The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1930

FRIENDSHIP

The hinged of true friendship never rust,
Its door is never locked to those we trust;
It opens easy to Love's gentle touch,
And finds a welcome to the heart of such.

I'll give them room, whoever they may be,
Who do sincerely seek this liberty—
This high, and holy privilege; for where
Is there a greater boon or bliss to share?

So let the footsteps of my lonely wind
Approach thy soul and ready entrance find;
As host, and guest in fellowship we know
The comfort which true friendship can bestow.

It thinks, it feels, it loves, when a'en apart,
Pays, trials and hopes with all its longing heart.
For those whose spirit shared its confidence—
True friendship is Life's greatest recompence.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for
The Free Press by
GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE

'Now the New Year reviving old desires,
The thoughtful soul to solitude retires.'
—Omar Khayyam.

I have been wondering whether the immortal Persian poet was just getting over Christmas when the above lines occurred to him for they are very applicable to present day life after the pleasure and excitement incidental to Yuletide festivities has subsided and human nature, not having changed to any marked degree, it is quite possible that Friend Omar suffered from reaction just as you and I do to-day but no doubt our individual ways of re-establishing our mental balance are widely different. Omar, being an astronomer as well as poet, very probably indulged in an orgy of star-gazing whereas you and I go to bed with an aspirin tablet! Not so romantic perhaps but certainly more efficacious. But an aspirin tablet, instead of 'reviving old desires' (presumably for our moral betterment) dulls our intellect and sends us to sleep. Even so, I, for one have no quarrel with this harbinger of peace, which, if used discriminately can be ranked among the foremost of our modern beneficial discoveries.

Anyway, Christmas is behind us once more and three hundred and sixty odd days before it comes around again. In the meantime we have this jolly new year ahead of us to do with what we will and I don't suppose there is one of us sufficiently brave—or sufficiently foolish—to speculate to any great extent as to what the ensuing days have in store for him. What a mercy it is that memory thinks backwards instead of forwards. Would it not be awful if we had the power to propel our thoughts of time and see the outcome of each year's crop before the seed was hardly in the ground or see the tragedy at the end of a motor trip and yet be powerless to stop ourselves from going. Yes—looking back is sometimes bad enough but to have the capacity of looking forward would mean stark, staring madness. Dear, oh dear, I am getting morbid and for no reason whatever except that I let my imagination run away with me. The forecast for this year is far from morbid. Old timers tell us that a change is coming as regards farming and that the man behind the plough will have a little loose change to jingle in his pocket. We are really getting nervous! There is always a certain element of danger about the unknown and I cannot imagine what it would feel like to have a quarter and not know what to do with it! I have never suffered from insomnia but I fear I should soon be a nervous wreck if such a change should come to pass. And yet even now there are signs leading up to it. This winter, for the first time in three years, or is four or five—the horse has once again come into his own and the most expensive automobile is as useful as a piece of scrap iron. The recent open winters have made it possible for busses and trucks to compete very successfully with the train service and we have come to rely upon them for both business and pleasure but now we have had a return of real old fashioned winter weather we are caught napping, as it were, and find it difficult to adjust ourselves to what is really only normal and seasonable, which goes to show we shouldn't put all our eggs in one basket. However it is thawing again now so perhaps the cars will soon be on the road again but we do hope the snow does not go completely as it is undoubtedly doing more good than harm. The children are having a great time building a mighty snow-house and also experimenting with my snow-shoes. The latter amusement may not be very good for the snow-shoes but it keeps them outside and brings them in with a good healthy appetite for their meals—an appetite which was strangely lacking for a few days after Christmas! However we got over the festive occasion without any upset tummies as I always have a bottle of milk of magnesia handy which is used generously along with the Christmas fare, thus counteracting any ill effects which are likely to arise from feeding not wisely but too well.

Pat's little friend John was visiting us to-day and a great argument ensued as to the merits of their respective dump trucks. John has a large pressed steel truck without any 'works.' Pat's was a smaller truck but with a friction motor and the argument waxed fast and furious, each one stoutly defending his own property. It was very amusing to hear them and rather a lesson to us grown-ups to be equally satisfied with our own belongings. Pat has a birthday in a few days and we have an addition to his Moccano set hidden away for him. It always seems to me such a pity that people will so often waste money on mechanical toys which have no educational value at all and of which any child will tire in a very short time, when they could just as easily, by giving the matter more consideration, choose a present which would be both amusing and instructive. Children who are given the latter class of toy are far less likely to become destructive than those who have cheap mechanical toys, which include 90 an hour out which, even with careful handling soon get broken. A present, especially for a boy, should be chosen for three things—to occupy the hands, to occupy the brain and to amuse father. If any toy measures up to these three requirements then we are pretty certain to have made a wise choice.

HER SUSPICIONS

Wife (at 2 p. m.)—If I only knew where you've been!

Husband—Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Wife—There you go. Whenever you come home in that condition you start using bad language.—Opinion.

Persian Balm—There is nothing like it for creating and preserving a lovely complexion. Cooling caressing—it soothes and clears all roughness or chafe caused by weather conditions. Delicately fragrant, it adds exquisite charm to the most finished appearance. Dainty women inevitably choose Persian Balm. A velvety smooth lotion it makes the skin rose-leaf in texture. Recommended also to soften and whiten the hands. Truly a peerless toilet requisite for every woman.

The Free Press Short Story

THE POSTPONED BRIDES

BY ANNE McQUEEN

MISS BARBARA and Miss Bettina Frankel were twins of sixty years who lived happily on their little farm with only the cat and the dog for company evenings after the hired boy had gone home. They cared not a whit that their neighbors laughed at them and called them "the postponed brides" because they were always working on fine linen to fill their hope chests and had never in all their lives had a single suitor.

When they were young they had come from their native Pennsylvania Dutch settlement because of old Mrs. Frankel's cough; therefore the neighbors referred to them as "foreigners." Because their mother had a chest of linen for her trousseau, and because her people in Europe had had chests from time immemorial, the sisters began when in their teens to furnish their chest—only one, because they were twins; but they made garments and towels and tablecloths for two in great abundance, all of the finest linen and damask sent from their kinsfolk in Europe, where the flax was grown and spun and woven—linens that if properly cared for would last for centuries. When their father and mother died and left them alone they had worked more constantly than ever on their trousseaus while the neighbors laughed and coined the name by which they were ever afterwards known—the 'postponed brides.'

Then when the chest was filled to its capacity a letter came from their one niece back home. She was to be married, she wrote gayly, and had not a shred of linen for her chest!

"That's what comes of colleges yet," agreed the twins. "Four years she goes by college, and not a bit of sewing done. And our only sister's child to marry without a chest!"

It couldn't be thought of, not when their chest was running over with things that they would never use. Miss Barbara and Miss Bettina aired the linens as they had done for many years to keep them from growing yellow; they gazed happily upon them fluttering on the clothesline in the back yard and thought pridefully that their niece need not be ashamed to show them to anyone.

They had a letter from her acknowledging the gift, a letter that was filled with wonder and joy. "Oh, you darling aunties," she wrote, "you have given me the loveliest present of all! How on earth did you ever accomplish so much? It looks like the work of a lifetime, and everybody is enraptured. The neighbors don't sew as much as they used when you were girls and lived up here; they take more time visiting and reading and doing other things, and they buy ready-made clothes a good deal. But I won't have to buy a single solitary piece!"

"Ach, ready-mades!" gasped the twins. "Such shiftlessness! Like the people down here it is. But our niece will have plenty of the finest."

Then because they were lonely they ordered more linen and began another hope chest!

"Maybe that beau he will come along yet," they said to each other and chuckled, for they were jolly little women and could enjoy a joke even on themselves. "What's that it says? 'Live in hope if you die in despair.' We live in hope, Bettina."

"Me, I not give one copper for any man," replied Miss Bettina, sniffing. "Better we be free and live on our farm and buy what we choose than maybe be like poor Mary Sherrod across the creek."

"And that Joe Sherrod, he wanted to come here once, but pop set the dog on him, so he told, and he stayed away. Little Mary now, his eldest, she is a nice child if she had a chance."

Little Mary had few chances, but she grew up into a nice girl all the same. The happiest days of her life were those she spent with Miss Barbara and Miss Bettina in the little brown house, smothered in flowers, with everything round her as gay as the sisters themselves, who after their parent's death indulged unreproved in their love for pretty colors. They wore pink and blue and yellow ginghams and gay flowered calicoes, and they scrubbed the walk that led to the gate till the bricks were as rosy as their own plump cheeks. "It makes so for company to have things clean and blooming," they said.

Joe Sherrod was a well-to-do farmer, who worked his family, from the ailing mother to the smallest child, like slaves or worse, for he gave them in return only food of the plainest and clothes of the cheapest and coarsest material.

"He pays hands when they come to work in the tobacco, but he never pays us a cent," sobbed Mary wrathfully as she related her woes to the sympathetic sisters. "I string tobacco and worm it and cook for the hands, and I get—a calico dress for church and a homespun one for every day! And calfskin shoes for Sundays and brogans for every day! And I never even owned any underwear that wasn't made of unbleached homespun, so it would last. Oh, I don't think it's fair when he has plenty of money too!"

And then one day there came a tobacco buyer who saw Mary in the barn stringing tobacco, and, as Joe Sherrod happened to be away, he talked to her and found her most attractive, with a sweet, pretty face, blue eyes that laughed when they had a chance and—what does not always go with beauty—a ready and intelligent mind.

He came again and bought Joe Sherrod's crop and saw Mary at the meal that, since he was a buyer, Joe Sherrod offered him. Mary was dressed in her poor best, a sprigged muslin that the young man's eyes made her appear as beautiful as if she had been clothed in satin. He came again, and he asked her to marry him, and as she was twenty-one she joyfully agreed, though her father grumbled that he didn't know what on earth he should do without her.

Miss Barbara and Miss Bettina rejoiced exceedingly over her good fortune, but they were overwhelmed with indignation at the way Joe was treating Mary.

"He is such a nice man, and his folks are nice," said Mary, "and used to everything. I don't know what they'll think of me, coming without any trousseau except the few frocks poor mother can buy with the little rent she gets from her place. It is mighty little, and father has always had that, but now she won't give it up, so I will have one pretty dress to get married in and a coat suit."

"Ach, such a man!" declared Miss Barbara as the sisters were discussing Mary and her father's meanness. "Ain't it lucky we have not married, Bettina?"

"Sure, or maybe he might be treating one of us so," replied Miss Bettina. "I never knew which one Joe wanted, because father set the dog on him before he had time to say."

And then one night Miss Barbara had an inspiration. She immediately rose from her feather bed, tottered across the floor to Miss Bettina's, and poked her in the ribs to wake her. "I say, Bettina, it has come to me. Why not we give our hope chest to poor Mary, not?"

"Our chest?" inquired Miss Bettina, sitting up and staring at her twin. "Our chest—but, yes, we will never need it, Barbara, for we would not have a man if he was the last—Yes, we give it. And to-morrow we air them all."

The contents of the chest were a regal array on the clothesline, a trousseau that any bride would be proud of. There were table linens, embroidered servietes, pillow cases and sheets, all hemstitched; there were numerous centrepieces and bureau scarfs all stiff with embroidery, towels and household linen of all descriptions. And then there was underwear, old-fashioned, it is true, but dainty and beautiful and sadly enough altered, if any one cared to alter it.

As the contents of the chest hung fluttering the sisters felt a thrill that almost amounted to awe. "Could they really have done all that? It had been ten years since the niece back in Pennsylvania was married, but the time had flown; it seemed hardly possible that they could have accomplished all that work in ten years along with all the work they did about the house, the dairy and the farm.

"But wont Mary be delighted!" they said to each other happily. Then they set about doing all the things up in a great box, which they sent with their compliments to Joe Sherrod's house by the hired boy.

Joe Sherrod, white with anger, brought it back in his cart. It was the first time his feet had crossed their threshold since the episode of the dog, which still rankled in his hard and narrow heart.

"I just want to say that my girl takes no gifts from you foreigners!" he said bitingly. "I am able to provide for her, and what I don't give she don't get. So take back your truck and keep it. Maybe some old fool will come along yet, and you won't both be postponed brides!"

"Och, such a man!" indignantly exclaimed the sisters as they watched him retreat after leaving the box on the porch. "Calling us foreigners, the dopple, and us born and raised right in America like himself! But that poor Mary!"

They sat beside their rejected offering and talked long and earnestly and at last with many chuckles.

When Mary came over, storming with tears, she found them quite cool about their gift and its refusal.

"Well, well, your man, he'll buy you clothes in plenty, so why fret about it?" they declared cheerfully. "Your pop, he won't have ours, so we keep them. It is all right so."

But when Mary had gone, with shoulders drooping with disappointment, they looked at each other with twinkling eyes. "It is a real joke, not?" they murmured to each other with little nods of approval. "That Joe Sherrod, he is a bad man, and it serves him right!"

But what the joke was no one knew till Mary had married and gone to her new home, which for a while was to be with the young husband's mother. She wrote to her mother, who showed the letter to Joe Sherrod, whose feelings may be imagined. Also she wrote to the twins:

"When I got in the house with my suitcase—for Fred had shipped my poor little trunk ahead—what should I see in my room but a brand new leather trunk with the queen herself and a little envelope with the key in it—both addressed to me in my own new name! And, oh, darlings, when I opened it and saw all the wonderful treasures of embroidered linen and dainty, wonderful underwear, all my very own, which your dear hands wrought with so much work and care and understanding, why, I was just the proudest girl in the world! And it was a beautiful way, wasn't it, to get round father? He could refuse it for poor Mary Sherrod, but not for Mrs. Fred Knight! And now I am not ashamed before these people, who are so good and nice and have so much! Even they could never have a hope chest like mine, never in the world!"

"She is happy, and we thought of a good way, because we bought the trunk too," the sisters exclaimed, laughing. When with a little sigh they both said at once: "But we will be lonely now, not? Our work seems all done."

But Miss Barbara, who was given to inspirations, was not long in solving the problem.

"We will order more linens," she said radiantly, "and start us another hope chest for the postponed brides! Mary Sherrod's little sister is growing up too; she is a nice child, that little Betty, and comes to see us when she can."

"Sure" agreed Miss Bettina, "and for us maybe a beau or two comes yet; we will go right away to work to get ready when they come!"

She nudged her sister with a plump elbow, and both laughed with glee; it was such a good joke, this filling hope chests for postponed brides!

THE FLIGHT OF TIME

Boswell has related somewhere in his "Life of Johnson" that that worthy dictatie man had a garret of defence, two littered rooms over a bookshop, to which he used to retire privately and without telling his servant, whenever he wished to work and to be alone. "For," said he, "a servant's strict regard for truth must be weakened by such a practice. If I accustom a servant to tell a lie for me, have I not reason to apprehend that he will tell many lies for himself?"

A very just and moderate judgment. But what in our crowded modern life, is to be the substitute for the quiet garret? Few in these troublesome times of suites and apartment-houses, have an attic of refuge, and even the intervening servant is not always to be found. Hence the problem resolves itself into a matter of direct personal conscience, and the solution is to have an "at home" day and stick to it, and to respect the at home days of others.

The trouble is that although the at home day has been established, it is not observed. For some vague reason, it is considered more flattering to come "when we can really see you by yourself, my dear." Yet it were better for both visitor and visited to regard such days as fastal times set apart, when the mind is swept free from cares and garnished even as the house, and one's generous heat is waiting to welcome the coming guest. What woman can properly worship her Lares and Penates and at the same time entertain company interestingly, and who has not once, at least, sung, "Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight," after the departure of some too long delaying visitor?

Think, there are in any one's life just so many wonderful, golden hours, just so many precious, gliding moments, once gone, never to be recalled. Procrastination steals far less time from many a woman than devoted, unthinking friendship.

UNDESIRABLE FRIENDS

Some of you young people seem to like to attract to yourself a friend whom you regard as your superior in every respect. That might be all right if the friend himself were not of the same opinion. The one who looks down on you, however, who snubs you when you express an opinion, who laughs at your enthusiasm, and who blows cold water on your plans, is an undesirable associate. Cultivate the friends with whom you may exchange ideas on terms of equality.

THE OLD COUNTRY DOCTOR

"M. D." he signed and stifled a quiver of regret;
In youth a country doctor—a country doctor yet.

The little life on Cobble Hill had quickened with the dark,
Lit, like a star of twilight, a tiny glowing spark;
And in the awe-filled silence a birth-night oath he wept
The doctor left the little rude homestead to its sleep.
The broken arm at Bannockburn was mending steadily;
The bandaged eyes at Campbell's with caution, soon might see.
Down the rough-hewn roadway the weary doctor went
On his old endless circuit where all his days were spent.

Down in the night-held valley, against the firelight red,
Hallowed against the window, shone Billy's curley head;
Burrowed among his cushions, frail in his carven chair,
And smiling through the cruel pain that ever held him there.
"Hi, doc," his hail came floating, "I knew you'd not go by,
I saw your light on Cobble Hill so high—Oh, very high!—

Weave down the twisty roadway, a thread all goldly bright;
I played you were a shuttle a-mending up the night
From Blacks to Jimmie Near's, from Bannockburn to Near's
Just in and out and over as mother stitches tears.
Where I grew up and after my leg is gone
I'd like to mend the darkness and make the people glad."

In youth a country doctor—a country doctor yet.
Then in his eyes, toil-weary, there shone a lovely bright spark.
"M. D." he signed and chuckled: "A mender in the dark."

MEMORIES

How often do you dwell upon your memories? Most people after reaching middle life let their minds turn increasingly to memories—partly because only in memory they are able any longer to see persons who were once dear to them, and partly because the impulse to meditate comes with lessening physical activity.

Perhaps the most curious phenomenon about memories in their inconsequence. Many of those that recur with unvarying distinctness are of moments and episodes that had no special significance. Why should those moments be recorded so vividly on the dial of the mind and others more pregnant with meaning in our personal history be hidden in a haze that never lifts? A vision of a smiling face at a certain place and time; a bit of talk over the telephone, the inflection of a voice, one moment in a day of companionship from which all other moments have vanished—such little fragments from past years remain with us; memories too unsubstantial to be framed in words or to be made vivid to others than ourselves. They have as much charm for us as those of our more triumphant moments have; perhaps they come to us more often in their tantalizing incompleteness.

There are the memories too that make us wince, that we flinch from recalling, and that we cannot escape. They present themselves as often as the more pleasant memories; we cannot exclude them. Anyone who has such memories—and what person with any experience of life has not?—must reject as quite false Tennyson's assertion that "sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

In the memories of happier things there is sorrow always, but there is sweetness too. "Sorrow's crown of sorrow" is in remembering unhappy episodes of happier days.

A PEEP INTO THE PAST

A week or so ago my friend H. P. Moore, who as former editor of the Free Press, naturally knows my identity,—of which so many people seem very eager to discover—handed me the following interesting recollections, remarking that he'd be glad if they were handed to "The Old Man of the Big Clock Tower." I was very glad to hear from my boyhood's friend, always am, and I gladly pass them on to you.

Lachlan says: I am beginning to feel on quite friendly terms with The Old Man of the Clock Tower, so am going to take him with me for a peep into the past. I am sorry to say that nearly all the old boys and girls of my time in Acton have passed away but it is a great pleasure to look back and to have lived amongst the boys and girls of those days. Two or three instances of what was done and by whom.

One important event was an entertainment for the purpose of getting money to buy books for a Public Library. (I think it was the start of the present one). Just when the new school was opened. It was a "play" (now they would call it a Drama). However, it was a great success, even if Archie Linn did criticize us. It was called "The Last Toast," and the audience seemed to enjoy it. It had a moral to it.

Another entertainment I well remember was literary and musical. It was held in the old Temperance Hall in Main Street, near Ward's Hotel. Here is one about Ward. A number of chaps, I do not know if you were one of them but you will know—went in to the bar, knowing pretty well what he had, they said: "Run!" "Well now," said Ward, "I am sold out." "Well, say Brandy." "Just out," he said, "have ordered." "Have you good wine? we will take that." "I did not order any lately," he said. "There's no demand." "Well, boys, I guess we will have to take beer." "Say boys, I'm sorry it has gone sour, but I tell you, I have some darn good whiskey." They said it was a put up job and they did not take even that.

At one of the concerts a prize was offered to the best looking lady, and one for the homeliest man. Sam Moore, Zalmon Hall and myself, were appointed Judges on ladies. We awarded the prize to Miss Hattie Kennedy. (Charlie Dean thought we were quite correct). The choice appeared to satisfy all. She was only a girl yet.

Lizzie Cameron, Miss Johnston (Mr. Little's wife's sister) and Sarah Jane Hall, were the judges on the homeliest-looking man. They chose a man named Campbell, a school teacher at Bannockburn, but as there were two teachers of the same name, they said it was for the bald-headed Campbell. They made a mistake, and they knew it, when he got through with what he had to say about it, and the people missed a real treat, as Archie Linn, who expected the prize on its merit had a reply to give you at random and off-hand. Some of the names of those taking part in our fun in those days, and you will understand that we had the stuff, able and willing. I will give Sam Moore, first place, for he was a great boy; Charley and Tom Cameron, John Hutchison, John Allan, Jim Allen, Sandy Cummings, Joe Brown, Jack McNaughton, Warner and Bromley Johnston, A. Thurtell, Hugh and John Cameron.

Our entertainments often wound up with a dance; the music being played by Dave Leishman and his sister, real old-time fiddlers. And here are some of the old-time songs which were sung at our concerts in the Old Temperance Hall: "Old Black Joe," "When you and I were Young, Maggie," "Away down South in Dixie," "John Brown's Body Lies Mouldering in the Grave," "Nellie Gray," "Ben Holt," "John Peel," "The Girl I left Behind Me," "The Mocking Bird," "The Old Oaken Bucket" and "The Old Folks at Home." Those are the good old days.

—L. GRANT

Our friend Lachlan is now between 80 and 90 years of age, but his memory shows no sign of failure. His recollections will always be welcome to this column.

The Old Man

SLATS' DIARY

BY ROSS FARQUHAR

Friday—It has been very quiet here in are house all day today. I guess it is on acct. of pa got home from his lodge meeting very late last nite and ma has been very hors all today. At lease pa sed heed ben at lodge. He sed the telefone dussent wirk. Does fer me.

Saterday — well I am pritty tired beeus I wirked in a grocery all day. I am trying to ern sum spendein money. Ma and pa give me some stockens and pensils and shurts and necktys and I want to get them some present my self.

Sundey—The ice was pritty good on the crick today so Jake and me disided to illuminate Sunday skool. I spent my nickle for a nice chaklit Declare on my way home and it kinda recked my apatite for the evening meel.

Munday—Teecher sat me to tell what I new about Washaton and Linken and I sed they was both woodchopers but she onley give me credick for one ½ of the anser. I gess she never red about Washaton chopping down his fathers good cherry tree. And I dont part of the story too. About Geo getin no licken.

Tesday—Went to a New Year party at Elsays house and Jane was there and I sat her if she wood dance with me and she sed not till after. I a clock arid. I sed Why I wont be here that long and she sed well neather will I. I wont no yet just what she ment by that. But girls is queer most of the time I guess. And offen show their ignorants.

Wenesday—I was asting pa what he thot about wimen smoking & etc. and he sed he goes they had as good a rite to smoke as the men has but he diddent think they wood ever learn to spit reel grasefoly.

Thirsday—I spent the p. m. and evening over at Blizters house and when I left I admitted I had a good time. I did no anw wife so we ate a eating supper I split the gravy on the table cloth and his ma just smiled and diddent slap me or tell me to get to bed. But at that I wandered if she diddent feel thataway.

Neighborhood News

ERIN

Miss Bertha Hamilton, of Toronto, is spending the Christmas holidays at her home here.

Mr. John McCaig, of Scotlaguard, Saskatchewan, is visiting with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James McCaig.

Miss Sadie Jolliffe, of Whitby and Mr. Orlando Jolliffe, of Orangeville are spending the Christmas vacation at their home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Loughead, of London, and Miss Florence Steel, of Thornbury, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Steel.

Mr. James Sanders, of Sault Ste. Marie, spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sanders.

Mrs. J. P. Bush and Mrs. Hoffman left this morning for Buffalo, N. Y., where they will visit with friends.

The rink was opened for skating on Saturday evening last and quite a crowd of young people enjoyed Canada's favorite winter sport.

Mr. and Mrs. Rex Scott and little daughter of Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Scott, of Guelph, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Scott.

The engine on the Cataract-Elora branch of the C. P. R. broke down near Orton, on Christmas night, necessitating assistance being sent from Orangeville and many passengers were delayed for hours. Fortunately no one was hurt.—Advocate.

BURLINGTON

W. Wiggins was in Buffalo last week attending the funeral of his brother, John Wiggins, who died rather suddenly.

Special Christmas services were held in all the churches on Sunday last. The music was appropriate to the occasion.

Miss M. Campbell, of Belwood, and Miss Queenie Campbell, of Toronto, are visiting at Trinity parsonage over the holidays.

Miss Kathleen Donkin, teacher at Palgrave, is spending the Christmas holidays at her home here.

Mr. Geo. H. Harris, of Caledonia, is spending Christmas at the home of his son here.

Miss Mary Blessinger is home from Lynden for the Christmas holidays, and will assume her new duties at Fairfield school, Aldershot, after the New Year.

This morning, (Thursday) a flock of crows sailed over the town. They were early, and some weather-wise persons predicted warmer weather in the near future. We hope they are right.

The skating rink was opened for the season on Saturday evening, the earliest in several years. The Walker boys have the ice in good condition, and many of our young people availed themselves of the opportunity to enjoy themselves in this winter pastime.—Gazette.

MILTON

Miss Myrtle Smith, of Buffalo, spent the holidays with relatives in Milton and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. White, of Toronto, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. White, on Sunday.

Judge and Mrs. Munro spent Christmas at the home of Mrs. Munro's parents, in Wiarton.

Miss Elsie Stewart, of Toronto, visited friends here this week.

Miss Ethel Taylor, of Mount Dennis, spent Christmas at her home here.

Dr. and Mrs. Jos. Akins, of Montreal, are visiting their parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Lampiedi, of Buffalo, are visiting her father, T. Ford.

On Monday afternoon last Milton's annual Community Christmas Tree for the children of the town proved a source of great delight for nearly 500 kiddies, who each received gifts of candies from Santa Claus in the Town Hall.—Champion.

Miss Charlotte Hill is spending the Christmas holidays with her sister, Mrs. Frank Pearen.

Miss MacKenzie, of Toronto, is spending the holidays here with her brother, Mr. J. M. MacKenzie.

Mrs. F. Bescoby and daughter, Marjorie, of Detroit, formerly of Milton, visited relatives in town this week.

At the opening of the General Sessions for the County of Halton, a welcome of the bar of the county was extended to Judge Munro by Crown Attorney W. I. Dick and George E. Elliott. His Honor replied briefly, expressing his appreciation for the kind reception.—Reformer.

An excellent protection against worms can be got in Miller's Worm Powders. They render the stomach and intestines untenable to them. They heal the surfaces that have become inflamed by the attacks of the parasites and serve to restore the strength of the child that has been undermined by the draughts that the worms have made upon it, and that their operation is altogether healthgiving.

OAKVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Smith, of Ottawa, were holiday visitors with her mother, Mrs. H. Litchfield.

The Oddfellows and Rebekahs held a Joint Christmas Tree for children on Monday evening. It was a great success.

Monday's snow storm filled Colborne street with snow again after the street had been twice cleared of snow.

There were numerous sleighs in town on Tuesday but few sleigh bells were heard. Few farmers in this district have had any use for sleigh bells for some years.

A couple of Salvation Army bandsmen were out serenading on Christmas eve and visited nearly all sections of the town. They played some good music.—Star.

GEORGETOWN

Mr. G. T. Cao and Mrs. K. Fox are spending the holidays in Toronto, Montreal and Danville, Quebec.

Mr. Harold Ball, of St. Thomas, is spending the holiday at the home of his mother in town.

Miss Margaret Denison of Bishop Strachan School, Toronto, is spending the holidays at her home here.

Mr. Morley Pettit and Miss Pettit left on Monday afternoon for Florida where they will spend the winter.

Miss Jessie Job, of Massagaweya, returned home after spending a few days at the home of her aunt, Mrs. R. J. Waldie.

On Sunday last Mr. Harry P. Lawson, of Stewartown was taken to Guelph Hospital, suffering with a badly infected hand. He is under the care of Dr. Howitt.

There was a fair attendance at the Junior Exhibition game played between Brampton and Georgetown at the Arena here on Friday evening last. Although the locals were defeated 6 to 1 in the first game of the season this only tends to give them a better spirit to win future games. Georgetown have an entirely new Junior team this year and from all reports the boys are shaping up well. The season looks good for our junior team.—Herald.

Asthma Cannot Last when the greatest of all asthmatic specifics is used. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy assuredly deserves this exalted title. It has to its credit thousands of cases which other preparations had failed to benefit. It brings help to even the most severe cases and brings the patient to a condition of blessed relief. Surely suffering from asthma is needless when a remedy like this is so easily secured.

Fashions for the Smart Woman

PRACTICAL DAINTINESS

If you have never done much sewing and are anxious to make your own clothes you will be wise to try your hand at a simple garment, such as this apron, before attempting more complex things such as frocks and coats. The apron is an excellent choice for the beginner because it may be made with little expenditure of time or money and yet produce so charming a result that you will be encouraged to go on with your sewing. Besides every woman really needs just such an apron as this one which she may slip over her frock when attending to light household duties. It is a slip-over model with a sash tying in back and the graceful ripple of its skirt make it just as dainty as it is protective. Figured cottons or voiles are delightfully suitable fabrics.

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 31
HAROLD NASH FARMER, M. A.
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, Etc.
FERRYMAN BLOCK - ACTON, ONT.
MONEY LENT ON MORTGAGES
Hours—9.30 a. m. to 5.00 p. m.
Saturdays—12.00 o'clock.

DENTAL

DR. J. H. JOHNSON, D.D.S., L.D.
Dental Surgeon
Office: Mill Street. In the Cooper Block
TELEPHONE 45

A. J. BUCHANAN, D. D. S.
Dental Surgeon
Office: Over Hassard's Drug Store
Hours: 9 a. m. until 6 p. m. Evenings by Appointment
Gas for Extractions
Closed All Day Wednesday

P. W. PEAREN, D. D. S., L. D. S.
Dental Surgeon
Successor to Late Dr. J. M. Bell
Phone 39 Mill Street, Acton

MISCELLANEOUS

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Account books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.
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If you are looking for any Investment for your money, THE MID-CONTINENT BOND CORPORATION offers Second
STANDARD ROYALTIES
One of the safest Securities to be had. Safe as a Bank, and pays good dividends every month.
Information gladly given for the asking, without obligation to you
H. W. DAWSON
P. O. BOX 28, BRAMPTON
District Representative
Have Openings for a Few Local Agents

Adjusting Time
This is the period of the year when business is adjusted, and mapped out for a New Year. It is time for you to consider and plan your insurance requirements. It is now, we can be of great service to you. We will gladly call and explain any of the policies you may require as best suited to your individual needs. No obligation of course. But let us mutually help with your insurance requirements.
Frederick L. Wright
Representative
Imperial Life Assurance Co. of Canada
PHONE 1021
Residence: Main Street, Acton

THE DIFFERENCE
Between Savage Glasses and the other kind is very noticeable to those who have worn both.
Many times each day at our office we have customers who say: "These are the finest glasses I ever had."
Let Us Show You the Difference
We operate the only Lens Surface Grinding Machinery in this district.
A. D. SAVAGE, R. O.
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST
SAVAGE BUILDING - GUELPH
"Right at the Post Office"
Open Every Wednesday Afternoon

STRICTLY TAILORED

Time was when the strictly tailored frock was a matter of choice. Today it's a necessity in the wardrobe and its presence receives as much careful attention as that of the gayer, lighter frocks. For the street, for motoring, for the stormy days of autumn and winter, the frock illustrated above serves inexpensively and is one of the simplest frocks for the seamstress sewing for herself. The bands are attached to the front of the blouse, turned under to form underfacings, and closed to the neck or rolled with the collar. Long sleeves are gathered to turn-back cuffs. The separate three-piece wrap-around skirt is pleated at the left side.

QUALITY
Is the "Better Part" of Value!
The "best Price" isn't everything. We strive to give you not only the best price, but the Best You Can Buy at the Price! Shop at Carroll's each week for assurance of quality!

Canned Vegetables

AYLMER PEAS, No. 4 sieve	2 tins 27c
AYLMER CORN, choice quality	2 tins 27c
AYLMER TOMATOES, No. 2½ tin	2 tins 27c
AYLMER PUMPKIN, No. 2 tin	10c
WAX BEANS—Good quality, No. 2 tin	15c
GREEN BEANS—Good quality, No. 2 tin	15c
ASPARAGUS TIPS—California, 1-lb. tin	19c
MUSHROOMS—French Choice, tin	15c, 30c, 35c
CAULIFLOWER—Imported, tin	25c
BRUSSELS SPROUTS—Imported, tin	17c

Heinz Tomato Ketchup, bottle	16c, 24c
Heinz Cooked Spaghetti, tin	10c, 15c, 24c
Clark's Boiled Dinner, tin	26c
Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup, tin	10c, 14c

Special—Bantiffet or Domestic Shortening 3-lb. Pail 48c

Pure LARD 1-lb. Pail 53c

Aylmer Soups, assorted	3 tins 29c
Aylmer Chicken and Rice Soup, tin	14c
Beaver Boneless Chicken, large tin	35c
Premier Salad Dressing, bottle	33c, 53c
English Malt Vinegar, bottle	15c, 26c

Special—Glasco's Crabapple JELLY 2 1-lb. Jars 29c

Carroll's Creamery BUTTER Per Pound 44c

Durham Brand Corn Starch, pkg	9c
McLaren's Invisible Jellies	4 pkgs. 25c
McLaren's Quick Puddings	2 pkgs. 23c
Finest Japan Rice	3 lbs. 25c
Rowntree's English Cocoa, tin	24c

SPECIAL—
SARDINES
Crooked Fish or King Oscos Large tins 2 tins 27c
Coronation Red Sockeye Salmon, tin 34c, 48c
Marshall's Kippered Herring, 1-lb. tin 29c

FLOUR
Blend Pastry Guaranteed or Money Refunded 24-lb. Bag 95c

Sliced Side Bacon, fancy mild cure, parchment-wrapped, 1-lb. pkg. 35c

Special Ceylon Black TEA 49c

Special MILK Eagle Brand Condensed For Coffee, For Mayonnaise, For Baby's Bottle 3 tins 50c

Special—Beehive or Crown Bd. Corn SYRUP A Healthful Sweet For Children 5-lb. Pail 31c

Choice PITTED DATES 2 lbs. 27c

WRAPPED BREAD Delicious Toasting 24-oz. Loaf 10c

Kean's English Mustard, tin 14c, 24c, 45c
French's Mustard Salad Cream 2 bots. 25c
Upton's Strawberry Jam, 40-oz. Jar 39c

ZEBRA Stove Polish For a High Lasting Gloss 2 tins 29c

CARROLL'S
Mill Street - Acton, Ontario