He's—well, I don' know as I'd call him shif-less, but he's sort o' shackless, anyway."

"Why, he always looks so neat, and he seems to be fond of walking, and he's always busy," said the Boston man's champion, vainly endeavoring to offer a fitting recommendation for the old gentleman which would gain his admittance to the charmed circle."

"All may be," said the Shrubville member, with an irritated hitch of his shoulders, "but he's shackless all the same. Why, we invited him once to walk up to Haven's Grove with us, and he went. An' when we were all sitting there, whittling twigs and swapping stories, turned out that man didn't have a jack-knife to his name—no, ma'am!"

Sores Flee Before It. There are many who have been afflicted with sores and have driven them away with Dr Thomas' Eclectric Oil. All similarly troubled should lose no time in applying this splendid remedy, as there is nothing like it to be had. It is cheap, but its power is in no way expressed by its low price

REMARKABLE WEATHER

A story-telling contest between two old settlers, recorded in the Argonaut, stimulated their memories to such an extent that they recollected fogs that surpass the most picturesque descriptions of those past masters of the art of exaggeration—the ancient mariners of our coasts.

"The worst fog I ever seen," said the first old settler, "was back in '74. I remember I had to go to the henhouse that night, and the fog was so blame thick I had to get the three hired-men to push me through it."

"I remember that there '74 fog well," said the second old settler, "but it wa'n't nothin' to the '63 one. That was a fog! Solid! Why, us boys sat on the fence behind the distillery all that day makin' fog balls and heavin' 'em at the people that went by."

The Oil of the People.—Many oils have come and gone, but Dr Thomas' Eclectric Oil continues to maintain its position and increase its sphere of usefulness each year. Its sterling qualities have brought it to the front and kept it there, and it can truly be called the oil of the people. Thousands have benefitted by it, and would use no other preparation.

"Say Dad"

WHAT IS REAL COURTESY?

"When you were a boy, Dad, were you always polite?"

"I think Little Lord Fauntleroy came nearer to winning the title, Dick. What's up now?"

"O, I'm sick and tired of being told how to act! Why can't we all just be natural and let it go at that?"

"Because it's natural for a lot of us to be rather obnoxious. However, tons of thousands of folks feel exactly as you do about it and act accordingly. Why don't you ally yourself with that crowd? They'll welcome you with open arms."

"I think you're kidding me, Dad! Where are these 'natural' people?"

"Almost everywhere. Some of their shining lights are always to be found in subway trains. A notable example of their kind blocked my exist at Times Square the other morning, insisting upon getting into the car before I got out of it, although two brass-lunged guards were howling: 'Let 'em off first!' "

"I don't mean that I want to be like that, Dad."

"I know you don't. Take a gentler case. Five of us, to-night, tried to maintain our equilibrium by holding on to one of the white-enameled uprights in another crowded car, but a young man, who looked as though too many cigarettes had weakened his spine, leaned back against it, covering all the space any one but a giant could reach."

"He was one kind of road hog we met."

"And it was natural for him to hog all the comfort as he rode. When a jerk of the train had pried him loose for a second, I took hold in such a way that my knuckles gouged unpleasantly into the aforesaid spine. He turned around and glared at me as though the support were his private property and doubled up a wicked-looking fist. Without relaxing my grip and in my friendliest manner, I reminded him that the rod had been built into the car not for use as a cot, but for something that six or eight hands might clutch.

"Now, jumping right into the heart of the subject, Dick, just what is politeness? Rather, what is courtesy? For that's what your mother and I wish to become natural to you."

"Why! er—not acting like a roughneck, and—"

"Courtesy is the showing of consideration for others. Back of it, to say the least, must be a sense of justice—'You have some rights as well as I'—and common sense that tells us what a state of pandemonium we'd be in if no one gave a thought to law and order; but the truest courtesy springs from a genuine feeling of kindliness for our fellow men. It's the Golden Rule, prompted by the heart as well as the mind."

"That's all so, of course, Dad, but I was kicking against the hundreds of little things a fellow's supposed to remember, like going upstairs ahead of a lady—"

"More easily to protect her from anyone or anything coming down."

"And down an aisle behind her—"

"Because there's an usher ahead."

"Well, why do we take off our hats and shake hands? How'd the idea ever start?"

"A man's 'hat' used to be part of his armor, often protecting his face, as you must know. He never removed it in the presence of an enemy—if he could help it. Holding out the empty hand proved that it held no weapon. Don't you see, Dick, that all these little customs have sense back of them?"

"I begin to, Dad. Being polite—I mean courteous—will be more interesting after his. What about touching a napkin to my lips every time before I drink. That seems—"

"Do you like to see a greasy mark left on a glass?"

"That's so. And I must say, 'I beg your pardon!' as I climb past the knees of people at a show."

"You must not! That expression is now considered only one point better than the awful 'leased to meechu!' we used to hear. 'Sorry' is not only proper but sensible. One can hardly be pardoned who has not been sentenced.

"The most punctilious observance of the rules of etiquette will never make a gentleman of a boor, but the disregard of them may make even the gentleman conspicuous and awkward. They are among the niceties of life, and when known and understood and practised naturally serve to oil the machinery of social intercourse so that we—"

"Don't hear the grinding of the wheels! How's that, Dad? Am I right there with the metaphorical stuff? Am I?"

"Amazingly so, Dick—amazingly so!"

One of the most effective vermifuges on the market is Miller's Worm Powders. They will not only clear the stomach and bowels of worms, but will prove a very serviceable medicine for children in regulating the infantile system and restoring to health and vigor. Being a vegetable preparation they are safe to administer to children without the slightest fear of injurious consequences. Mothers who have used them are their strongest advocates. Miller's Worm Powders are sold by all dealers in medicine.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

A gentleman in a country town, says the New York Ledger, recently became conscious of most suspicious glances cast upon him by his neighbors and acquaintances. Then he became aware that his footsteps were dogged.

A constable was occasionally seen round his house, and subsequently a stranger, who afterward turned out to be a detective, appeared. Tortured and troubled, the gentleman at last asked a friend the meaning of it all.

"Don't you know?" said he. "They suspect you of murder."

"Of murder?" said the horrified man. "What do you mean?"

"You received a postal card last week?"

"Very likely I received a dozen."

"But on this one were written these words: 'Be sure and save the sun, but kill the father,' and the postmaster read."

But at this a smile, ending in a laugh, broke in upon the dialogue. The postal card had come from a theatrical manager, for whom the gentleman had written a play, which the manager wanted amended in certain particulars.

Hard and soft corns both yield to Holloway's Corn Remover, which is entirely safe to use, and certain and satisfactory in its action.

THE OLD CHESTNUT TREE

Under the spreading chestnut tree
The reckless urchin stands,
A vandal and a scamp is he,
With most mischievous hands,
And sticks and stones he throws aloft
And many a chestnut lands.

What cares he though he breaks the boughs
And knocks off leaves and twigs,
And makes the sidewalk look as if
'Twere overrun with pigs?
He's got afraid of the cop—if one
Should come along, he "digs."

What does the thoughtless urchin do
With the fruit of all this toil;
This annual ruin of the trees,
Which the cop doesn't seem to foil?
He "don't do nothin' with 'em, see?"—
Just leaves them there to spoil.

Or else, perchance, he gathers them
All round, and hard, and green,
And stores them in some safe retreat
Awaiting Hallowe'en,
When they are used for "pegging doors"
And raising people's spleen.

J. W. Bengough.

CUTTING DOWN TREES IN TOWN

I confess to you readers of this column it gives me a keen sense of regret when I observe persons engaged in cutting down trees on our public streets, which were planted years ago by citizens who aimed by planting these trees to beautify the surroundings.

My old blood has often boiled when I have seen telephone and electric light employees slash the heart out of many of our beautiful maples with impunity. I suppose modern inventions require this work to be done, but, according to my observations, this work could be done in a manner which would leave the trees more symmetrical and less damaged in appearance.

But what hurts me most is to see trees which have been growing on the streets, or adjacent thereto, for fifty or sixty years, slaughtered. I came along Mill Street one morning a few weeks ago and found a chopper engaged in felling a spruce which had been growing there for over seventy years. It is true the lower limbs had died, but the tree had a beautiful evergreen top. If the dead branches had been cleared off the perfectly straight trunk, with its evergreen plume on the top, would have lived for years, resembling an Oriental palm tree, and keeping green the memory of the late William Lawson, the early resident of the property, who planted it.

A couple of trees on Willow Street were chopped down about the first of the year, the removal of which not only left an ugly gap, but showed the adjacent dwelling in anything but an attractive form. I think surely if the owner of the property could have foreseen how much the appearance of his home had depreciated, he would have thought more carefully about securing the Council's permission to cut these trees. It is a matter of municipal record that about twenty years ago the Council then in power refused a previous owner permission to cut these trees.

The other day I was up Main Street for a stroll and I saw a couple of citizens engaged in cutting a large willow tree which grew slantingly over the stream on the west side of Fairview Cemetery, recently acquired by the Board of Education. Now that willow—write some of us saw it growing there for half a century and more—had outlived its usefulness and the vicinity was improved by its removal. But, for the life of me I cannot account for the action of the members of the Board of Education, who are sane, tree-loving men, giving the order for cutting down the half dozen or more of beautiful maples on Education Lane. This was one of the finest avenues in town, and had been growing unmolested for over fifty years. One man explained to me that members of the Board thought the trees were too close together. Perhaps they were a little closer than necessary, but the cutting out of every other one certainly did not improve the contour and general appearance of those left. Being growing close together through all the years the sides were not as fully developed as if they had been planted a little further apart at the outset. The cutting out of the added trees failed to improve those left in any respect, and they will never recover from the loss of their companion trees. They now resemble armless orphans.

I've been fretting for a year to say another thing about the slaughtering of growing trees, wholesale underbrushing and all, which took place in Fairview Cemetery. The complete eradication of every tree and shrub growing in the low spot between the front sections of Fairview and Monument Hill, resulted in a barren waste, where heretofore hundreds of our citizens regarded the place as a beauty spot, only requiring a little trimming here and there and a rustic foot bridge, connecting the front and rear sections, to have a feature at once attractive and convenient. Unless systematic replanting is effected there, under some experienced supervision, this former attractive spot will continue for years to be a barren, unloveling swail. I'll never forget the feeling Mary and I had the first time we came upon the evidences of the havoc wrought when we visited Fairview to spend a half hour or so at the graves of departed loved ones. Honestly, I declare to you, tears of sorrow and regret welled up when the barren swail came into view.

My heart turns to the poem in the old school reader, "Woodman! spare that tree," and I wonder that such loyalty was implanted in the hearts of all who learned its mute but impressive appeal, that no graduate of our schools would ever sacrifice a tree, when its associations are so generally sacred.

The trees are indeed our companions, clothed by us with associations appealing and responding at once to our sense of beauty, and preserving, as it were, with tender care our choicest memories.

THE OLD ELM

Spot of my youth! whose hoary branches sigh,
Swept by the breeze, that fans thy cloudless sky;
Where now alone I muse, who oft have trod,
With those I loved, thy soft and verdant sod;
With those who scatter'd far, perchance deplore,
Like me, the happy scenes they knew before;
Oh! as I trace again thy winding hill,
Thou drooping elm! beneath whose boughs I lay,
And frequent mused the twilight hours away,
Where, as they once were wont, my limbs recline,
But, ah! without the thoughts which then were mine
How do thy branches, moaning to the blast,
Invite the bosom to recall the past,
And seem to whisper, as they gently swell,
"Take, while thou can'st, a lingering, last farewell."

Lord Byron

For the sake of the memories, so sweet to many of us older folk, please spare the trees, you younger folk, won't you?

The Old Man

A FAIR OFFER

The young housewife was thrifty and, as a writer in the Chicago News hints, a trifle pert.

"You ought to take something off for the holes in these doughnuts," she said to the baker.

"Certainly, madam," he replied, blandly. "We always allow one cent each for the holes when they are returned."

When Sourness, Pain and Bloating Follow Every Meal

Make This Simple Test For Swift And Sure Relief

To quickly prove 20 per cent. of Stomach distress is absolutely unnecessary and that you can eat and enjoy most any food you really want, get from your druggist some Bisurated Magnesia (powder or tablets) and take a little after your next meal. This is a simple, inexpensive test that can be depended upon to prove its value in four minutes. In most instances, relief comes instantly!

Bisurated Magnesia is a pleasant, harmless, non-laxative form of old fashioned Magnesia that, when taken after meals, cleanses, sweetens and neutralizes the dangerous acids that cause most stomach troubles. One day's trial will convince you. Ask your druggist for Bisurated Magnesia today

Re-roof this Year with RIB-ROLL

the Permanent Roofing for Barns, Houses, Sheds

LOW in initial cost...comes in big sheets—easy and quick to lay...permanent...leak-proof...handsome in appearance. Prevents fires... increases value of property. Made of famous "Council Standard" galvanized sheets. Give size of roof for free estimate. Write to:

Eastern Steel Products *Limited*
PRESTON, ONT.
Successor to Metal Shingle and Siding Co. Ltd.

The happy merchant

Never before in the history of the world has it been possible for a merchant to good credit to do so much business with so little capital locked up in stock.

One important reason for the present prosperity is, that instead of having to buy a big stock at the beginning of each season, he is now able to buy small stocks and replenish them promptly by Long Distance.

Keep your customers for miles around coming to you for whatever they need. Invent ways of inducing them to visit your store or to order from you by Long Distance and they tell us—you will not be seriously bothered by competition.

Long Distance—making happy merchants in some towns. Don't overlook its great possibilities.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

717

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

The Orange Pekoe is extra good

In clean, bright Aluminum

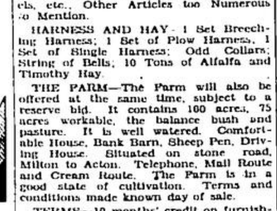
HE HAD WAITED A LONG TIME

Bill Hye, when a young man, once made an engagement with a lady to take her driving. The appointed day came, but at the livery-stable all the horses were taken save one old, shaky, exceedingly gaunt beast. Mr. Hye hired it, and drove to his friend's residence.

The lady kept him waiting nearly an hour before she was ready, and then, on viewing the shabby outfit, flatly refused to accompany Mr. Hye.

"Why," she exclaimed, "that horse may die of old age any moment!"

"Madam," Mr. Hye replied, "when I arrived that horse was a prancing young colt."



Eggs on Hand Always

If there ever was such a thing as a perpetual egg machine, it's a hen that is kept laying throughout the year with PRATTS POULTRY REGULATOR. We give you a "money-back guarantee" that

Pratts POULTRY REGULATOR

will make your hens lay more eggs, or your dealer will give back the money you paid for it. PRATTS POULTRY REGULATOR costs a cent a month per hen, or a cent a day for thirty hens. It's the cheapest egg-supply insurance you can buy.

Pratt Food Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

Sold By
W. D. TALBOT—ACTON, ONT.

CLEARING AUCTION SALE

IN ESQUESING TOWNSHIP

FARM, FARM STOCK, IMPLEMENTS

The undersigned has received instructions from

THOMAS KELLY

to sell by Public Auction at the farm, Lot 20, 2nd Line, Esquesing, three miles south of Acton, on stone road, on

TUESDAY, MARCH 13, 1928

at one o'clock sharp, the following:

HORSES — Matched Team of Bay Horses, good in all harness; Gray Mare, 16 years; Grey Percheron Filly, rising 4 years, well broken.

COWS — 1, Jersey, due date March 15; Black Cow, due April 1st; Spotted Cow, due June 20; Red Cow, due May 18.

YOUNG CATTLE—3 Steers, rising 2 years; 1 Heifer, rising 2 years; 5 Spring Calves.

PIGS—1 Sow, due March 28; 1 Sow, due March 7; 2 Young Sows, due March 27; 9 Pigs, 3 months old.

OXFORD SHEEP — 4 Oxford Down Ewes; 2 Oxford Down Ewe Lambs; 1 Oxford Down Ram.

POULTRY—50 Hens; 2 Roosters; 1 Goose; 1 Gander.

IMPLEMENTS—Massey-Harris Binder, 6 foot cut; Frost & Wood Mower, 5 foot cut; Deering Seed Drill; Massey-Harris Cultivator; Set of Harrows; 2 Plows; Scuffler; Set of Sloop Sleighs, nearly new; Lumber Wagon; Hay Rack; Buggy; 2 Cutters; Gasoline Engine, nearly new; Circular Saw; Turnip Sower; 1 Land Roller; Grindstone; Hay Rake; 2 Turnip Pulpers; Gravel Box; Panning Mill; Light Sleigh with Pole; Buggy Pole; Sugar Kettle; 3 Sets of Double Trees; Neckyokes; Set of Log Bunks; 2 Boulsters; 1 two-wheel Truck Wagon; Ladder; 1 set of Twin Neckyokes; Forks, Hoes, Chains, Clevices, Crowbars, Shovels, etc., Other Articles too Numerous to Mention.

HARNESS AND HAY — Set Breeching Harness; 1 Set of Plow Harness; 1 Set of Single Harness; Odd Collars; String of Bells; 10 Tons of Alfalfa and Timothy Hay.

THE FARM—The Farm will also be offered at the same time, subject to a reserve bid. It contains 100 acres, 75 acres workable, the balance bush and pasture. It is well watered. Comfortable House, Bank Barn, Sheep Pen, Driving House. Situated on stone road, Milton to Acton. Telephone, Mail Route and Cream Route. The Farm is in a good state of cultivation. Terms and conditions made known day of sale.

TERMS—10 months' credit on furnishing approved joint notes. 5% off for cash. Hay, fowl and sums of $10.00 and under, cash.

R. J. KERR, Auctioneer, Phone 36, Acton.
C. O. PLANK, Clerk.

THE 4th UNRESERVED DISPERSION AUCTION SALE

TOWNSHIP OF ERAMOSA

CLYDE HORSES, 30 HIGH-GRADE CATTLE, YORKSHIRE HOGS, 50 REGISTERED OXFORD DOWN SHEEP, SEED GRAIN

The undersigned has received instructions from

DAN. LAWSON

to sell by Public Auction at Lot 28, Town Line, Erin and Eramosa, one mile south of Minosa, on

THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1928

at 1 o'clock sharp, the following:

HORSES Clyde Mare, rising 7 years, Clyde Mare, rising 8 years, weight about 3,000 lbs., right every way, a real team; 1 Bay Gelding, 6 years old; 1 Bay Mare, 7 years old. These are all Clydesdales.

10 COWS 1 Red Cow, fresh; 1 White Cow, fresh; 1 Part Jersey Cow, due May 18, milking well; 1 Red Cow, fresh; 1 Lone Cow, fresh; 1 Holstein Cow, fresh; 1 Black Cow, due April 27; 1 Holstein Cow, due time of sale; 1 Holstein Cow, due March 5; 1 Roan Cow, due in March.

5 YOUNG CALVES 1 Roan Heifer Calf; 1 Holstein Calf; 1 Hereford Heifer Calf; 1 Black Calf; 1 Red Calf.

YOUNG CATTLE 2 Roan Steers, rising 2 years; 2 Red Steers; 1 Roan Steer; 1 Hereford Steer; 2 Black Heifers; 1 Red Heifer; 1 White Heifer. These Heifers would make choice cows.

YEARLINGS 1 Red Heifer, 1 year old; 1 Black Heifer, rising 1 year old; 2 Spotted Heifers, rising 1 year; 1 Black Heifer, rising 1 year; 2 Roan Heifers, 1 year old; 1 Red Steer, 1 year old; 1 White Steer, 1 year old. These Cattle are well bred and in the pink of condition.

PIGS 6 Chunks, about 140 lbs.; 9 Chunks, between 80 and 90 lbs.; 9 Pure York Sows, bred to farrow in April; 6 Pure Bred Sows, bred by R. J. Robertson. These Sows will register if desired, and are of the famous Oak Lodge Cinderella strain, and will farrow in April, also bred to Pure Bred Hog.

REGISTERED OXFORD SHEEP 30 Good Breeding Ewes, in lamb to a Pure Bred Oxford Down Ram, bred by J. I. Black, Fergus, whose stock has been consistent winners at the leading fairs. 20 Pure Bred Oxford Down Ewes, eligible for registration before December 15, 1929, bred to a Ram from the noted Barbour flock, Tower Farm, Hillsburg. 1 Ram, bred by Barbour, Hillsburg.

GRAIN AND POTATOES About 100 Bushels of Goose Wheat and Barley mixed, splendid sample for seed mixing; about 100 Bags of Good Seed Potatoes of the Dooley variety and Early Record.

Don't fail to attend this Sale if you wish to lay the foundation for a Flock of Sheep or procure some of the Hogs that have made Canadian bacon famous and be in the business at the proper time. Positively No Reserve, as usual. Plenty of shed accommodation for Horses.

Remember the Date—March 15—Time and Place of This Sale

TERMS $10 and under, cash; over that amount 10 months' credit will be given on furnishing approved joint notes by the Royal Bank, Orton. 5% off for cash. Grain and Potatoes cash.

R. J. KERR, Auctioneer, Phone 36, Acton.

Business Directory

MEDICAL

DR. J. A. McNIVEN
Physician and Surgeon
Office and Residence—Corner Bower Avenue and Elgin Street.

LEGAL

Phone No. 22 P. O. Box 335
HAROLD NASH FARMER, M. A.
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, Etc.
PERRYMAN BLOCK ACTON, ONT.
MONEY LENT ON MORTGAGES
Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Saturdays—12.00 o'clock

DENTAL

DR. J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S
Dentist
Honor Graduate of Toronto University. The latest anesthetic used if desired.
Office at residence, Corner of Mill and Frederick Streets.

DR. J. H. JOHNSON D.D.S. L.D.S.
Dental Surgeon
Office over Bank of Nova Scotia
TELEPHONE 45

MISCELLANEOUS

FRANCIS NUNAN
Bookbinder
Account books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.
Wyndham Street - Guelph, Ont
(Over Williams' Store)

R. J. KERR