The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1930

MARCH

Bold March! Wild March!
Oh! you saucy fellow!
Even though your voice is rough
We know your heart is mellow.
Hush! You'll awake the children up
They are sweetly sleeping,
Daffodil and Buttercup
Still are silence keeping.

SPRING

When small sheep in fine' comin' out on de pasture,
Dem nice little tail stickin' up on der back,
Dey frolic wit' dair moder, an' play wit' each odor,
An' jump all de t'ing jus' de same' day was crack—

An' ole cow also, she's glad winter is over,
She kick herself up, an' start off on de race
With two-year-ole heifer, dat's purty clover
Jump lo' her;
Why everything crazie all over de place!
From the Habitant by W. H. Drummond

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, March 31, 1910

House-cleaning and gardening operations have commenced.

The lawns are showing pretty spring hues again.

The roads were never better at this season of the year.

Mr. Robert Lasby has removed to a farm at Moffat, in this county.

The mercury registered 70 degrees in the shade on Monday and 78 degrees yesterday.

The young people have played croquet on the lawns this week, just think of it, in March.

Mr. Robert Brown has been engaged as manager of Postmaster Matthew's vegetable and fruit gardens.

Mr. Robert Gibbons has bought from Mr. James Dron the two lots he recently purchased from the Thomas Moore estate.

Councillor A. T. Brown is having a neat summer house erected on his property at the corner of Arthur and Wellington Streets.

Mr. T. P. Martin has purchased the barn which was on Mr. R. L. Gregory's lot on Church Street and removed it to his property across the street.

The demand for houses in town continues. There are scores of applicants for every vacant dwelling and new families are coming to town every week.

Mr. Will Snyder, of Churchill was the first farmer reported to commence spring plowing. He spent Good Friday, March 22, in turning up the rich Churchill mold.

Mr. Hugh McCutcheon has moved from the Reid farm on the Third Line to the old homestead. His father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart McCutcheon, will continue to reside on the farm.

Contractor Mackenzie went to Georgetown on Monday to commence operations for the erection of a fine new pressed brick residence for Mr. H. D. Warren on Main Street. The plans are very similar to the splendid residence of Mr. C. C. Henderson's, corner Bower Avenue and Willow Streets.

Ex-Reeve Williams has earned quite a reputation as a poultry man. His record shows that from thirty-five hens he secured 260 eggs in January, 206 in February and 516 in March. With eggs at from 25c to 35c a dozen poultry keeping on the above basis should be profitable.

Mr. Geo. Hynds, Superintendent of Knox Sunday School addressed the Methodist Sunday School at the Easter and Review service on Sunday.

The annual At Home of Acton Lodge I. O. O. F. No. 204 was held on Thursday night in the Town Hall, and was attended by a large number of guests. The programme was enjoyable, and was contributed by Marks's Orchestra, of Guelph; The Blue Ribbon Ladies' Quartette; solos by Miss Hazel Agnew, and Mr. Harry Holmes; piano duetts by Misses Thompson and Leichman; Scottish humorous numbers by Mr. Alex. Munro; Scottish dancing by Miss Stalker, and an address by Mr. I. Francis, P. G., of Toronto. Councillor Murray McDonald was the Chairman.

MARRIED

McLAIN-GRAHAM—At the residence of the bride's parents, on Thursday, March 24, by Rev. W. G. Dodds, B. A., Chester McLain, son of George McLain, Erin, to Viola, daughter of George Graham, Eramosa.

LAMB-KINGSBURY—At the residence of the bride's parents, on Wednesday, March 23, by the Rev. A. N. Cooper, Thomie Jane, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Kingsbury, to George Lamb, all of Nassagaweya.

DIED

WALLACE—At the family residence, Lot 18, Con. 7, Nassagaweya, Susanna O'Neil, wife of Benjamin Wallace, aged 71 years.

Useful in Camp.—Explorers, surveyors, prospectors and hunters will find Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil very useful in camp. When the feet and legs are very sore and cold it is well to rub them freely with the oil and the result will be the prevention of pains in the muscles, and should a cut, or contusion, or sprain be sustained, nothing could be better as a dressing or lotion.

EXCLUSIVELY MODEST

Not all the Victorians were as prim and prudish as our freer generation supposes them to have been; but their extremer ideas of decorum are certainly funny! In the Lord Leverhulme collection recently exhibited, says a writer in the Boot and Shoe Recorder, there was displayed the advertisement of an old New York shoe store appealing for the patronage of our modest grandmothers.

This curious device was a kind of shield with clasps, which was attached to the ankle of a customer while trying on new footwear. No voluminous skirt of the period, accidentally lifted a little more than the few strictly necessary inches, could by any chance embarrass a buyer in that courteous and considerate establishment by revealing a glimpse of neat white stocking above the level of a low boot top. The "ankle-blind" safeguarded the sensibilities of the most "delicate female"!

It is not recorded whether that shop achieved popular patronage on the score of its excessive propriety, but it is certain the fashion of "ankle-blind" did not spread or continue. What would have been the feelings of one of those ankle-blinded ladies could she have foreseen a day of short skirts in which many a business girl, esteemed unimpeachably modest and discreet, might be seen perched on a shoe-black's throne, reading the morning paper, while her shoes were shined in public! Surely she would have orled faintly for smelling-salts and swooned upon the spot!

All mothers can put away anxiety regarding their suffering children when they have Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to give relief. Its effects are sure and lasting.

A MAKE-BELIEVE GENTLEMAN

Little Edna was watching with tremendous interest the ceremony of unwrapping mother's new evening dress. Finally its shimmering glories were all unveiled from its tissue wrappings.

"Oh, mama, how lovely!" she cried. "Will you wear it to-night?"

"No, not to-night, dear. This is for when ladies and gentlemen come to dinner."

Little Edna was clearly disappointed, but she quickly brightened up. "Oh, mama," she said, "let's pretend just for once that papa's a gentleman."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

FOR SUNDAY, MARCH 30

REVIEW

The Lessons of this quarter form the first half of a six-months' course grouped under the general heading, "The Gospel of the Kingdom," taken from Matthew and cover a period of about thirty-three years—4 B. C. to 29 A. D.

Golden Text.—Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace. Isa. 9: 6.

Lesson I.—Treats of the infancy and childhood of our Lord. Two main lessons are: (1) the certainty of every statement in God's Word; (2) God's power sufficient to frustrate the powers of evil.

Lesson II.—Shows Jesus at His baptism and in His temptation. Both happenings emphasize His deity and humanity.

Lesson III.—Shows Jesus in His early ministry, teaching and preaching. Central truth: The divine compassion and power of the Son.

Lesson IV.—Shows us Jesus teaching the multitudes in the way of real and abiding blessedness. Central truth: We should strive to be like our heavenly Father.

Lesson V.—Gives another section of the Sermon on the Mount. Central truth: Putting trust in God, and showing that trust by ceasing to worry and by not laying up earthly treasures.

Lesson VI.—Still another section of the Sermon on the Mount. Central truth: The way to build a house upon a rock which will stand.

Lesson VII.—Shows Jesus in His ministry of healing. Describes, also, the calling of Matthew. Central truth: Jesus willing and able to heal.

Lesson VIII.—Deals with the choosing and commissioning of the Twelve. Central thought: The business of an ambassador of Christ is to preach the Kingdom, heal the sick, cleanse the leper, cast out devils: to give freely.

Lesson IX.—Shows us Jesus again teaching in the cities. Central truth: Deity of Jesus shown in His inviting all who labor to come to Him for rest.

Lesson X.—Parable of the Sower. Central truth: "Take heed how ye hear the Word of God."

Lesson VI.—Jesus teaching in parables. Central truth: The vast outward growth but inward decay of the Kingdom in this dispensation.

Lesson XII.—In response to the persistent faith of a heathen woman, Jesus healed her daughter. Central truth: Faith can get anything from the Lord.

Dust Causes Asthma. Even a little speck too small to see will lead to agonies which no words can describe. The walls of the breathing tubes contract and it seems as if the very life must pass. From this condition Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy brings the user to perfect rest. It relieves the passages and normal breathing is firmly established again. Hundreds of testimonials received annually prove its effectiveness.

NEW VARIETIES

More than four hundred varieties of apples have been originated at the Central Experimental Farm of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, within the past thirty-five years. As thousands of seedlings have fruited the apples have been tested and the best of them named and perpetuated for future production.

The new varieties contain, for the most part, the characteristics of such fine old sorts as McIntosh, St. Lawrence, Fameuse, Wealthy, Northern Spy, Langford Beauty, Scott Winter, and Golden Russet. The most promising of the new varieties which cover the season from August until the following spring, in the opinion of Mr. W. T. Macoun, the Dominion Horticulturist, under whose direction apple breeding has been carried on, are Melba, Joyce, Hume, Lobo, Macross, Lawfam and Diana.

These varieties are all of fine flavor, medium in size and of attractive crimson color of varying shades. Some of these varieties have been fruiting for upwards of twenty years, Lobo and Melba having borne in 1909, Macross and Joyce in 1911, Diana in 1912, Lawfam in 1918 and Hume three years ago. Some of the latest of these varieties have reached the planting stage through the nurseries, while the newer ones are being given further trial at the Experimental Farms and in orchards in different parts of the country. Some of these varieties are extremely hardy, Melba, a summer variety, producing satisfactory crops in southern Manitoba.—Experimental Farm Note.

GARDEN TESTS

We do not purpose to add to the extensive literature on the subject of beetles, cutworms, caterpillars, rust, plant lice and other enemies of the vegetable kingdom. The garden pests on which we wish to comment are those which afflict the gardener rather than his plants. Much has been written about the pleasures of gardening; we wish to say a word of its annoyances and discomforts.

The gardener's appearance in the garden is the signal for a cloud of insects to rush to the attack. There seems to be no season when gardening activities are free from the harassing attentions of insect swarms. At the beginning of the gardener's year there are tiny flies that arise in great numbers apparently out of the soil that he overturns, and that assail him as if angered by his disturbance of their rest. They do not bite, but they swarm round his head, get into his hair, his ears and his mouth, tickle him unpleasantly and choose the most disagreeable methods of committing suicide.

Later in the year the mosquitoes arrive. Persons who think that mosquitoes are always struggling to get into their houses do not have gardens, or, if they have them, they do not work in them. Otherwise, they would find it is only the feebler members of the species that seek shelter and nourishment indoors. The viciously voracious mosquitoes never leave the garden. How they satisfy their appetites at times when the gardener is absent is a mystery. His neck, his wrists and the backs of his hands are their favorite feeding places; and no matter how many of them he slays in his fury there are always hordes unscathed and undismayed still pressing to the feast. Once the season for mosquitoes begins it seems really never to end so long as there is any garden left. There is an occasional lull in their activity but a damp spell followed by warm sunny days always stimulates them astonishingly.

When the mosquitoes seem gradually to be diminishing in number the flies make their appearance in increasing abundance. One fly to one gardener is really a superfluity and in the fly season the gardener is seldom without that one. It buzzes about his head and burrows now and then in his hair or walks round his ear or across the back of his neck—always warily dodging his heavy, dirty hand.

In fact, the existence of a garden is invariably testimony to the triumph of a man's spirit over his flesh.

AS GOOD AS NEW, OWNER HAS NO USE FOR IT

Some people have a subtle way of delivering a bit of criticism, says the Argonaut, and Tom H——— is one of them. One day after his fellow workman had made a very stupid blunder he remarked: "Joe, I wish you would will me your head when you die."

"What do you want of my head?" asked the other unsuspectingly.

"Why," said Tom, "it would be just like a new one; you never use it."

NEWSPAPER MEN'S VISIT

Eighteen members of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association, representing every province from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, reached Montreal, March 7, by Canadian Pacific train from Ottawa. They held meetings at the Windsor Hotel and were later entertained at dinner there by Lord Atholstan, proprietor of the Montreal Star. The photograph shows the party on arrival at the Windsor Street station, Montreal, and from left to right they are: A. W. Nash, Echo, Amherstburg, Ont.; J. A. [illegible], Examiner, Barrie, Ont.; H. B. [illegible], Journal, Windsor, N. S.; H. H. Anslow, Graphic, Campbellton, N. B., (immediate past president); David Williams, Bulletin, Collingwood, Ont.; P. A. Davis, Canadian, Carleton Place, Ont.; Hugh Savage, Cowichan Leader, Duncan, B. C., (President); D. C. Dunbar, Mercury, Estevan, Sask.; G. H. Mitchell, Post, Hanover, Ont.; E. J. Bennett, Leader, Carman, Man.; M. Macbeth, Gun, Milverton, Ont.; (1st vice-president); George Lake, Advance, Timmins, Ont.; Lerne Eddy, Journal-Argus, St. Mary's Ont.; Charles Clark, Times, High River, Alta.; J. L. Cowie, News-Express, Carberry, Man.; C. K. McIntosh, M. P., News, North Battleford, Sask.; E. Roy Taylor, Mercury, Renfrew, Ont. (managing director and treasurer); George Legg, Leader-Mail, Granby, Que.

CALEB PEASLEE AND THE WILD GOOSE

Caleb Peaslee halted the horses, and, as he and Deacon Hyne sat upon the load of pumpkins while the hired man led down the bars into the yard, he let his eye roam up the long slant of roof, covering the barn and attached wagon shed. It was a bright October morning, and the sun had not yet risen enough to shine upon that side of the roof, so that it was yet covered with white frost, slippery as ice.

"Good many times," Caleb remarked, as he surveyed the roof, "I look up there and think of one sartin time I didn't mind my father, and what come of it, to my sorrow.

"In them days," he went on, "wild geese was more plenty than they are now, and every man that was much of a hunter made his call'ations to git some geese durin' the fall season.

"One time my father was out after geese in the fall, and he fired at one goose and only wing-lipped him—not 'nough to hurt the goose much, but so he couldn't fly; and after a good of a chase my father run the goose down and caught him and fetched him home alive. His idea was to shut the goose up and by feedin' him and cossettin' him to get him wonted by degrees so'n't he o'd be let loose after his wing feathers had been cut, and used to tole in other wild geese when they went huntin' 'em.

"So my father made a little coop and put the goose into it and charged me not to meddle with the door of the coop; I o'd look at the goose all I wanted to and feed him, if I was so minded, but I was to let the door alone.

"A couple of days later my father had to make a trip about fifteen miles from home to bring back a load with his oxen. It's a long jaunt for oxen to go as far as that, and he got away long b'fore daylight. My mother went with him the first five miles, to visit the day with her aunt and uncle. So that left me alone on the place.

"It was a morning a good deal like this one—clear and sharp with frost, and a promise of wind, a day, I figgered, when I o'd git a breeze to fly my kite in.

"In them days," Caleb said, reflectively, "a boy didn't have so many things to play with as boys do now—and what he had wa'n't bought for him; he had to make 'em, or somebody had to make 'em for him. So when I tell you I had a boughten kite you'll understand it meant somethin' the same to me then that a bicycle would to a boy nowadays. I'd been savin' for it the better part of the summer, and to'rds the last my father helped me out with the last cupple of shillin's I needed.

"So I fetched out my kite and went to unsnarlin' the tail in the yard, close by the coop where the wild goose was. All at once the goose riz up on his laigs and flapped his wings, and in a flash it come into my mind it would be a good idea to hitch the goose to my kite and fly them together.

"I'd no more'n thought of that than every word my father'd told me went out my head, and I reached through the slats with about ten foot of strong cord, to make fast round one of the critter's laigs. He flopped about some, but I made out to tie it on after a while—and then I worked the door open careful and set him out.

"Jest as I started to tie him to the kite, a gust of wind ketched my cap and I made a grab for it without thinkin; and the goose, that was strugglin' around, tore himself loose. He tried to fly, but the best he o'd do, with his wing hurt so, was to rise to the barn roof; half flyin' and half scramblin' with his feet, he got to the ridgepole—and there he hung, with that ten foot of cord trailin' down over the frosty shingles.

"When I saw him up on the barn roof it come over me all in a flash that I'd been charged not to let him out, and I swarmed up onto the wagon shed and hauled myself from that up onto the barn roof. I was after the string I'd made fast to the goose's laig; I meant to grab that and fetch him down again.

"That roof was as slippery as a sheet of ice," Caleb went on, "but by gittin' a holt of the eaves I made out to pull myself up within six inches or so of the end of the cord; and then I gathered myself and made a lunge for it—and fastened to it solid with my right hand!

"But I'd no more'n grabbed the cord when I felt myself slippin'—and down I went goose and all, over thirty foot of barn roof and onto the wagon shed, makin' speed every foot I made. The last ten foot I was going as fast as a hoss—then off the shed I went and struck my kite I'd left standin' agin a shock of fodder corn!

"Well," Caleb sighed, "I broke my boughten kite all to flinders; and I broke my collar bone, too—but I hung to the string, lest the same, so the hoss didn't git away. And Jared Otway, who was comin' along the road, got to me with what speed he could. He put the goose back in the coop and got me into the house, and fetched Doctor Brunders for me.

"I was hurt 'nough so my father didn't lick me for not mindin' him—but he talked to me wuss'n a lickin; and he told me I'd always r'member it.

"And I have," he concluded. "Most every time I look up there—but I said that when I begun, come to think."

GOLD COLD ALASKA

From the Verstovian, published by the Sheldon Jackson School of Sitka, Alaska, issue of December, we take the following item and pass it along for due confemplation:

"The weather is still mild and summer-like. Up to December 3rd there had been no killing frost. The grass is as green as in mid-summer and vegetables have not been affected. The boys of the school are hoping for some ice for Christmas."

Put that in your pipe and smoke it.

SLATS' DIARY

BY ROBB FARQUHAR

Friday—well ma and pa including my and Ant Emmy went out to see the basket ball game at the skool house tonite. I was all dress up in my new fleary shirt and tie, and I was a tawking to Jane and some of the other gurls in are set, but I felt offly sensitive on acct. of when ever I set all dress up in new close it makes me feel so Attracktive most generally. And so confewsed.

Saterday — we had Co. at are house tonite just in time to beet us out of going to see a good tawky. The lady witch was here was a tawking about love at 1st site and act. and pa if he loved ma still and he answered and replyed that he loved her better anyaway than most enny other way, witch didient help matters none in are little family sirkle.

Sunday—had to stay for chirch this a. m. because they was a womman a singing a cupple solos witch ma had know when she was a little girl. I dont no what kind of a voice she had but pa told me he thot it was what you wood call a Mixed voice.

Munday—Wile I was a studying my joggerfy I drawed a pitcher of a apple and then I tuk and showed it to Jane and ant her if it didient look like a apple. She sed mebby it did. A apple witch had layed too long in the hot sun.

Tesuday—We all went to the party witch was gave for Ole Mr. Holcums 92nd berthday. I shuk hands with him and ast him if his life had been a happy I and he sed, Yes my boy so far it has. Seemed to have miss givings of the fewtcher.

Wednesday—well I had a fite with Peg Stevens tonite on the way home from skool and when I got home ma thot I had lost a cupple teeth but I fooled her becus I had them both in my pocket all the time.

Thiraday—Today in the History class the teecher ast Slinky why he wood druther live in the united States than enny other forreh country and he sed that he wood druther live in the united States becus that was the oney langwidge he cud under stand.

LOVE, A DIVIDEND

"Is everything all settled?" Pen looked up eagerly as Mrs. Melrose entered the room. "Yes; I shall have to come back to-morrow afternoon, I fear." And Mrs. Melrose sat down on the window seat beside her young friend. "I shall be sorry to leave you people and go back to the hot city."

"To-morrow?" Pen inquired anxiously. "Can Jean get ready so soon?"

Mrs. Melrose slipped her hand over Pen's slim hands and answered gently: "She isn't going with me, dear. She has decided that her place is at home."

"Isn't going!" Pen was astounded. "She intends to give up a chance like that just to stay in a pokey town like this and never amount to anything! O Mrs. Melrose, I did think she would see what this means and realize that she hasn't any right to spend all her life at home pottering round like an ordinary person. Talents like hers are a sacred trust, and they shouldn't be wasted. You agreed with me; you said you did!" Pen looked at her friend reproachfully.

"I did say just that, dear," Mrs. Melrose replied. "Talents are a sacred trust, but are fame and fortune the only valuable results of such talents?"

"But she doesn't do anything with them. Not—"

"But, Pen, dear," her friend interrupted her, "who decorated the booths at the bazaar last week? Who designed Miss Peabody's window decorations and the interior of her shop when her millinery business was almost at a standstill and made it so enticing that everyone stopped to look and then to buy? How about Mrs. Moody, that dear old lady with the crippled leg? Who except Jean would design those fascinating tatted edges for her shuttle to weave and her mind to keep busy with? And I wonder what paid helper would run over to Mrs. Atwater's and draw funny pictures for little Larry to keep him quiet while his frail, worn little mother finished her sewing or mopped her big kitchen floor? Pen, dear, the love and sympathy that Jean is scattering around here is a means of greater inspiration to many more hearts than the dresses she might design for any New York house."

"Hum." Pen looked thoughtfully at her friend. "You mean it's like putting your money in the bank and letting it draw interest year after year. Sometimes it yields more than big investments and speculations."

"Exactly," her friend answered, "and love is the biggest dividend any investment can pay."

"You're a dear!" cried Pen and squeezed her friend's hand appreciatively. "I—I think I'll check up my own assets and see whether they are all properly invested!"

FORESTALLED

An old tale is related of a family named Wood whose younger members are collectively called the "spinners." There was a certain propriety in this nomenclature. Just as there is in the suggestion made by the learned scientist in the following story in Pick-Me-Up:

"Now what shall we name the baby?" inquired the professor's wife.

"Why, this species has been named!" answered the professor, in astonishment. "This is a primate mammal; Homo sapiens."

A GREAT COLLEGE ROOTER

All that Mary's lamb ever did for the cause of education was to follow its young mistress to school, and even that was a hindrance rather than a help, for it was not only "against the rule" but "made the children laugh and play." It showed no initiative, no disposition either to lead or to point the way. It merely followed. As an educational influence the lamb must therefore take a position decidedly inferior to that of the pig, as you shall hereinafter see.

Ten years ago two business men of London, Kentucky, financed a Junior Agricultural Club that a relative of one of them had organized. Their help consisted in distributing eight thoroughbred Poland China sow pigs to as many boys, on the condition that each of the boys should return four sow pigs to the donor.

How seven of the beneficiaries have prospered we do not know; it is the fortunes of the eighth boy that are the theme of this bucolic saga.

Aubrey H. Feltner remarked when he got his pig, "I'm going to make her root for me through college." He has kept his word. At any rate the little sow has kept the promise that her young master saw in her, for in the ten years that have passed since then London Lady, as he named her, has produced one hundred and seventy-one offspring, and her litters have brought in $1,815. From that amount the young man has paid the expense of a course of study in a private school, has won a high-school diploma, spent three years at Berea College and completed a course in a normal school. Besides that, from the generous proliferosity of his porcine patron he has had trips to the state fair at Louisville and to Junior Week at the University of Kentucky.

It would not be safe to assume that during all those years the young man has had nothing to do but to live, so to speak, on the fat of the land. You cannot raise good pigs or good stock of any kind without attention and intelligent care and hard work; but those are in themselves educational influences not to be despised. Coupled with such academic training as the owner of London Lady has had, they make the kind of men that the country most needs; that is, intelligent and educated farmers. No doubt, too, there have been emotional satisfactions during these ten years. Young Feltner may never have enjoyed, as Bill Nye did, the pleasure of seeing his razorback hogs strepping themselves on a pine tree," but he has probably heard many a squeal of delight and many gustatory grunts as he "slopped" his successive families with buttermilk.

A few more brood sylne like London Lady would convince even a philologlat that sustenance is derived from sus, which is the Latin for sow.

CANADA PREPARES FOR THE NEXT POULTRY CONGRESS

Preparation for the part Canada is to take in the World's Poultry Congress to be held in London in July of this year, are well advanced. Mr. P. O. Elford, Dominion Poultry Husbandman, and First Vice-President of the Congress, reports that the Canadian exhibits that will be put on by the Federal and Provincial Departments and business organizations will occupy about 9,000 square feet of floor space, which is now being put in order on an elaborate scale.

Mr. W. A. Brown, Chief of the Poultry Division of the Dominion Live Stock Branch, who is in charge of the Canadian educational exhibits, reports that many of the principal poultry flocks over the whole country are being visited with a view to securing the necessary birds that will be used in bringing the promotion policies of Canada in relation to the poultry industry to the attention of the delegates from adhering countries, and other visitors to the Congress.

Dr. P. N. Marcellus, Secretary of the Congress for Ontario, reports that the Ontario rabbit breeders have expressed a desire to make a display of pelts. If it is finally decided to do this, the display will be made within the commercial exhibits of the Federal Department of Agriculture.

Dr. Marcellus also suggests the possibility of the Ontario exhibitors of birds arranging for competition after arrival at Ottawa and prior to shipment. It is expected that prizes for this competition will be provided by the Department of Agriculture at Toronto.

Soaks Right In
And Limbers Up
Stiff Joints

Nowdays people don't have to be tormented with inflamed, swollen, creaky joints.

If you want your bad aching joints to limber up and work with smoothness the sensible thing to do is to get something that is made for just that purpose.

It's up to you—just ask for a tube of Joint-Ease and give your troublesome joints a good rubbing to-night.

When you rub this magical yet scientific emollient on your sore, painful, stiff joint it has the uncanny power of penetration—it soaks right in and away it goes through skin and flesh right down to the ligaments and tendons of the joint—right where the trouble starts.

Out comes the inflammation and down goes the swelling—a hard job is well and swiftly done—your joint is limber again — it works smoothly — you are thankful.

Joint-Ease is a product of Canada and every good drug store in the Dominion sells lots of it. Make a note of this also—for lumbago and lame aching back one good rubbing is usually enough—60 cents for a generous tube and it's guaranteed—you must get results or money back.

A LITTLE EXAGGERATED

The witty George Canning, illustrating the Hibernian tendency, when excited, to hurry beyond the limits of mere sense, tells this anecdote:

An Irish divine, preaching against the vice of swearing, and denouncing its prevalence in a certain town, said in the height of declamation:

"Even the little children that can neither speak nor walk run about the streets blaspheming."

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TIME TABLES

AT ACTON

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Going East

Sunday Only	11.28 a.m.
Sunday Only	7.12 p.m.
Daily except Sunday	7.07 a.m.
Daily—Except Sunday	*11.52 a.m.
Daily except Sunday	*6.17 p.m.
Daily except Sunday	8.18 p.m.

Going West

Sunday Only	10.31 a.m.
Daily—except Sunday	*7.28 a.m.
Daily—except Sunday	12.09 a.m.
Daily—except Sunday	2.29 p.m.
Daily except Sunday	6.17 p.m.
Daily except Sunday	*7.20 p.m.

* Denotes Mail Train.

† Flag stop to let off or take on passengers.

CANADIAN NATIONAL ELECTRIC RAILWAYS

Westbound

Daily—Except Sunday	7.30 a.m.
Daily	9.56 a.m.
Daily	11.56 a.m.
Daily	2.16 p.m.
Daily	4.36 p.m.
Daily	6.56 p.m.
Daily	9.16 p.m.
Daily	10.16 p.m.

Eastbound

Daily—Except Sunday	6.53 a.m.
Daily	9.13 a.m.
Daily	11.13 a.m.
Daily	1.33 p.m.
Daily	3.53 p.m.
Daily	6.13 p.m.
Daily	8.33 p.m.
Daily	11.33 p.m.

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TRAVEL BY BUS

Westbound
Due at Acton daily at 10.05 a. m., 1.05 p. m., 4.05 p. m. and daily, except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays, at 7.00 p. m. On Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays only at 10.05 p. m.

Eastbound
Daily at 9.26 a. m., 12.05 p. m., 2.55 p. m. and 7.35 p. m.

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