The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1930

MY MITHER

Wha was it when I was a bairnie nae wee
Wad greet, I' my sorrow and launch I' my glee,
Hae patient, nae fender, nae loving tae me?
—My Mither,

Wha was it when I was a laddie at schule,
Wad teach me my-wee it o' trokes to fulfil;
Taught me tae lo'e virtue, and aye tae shun ill?
—My Mither.

Frien's they hae come and frien's they hae gane,
An' mine they've forgotten an' left me alane,
But the love that I' life and I' daith's aye the same
—Is Mither's.

Oh, there's nae luve on earth unto mortals that's given
That sheds on life's pathway tae muckle o' heaven,
Hae leal and nae true when a' else is riven
—Like Mither's.

An' when by His grace, ayont the bricht ann,
The race here is finished, the victor's won,
Not inline he the meed o' the Maister's "Weel dune"
—But Mither's.

Entered Into Rest

RICHARD N. MOORE, Toronto

In the sudden death of Richard Nelson Moore, while attending church service on Good Friday, April 18, Halton County loses one more of her native sons. Just at the close of the services on Good Friday evening in Forward Baptist Church, Toronto, Mr. Moore sank to the floor and expired almost instantly while the pastor, Rev. Walter Hughes, was saying the closing prayer. It all happened so suddenly and quietly that the pastor did not know anything had happened until told by a deacon while still praying. Death was attributed to a heart attack. Mr. Moore had been in his usual apparent good health, although he had a heart attack on December 23, which called all the members of the family to his bedside then, so that they were re-united for Christmas; and he had not had a re-occurrence of same until his sudden passing. He had been quite active recently and apparently getting stronger again. With him at the end were his two daughters and a son-in-law, Mrs. Weese, with whom he resided, and Mrs. (Rev.) J. W. Hisey and Mr. Hisey, of London; Mrs. Moore was also at his side. They all had supper together in the church, along with other delegates. It was a beautiful and (a) a simple life, well lived. Richard Nelson Moore was born near Scotch Block, Esquesing Township, Halton County, and was the last surviving member of the family of the late Wm. Moore. He had been farming in Halton County before he removed to Toronto, with his family, in 1906. He was one of the early members of the old United Presbyterian Church, at Mansewood, near Milton, and later an elder. Upon removing to the town of Milton he was a member and elder of Knox Presbyterian Church, when Rev. W. N. McKay was pastor. In Toronto he was a member for many years of St. Enoch's Presbyterian Church, and the last two years of Forward Baptist Church. In politics he was a Liberal and was also a strong prohibitionist. He was in his 86th year and is survived by his widow, who, before her marriage was Margaret Jane McLaren, of Peru, near Milton, with whom he celebrated their 57th wedding anniversary on February 20 last, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Jean Weese, 75 Burgess Avenue, Toronto, with whom he resided the past few years. He is also survived by two sons and six daughters. They are: Donald A., of Toronto; James Walker, of Windsor; Mrs. Ella Peddle, of Milton; Mrs. (Rev.) J. W. Hisey, of London, Ontario; Mrs. Jean B. Weese, Toronto; Mrs. (Rev.) Duncan E. McDonald, Jobat Jobat Co., Central India; Mrs. Laura Johnston and Miss Margaret J. Moore, of Toronto. He is survived by twenty-four grandchildren also. The funeral service was held from Forward Baptist Church, Toronto, on Easter Monday, at two o'clock. The remains were laid to rest in Park Lawn Cemetery, Toronto. Rev. Prof. R. H. Campbell, formerly one of the faculty of McMaster University, and a close friend and relative of the family, offered prayer at the house before removing the remains to the church, and Rev. Walter Hughes took the service at the church, assisted by Rev. John McNichol, of Toronto Bible College, and Rev. G. M. Dunn, formerly pastor of Beach Presbyterian Church, Toronto. Besides these there were several other ministers at the church, including Rev. Dr. Buchanan, of India. Many beautiful floral tributes were received from relatives and friends and the church affiliations and telegrams from out of Toronto. Besides many present from Toronto and vicinity, they were present from Milton, Brampton, Georgetown, Guelph, London, Blyth and other places. The pallbearers were three nephews, Wm. H. Moore, of Milton, and David Laidlaw and James Richmond, of Blyth, and three grandchildren, Wm. N. Weese, of Toronto; and Albert and Frank Peddle, of Milton. All of the family, excepting Mrs. D. M. McDonald, of India, were present; and also 14 of the 24 grandchildren.

BRIGHT, BUT SLOW

The inhabitants of the New Forest, one of the few woodland regions left in England, are truly Arcadians. The English novelist, Mr. H. A. Vachell, who lives there, writes in "Yellow Travellers," that there are men and women there who have never been so far from home as Southampton, the principal city of the county. During the war one of the ancients asked Mr. Vachell, "Whatever are we goin' to do wi' the Frenchies when we've beaten un?" He believed England was fighting the hereditary enemy!

Mr. Vachell tells another story. An old man was asked whether he had ever been to London.

"Aye, that I has," he piped up cheerily.

"They comes to me an 'asks me to farm park of what they calls a deputation. 'Lard love 'ee,' I says, 'I ain't got no closes fit for Lunnon town,' I says. 'Never you mind,' says they; 'do 'ee come along wi' us.' An' I did.

"Well, we all marches so grand an' gay down that there street they calls Regency Street, when all of a sudden-like a gert, red-faced man atop of a bus yells out: 'Halt!' Course we halted, and then he says: 'How in blazes do they keep the crows aff the wheat when you fellers come to town?'

"We was confidentially down-scrambled, we was; but a very notable answer blowed into my yed just a fortnight afterwards. 'Twas in November when we was marchin' down that there Regency Street, an' in November there be no wheat to keep crows aff!"

Persian Balm—the unrivalled toilet requisite. Essential to every dainty woman. Imparts rare charm and beauty to the complexion. Softens and beautifies the skin. Makes hands flawlessly white. Cools and refreshes. Relieves roughness. Ideal for true feminine distinction. Delicately fragrant. Swiftly absorbed into the tissues, leaving no stickiness. Persian Balm invariably creates a subtle elegance and charm.

AFTER LONG YEARS

I gave her fresh violets long ago,
As blue as the sky above,
And to them I tied with a ribbon bow
A boy's simple note of love.
"These violets bring you my heart," it said;
She read it and blushed till her cheeks grew red.

But I went away, and long years flew past
Before I returned, and then
The call of my home-land grew strong at last
To see my old friends again.
The church door was open. I went inside,
And learned that my violet girl had died.

I found in her bible the dry, pressed flowers,
There, too, was the note signed "Jim."
And as I remembered youth's love-lit hours,
My eye with a mist grew dim.
I know that the love she had never told,
Had lived through the years, and had not grown cold.

—J. L. Hughes.

OTHER OLD BOYS AND GIRLS COMING HOME

It is refreshing to observe the very general desire of those who have left their childhood's homes to go out into the world to seek their fortunes, to come back on a visit, and see the scenes of their youth and meet those who are left of their schoolday companions.

Dublin School folks have been in active preparation for a re-union at the old Dublin school for months past.

Now, I notice there is to be a re-union of the old pupils of School No. 3, Nassagaweya, at the end of June. My old friend, Hrs. Dr. W. H. McTavish, of Stelleville, is quite interested in the matter, and the other day wrote an interesting chain of reminiscences, respecting his school days away back in 1867—at the time when confederation of the Canadian Provinces was effected.

As School No. 3 is only a few miles from Acton, and as scores of Nassagaweya people read THE FREE PRESS, and as I am informed that Dr. McTavish was Nassagaweya correspondent for this journal when he was a young man at home, I feel sure his article will give pleasure to many if published in this column, and here it is:—

"Having been honored a few days ago with an invitation to attend the re-union of the old boys and girls of S. S. No. 3, Nassagaweya, on June 30, I naturally began to dig up from the storehouse of memory some of the scenes witnessed in the long ago in that famous seat of learning, and also the names of some of the pupils who participated in those scenes.

"We did not belong to S. S. No. 3, as my father's farm was situated within the bounds of S. S. No. 7. We had as our teacher in No. 7, Miss Mary Moore, of Esquesing, who afterwards became the wife of Mr. William Logie, long an honored official of Nassagaweya Township. Miss Moore was a young lady of fine character, and was probably as capable a teacher as most of her confreres in the profession at that time. But my father held the opinion that a male teacher would be a better mentor than a female for a boy. Accordingly I was sent for a while to No. 3.

"This was in 1867, the year of Confederation, when I was a boy of nine.

"There was a Federal election that year, and the candidates in Halton were John White, of Milton, who so long represented that county in the Federal House, and Mr. Chisholm, of Oakville (not Mr. D. H. Chisholm, who represented Halton County in Parliament some years later.) Mr. White was the Reform candidate and Mr. Chisholm the Conservative. If my memory is not at fault Chisholm was a colonel, but even if he had been a general it is doubtful if he could have carried Halton County for the Conservatives at that time.

"These were the bad old days when a Parliamentary candidate might often be seen with a carpet bag in which there was a bottle of whiskey. The polling extended over two days. The polls were open, and every hour or so the deputy returning officer handed out "the state of the poll," an item of news which always intensified the excitement around the polling booth. The excitement reached its climax on the second and last day of voting.

"It is not likely that the boys of No. 3 knew much about the candidates or their respective policies, but we argued about them as vehemently and vociferously as if we knew all about them. The Grits on our side of the section outnumbered the Tories and overcame them, not by argument, but by sheer force of numbers. We were Grits or Tories because our fathers were Grits or Tories. It is doubtful if any boy could have given a reason for the politics that was in him.

"The term 'bootlegger' had not been coined at that time, but the Parliamentary candidate, going about with a bottle in his bag, was a good imitation of the genuine article. I remember that when I was a boy and had no vote I was offered a dram from the bottle in the candidate's carpet bag. I did not partake, even though it was offered, like salvation, "without money and without price." It was not enough for the candidate to carry a supply in his bag. If he entered a barroom, no matter how crowded it was, he was expected to treat all hands. You can depend upon it, that the thirsty ones didn't remain outside when a candidate entered the bar. Elections did not come around every day and the thirsty ones 'improved the occasion,' as preachers sometimes say.

"Mr. White was elected in 1867, as was expected, and the excitement among the boys of No. 3 died down, for we had to go on to school as usual, just as we have to go on paying our taxes now, no matter whether the Grits or Tories are in power.

"The games we used to play were much the same as those played by pupils on school grounds to-day. Games do not seem to have improved much during the past half-century. Baseball was not the scientific game it is to-day, but unscientific as it was, we played it. The modern terms, 'the sphere,' and 'the pellet,' were not used; we called it a ball and it was made, not in a factory, but usually at home, and from yarn unravelled from an old sock. The most popular game was "Fidley." There is no need to describe the game, as the mere mention of the word will remind the old boys how we used to play it.

"The teacher at that time was Mr. George A. Stark, a young man from Esquesing, and afterwards Dr. George A. Stark, of Mandan, North Dakota.

He was a real "lord of the birchen sceptre." In that school we had "Readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic, Taught to the tune of a hickory stick."

"And it was genuine hickory, as a blackened finger on one of my hands could testify. I do not say that Mr. Stark was more cruel than other teachers of that time. Probably he was not. Squeers' method was too much in vogue. I think Mr. Stark was a good man. Every morning he read a portion of the Bible for our edification. I remember how impressively he read one morning, "He that spareth his rod hateth his son, but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." He read it a second time that we might take in its full significance.

"As I look back now I think Mr. Stark excelled in two things, viz., mental arithmetic and declamation. Often when going home from school, we children, about 50 yards in advance of him, would hear him declaiming some poem which called forth his elocutionary powers.

"Among the boys who recited, perhaps the youngest was little Donald McNair, son of Donald McNair, the auctioneer, who lived near the old Nassagaweya Post Office. When Donald was only about 7 years of age he used to recite with great gusto:

"You'd scarce expect a boy like me
To get up here where all can see, etc."

"Jack McTaggart, now Mr. J. A. McTaggart, V. S., who still practices his profession within the limits of No. 3, was another of the reciters. His faced glowed, his Highland blood seemed to grow hot, and he appeared to be hurling out a challenge to the world as he declaimed, "There's life in the old lion yet."

"The poem that was assigned to me was "The Downfall of Poland," a fairly stiff piece of literature for a boy of 9.

A few years ago I spent a night in Ottawa, and on looking over the hotel register in the morning, I saw the name George A. Stark, M. D., Mandan, North Dakota. I lost no time in looking him up, and found my old teacher growing grey and somewhat corpulent, but full of animation. He gave me his card and I saw that he was a candidate for some office in his state, but I never learned whether he was elected or not. He asked many questions about the place where he once held sway, and as I had been in Nassagaweya a short time previously I was able to answer most of his enquiries."

There, it's a good many years since an article penned by Dr. McTavish appeared in THE FREE PRESS. I am quite sure this interesting story of the early days will be read with interest.

The little poem by Dr. James L. Hughes, at the head of this article, seems to me to be singularly appropriate to the theme of the day. Dr. Hughes was an old school teacher, down in Durham County. He has attended many school re-unions, and I think his poem grew out of a visit to the old home school on an occasion of this sort.

The Old Man

WEEDS WITHOUT WATER
By Rev. A. B. Rhinow

The train stopped at a station called Lakeview.

"What lake does that refer to?" I asked a fellow passenger.

"There is no lake," he answered looking up from his newspaper. "There was one, generations ago. But it is all dried up now. Nothing remains but the name."

Nothing remains but the name!

And I thought of fine customs that at one time were full of power, but whose spirit had faded until nothing was left but the name.

Patriotic holidays, at one time full of martyr meaning, are now nothing more than a name to thousands who think only of spreading a table cloth on the grass on that day and munching sandwiches.

Religious truth, instilled in the years of impressionable youth, watched over and prayed over by parental love, is exposed to the blight of carelessness until nothing is left but a name.

They are wells without water. They invite the thirsty, but they have nothing to quench the thirst.

And how we like to cover up the emptiness with elaborate decorations. Where there is emptiness, there is ornament.

Let us revitalize our institutions by drawing from the inexhaustable fountains of divine spirit.

THE FAITHFUL QUAIL FATHER

A reader who has always been much interested in the out-of-doors sends this interesting, though tragic, story of a pair of quail:

Having frequently heard that the male quail will take turns with the female on the nest at brooding time, I decided to verify the fact for myself. I found a nest with six eggs in it and made daily trips to the place until all the eggs were laid and for some time thereafter. I found that the mother bird would cover the eggs at night and remain on them until about nine o'clock the following morning and that then the male bird would relieve her and stay on the nest virtually the entire day.

One day, in company with a small boy, I happened to go a little too near and the mother bird fluttered off and hopped on a log a short distance away. Picking up a stone, the boy threw it at her and killed her. I reprimanded him severely, but unfortunately the damage had been done—the nest broken up and sixteen little quails lost. At least so it seemed to me.

But, going back the next day, I saw the male bird on the eggs. Day after day I went to the spot always to find him on the nest. Then one day the nest was empty; egg shells scattered about told what had happened. The father quail had hatched his brood.

KEEPING THE FEED AND WATER CLEAN ON THE RANGE

With the ever increasing danger of parasitic infection due to the intensive methods now in vogue in the rearing of chicks and the handling of the laying and breeding stock, it behooves breeders to adopt every sanitary precaution to ensure the health and well being of the growing chicks.

Infection through the drinking water and feed, while on range, should be avoided by using stands for the feed troughs and drinking vessels, so that there will be no chance of infection through the consumption of feed that has become contaminated by coming in contact with the droppings on the ground or through the drinking of water that has formed puddles on the ground around the drinking pails.

For this reason all feed and water consumed should be supplied either from hoppers for the dry mash or from troughs for the scratch grain and from elevated clean vessels for the drinking water. The roosting shelters, hoppers, troughs and water stands should be moved at frequent intervals so as to keep the chicks on fresh ground as much as possible.

For sketches of shelters, hoppers, or water stands write the Poultry Division, Central Experimental Farm. — George Robertson, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes; Household Ideas and Suggestions

VEGETABLES FOR COMPANY

When company comes (yes, and even when the family dines alone) it is well to serve an unusual vegetable dish. Far too many housewives get into the habit of serving carrots, squash, beans, potatoes and turnips in one or two forms, day after time, until they begin to lose their appeal.

Here are recipes showing how the first two may be served differently and delightfully:

Carrots and Cheese

Mince twelve medium-sized carrots. Add a teaspoon of sugar and steam until tender. Put into a baking dish. Sprinkle liberally with cheese and a little salt and pepper. Beat three eggs and stir into a pint of milk that has been put on the stove to heat. Let the mixture thicken; then pour over the carrots and cheese. Add more cheese for a top dressing. Put the baking dish in a pan of water and place in the oven to brown.

Baked Winter Squash

Wash the squash. Cut and remove seeds and pulp. Then cut squash in squares and place in a pan containing a little water. Place in a moderate oven and bake until the pulp is soft, basting occasionally with a little hot water and butter. When nearly done sprinkle lightly with brown sugar and dot with butter. Finish baking and serve a square to each person.

RHUBARB PUNCH

1 quart rhubarb
1 quart water
1-2 cup orange juice
4 tablespoons lemon juice
1½ cups sugar syrup
Few grains salt
1 pint mineral water

Cut rhubarb in small pieces, cook with water until fruit is soft. Strain through double thickness of cheesecloth, add orange juice, lemon juice, sugar syrup and salt. When ready to serve pour over a cake of ice in a punch bowl, add mineral water and allow to get very cold. Makes 8 glasses; 24 punch glasses.

HALF AND HALF
(Individual Service)

This is a variation of the popular fresh orange juice beverage. It has been quite successfully used by the soda fountain, and is equally adapted for service with meals. The use of fresh lemon juice adds a tang most welcome to the breakfast patron.

¼ cup orange juice
¼ cup lemon juice
Sugar
¾ cup cold water

Mix all ingredients thoroughly, and serve in a large glass. If desired very cold, crushed ice may replace part of cold water.

CARROT SURPRISE

½ junket tablet
¼ teaspoon cold water
½ cup carrot puree
1 cup milk
Salt

Crush junket tablet and dissolve in cold water. Prepare the carrot puree by rubbing cooked carrot through a sieve. Add milk and season with salt. Warm until lukewarm—not hot—remove from stove and add dissolved junket tablet. Turn into individual dishes and let stand in warm room until firm—about ten minutes. Serve warm or chilled as preferred.

ROSE MILDEW

One of the most common diseases that is encountered by the gardener is rose mildew. This fungous disease is usually most prevalent in the spring but it sometimes becomes less severe later in the season during the hot summer weather.

Mildew is readily recognized by the white, powdery growth of the causal fungus showing on the surface of the leaves and young shoots. The disease may appear on the foliage as patches, or the whole surface may be affected. The diseased leaves often become curled and twisted, and frequently develop a yellow, sickly color. Badly affected leaves are likely to fall early in the season, and twigs showing mildew usually do not ripen normally in late summer but continue growth, and are then easily killed in the winter.

The control of most fungus diseases is only accomplished by the application of fungicides before the appearance of the disease, as the causal fungus has already penetrated into the tissue and the spray or dust cannot come in contact with the organism causing the trouble. However, as the fungus causing mildew only attacks the surface and does not penetrate into the inner tissue of the host plant, this disease can be controlled after its appearance by the application of suitable fungicides.

A very fine sulphur dust is mostly used to control rose mildew. This should be applied evenly over the surface of the plants with a hand duster. If a duster is not available, the dust can be put on quite well by placing it in a square of loose cheesecloth, gathering up the corners to form a bag and then beating this with a stick over the bush. If the sulphur is put on while the foliage is moist with dew or rain, or after sprinkling, it will adhere better and give greater efficiency. Enough sulphur to give a light, even coating of dust is sufficient.

If it is inconvenient to use sulphur dust, a spray made up with potassium sulphide (liver of sulphur) may be used. It is prepared by dissolving 3 or 4 ounces of the chemical in 3 gallons of water. It must be used as soon as it is prepared, for it loses strength on standing. This is a stainless spray and will not spoil the appearance of the foliage.

After the first appearance of the disease the dust or spray should be applied two or three times at intervals of about ten days, and as necessary after rewards.—C. E. Woolliams, Dominion Field Laboratory of Plant Pathology, Summerland, B. C.

ART OF DIAMOND SETTING

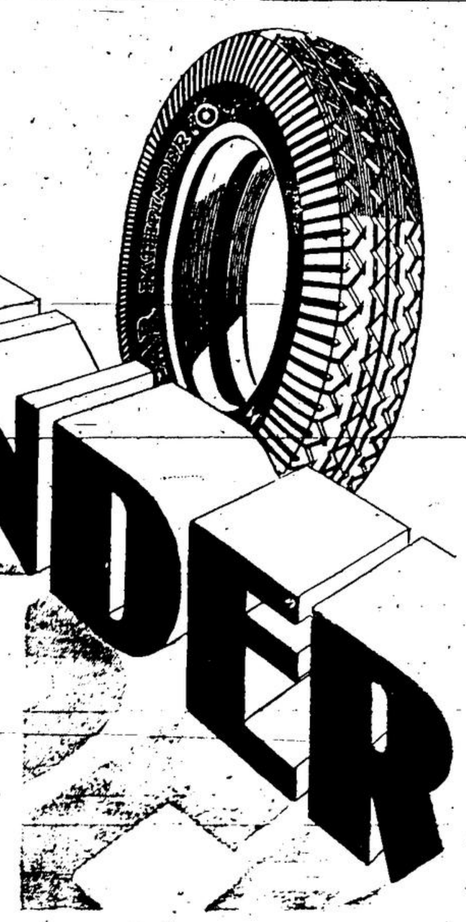
Precious stones always have been greatly treasured in the East, and some of the most beautiful stones are or were originally in the possession of Persian and Indian princes. Often they were claimed by their owners to possess mysterious powers and were regarded with great superstition. This no doubt is due to the fact that unhappiness, theft, and even death frequently cluster about a gem famous for its size and beauty, due to the greed and covetousness of human nature.

Diamonds are very expensive, not so much because of their rarity as because the diamond syndicate restricts the number which may be put into circulation yearly. This preserves the value of the stones very effectively; although they are far more common now than twenty-five years ago.

The beauty of these gems is assured by "cutting," and the ordinary "brilliant" cut diamond has fifty-eight facets. The skill of the cutter has much to do with the brilliancy of the gem and the setting into which it is placed also adds greatly to its beauty. Diamond setting is a real art, and it is interesting to know how the designs are made.

The Poor Man's Friend.—Put up in small bottles that are easily portable and sold for a very small sum, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil possesses power in concentrated form. Its cheapness and the varied uses to which it can be put make it the poor man's friend. No dealer's stock is complete without it.

PATHFINDER



GOODYEAR TIRES Selected Dealer

IT'S hard to find a lower-priced tire than the Goodyear Pathfinder—but you'll find only one better tire—the All-Weather Tread Goodyear. Pathfinder is big and husky and handsome. And it's built of Supertwist cords.

And it carries the full Goodyear lifetime guarantee.

Where you see a sign like this, you will find a reliable merchant, able to give you immediate service on the World's Greatest Tires and Tubes.

GOODYEAR

MADE IN CANADA MEANS GOOD WEAR

174-30

Fashions for the Smart Woman

LINES OF SLENDERNESS

The line of chic is the line of slenderness in the present mode. The woman of classic proportion need only choose her clothes carefully, and she will be as smart, if not smarter, than the thin, straight-up-and-down woman. The fluid, sculptural lines which are important now are made for the Junoesque type. The frock illustrated has the long, princess lines which mold the larger woman to classic beauty. The close-fitted bodice is shirred across the front and an applied band terminates at the point of the hip framing. Lingerie details at throat and wrist are softening.

Fashions for the Smart Woman

SMART FOR BEACH WEAR

Trousers are *the thing* on the beach. You may have a sun-tan back that is 99 deck at all, and of course you have no sleeves, but you must have something to cover your legs. The beach ensemble sketched features sailor trousers and a sleeveless coat with wide armholes. The blouse and lining of the coat match, and contrast strikingly with the rest of the ensemble. It is also smart to merely cover your bathing suit with the trousers, lining your coat with a material to match the upper part of the bathing suit, and this likewise may be used for the top of the bathing suit.

OPTIMISTIC

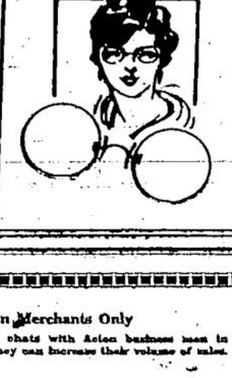
The turn of mind which makes one see beauty in everything is a happy possession. A gentleman of poetic disposition, in passing with a friend through a garden where cherry trees were in bloom, said:

"Look at those trees! Aren't they beautiful? They look as if they were covered with snow."

A few days later a spring storm loaded those trees heavily with snow. The same gentleman went past them with the same friend, and this time he exclaimed:

"Look at those trees! Aren't they beautiful? They look as if they were covered with blooms."

The wise man profits even by advice that he does not follow.



J. Cadesky
OF TORONTO
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST
WILL BE AT A. T. BROWN'S DRUG STORE, ACTON
Monday, June 2nd
Anyone suffering from Eyestrain, Defective Vision or Headache should not miss the opportunity of consulting this eyesight specialist. Appointments may be made with Mr. A. T. Brown, Druggist.
CONSULTATION FREE
Office Hours: 9 a. m. till 4 p. m.

For Acton Merchants Only

Being one of a series of chats with Acton business men in which they are told how they can increase their volume of sales.

Attracting Actonians to Acton Stores

HAVE you ever watched some of Acton citizens go riding off away from Acton to do their shopping? Have you ever watched them come riding back, loaded up with supplies? Have you ever, while you watched, wondered why they passed up your stores right here in Acton?

Sure, you have. So have all of us, whose first and deepest interest is in Acton.

Yes, we've watched. And we've wondered. And we've felt badly about the fact that these good citizens choose to shop outside of Acton.

It isn't that you merchants of Acton don't offer shopping means just as good as those of the stores in the bigger towns. No that's not at all the reason. Your merchandise is just as good. Your service, too, is every bit as good. Maybe better.

One reason is that the nearby bigger towns do a better job of attracting some of Acton's citizens to their stores.

Your job, then, you merchants of Acton, is to do some attracting of your own.

Puzzled wondering won't do it. Neither will mere talk. But advertising will. Not only your own advertising.

But the advertising of the manufacturers whose goods you try to sell, as well.

Your immediate job as you can well see, is to get into your local, home newspaper the advertising aid of the manufacturers whose goods are on your shelves. And you can help get this aid easily enough.

After all, merchandise can be sold in ratio to the amount of selling effort expended. Advertising is selling effort. It performs all the functions of selling but that of supplying the personality which the merchant himself does.

One of these days, maybe to-day you will be visited by the salesmen of the manufacturers whose goods you stock. Whenever they come, interest them in Acton. Interest them so that they stay interested. Interest them so that they'll want to interest their sales managers.

Once you've injected this interest into the salesmen, it will spread. And spreading it will prove extremely helpful in bringing into your local, home newspaper the advertising support of the manufacturers, whose interest it is that you sell more of their goods.

Once you've got this advertising support, you'll have a decided advantage in attracting Actonians to Acton stores.

THIS newspaper has joined with the town newspapers all over the country in a nation-wide campaign to convince national advertisers that they can best assist small town merchants by advertising in the local, home town newspapers of the small town merchants.

You need the advertising aid of the manufacturers whose goods you stock—urge their salesmen to recommend your local home newspaper

The Acton Free Press