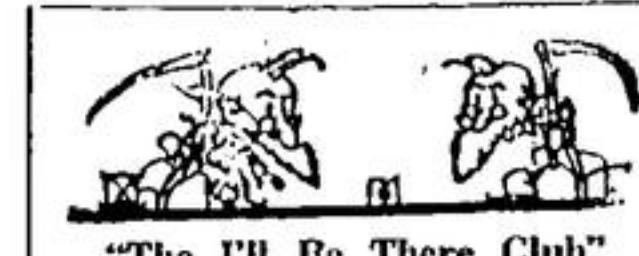


LIFE'S LOTTERY

The world is like a see-saw, never halting for a day. Your salary always goes just when you need the pay. The fellow at the ladder's top, is the fellow no one knows. No one can tell him "he's been," for in country and in town. One will care how high you've been when he comes down; the other will ask about you, for you never will be back. And the mind only grinds for you while you're up there. One day you're worth a penny, next day you're worth a cent. The fellow at the ladder's top, next day you're on the ground. Life is nothing but a lottery, each day is roughly the same.

Such is the way the world wags on, at least for you and me.



"The I'll Be There Club"

Which Meets in Acton on June 29, and July 1, 1929

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. G. Matthews, Dunn, Ontario.
Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Browning, Toronto.
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Hayward, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Matthews and Donald, Toronto.
Miss Lorna Kennedy, Toronto.
Miss Etta Dillie, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Black, Mary and Doris, Toronto.
Mr. and Mrs. T. McLean, Toronto.
Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Prich, Toronto.
Mr. Robert Gibbons, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Lansborough, Toronto.
Miss Katie Chalmers, Owen Sound.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry McNaughton, Guelph.
Mr. D. M. Henderson, Galt.

Mr. Tom McGillis, Kitchener.
Mr. L. D. Purcell, Windsor.

Mr. M. Gregg, Toronto.
Mr. W. Galbraith, Hamilton.

Mr. John Precious and family, Toronto.
Mr. Melvin Dron, Aylmer.
Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Stratford, Stratford.

Miss Clara Lantz, Galt.
Mr. and Mrs. S. Niclino, Guelph.

Mr. Muriel McComb, Guelph.
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Guelph.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McNabb, Toronto.
Mr. Chas. Symon, Toronto.

Mr. Edwin Roachington, Hamilton.
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ross, Galt.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Russell and family, Oakville.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Clark, Guelph.
Mr. and Mrs. G. C. DeGolyer, Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McDonald, Mississauga and Jean, of Hartings.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hamlin, Meaford.
Keween, Lorne Howard and Miss Evelyn, Toronto.

Mr. Jennie McDougall and Mrs. Donald, Gordon and Jack, of Toronto.
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Reid and family, Morris, of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Morris and Mr. R. Morris, of Toronto.

Mrs. C. Cullen, Newcastle.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McCullum, Palmerston.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Kenyon, Vineland.
Mr. Fred Ward, Toronto.

Mr. J. V. Colman, Montreal.
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. B. Gamble, of Keween, N. Y.

Miss G. Clarridge, Brampton.
Miss Mary Smith, Toronto.

Mr. Telford Kennedy, Hamilton.
Mr. and Mrs. E. Kennedy, Kitchener.

Mr. Ed. Huffstetler, Pontiac, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Kenney, Toronto.
Mr. Lloyd Kenney, Montreal.

Mr. Old Cooper, Port Credit.
Mr. Ed. Cooper, Toronto.

Mr. Robert Chico, Guelph.
Mr. Chas. Elliott, Hamilton.

Miss Beatrice Elliott, Toronto.
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Guelph.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Henderson, Alessi.
Ralph and Arthur and Miss Edna, of Toronto.

Mr. Eugene McPherson, Toronto.
Mr. James Abramaham and Miss Hilda Abraham, Barrie, Ont.

Mr. James Newman, Red Lake, Ontario.

Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Cobban, Whiting, Man.

Mr. Edwin Maddock, Toronto.
Mr. Jameson, Geneva, N. Y.

Mr. W. H. Simpson, Toronto.
Mr. and Mrs. A. Maddock, Mississauga and Doris Maddock, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. William McVeigh, Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence King, Niagara.

Mr. and Mrs. Kathleen Cox, of Toronto.

Miss Edna McArthur, Toronto.
Mrs. Blanche Brooks, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Armstrong, Milton, Ontario.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. VanNorman, Galt.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Millar, Hornby.
Mr. Wm. Davis, Toronto.

Mr. Wm. Rutledge, Port Credit.
Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McCullum, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Jones, Guelph.

Mr. Beattie, Hamilton.
Mr. Allison, Burlington.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mitchell, Paris.
Mr. Len Simmonds, Aurora.

LIGHT WEIGHT

A matador, meeting a negro trudging along the dusty road, generally offered him a lift.

"No, thank you, said" the old man. "Ah reckon man old lags will take me far enough."

"Aren't afraid are you uncle? Have you ever been in an automobile?"

"Never but once, ash, and den ah didn't let all mah weight down."



TILL THINK OF MY MOTHER AT HOME

Oh, give me again those bright days of yore,
And the dear land where I was born,
And the bright little home with ivy cov-

Where I left the dear old mother alone,
That parting so sad I will never forget,
When I come back to earth I may roost;

When I'm happy go-light by my bre-

I will think of my mother at home.

Then where'er I may be, on land or of the sea,
Wherever over the earth I may roam,

And the bright little home with ivy cov-

Where I left the dear old mother alone,
That parting so sad I will never forget,
When I come back to earth I may roost;

When I'm happy go-light by my bre-

I will think of my mother at home.

I never shall forget the last words she said,
As I kissed her fond, sweet good-

Bye! My dear son, my life's race is done,

If it could me in sorrow, I'll die

Whoo! watch o'er with care those poor

withered gray hairs,

Whoo! watch o'er your mother you man?

May the God up above, in His mercy

bring you back to your mother at home;

A letter she wrote me a short time ago,

and words in my memory remain;

She'll be here again, when I come back to earth.

Her father is dead, and he lives beneath

the tree.

When you in your childhood old room;

Oh, to be here again; it would free me from pain;

Then come back to your mother at home!

In view of the broadcast invitation to the home-coming event slated for Saturday Sunday and Monday, June 29 and July 1, hundreds of former residents seriously considering the visit to the old home.

They are thinking of mother and dad and the friends of their childhood and youth, they are beguiling themselves with thoughts of visits old scenes, and meeting former companions, including about boyhood haunts, perhaps having a day's fishing on the old trout streams, and last, but not least, taking a tour of the old home.

Most of these latter have lost their popularity since this new twentieth century came in. The old walk up the railway track to the Apple Tree was long gone. The apple tree, once so famous, the old apple tree which gave this place its name, began to decay, and a good many years ago the section men cut the dead old tree down, took home the trunk and felled a new one, and built the log on the spot. It really resembled a funeral pyre when the last vestige of the limbs and twigs and leaves were consumed. In the second year of the opening of the new cross-country highway, from Guelph to Guelph, five years ago, renderers the old apple tree location too public a spot for the heavy petting parties.

The old-time popular walk around the railway track and built the log on the spot.

The taking down of the apple tree led to the losing parts the nice cool stone seats, etc., for rest of the first lap of the walk, but, of course, the change of point was gone. Then, too, there are three or four times as many trains passing the place as there were when the old tree was standing, and the way the attractions have really departed.

Then there was the old walk down through Hanson Adams' Carrot field, to the London Potash down at the Mill Pond.

The carriage which had a city park

and athletic young folk hold a meeting there and everywhere. It's years since any initials were carved in the bark, the white birches, or twining honeysuckles, and we have no thought for the aesthetic or love-born, and have permitted ashes and other debris to be dumped right over the paths we used to trawl to Lover's Point, its glory hath departed.

A good many of those who intend

coming will think of mother when she

was at home in Acton, but mother will

be here to welcome them on this visit.

The dear ones have come to reward

But thoughts of old days will

cling to the human heart, while will

be more emphatically by the visit

And father, too, will be missed by many

How we venerate our fathers

when they are gone from us!

I think most of us failed to fully appreciate the love and care of the members of the family. But, then, we did not then appreciate all their kind, stern interest in us, and for our betterment

and, too, what a blessing it was when they much changed us, and took us

for those walks out into the country, or

perhaps "up the creek" for the afternoon or evening's fishing. One bairn

and another, and the old bairns

are still here.

Many will make the teachers who had

us in hand during our adolescent years.

Those faithful old teachers, and every

last one of the principals are gone, gone

to the great beyond, and their reward

will be greater than we can ever know.

When we consider their faithful inter-

est in us, and their attention to our

needs in getting an education. Good old

days, yes, and old bairns, too!

John Ross, T. Moore, and W. H. Brown

art. Each of them will be remembered

by some of the home-comers and the mem-

ories of every one of them will be re-

mbered during this interesting visit.

And then there's the dear old min-

isters. How many of them have gone

to the great beyond. There's such

lot of them, Mr. C. G. Phillips,

Mr. W. H. Unsworth, Mr. Culver,

Mr. O. B. Cooke, Mr. Hobbs, and a lot

of others. How we listened to these words

of wisdom, of truth, and sometimes

of tender messages of love and han-

ded memory they performed the last

years before they departed last ones

were laid to rest. Many a wise and help-

ful council they gave us when we

were leaving home to try our fortunes in

pastures new. Oh, those dear men of God,

who, in the bread of life, and

poured forth the oil of life's pathway.

Peace to their souls.

How our thoughts go back to dear old bairns, bairns of those earlier days.

The who self-sacrificing superintendents

the faithful, studious, tender-hearted

teachers, the compatriots who sat with

heads and shoulders or less, studied the

lessons and learned them, and asked

texts and catechism questions. And then