

Births, Marriages and Deaths are now charged for at the following rates: Births, per Marriage, \$2.00; Deaths, per Memorial Card, 50c. per line extra for poems.

DIED
CASE—At his residence, 304 Emerald Street North, Hamilton, on Monday, March 23, 1931, Benjamin Case.

THOMAS—At the family home, lot 29, second concession, Nnessagwya Township, on Wednesday, March 25, 1931, William D. Thomas, in his 84th year. The funeral will be held on Saturday afternoon with service at the home at 2:30 o'clock. Interment at Eden Mills Cemetery.

IN MEMORIAM
THOMPSON—In loving memory of our dear wife and mother, who died March 27, 1930.

Her loving voice we'll never forget,
Though years may pass away;
The loss of her we greatly feel
As keen as the first day.

HUSBAND AND SON.

COOK—In loving memory of our dear mother, Bertha Cook, who passed away March 27, 1930.

Sweet is your memory, dear to our hearts
The place you held there will never depart;

And all through the years, be they many or few,
They will be filled with remembrance,
Dear mother, of you.

Sadly missed by
THE CHILDREN.

COOK—In loving memory of our dear daughter, Bertha Mae Cook, who passed away March 27, 1930.

Just one year ago to-day,
Bliss our great sorrow fell,
But in our hearts we mourn the loss
Of her we loved so well.

In Fairview, peacefully sleeping,
Where the flowers gently wave,
Lies the one we loved so dearly,
And the one we could not save.

Sadly missed by
FATHER, MOTHER, SISTERS.

This and that

—This is the last week of March.

—Good Friday—a week from to-morrow.

—Now for the spring ordeal—house-cleaning.

—The spirit of springtime, of April, of Easter, is in the air.

—The marbles and skipping ropes are much in evidence these days.

—What is more enjoyable than a woodland hike in springtime?

—Now for the warm spring rains to assist in the cleaning up process.

—If you have an item of news, tell us about it. Our telephone is 174.

—The highways and sidewalks are all clear of the winter's snow and ice again.

—Sap's running and the activities of the maple sugar bush are in full swing.

—In Lambton County, Ernest Whiting commenced sowing a field of oats on Tuesday.

—Tidy up your premises for spring, and give some jobless man the job of helping you.

—The bright sunshine and the night frosts have given the sugar makers a favorable week.

—Home is the field of honor. Don't try to find it in some place you have about town.

—The shoe factory here is working over time to catch up with its orders for children's shoes.

—The stores with the advertised goods have the values. That's why they want you to know about them.

—The fine ash tree at the corner of the lot of Mrs. Talbot, on Frederick Street, was cut down this week.

—Judge Moore is holding Juvenile Court at Ingleswood to-day and will hold Police Court in Milton to-morrow.

—When he fell down cellar at his home on Main Street last night, Mr. Wm. Fryer, broke two ribs and was painfully bruised.

—The spring birds are becoming more numerous every day now. Their joyous singing given added indications that spring is here.

—Springtime comes to us with a new thrill. Saturday's mild weather and lovely sunshine made a fitting advent for the spring of 1931.

—Easter, which is in the offing, will come with its lilies, new and white; never just like the last year's; never monotonous, always sublimely amazing.

—The rain on Tuesday and yesterday was very gratefully received. It was the first which fell in many months. Cisterns and streams have been replenished.

—There are still one or two of those "dirty" motorists on the roads these days who believe in putting pedestrians in the same class as themselves, in appearance, anyway.

—We omitted last week the publication of the broom ball game at the Arena, in which "Ambition" scored a shut-out victory over "Contagion" by 4 to 0. It provided a lot of fun for the spectators and some bruises for the contestants.

—Miss Ella Couson, of Milton, a guest at the encore and danced given by the members of the Mountain Union Women's Institute in the Town Hall, Milton, fell down the stairs, dislocating her right shoulder and breaking two ribs.

ON A CAKE OF ICE

One of the selectmen of Palmer, Massachusetts, was engaged in a public-spirited attempt to save one of the town bridges from destruction last winter, says the Springfield Republican, when the ice came near losing his own life. The river had risen to a dangerous height, and the ice was accumulating above the bridge, subjecting it to an enormous pressure. Axe in hand, Mr. Dillon walked out upon the firm ice below the bridge and began cutting with a view to widening the channel.

He was still engaged in the work when he discovered that the ice on which he was standing had parted from the main body, and was drifting down the current. The fact was of itself sufficiently startling, but he perceived at once that his ice-raft was rotten and leaky.

As soon as a firmer-looking piece came near enough he made a jump for it, and by good luck landed upon it safely. Down the black stream he floated till at last he brought himself to anchor by seizing a branch of a willow. The river was so high, however, that he was still seventy-five feet from the shore, and though men could be seen passing in and out of the wire mill, it was impossible for him to make himself heard.

Just then two telegraphic linemen, Raleigh and Whalen, crossed the bridge and happened to see the selectman's predicament. Whalen at once fastened the end of a long coil of wire about his own waist, unharmed and mounted his horse, and drove into the icy water, leaving Raleigh to manage the wire from the shore.

Their plan was to run a wire across the stream just below Mr. Dillon, so that a boat could put out to his rescue. It was a perilous experiment. The wire nearly pulled the man off his horse again and again, while the raging current threatened to carry way the horse himself. But at last dry land was reached.

By this time the mill-hands had flocked to the shore, and under the direction of the superintendent a raft was built and launched. A young man volunteered to act as boatman, and armed with a long pole he shoved off. The wire saved him from being carried down stream, and he kept clear of the ice by means of the pole.

After many narrow escapes, the brave fellow finally pushed the raft alongside Mr. Dillon, who by this time was almost exhausted, and grabbing him by the collar, pulled him on board. The return trip was made in safety, and the half-dead selectman was hurried away to the nearest farmhouse.

HONORABLE SCARS

"Oh, dear, Johnny, have you been fighting again?"
"No, mink; we moved yesterday, and I moved the cat."

JENNY LIND

Jenny Lind, the woman, was greater than Jenny Lind, the singer. "I would rather hear Jenny talk than sing—wonderful as it is," wrote Mrs. Stanley, the wife of the Bishop of Norwich, in whose palace the great singer was a guest while in that city. The Bishop's son, subsequently Dean Stanley, who had no "ear for music" and on whom, therefore, her singing was wholly lost, wrote that she had "the manners of a princess with the simplicity of a child, and this goodness of an angel." Her character showed itself, he added, "through a thousand traits of humility, gentleness, thoughtfulness, wisdom, piety."

She looked upon her natural faculty as a gift of God, and never sang without reflecting that it might be for the last time.

"It has been continued to me from year to year for the good of others."

This feeling was no fine sentiment, but a religious principle. While she was the Bishop's guest she begged Mrs. Stanley to allow her to take three of the maids to a concert where she was to sing.

At a service in the cathedral she was moved to tears by the singing of the boy chorists and had places reserved for them at her concert the next morning. When she came on the platform she greeted them with a smile of recognition, which the boys never forgot.

She gave to charitable objects thousands of pounds gained by her wonderful voice. While singing in Copenhagen, such was the excitement that court and town begged her to give them one more day of song. A gentleman of musical culture had, with his wife, anxiously looked forward to her visit. When she came he was on a sick bed. Jenny found heard of his desire, and found time to

go to his house and sing to him and his wife.

When she went to London, Mendelssohn had long lain upon a bed of sickness. She went and cheered her with songs, the remembrance of which are still cherished by the family.

Again and again, when the opportunity offered for such an act of kindness, she sang to invalids who could not be present at her concerts. The gift of God which her was a trust to be administered for the good of others.

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110 Wyndham Street
GUELPH

Mark Every Grave
Large Stock of Monuments to Choose From

Nothing is more lasting or more appropriate to commemorate the memory of loved ones who have gone before than beautiful granite, well carved.

With our equipment, no plant is better prepared to offer real values or a more complete stock to choose from. You owe it to yourself to see our stock and get our quotations on Monuments, Markers or Corner Stones.

Monuments Erected Anywhere—
Lettering in Cemeteries
Promptly Executed
Acton Monument Works
J. NICOL & SON PHONE 152

Flowers for Easter!
Orders Booked Now
A. H. Bishop & Sons
Wish to inform their patrons they will occupy the store next to Wiles', known as Hynds' Store, for Easter Week. All orders carefully attended to and delivered.
EASTER LILIES, DAFFODILS, TULIPS, SNAPDRAGONS AND CALENDULAS
Also Pot Plants in Bloom

Dollars Do Extra Duty AT PALLANT'S
We are out for More Business during 1931, and in order to get extra business we are giving you Better Merchandise, Better Values than you can get elsewhere. See the New Merchandise for yourself and realize how much money you can Save by Shopping at Pallant's.

NEW SPRING DRESSES JUST ARRIVED
These have a great number of style details, unusual at these low prices. Floral print colors contrast new sleeves and neck lines. Smart styles for business, street and afternoon wear. Made in good quality Canton Crepe and Flat Crepe materials, in all the new colors for **\$6.50 to \$9.75** spring. Prices from **\$6.50 to \$9.75**

LADIES' HOUSE DRESSES
These dresses are made of a good quality Printed Broadcloth, with half sleeves and many styles to choose from. Good value at \$1.50. Specially priced at each **98c**

Ladies' Chamisette Gloves, the new spring fabric gloves, just the thing for spring wear. Specially priced at **39c**

Ladies' Silk Bloomers, lock-stitch. Colors White, Pink, Mauve, Nile and Mauve. Regular 75c. For, per pair **49c**

LADIES' COTTON VESTS
Special at, each **19c**

LADIES' CORSET. Good value at \$1.50. For **95c**

LADIES' DIMITY BLOOMERS
for per pair **29c**

Girls' Bloomers, made of a good quality broadcloth. Extra special, pair **19c**

Bargains on Ladies and Children's Shoes—
We Ask You to Come In and See Our Stock of Shoes Before You Buy Elsewhere—It Will Pay You

SHOES
Men's Work Shoes, Regular \$2.75. Extra special, per pair **\$1.98**
Men's Calf Oxfords, regular \$5.50. Broken sizes to clear at, per pair **\$3.95**
Boys' Shoes at Very Low Prices This Week.

PALLANT'S
Clothing and Footwear for the Whole Family
NEXT TO BANK OF MONTREAL MILL STREET, ACTON

GIRL GUIDE NEWS



"For these courtesies I will lend you much money." It was about courtesy which Judge Moore spoke to us last week. He introduced that quotation, to illustrate one man's idea of courtesy. Fitzlock held courtesy high, and valued it as the thing he loved best, money. A Guide is courteous. That is one of our ten laws, which we have to live up to. Judge Moore, to interest us further, told how delightfully courteous is our generous Queen—That interested us immensely, and we could just see Her Majesty, welcoming all with her smile and kindly words. Our Queen is courteous, and we must be courteous, too.

There was a Judge Moore last night, on ambulance work. There we learned the bones of our body.

The usual music lesson was held on Monday night, and the Guide musicians-to-be took a few more steps toward the art of "tickling the piano keys."

At the Guide meeting this week, Isabel Bruce, a bluebird, and May Waterhouse, an Oriole, will be enrolled.

I'm not saying more than one word about the crows this week. Why? Because the robins are back, and the song sparrows have been trilling "Sweet Canada, Sweet, Sweet Canada!" Do you know what I believe the robins say besides "Cheer-up?" They say "Gyrrup" and what could be more appropriate, when the maple ayrup is running. Perhaps the bluebirds will be here next week.

BROOKS

Brooks are primarily practical, we suppose. To the farmer a brook is a convenience for watering the cattle; a pasture with a brook flowing through it is twice as valuable as one without. To the boy—and these of us who were not girls were all boys once—the brook offers fascinating possibilities of recreation. Who does not thrill with delight at the memory of the still pool under the willows on hot July mornings? You dived and you swam and you dried and you dawdled, and it was delicious. Then there is the fisherman. We all know what he thinks of a brook, something to pull trout from, and whatever else it may be is of no consequence.

Yet perhaps those get most pleasure from brooks who simply look at them. Take the brook in spring. Just the plain brook in your garden or at your back door. What a joy the water seems to feel in getting loose again. How it sweeps and swoops and bubbles and dashes along. You can sit and gaze at it for hours, it is so full of life and ardor. Always the same, yet never for two moments the same, breaking and glittering and sparkling and crowing to itself like a careless child.

And there is the summer meadow brook, quiet, monotonous, dreamy, full of thoughts and shadows. Sometimes the water seems to steal along with no perceptible motion at all, except that as you look deep, deep down into it there is that rich, endless, voluptuous awaying of the water plants in the brown transparency and a certain delicate gleam of light and shadow on the sandy bottom.

And there is the mountain brook, merriest, most wayward, most entrancing of all. How it dances from pool to pool through the great green gorges, creeping or darting over the mossy stones that glow with a splendor of green more radiant than emeralds. The ferns mantle it, the wild birds sing over it, the sun steals through the tall trees and sets its bubbles afloat.

But like many other charming gifts of nature, brooks are so constant and eternal that we do not think about them. As the poet puts it, we

let fairer things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.

How many threshold brooks, with their murmuring and twinkling loveliness, pass by us unregarded, lost in the weary and anxious commerce of the world!

IN SPITE OF DISAPPOINTMENT

One of the most serious dangers in being disillusioned is that it will make you unjust. An noon as we are disappointed in another, we are inclined to exaggerate that disappointment. If we find a friend has deceived us, we at once assume that all his pretensions of friendship were lies. If he fails us in an emergency, we take it for granted that there is no good in him.

Certain writers represent their heroes and heroines as flawless, while their bad characters are pictured without a redeeming trait. Of course, this is not true to life. There is bad in the best of us, and good in the worst of us. Do not take it for granted that because a friend has disappointed you, the affection you held for him was utterly thrown away. Do not assume that because he has shown weakness and serious faults, there is no good in him. We need to make an effort to do justice to the one who has disappointed us. Sometimes indeed, the fault is partly ours, for putting him on a pedestal where he had no wish to be, and crediting him with virtues he never claimed for himself. Even if he is not so good as we once thought him, the chances are that he is better than we are now tempted to believe him.

Milton will make application to the Provincial Legislature for authority to issue debentures for \$5,000 for its relief fund.

SPECIALS
At McLean & Co.

Put in stock this week, 10 pieces Rayon. All the new shades, also black and white. New tax will be on next lot. Save money, buy now.

PLAIN SILK RAYONS
Black and navy. Rich silk finish. Extra good value at **\$1.50**

REAL SILK FLAT CREPE
36 inches wide. Fast colors. Excellent quality. Regular price 35c. Special for **30c**

COTTON BROADCLOTHS
Double fold. With rich satin finish. Regular price 50c. Special, per yard **40c**

COLORED SATEEN
LADIES' SILK BLOOMERS
Save money on these bloomers. Heavy weight. Regular 75c. Special **60c**

PRINTED BROADCLOTHS
1 yard wide. Fast colors. Dainty patterns. Regular 35c. Special for **28c**

Specials in Grocery Dept.

PLUM JAM large jar for	45c	LEMONS per dozen	25c
3 Good large Prunes lbs. for	25c	Sliced Pineapple per tin	15c
SMALL ORANGES per dozen	23c	Quick Quaker Oats large package for	25c
GOOD FIVE STRING BROOM for	40c		

McLean & Co.
MILL STREET ACTON, ONTARIO

NELSON & CO.
Thurs., Fri., and Sat. Specials

1 Dozen MEDIUM ORANGES for	23c
1 Dozen LARGE ORANGES for	35c
10 lbs. GRANULATED SUGAR for	55c
1 lb. CORNED BEEF for	20c
1 Package EDDY'S SILENT MATCHES for	25c
3 Packages INTERLAKE TOILET PAPERS for	23c
4 Packages FRUITO JELLO POWDERS for	23c
1 lb. DRIED PEACHES for	18c
1 Large Tin HEINZ PORK AND BEANS for	20c
3 Tins HEINZ TOMATO SOUP for	25c
1 Tin FANCY GOLD SEAL SALMON for	40c
2 lbs. CHRISTIE'S GINGER SNAPS for	23c
2 Tins SAUER KRAUT for	25c

NELSON & CO.
MILL STREET, ACTON PHONE 37

SPECIALS
At Patterson's

BEEF CUTS

ROUND STEAK ROASTS, per lb.	18c to 20c
SIRLOIN ROASTS, per lb.	25c
PORTERHOUSE ROASTS, per lb.	25c
CHOICE RIB ROASTS, per lb.	17c and 18c
THICK RIB ROASTS, per lb.	13c to 15c
THICK SHOULDER ROASTS, per lb.	13c and 14c
STEWING BEEF, per lb.	12c to 13c
RIB ROIL, per lb.	12 1/2c

PORK CUTS

SHOULDER ROASTS, per lb.	18c
FRESH HAM, per lb.	20c
SIDE BACON, by the piece, per lb.	25c
SMOKED HAMS, whole or half, per lb.	24c

SPECIAL

2 BULK LARD lbs. for	25c
2 SHORTENING one-pound Bricks for	24c

PATTERSON'S MEAT SHOP
WE DELIVER PROMPTLY PHONE 178