The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1929

LITTLE MISS APRIL

Merry Miss April!
Your sunshine and showers,
Your smiles and your frowns,
And your lovely spring flowers,

Bewitch and delight us,
Don't hurry, we pray;
For we love you as much
As your twin sister May.

Health Service of the Canadian Medical Association

THE HEALTHY HOME

Very frequently we have mentioned that the health of each of us depends, in large measure, upon ourselves. We must make use of the information given to us concerning the prevention of disease and the maintenance of health if it is to be of any practical value. In the same way, it is true that whether or not the home is a healthy one depends upon the people who live in it. But that being true, it is also true that some homes are so built that it is very difficult, if not impossible, to make of any one of them a healthy home.

When a house is to be built or rented, the question as to whether or not it is so constructed and so situated that it can be made a healthy home, should receive attention. Some of the points which are of the greatest importance are brought to the attention of our readers.

Every room in the house should have a good-sized window which opens and looks out upon a street, a yard or a large court. This allows for the free entrance of air into the room. Air is an absolute necessity and, therefore, rooms without windows opening into the outer air are quite unfit to live in. Alcove rooms without a window are practically as bad as windowless rooms, as they are impossible to ventilate.

Every home should have reasonable facilities for cleanliness. There should be a kitchen sink, wash-basin and bath, with hot-water connections. Body cleanliness and particularly clean hands, are important. If the hands are to be washed regularly before meals, if teeth are to be cleaned twice a day, if a hot bath is to be taken at least once a week, it is necessary that facilities be provided for all these.

The kitchen is an important room because diet is so important. Proper places for storing food and milk and adequate facilities for washing dishes, all make it much easier for the housewife to prepare and serve the various diets that are required for health.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered personally by correspondence.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of The Free Press of Thursday, April 15, 1909

Wheat is quoted at $1.10 this week.

The straw hat is again in evidence.

Farmers have commenced their spring plowing and seeding.

Rev. Father Arnold was at Hamilton at the special Lenten services several days last week.

Mr. John A. Mowat has purchased from Mr. John Cameron the new two-storey brick residence on Main Street.

Mr. William Anderson has purchased from the Ellen Warren estate the vacant lot adjoining his property at the corner of Young and Peel Streets.

The opening night of the new Sons of England Society will be held in the Oddfellows' Hall on Friday evening, 16th.

Mr. Samuel Nalsh has sold the Acton Dairy business to Mr. M. Sinclair, Young Street.

At the service in the Congregational Church, Churchill, on Sunday afternoon, Rev. B. A. G. Willoughby announced that he had tendered his resignation as pastor of the churches at Georgetown and Churchill. This will take place on May 1. Rev. Mr. Willoughby goes to Chicago to take a post graduate course in theology.

A farewell banquet to Mr. W. Stark was tendered by the members of Walker Lodge A. F. & A. M., on Monday evening. During the lodge meeting Mr. Stark was made the recipient of a beautiful Past Master's Jewel, the presentation being made by P. M. Dr. Lawson, R. Shaw, W. M., in the chair. Warm fraternal words were spoken by Past Masters A. T. Brown, D. M. Henderson, A. J. McKinnon, G. R. McIntosh, R. M. McDonald and others. Mr. Stark has been for twenty-four years an esteemed resident of Acton, and for twenty-one years has been one of the most active members of Walker Lodge. At the conclusion of lodge business the members retired to the Acton House, where a very enjoyable banquet was held in Mr. Stark's honor. He will leave in a few days for Vancouver, B. C.

MARRIED

BOETTGER-MATTHEWS—At the residence of the bride's parents, Berlin, on Monday, April 12, 1909, by Rev. S. E. Marshall, B. D., William Boettger, son of Prof. C. P. Boettger, to Ida Evelyn, third daughter of Edward Matthews, all of Berlin.

DIED

LEAVENS—In Acton, on Thursday, April 8, 1909, Charles Leavens, in his 70th year.

MacMURCHY—At Hillsburg, on Thursday, April 8, Donald MacMurchy, aged 81 years.

MacDONALD—At the General Hospital, Guelph, on Friday, April 9, 1909, Donald E. MacDonald, fifth son of the late Evan MacDonald, and a member of the firm D. E. MacDonald & Bros., dry goods merchants, in his 44th year.

Externally or Internally, It is Good.—When applied externally by brisk rubbing, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil opens the pores and penetrates the tissue, touching the seat of the trouble and immediately affording relief. Administered internally, it will still the irritation in the throat which induces coughing and will relieve affections of the bronchial tubes and respiratory organs. Try it and be convinced.

THE DARK SIDE

Certainly life has its darker side. But the world is full of light. The sun is shining upon the cloud even if the fog hangs low and the vapor seems to envelope us in semi-darkness. So it is that "The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud."

But there is more than peace of mind in looking on the brighter side of life.

So long as our eyes are fixed upon the hindrances that vex, we become actually blind to the opportunities appealing to us and the possibilities stretching skyward ahead of us. We need our eyes clear to see, and our hands free to lay hold, and our hearts unhampered in order to put red blood into the good work that bids us on.

Look on the bright side as you pass through it!

A Household Medicine.—They that are acquainted with the sterling properties of Dr Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the treatment of many ailments would not be without it in the house. It is truly a household medicine and as it is effective in dealing with many ordinary complaints it is an inexpensive medicine. So, keep it at hand, as the call for it may come most unexpectedly.

A DEFINITION

"Father, what are heirs and executors?"

Father: "Heirs are the descendants of folks with money and executors are the folks that wish they were dead."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

FOR SUNDAY, APRIL 14, 1929

HEZEKIAH LEADS HIS PEOPLE BACK TO GOD

Golden Text.—Jehovah your God is gracious and merciful.—2 Chron. 30: 9.

Sunday: Preliminary.

Read the entire chapter.

Glance over the account of the first passover in Ex. 12 and 13.

Consider the relation between the passover and the Lord's supper.

The place is Jerusalem and the time B. C. 722.

Monday: The Passover Decree

V. 1.—Hezekiah was the good king who was the friend of Isaiah. Ephraim and Manasseh were the principal tribes of Israel, the Northern Kingdom.

V. 2.—The princes were royal officers of high rank, and the assembly was a popular body. The passover should have been held in the first month of the year, our March-April, but under exceptional circumstances it might be held a month later.

V. 3.—Not enough priests were ceremonially purified to sacrifice the enormous number of lambs that would be required. The people had got out of the habit of going to Jerusalem to attend passovers. It is sadly easy to get out of the churchgoing habit.

V. 5.—"From Beer-sheba" (in the far south) "to Dan" (in the far north) was a proverb for the entire extent of Palestine.

Tuesday: The proclamation.

V. 6.—The letters were carried through the land by swift runners, the primitive "posts." The "children of Israel" were the people of the Northern Kingdom, whom Hezekiah wished to unite once more with Judah, not politically, but spiritually.

No. 7.—The Northern Kingdom had been overrun by Assyrians twice and was to fall at their hands in four years.

V. 8.—The Northern Kingdom had turned away from God and had fallen into bestial idolatries, from which the Southern Kingdom had been comparatively free.

V. 9.—Hezekiah was to prove in his own life the merciful kindness of Jehovah, of which he spoke so confidently.

Wednesday: Mockery and Obedience.

V. 10.—Most of the Northern people mocked at the earnest message, thus showing the spirit which brought about their downfall.

V. 11.—The men of the North that came to Jerusalem deserve double credit, for they followed their conscience against the clamor of the mob.

V. 12.—The people of Judah had who heart because they had one God and were true to Him. This is the secret of unity.

V. 13, 14.—There were idolatrous altars in Jerusalem, as well as in the North, and Judah was purified by their destruction.

Thursday: The Great Passover.

V. 15.—The priests and Levites might well have been ashamed, for it should have been they that led the people in this reform; they had to follow the people in the cleansing.

Vs. 16-20.—Hezekiah showed common sense by not insisting on the letter of the law of ceremonial purification, so long as the spirit of the law was observed. He is a wise man who knows how to postpone non-essentials.

V. 12.—The gladness was what made the passover. If the feast had been celebrated with gloom and unwillingly, it would not have pleased the Lord.

V. 22.—The gladness of the worshippers was born of their repentance and confession. There can be no joy till the heart is right with God.

Friday: Still More.

V. 23.—One week of the passover was not enough. The people enjoyed it so much that they must have another week of it. An encored week of worship!

V. 24.—The liberal giving showed that Hezekiah and his princes were in earnest. "Money talks" in such a case as this, and speaks the praises of Jehovah.

Saturday: Unsurpassed since Solomon

V. 25.—"The sojourners" were proselytes to Judaism from heathenism, and they had double cause for rejoicing, on account of the foulness they had left, and the glorious religion they had found.

V. 26.—The great celebration at the dedication of the temple under Solomon, and the enormous scale on which that monarch maintained the temple services, constituted a standard which could not be reached while the kingdom was divided.

V. 27.—The real climax of the passover was the prayers that rose to God, for nearness to God was the goal of the commemoration.

GREATLY DISAPPOINTED

Famous men are not always famous-looking, and in fact the same may be said of men who are not only famous, but great. Great generals, great poets, great statesmen, and even great preachers have sometimes been weak in bodily presence. And still it is natural for us to form an exalted idea of personages about whom we have read, as did a Maryland farmer's wife. She and her husband had gone to Washington to see the sights.

They had taken fleeting observations of the State, War and Navy building, of the White House, the Treasury building, the Patent Office, the Post Office and the Pension Office, and then, after a hurried run about the Smithsonian and the Museum, they had gone to the Capitol. Here they had no sooner reached the rotunda than a guide offered his services.

"What can you show us?" inquired the farmer.

"Everything that is to be seen," replied the guide.

"Is it wuth payin' for?"

"Well, I should say it was. This is the finest building in the world."

"But we can see for ourselves, I reckon, can't we?"

"Oh, yes, but you won't know half what you see. There, for instance, goes a United States Senator," said the guide, pointing out a well-known statesman of neither impusing appearance nor conspicuous neatness of attire, hurrying along toward the House side.

The old lady was interested at once. She had read of senators in the papers, and held them in great awe. It took her some time to make up her mind that what she saw was really a senator. Then she turned to her husband.

"Huh!" she said, in a tone of sincere disappointment. "Is 'that a senator? Well, I thought I was goin' to see somethin' that was wuth look'n' at when I saw a senator. Come on, Hiram," she added, taking him by the arm. "If he can't show us anythin' better'n that, I ain't wuth payin' for," and she dragged her husband away.

REAL CONVENIENT

"Two Irishmen, who were students at Trinity College, Dublin, had been to a dinner. Both dined and wined well, and while wending their way homeward became separated. One of them retraced his footsteps in search of his friend, and found him seated on the pavement, his back supported by a friendly lamp post.

"Oh! Get up, William," he said, "It's very late. We must be getting home." With a wink at his chum, he replied: "I'm not such a fool as you take me for, I'm waiting."

"What on earth are you waiting for?"

"Well," he said, with a wave of his arm, "can't you see all these houses going round and round? I'm only waiting here for my lodging to come and then I'll just pop in."

TOYS FOR THE BABY

In the course of his brief but eventful life of seven months and twenty-two days Baby Morenstow had received many gifts. On the very day of his birth Grandfather Morenstow started a bank account for him, and Grandfather Paxon promptly followed with a block of railroad stock. The grandmothers had lavished silver and fine linen upon him. The aunts on both sides had given him so many strings of coral and pins and things that his proud mother almost regretted that her first baby was not a girl. Uncle Jack had promised a pony as soon as his legs lengthened a little.

But, strangely enough, among all this splendor and substance, there was not a single plaything—unless Great-Aunt Henrietta's gift, a carved ivory rattle, once the top of a small royalty, and now almost too precious to be handled by grown-ups, could be regarded as a toy; and when his mother realized this she felt aggrieved.

"Just think," she said to the baby's father one evening, after they had witnessed the nightly miracle of his dropping off to sleep, "just think, the poor little fellow hasn't a single thing to play with! Not even a woollen rabbit."

"It's up to us," the baby's father cheerfully observed.

The very next day Mrs. Morenstow was called to the telephone.

"Yes, It's Jimmy," came over the wire in her husband's voice. "I'm at Kaiser's. Yes, the toyshop. Come down as soon as you can, please. I'll meet you at the door. What for? Why, to help buy things for baby."

Twenty minutes later he met her at Kaiser's door, and firmly grasping her arm, hurried her through the big shop.

"Oh!" she suddenly exclaimed. "See that little Saratoga trunk! It's got a real lock and key, Jimmy!"

"We'll stop on our way back," said he gently dragging her on.

He stopped at a counter of mechanical toys, and the clerk smiled in unsurprised greeting.

"There!" said Mr. Morenstow. "Do you see that little fire-engine, Ethel, with all that apparatus?"

"Oh! But Jimmy, it isn't for a baby."

"They begin to play fire—almost right away."

"But not before they can walk!" she said. "When he's bigger, perhaps. By and by—"

"Nonsense, Ethel!" he said. "I was only a little, a very little older, when I began to want one."

"Now a rubber doll—" she said, reasonably.

"One of those painted squawkers!" he said, rudely.

"Jimmy, why have you so set your mind on a fire-engine for baby?"

"Well, you see," he said, softly, his boyish face flushed, "as far back as I can remember I always wanted a fire-engine for Christmas and nobody ever gave me one—and say, Ethel, did you never want—"

"Yes—awfully!"

Mrs. Morenstow turned to the clerk with sudden decision.

"Will you please send—"

"I'll take it right along!" Morenstow joyously countermanded.

When they were in the street he became thoughtful.

"Ethel," he said, "what was it that you always wanted?"

"A Saratoga trunk for dolly clothes—like the little one I showed you—and nobody ever—"

"We'll go back and get it."

"Wouldn't it be awfully young and silly?"

But she allowed him to turn her about, faintly protesting the while, and when they left the shop the second time he had two packages instead of one.

The nurse met them at the door.

"Nothink is the matter with 'im," she said, "but 'E want you two to come with me."

Meekly they followed her to baby's crib. There he lay asleep, a rag doll of hideous mien tightly clasped in his arms.

"My niece—with seven o' 'er hown, made it for 'im," nurse explained, "colorin' it with 'ome-made dyes. 'E made it a hidol at once, joined to it, and would not be separated."

"O Jimmy," whispered the baby's mother, as they hung over the crib, "I'm so glad he's got what he wanted without waiting years and years!"

A FAILURE WITH TWO LEGS AND A SUCCESS WITH ONE

"He was pegging along the road with one good leg and a wooden one," said the real-estate lawyer who tells the story. "'Get in and ride,' I said. And he slowly clambered into my carriage.

"I soon learned that my passenger had worked for a railway, and had lost his leg by an accident. He himself was largely to blame for it, and so he had not been able to get any damages. He was on a tramp, looking for work. He said he wasn't going to stay at home and eat the bread that his wife earned by taking in washing. If he could do nothing more, he could at least subtract the cost of his board. With him away, there would be better fare for his wife and the three children.

"I was on my way to look at a small farm that I thought of exchanging for another piece of property that I held. The farm had eleven acres of land, and a house and barn in fair condition, but it was some distance from a railway station. I said to my one-legged companion, 'I'll make you a proposition. If I take the piece of land I am going to see, I'll put you on it with your family for the rest of the year,'—it was then in May,—'and it won't cost you a cent. At the end of the year, if you make a go of it, and are satisfied, I will rent you the farm or you can buy it of me.'

"Well, I got the little farm, and the ex-railway man and his family moved from the city into the house. I helped him to a cow and some hens, and also paid a chattel mortgage on his cook stove, so that he could take it into the country.

"The first year he set out strawberries and raspberries, which were, of course, of no immediate profit, but with the aid of his cow, his hens, and his garden he was able to live. At the end of the year I sold him the place on 'time,' for eight hundred dollars.

"Little by little the man increased his flock of hens until he had four hundred. He started an asparagus bed. He set out more strawberries and raspberries, and he bought another cow.

"His house was on a state road that was much used by automobiles, and he sold many of the products of his little farm to the passers-by, who were glad to get perfectly fresh eggs, butter, berries and garden stuff, and paid well for them. He would set out whatever he had for sale on a table by the roadside, and one of the children would 'tend store.' In this way he made nine hundred dollars in one year.

"In seven years the place was all paid out, and the improvements he had added by putting up new buildings and enriching the soil made the farm worth several hundred dollars more than it was when the purchase contract was signed.

"If the man had kept both legs, and remained in the employment of the railway company, he would probably have had to work at a wage for some one else all his life—and very likely live in a tenement that looked out on a back alley in the city. Now he is independent, prosperous, a man of property. His children are healthier and stronger than they ever were before, and he is hopeful and happy.

"He had made a good deal of a failure of life when he had two legs, but he succeeded with only one leg when he became a farmer."

THIS GAS STUFF IS DANGEROUS

Last year gas killed four thousand, nine hundred and fifty-two persons. Thirty inhaled it, nine hundred and twenty-two lit matches over it and four thousand stepped on it.

AN ASEPTIC HOUR

Corinne, glancing carelessly out the window, suddenly turned upon Cousin Rachel and cried:

"Run, Cousin Rachel, run for your life! Out of the back door and into the Taylors'—Quick!"

"But why?" Cousin Rachel inquired with interest. "Does thee think that at my age I can make mad dashes into thy neighbors' without excuse?"

"Hurry!" pleaded Corinne. "It's Miss Betsy Duff, and she's almost at the door. And she is such a grouch, Cousin Rachel — always complaining about things, and running down other people. Oh, you'd hate it so! Do please escape while you can."

"But I think she looks interesting," Cousin Rachel protested with twinkling eyes. "And besides, she looks tired and old. Doesn't thee think we could contrive to keep her from complaining if we set our wits to it?"

"I expect thee will have thy own way, because nobody can resist thee," Corinne replied, dropping into her cousin's language, half-affectionately, half-protestingly. And then Miss Betsy was at the door.

Miss Betsy "took" to Cousin Rachel at once, as people always did. She turned her wrinkled, unhappy face toward her like a flower to the light.

"I didn't know's I could make out to get over," she declared, "I've been so crippled up with rheumatism this cold spell. I—"

"I has been cold for June," Cousin Rachel interrupted gently, "But how some of the flowers have loved it! I was admiring thy pansies so the other day. Don't they love cold weather? I never saw a lovelier bed than thee has."

Miss Betsy looked pleased. She did have beautiful pansies. But the subject after one or two remarks took an unfortunate turn. The pansies, by some curious twist, led to the Bakers, who had treated Miss Betsy so badly.

"Bakers?" Cousin Rachel's soft voice interrupted again. "That reminds me, Miss Duff—my little cousin here tells me that thee makes such wonderful Sally Lunn. I wonder if thee would be willing to give me the receipt."

Miss Betsy was delighted, and the talk ran happily upon old receipts for five minutes. Then danger again. For cherry pies led quite naturally to cherries, and cherries — although of course Cousin Rachel could not know it—to legacies; and Miss Betsy had once been robbed—actually robbed of half of those silver tumblers.

"Oh!" Cousin Rachel cried eagerly, "has thee any silver tumblers? I always wanted to see one."

At the end of an hour and a half Miss Betsy left. She had not succeeded in airing a single grievance; and her tired old face looked almost happy.

Corinne waited until the front door was closed and then whirled upon her cousin.

"Cousin Rachel," she cried, "did you ever hear of being aseptic to gossip? I did once. I didn't understand then—I do now. It was a wonderful hour. I wouldn't have missed it for worlds!"

STRAIGHT TRAFFIC

"Father," said Ernest, as he rode downtown in the city beside Dr. Benton in the automobile, "why are you always laying so much emphasis upon habits? I think you're asking me to take a pretty long look ahead. Shouldn't a fellow have a few years in which he can be care free? It doesn't seem to me that a young fellow should take life as seriously as you are trying to make me take it. If I need to, I can turn over a new leaf when I get through college."

As Ernest finished his protest they were just approaching the corner of Chapel and Church Streets. About twenty-five feet from the corner they passed a traffic signpost that read, "Straight Traffic at the Next Corner."

"What does that sign mean?" asked the doctor, for he was from out of town, and had not seen it before.

"It means," said his son, "that now you've passed that post you have to go straight ahead. You can't stop, and you can't turn."

"Well, I guess," said the doctor, as his machine shot out of the traffic into the open street ahead, "that's as good an illustration as I need. Ernest, I've been practicing medicine long enough to have seen a good many sides of life, and the more I see of it the more I'm convinced that it's pretty much like that traffic post—once you get beyond a certain point with some things there's no stopping. You simply have to go right through. The drink habit or the drug habit is an example. I don't suppose anyone who started out with a friendly glass now and then thought he was going to end with delirium tremens. But before he knew it, he ran by the last point of recovery, just as I ran by that signpost, and after that it was 'straight traffic at the next corner' for him.

"It reminds me of one time when I took the wrong train at Montreal. I wanted to get off at Napanee, but I'd got on a through express to Toronto, and I went. First you take the train; then the train takes you. The time to do your thinking about your destination is before you take the train. You say you don't want to be everlastingly thinking of consequences while you're in college. Well, it's because I don't want you to have to think everlastingly about consequences after you get out of college that I am warning you to be careful now. The turning over a new-leaf idea is a snare laid by the Devil. What you've written by habit in your nervous system is written, and it's always there either as an ally or as an enemy. Don't run past the signposts, and then expect nature to reverse the traffic regulations for your benefit. Beyond a certain point it's 'straight traffic at the next corner' for us all."

A TRUE STATEMENT OF THE EVILS OF LIQUOR

The late Frank Hanly, former Governor of Indiana, in an indictment gave the following reasons why he hated the liquor business:

"I bear no malice toward those engaged in the liquor business, but I hate the traffic.

"I hate its every phase.

"I hate it for its arrogance.

"I hate it for its commercialism; for its greed and avarice; for its sordid love of gain at any price.

"I hate it for its domination of politics; for its corrupting influence in civic affairs, for its incessant effort to debauch the suffrage of the country, for the cowards it makes of public men.

"I hate it for its utter disregard of law, for its ruthless trampling of the solemn compacts of constitutions.

"I hate it for the load it straps to labor's back, for the palsied hands it gives the toilers, for its wounds to genius, for the tragedies of its might-have-beens.

"I hate it for the human wrecks it has caused.

"I hate it for the almshouses it peoples; for the prisons it fills, for the insanity it begets; for its countless graves in potter's fields.

"I hate it for the mental ruin it imposes upon its victims, for its spiritual blight; for its moral degradation.

"I hate it for the crimes it commits; for the homes it destroys; for the hearts it breaks.

"I hate it for the malice it plants in the hearts of men; for its poison, for its bitterness, for the Dead Sea fruit with which it starves their souls.

"I hate it for the grief it causes womanhood—the scalding tears, the hopes deferred, the strangled aspirations, its burden of want and care.

"I hate it for its heartless cruelty to the aged, the infirm, and the helpless; for the shadow it throws upon the lives of children; for its monstrous injustice to blameless little ones."

A safe and sure medicine for a child troubled with worms is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

ELEANOR'S PLACE

"With Hilda's violin and Nancy's Scotch songs and Georgia's darky sketches and Penelope's charades—girls, we are a lucky crowd, there's no denying it. There isn't another society in college that has so much native talent. That's the joy of it! We don't feel that we are making demands upon our friends' charity—they would gladly pay the price to see any one of our 'stars' perform. It's going to be a great, stunning success—that's what it is. I feel it in lovely prickly little thrills clear to my finger-tips," and Martha Garrett caught Georgia, who happened to be nearest, and spun wildly down the room with her.

It was Nancy who remembered first.

"And where," she asked, impulsively, reaching across to a plain and very tall girl who had sat silent during the enthusiastic discussion, "where does Eleanor come in?"

There was a pause of dismay, and then, to cover it, everybody began talking at once; yet it was noticeable that nobody in all the talking said where Eleanor was to come in. If it had been an exhibition of thorough scholarship, or conscientious tutoring, or plain everyday helpfulness— It was Eleanor herself who settled the question in her old way.

"I come in just as I always have, as committee upon tickets, and stage properties, and pins and needles, and necessities in general," she declared briskly. "Fate made me to be useful, not ornamental. You wouldn't rob me of my birthright, would you?"

Of course the girls were all upon her then, saying a hundred dear and loving things. Yet as she went back to her room—plain and bare, like all the circumstances of her life—the old wistful longing swept over her, to be in things—in the pretty part of them, the way other girls were. She crushed it back scornfully. "Before I'd be a coward, Eleanor Palmer!" she cried to herself.

The programme was decided and the business of rehearsals began. It seemed to Eleanor that the girls never had been quite so absorbed, never had made her feel quite so left out before. Of course they did not mean it, not for a moment. They were all so bright and pretty and talented—it was the most natural thing in the world. To cover the hurt of it she worked harder than ever over the drudgery of costume and stage properties.

But when the evening finally came Eleanor had no time to think of herself, by the time the last number was over, and Hilda pushed her into a chair on the stage, she was so tired that she made no protest. Then, before she realized, things were happening all at once. The girls were tumbling in from everywhere, her arms were filled with roses, and Georgia was announcing, "Our last number is a tableau—'The Heart of Us All'"—and somebody was drawing back the curtain. Eleanor started up, she ached, she ached down to a dozen loving hands. Her wish had "come true."

NOT THE DESIRED METHOD

The stranger knocked at the man's door, and told him how a fortune was to be made.

"Uh, huh!" said the man, "but that will take considerable effort."

"Yes," said the stranger, "your days will be filled with toil, and many of your nights will be sleepless."

"Ah," said the man, "but who are you?"

"I?" asked the stranger. "Why, I am Opportunity!"

"Get out!" said the man. "You're a liar! I know you. You are just plain every day Hard Work!"

And he slammed the door.

Herbs, all Herbs, Gallagher's Keeps You Wonderfully Well

Take it. Eat better. Sleep, work, play better.

Mother Nature's own good herbs, rich in health-giving power, these are what make Gallagher's Tonic and System Builder so good. It really works wonders for people who are constipated, rundown, nervous, folk who have skin diseases. Even dreaded Eczema yields to it. Try a bottle. It will keep you clear of cold weather ills. Both, as other Gallagher Herbal Household Remedies are, by 32

A. T. BROWN, ACTON

Every tiny leaf is a storehouse of flavour

"SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

'Fresh from the gardens'

Furniture Removal

We have all up-to-date equipment for Moving Furniture and Pianos. Having been 10 years in the business we can guarantee you service and reasonable rates. If going a distance it will pay you to call us. Loads, 3 to 6 tons.

Snyder's Cartage, Georgetown

BOX 540—PHONE 171

Highest Prices Paid For Butter Fat

GIVE US A TRIAL—PHONE 53

Halton Cream & Butter Co.

MILTON AND ACTON

Chas. Thompson, Manager Acton Branch

Internal and External Pains are promptly relieved by DR THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL

THAT IT HAS BEEN SOLD FOR NEARLY NINETY YEARS AND TO-DAY A GREATER SELLER THAN EVER BEFORE IS A TESTIMONIAL THAT SPEAKS FOR ITS HUMBLING CURATIVE QUALITIES.

CHILDREN CRY FOR

Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of

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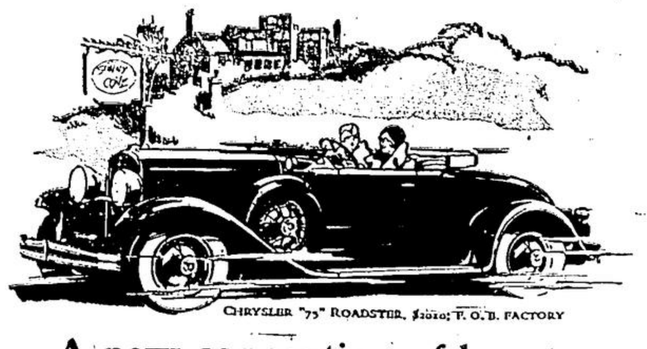

CHRYSLER "75" ROADSTER, $1010; F. O. B. FACTORY

A new conception of beauty
A new peak of performance

THE new Chrysler "75"—with its fresh interpretation of the principles of classic beauty—is vivid proof that fine art can exist in stern metal.

At the same time, Chrysler genius in engineering has given this magnificent car a range of power and a rhythm of motion that create new ideals of motoring ease.

With its famous "Silver-Dome" high-compression engine; with a counter-balanced 7-bearing crankshaft; with iso-therm Invar-Strut aluminum alloy pistons; impulse neutralizer and rubber engine mountings, the "75" has speed, acceleration, smoothness and endurance.

NEW CHRYSLER "75"—Nine body styles, $1085 to $1030. All prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario, including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra).

Pivotal steering and balanced front wheels, rubber shock insulators on all springs, together with hydraulic shock absorbers, insure exceptional riding and driving qualities. The justly celebrated Chrysler weatherproof internal-expanding 4-wheel hydraulic brakes are a source of utmost safety and constant peace-of-mind.

The Chrysler "75" impresses you immediately with its imposing proportions and consequent luxury, just as it carries the certainty of road ease and restfulness not to be expected of motor cars of lesser specifications.

CHRYSLER "75"

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

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Chrysler and Plymouth Sales and Service - - Phone 66, Acton, Ontario

TIME TABLES

AT ACTON

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Going West

Sunday Only	10.41 a.m.
Daily—except Sunday	7.55 a.m.
Daily—except Sunday	10.42 a.m.
Daily—except Sunday	3.29 p.m.
Daily—except Sunday	5.09 p.m.
Daily—except Sunday	6.17 p.m.

Going East

Sunday Only	7.08 p.m.
Daily—except Sunday	7.08 a.m.
Daily—except Sunday	11.57 a.m.
Daily—except Sunday	3.47 p.m.
Daily—except Sunday	6.17 p.m.
Daily—except Sunday	8.13 p.m.

CANADIAN NATIONAL ELECTRIC RAILWAYS

Westbound

Daily—except Sunday	7.55 a.m.
Daily	9.55 a.m.
Daily	11.55 a.m.
Daily	1.55 p.m.
Daily	3.55 p.m.
Daily	5.55 p.m.
Daily	7.55 p.m.
Daily	9.55 p.m.
Daily	12.24 a.m.

Eastbound

Daily—except Sunday	6.58 p.m.
Daily	9.37 a.m.
Daily	11.37 a.m.
Daily	1.37 p.m.
Daily	3.37 p.m.
Daily	5.37 p.m.
Daily	7.37 p.m.
Daily	9.37 p.m.
Daily	11.35 p.m.

Toronto Terminal

Keele Street and St. Clair Avenue

Freight delivered by special express freight. Freight picked up at any address in Toronto.

TRAVEL BY BUS

Leave Acton for the West—10.10 a. m.; 4.10 p. m.; 7.00 p. m.; and on Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays, 11.00 p. m.

Leave Acton for Georgetown, Norval, Brampton, Toronto—8.30 a. m.; 11.35 a. m.; 7.35 p. m.; and on Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays, 10.35 p. m.

ARROW

CARD & CO.

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GETTING and KEEPING

Get Your Account Paid.
Keep Your Customer.
Our Service does this.

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We deal only in Life Insurance and are pleased to explain the various policies best suited to your requirements.

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Imperial Life Assurance Co. of Canada

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With our present equipment and facilities no plant is better prepared to offer better values or a better stock to choose from than can be secured at our plant. You owe it to yourself to see our stock and get quotations on Monuments, Markers or Corner Stones before placing an order anywhere.

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