



Above is a reproduction of the family photograph of the Heffernan family. Mr. Owen Heffernan is in the centre, with Michael on his left and William M. on his right.

Four Generations of Heffernans have Dealt at Bond's Hardware, Guelph

John C. Heffernan Patronized Young Fellow-Countryman Way Back in 1868

WITHOUT A BREAK

Great-Grandfather, Grandfather, Father and Son Traded With Progressive Guelph Firm

Away back in February of 1840, and after an ocean-trip of one month's duration, three landed in New York, on his way to Toronto, a young Irishman, named John M. Bond.

In 1852, young Bond secured employment with Messrs. Rice Lewis & Son, leading hardware dealers of their day, and for about fourteen years gave his time and attention to mastering the ins and outs of the hardware business.

In 1868, he decided to make a change and went to Guelph, being employed by the Mulholland Hardware House, then doing business in the Alma Block, on Upper Wyndham Street. In 1867, Alma Block was destroyed by fire and Mr. Bond opened up for himself at the corner of Cork and Wyndham Streets—where the Bond Hardware Company is still conducted.

In 1848 another young Irishman was cutting his farm out of the bush in Nicol Township, adjacent to Guelph. This young man's name was John C. Heffernan, and John C. Heffernan was one of the first customers with Mr. Bond back in 1868.

This brief historical reference leads us up to the special intent of this item. John C. Heffernan had a son, Owen Heffernan, born 1848, who, with his father, traded at the Bond store. Owen Heffernan still lives and has reached the age of eighty-three years, and the Bond store appreciates that four gen-

erations—John C. Heffernan, great-grandfather; Owen Heffernan, grandfather; Michael Heffernan, father, and William M. Heffernan, son—have continued throughout sixty-three years to deal loyally and continuously with the Bond Hardware Store.

Mr. Owen Heffernan, who is known so well throughout this whole community, followed farming and droving from the age of seventeen, at which time he started business for himself. For fifty years, without break, Mr. Heffernan conducted auction and live stock sales, and such was his ability to produce results that many availed themselves of his services.

Mr. Heffernan recently decided that he should take things more easily and has given up the active conduct of his farm, being the same farm on which he was born eighty-three years ago.

If you meet Mr. Heffernan you meet a perfect gentleman of the old school, loyal and thoroughly Irish, mentally perfect, physically hale and hearty, in fact, one to meet Mr. Heffernan and to talk to him would name him much younger than he actually is.

The Bond Hardware Company presented Mr. Heffernan, his son, and grandson, and other members of the family with photographs taken to mark the occasion.

It speaks well for Mr. Heffernan that through all the years no unpleasantness of any kind arose between him and those with whom he entrusted his business, and it also speaks well for the Bond Hardware business that notwithstanding the many changes in a period of sixty-three years, they have been able to retain Mr. Heffernan as a loyal and appreciative customer of the store.

The many friends of Mr. Owen Heffernan congratulate him of his successful career and wish him many happy days in his retirement.

HAVING Dainties FROM OLD KING FROST

"I suppose your preserving and pickling are all things of the past for this season," remarked Mrs. Mason, drawing a light wrap over her shoulders to protect her from chilly breezes.

"The preserving is, but not the pickling," laughed Marie Denton, her neighbor. "I have a whole lot of things that must be saved from Old King Frost, you see."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, it would be a shame to waste any of these tomatoes in the garden. We can't eat all of the ripe ones and there are loads of little green ones that never will ripen before the frost. Then there are green and red peppers, onions, ripe cucumbers, and probably three or four hundred small cucumbers that can't mature but that will make excellent pickles. It would be a shame to waste up some morning and find the late garden stuff frost bitten. That's why I intend to devote to-morrow to putting up some late pickles and chili sauce."

"I suppose I would, too, if I had a garden like yours," replied the other, "but when you have to buy everything it hardly seems worth while."

Mrs. Denton smiled.

"Oh, but I think you are wrong," she replied. "Sugar is remarkably low-priced at present, while the last-minute onions, peppers and cucumbers are also very likely to be cheap. Farmers are no more anxious to have a visit from Old King Frost than I am."

"If you keep on talking, you'll induce me to follow your example," laughed the other.

"If you do, you will be very glad some time around the first of February, when your preserves and jellies may be running low, and company comes unexpectedly. A good jar of pickles or chili sauce will go a long way to make a pick-up meal appetizing. And don't forget, they are excellent sources of both the energy and the internal warmth we need during the cold months. The sugar they contain is one of the most highly concentrated of all the fuel foods. Now are you converted?"

"If I only had some good recipes—," began Mrs. Mason.

"Try these," urged her neighbor, handing her the following three recipes for last-minute pickles and chili sauce.

"Those of you who read, and who feel that another dozen jars of goodies would not be amiss upon your preserve shelf, may also try them, and be assured of wonderful results."

PENNSYLVANIA CHILI SAUCE

- 24 medium-sized ripe tomatoes
- 8 large onions
- 3 green peppers
- 3 red peppers
- 1 cup sugar
- 4 tablespoons salt
- 6 cups elder vinegar
- 1 tablespoon nutmeg
- 1 tablespoon ground cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon ground cloves
- 1 teaspoon allspice

Cut tomatoes in small pieces. Grind onions and peppers through food grinder. Mix all ingredients and boil over moderate heat until sauce attains the desired consistency. Then jar immediately.

GREEN TOMATO AND ONION PICKLES

- 1/2 pk. green tomatoes
- 1 qt. sliced onions
- 1 tablespoon black pepper
- 2 tablespoons whole allspice
- 4 tablespoons dry mustard
- 2 tablespoons mustard seed
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 4 cups vinegar

Slice the green tomatoes. Put a layer in the kettle, then a layer of sliced onions. Sprinkle with salt. Then add another layer of green tomatoes, and so on. Let stand over night. The next morning drain off the liquid, put into preserving kettle with all the other ingredients, and simmer gently 30 minutes. Fill glass jars and when cold put in cool, dry place.

SWEET CUCUMBER PICKLES

- 7 lbs. ripe cucumbers
- 4 cups vinegar
- 6 cups brown sugar
- 3 inches stick cinnamon
- 1 tablespoon mixed spices, cloves, allspice, mustard seed
- 1 tablespoon mace
- 1 tablespoon ginger

Soak the cucumbers in brine overnight. In the morning drain and rinse. Put into boiler, cover with syrup, cook slowly until tender. Put into sterilized jars with glass tops.

Syrup—Put the vinegar and sugar into saucepan, stir until dissolved, add the spices and boil 15 minutes.

Brine—Use two tablespoons salt to one quart of water.

"DROP IT A FOOT"

A brilliant young man was entering upon his ministry. He came of a noble family; he had received an excellent education; he was handsome in appearance; he had the tongue of an orator who would sway multitudes.

In his audience when he preached his first sermon was a wise old woman who offered in her soul this fervent prayer: "O Lord, he is a fine young man, and he has good education in his head; drop it a foot, Lord."

"The good mother in Israel did not pray unless her old she pray in vain. The education of the heart is quite as important as the education of the brain. Indeed, they ought always to go together. Whenever there is mind culture, without heart culture, particularly in our religious leaders, we need to pray earnestly to the Lord that he would 'drop it a foot!'"

One of our business friends has just married his secretary. Oh, yes, she is still in his employ, but she is his treasurer now.

THE WIDOW GIBSON'S TEXT

"What's put you into such a fury of work, Kellup?" demanded Deacon Hynes as he came round the corner of the shed and discovered Caleb Peaslee busily hammering. "It sounded over at my place; you had a gang of carpenters at work here. What's got into ye?"

"I had the lumber," replied Mr. Peaslee succinctly, "and I had the time, and I had the work needin' to be done—and so I'm doin' it. More'n that, I had somethin' to give me the needed shove to start me workin'."

"I've been needin' a new shed for some of my farmin' tools for over a year, but I ain't done it. You know how it is when a man don't want to do a job; he'll find fifty reasons for puttin' it off where he can't scare up one that'll make him do it. That's the way it was with me; I'd rather complain and fret over not havin' a place for things than to do a little work."

"I shouldn't 'spose," he went on, "that, if you was to put the question to her plump, the widow Gibson would say she had any influence on folks one way or another, she's such a quiet, unobtrusive body; but for all that she's the one that's answerable for my workin' so much busier'n common this mornin'."

"Answerable how?" the deacon asked. "Answerable this way," Caleb responded. "There she is, an old lady and all alone, with nobody to do a hand's turn for her; and if any person in town has a right to complain, she's the one, I'd say; and yet I don't remember ever hearin' a peep out of her in the way with findin' fault; more'n likely she'd be tellin' how much reason she has to be thankful, if she said anything at all."

"Anyway, that was the way she looked at things yest'day when I happened down past her place and saw her draggin' a box home she had got somewhere—somebody'd thrown it away, and she fetched it home for her own use. I had curiosity enough to ask her what she was tuggin' that thing along for, and she told me."

"I've been wantin' a few hens for a while now," she told me, "and the other day when that big wind come and blowed down one end of my shed I was almost goin' to look at it as an affliction, but before I fairly got to r'pinin' over it I had wisdom come to show me it couldn't have happened better for me—all I'd got to do when I fixed the shed was to part off a little place for a dozen hens or so and I'd be fixed as good as anybody."

"So I've cast, round, and by gittin' a board here and a piece of timber there I've got enough to do it—and all this cost me is the labor of huggin' it together for folks have been more'n kind about lettin' me have stuff they hadn't any use for; 'Bil Rannels let me pull all the nails I'll need out of some wreckin' lumber he had, so I won't have to lay out a cent for anything."

"You don't know how it is," she says to me, "to need and want anything like a little buildin'; all you've got to do is to go ahead and build what you want, with everything ready to your hand; it's the easiest thing in the world for you but with an old woman it's different; she has to figger and plan and lug the stuff together, and it takes her a long time to get what you can have with a hand's turn, you might say."

"I stood there and listened to that old lady tell her plans, Hynes," Mr. Peaslee asserted soberly, "and I don't know when I've had a sermon preached so plain to me as she preached on them—and she hadn't any notion she was doin' it, either; but every word she spoke hit the mark as straight as if it was a bullet out of a gun."

"I come home from there," Caleb went on, "with just two strong resolves in my mind. The first one was to get over the way of findin' fault and puttin' off doin' things, even if I have to conquer it by Hades. And the second one was to have, before this week comes to an end, some place fittin' to house my farmin' tools that ought to be sheltered from the weather. If an old woman can find courage and strength to gather together stuff enough to build somethin' she needs, I've got self-respect enough to go ahead and build somethin' that'll give me the need of a year. Where you got it now?" he asked as the deacon turned away.

"Goin' to fix my well curb," the deacon replied shortly. "It's been needin' it for six months; and you ain't the only one that can apply a text!"

FALL FAIR DATES

Dates of Neighboring Fairs in Which Free Press Readers Will be Interested

ACTON	SEPTEMBER 15-16
Aberfoyle	October 7
Arthur	September 29-30
Barton	October 2-3
Bracebridge	September 23-25
Brampton	September 22-23
Burlington	September 30
Caletton	September 25-26
Chesley	September 24-25
Cookville	September 29-30
Drayton	September 22-23
Dundas	September 29-30
Durham	September 15-16
Erly	October 1-2
Fergus	September 24-25
Galt	September 25-26
Georgetown	September 18-19
Grand Valley	September 29-30
Harriston	September 24-25
London (Western Fair)	September 14-19
Markham	October 1-3
Millon	September 25-26
Mount Forest	September 16-17
Orangeville	September 17-18
Ottawa (Central Canada)	August 24-29
Palmerston	September 18-19
Shelburne	September 22-23
Streatsville	October 1-2
Woodsbridge	October 9-10

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OFFICE: Corner Wyndham and Cork Streets
GUELPH, ONTARIO

HOTBED SOILS AND THEIR PREPARATION

Just as good seed of the best varieties is important to the success of plant production, properly prepared soil plays an important part in the growing of good healthy plants. While it is true that almost any soil of a light nature is fairly satisfactory in which to start plants yet there comes a time in the development of these plants when the most exacting requirements must be fulfilled, and unless the soil is prepared in such a way as to meet these requirements the plants may fail to make proper growth or be a total failure.

Physically hotbed soil must be of a light or loamy nature with fibre in sufficient quantity to act as a sponge to hold water and to keep the soil in good open condition. The fibre should be the residue from grass roots or other healthy plants growth and vegetable matter. Besides keeping the soil open, fibre also forms the huls of humus supply and a harbor for friendly bacteria.

Where the texture of the soil is not right, soil amendments may be necessary in the form of clean washed river sand, which should be added in sufficient quantity to make certain that the soil will drain off all excess water and allow the proper aeration which is so essential to the root growth of the plants. The proper amount of sand to add to the soil can easily be determined by taking a handful of the mixture, that has the minimum moisture content and pressing it firmly in the hand. When released it should crumble easily when light pressure is applied with the thumb. Should the soil remain in a compact lump or break up into coarse, hard pieces, more sand will be required to make it friable and open.

To obtain a soil of even consistency, the ordinary run of field soil will not be found to suffice. The use of piled green sods is by far the most satisfactory means of insuring a supply of soil with fibre and humus. The sod should be cut from a light clay loam soil at a time when there is a growth of about six inches of grass. In cutting sods remove about four inches of soil with the grass. As soon as possible these sods should be hauled and piled with the grass side down, in a square, even pile, layer about, with manure that has been well-rotted, so that when the pile is completed it should be about five feet high. Sods piled during June and July would be ready for allying down a year later or in the autumn. This may seem a long time to wait on soil for special work, but where the best results are to be obtained it really pays to wait.

In preparing the soil from a year old pile of sod it is important that the sod pile be sliced down in thin slices from the top of the pile to the bottom, thus the sod and manure layers will be cut through and when thrown up in a heap will become evenly mixed. This first cutting should be done during August or September. The pile of cut sod should be again turned and pulverized in the process of turning, after which it should be stored in a frost-proof place for early spring use. If the soil lacks porosity, add sand as previously mentioned and any other additions the growers feel that should be made such as steamed bone meal or flour.

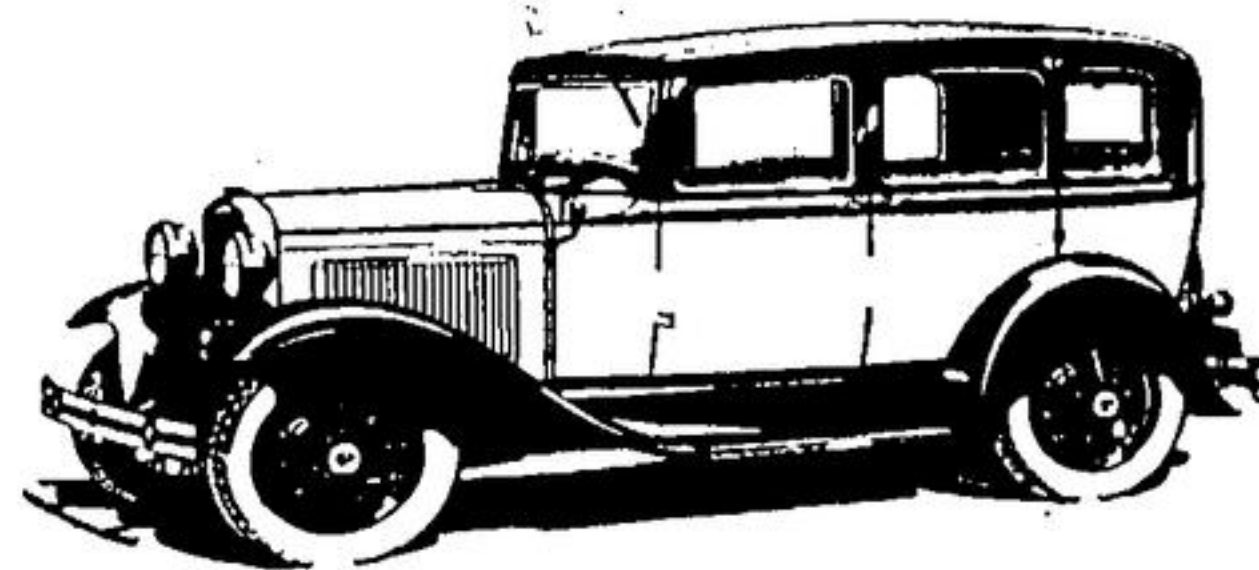
The hotbed soil should be the best for the purpose that can be obtained, and in no way should it be a mere makeshift. The success or failure of a high priced crop may depend to a large degree upon the amount of preparation given. Sods that are too fine in texture will not drain properly, while the soil may be rich enough in plant food and merely may require the addition of sand. On the other hand, a deficiency of humus will have a tendency to allow the soil to compact and not allow proper distribution of moisture and prevent even root development.

It is very important that a soil for hotbed work be carefully prepared, so as to have the greatest uniformity in texture, brought about by the proper consistency of ingredients.

NATURAL PUNCHING-IRAG

"You must not fight. Haven't you been taught to love your enemies?"
"He's not my enemy—he's my brother."

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