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Births, Marriages and Deaths are now checked for the following rates: Births, \$1.00; Marriages, \$1.00; Deaths, \$1.00; Memorial Cards, \$1.00 per line extra for poems.

DIED

McTAGGART—At the home, Nassarawa, on Thursday, October 29, 1931, J. A. McTaggart, V. B., aged 74 years.

TUCK—At the Guelph General Hospital, on Friday evening, October 30, 1931, Hubert Tuck, of Eden Mills, in his 76th year.

IN MEMORIAM

LITTLE—In loving memory of our dear one, who passed away November 8, 1926. A silent thought, a secret tear, keeps her memory ever near. Time takes away the edge of grief, but memory turns back every leaf.

Steady Mused by SISTER AND CHILDREN, IVY and BETTY.

This and that

- Remembrance Day—next Wednesday. —Wear a poppy. Show that you remember. —Christmas is just seven weeks from to-morrow. —The storm windows and doors are being put on now. —Time to slip on the winter underwear any day now. —The last instalment of taxes is due a week from Monday. —The Royal Winter Fair is scheduled for November 18 to 26. —A beautiful rainbow appeared in the eastern sky last evening. —Pinks who think they are better than others, usually aren't. —The time to stop advertising is when you haven't anything to sell. —Hallowe'en was lots of fun, but not a great deal of property damage. —The prediction of dollar wheat is welcome news to most everyone. —Many a man's reputation would not know his character if they met on the street. —A couple of broken windows about town made a rather costly Hallowe'en mishap. —Plans for the hockey season are occupying some of the local fans' attention now. —This is November and the fall winds make a realization that winter is just around the corner. —Acton's Remembrance Day Service will be held at 10 o'clock in the Town Hall, on November 11. —The Hallowe'en dance in the Town Hall last Friday was well attended and all report an enjoyable evening. —Messrs L. G. King and N. McEachern will open a garage in the premises being vacated by Norton Motors. —The Lakeside Chapter, I. O. O. E., held their November meeting at the home of Mrs. V. H. Timney last evening. —The new garage of Norton Motors is having the finishing touches put on now and will soon be ready for occupancy. —The municipal officers have been busy the past week clearing the streets of the crop of leaves and clearing the catch basins. —Owing to a pole breaking on Main Street, the Hydro power was off on Tuesday afternoon in the western section of the town. —On November 11, Remembrance Day, the telephone operators will not answer calls for two minutes during the two minutes of silence at 11 o'clock. —To allow kicking the puck in the centre ice area, and four substitutes in addition to an extra goalkeeper, are two amendments which have already been submitted to the O. H. A. These two new rules are now in force in the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association.

E. J. KERRE'S LIST OF SALES

Thursday, November 5—P. Wrigleyworth, Hornby. Stock sale. Saturday, November 7—Jas. Moehle, Crescent. Household Furniture. Saturday, November 14—Mrs. Geo. McEhin, Guelph Street. Household Furniture. Friday, November 20—Wallace Gerrie, Speedside. Clearing sale of Farm Block. Saturday, November 21—Mortgage Sale on premises on Elgin Street, Acton. House and lot 10.

THE MEASURE OF WEALTH

The measure of one's wealth is not the amount of his income tax, but the number of things he can enjoy and does enjoy. The man who does not like music, who is bored by reading, who cares nothing for art, who dislikes travel, who is not interested in philanthropy, who lacks hobbies, is a poor man, though he is many times a millionaire. The young men and women who can hardly drive themselves to bed when an interesting book is waiting to be read, who listen breathlessly to the radio programme, who are thrilled by the sunrise, who have so many interesting tasks to do with their leisure that they hardly know where to begin, are rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

Letters to the Editor

TO CALIFORNIA BY LAND AND SEA To the Editor of The Free Press:

An abbreviated and necessarily somewhat discursive account of my recent transcontinental trip to the Southern Pacific Coast, through all Canadian territory, with a 1,500-mile sea trip at the end, arranged by land and water for myself and wife by the genial C. N. R. representative at Acton, may be of interest to some of your readers, especially to any such as contemplate a similar tour themselves in the near future.

My determination to take this much longer route instead of the more direct one I had previously taken was prompted by a three-fold reason: (1) The necessity of the present outrageous dislocation of our money cost on Canadian travellers through the United States by a recent edict of our Canadian Railway Commission; (2) The fact that the longer trip, both by land and sea, was to be no more costly than the shorter one.

Leaving Toronto on the night of October 11, that route had been selected for us via Harry Bennett, through the sparsely settled territory and Algoma Districts, which, but for I am told only about eight years ago, joins the main line at Naklisa, and saves the traveller over two hundred miles in distance and several hours in time, between Toronto and Winnipeg.

The first lap of our journey, with the exception of an appreciation of the apparently illimitable fishing and hunting regions that we traversed in somewhat monotonous and uninteresting with practically no farming land and only flat stretches of diminutive timber (mostly spruce) to hold the eye.

It was fourteen years since I had seen Winnipeg, then, as now, full of the graves of disappointed financial hopes. And when I contemplated the countless thousands of dollars I had sunk there in taxes and loss of interest on my investments, I felt like repeating to myself those apt lines of Pope's "Essay on Man," "Go teach eternal wisdom how to rule, 'Then drop into thyself and be a fool.'"

Amplified checked and staggered in her development by the Great War, the present depression seems to have put the finishing touch on the paucity of Manitoba's capital and she lies there to-day, a wide-stretching, skeleton city along her two rivers, staked out for the millions of people hoped for but who never come.

There is no value whatever now in the many miles of vacant lots spreading in all directions and in which sections of money have been sunk by unfortunate real estate speculators. The appearance of her finest building site and once business corner, now a fenced-in vacant lot, owing to its owner's recent heavy losses on the stock market, and his present inability to replace the buildings he had demolished, tells its own story and is pathetic in the extreme.

But even at its worst, Winnipeg is too large and active a centre to be quite submerged in the race for progress among great Canadian cities. Its central part, with the above exception, looks as busy as ever, its great stores and office skyscrapers and its magnificent Parliament buildings still give to the visitor the impression of both stability and permanence.

Our journey westward from here did not take us through that vast stricken area of 5,000,000 acres of southern Manitoba and Saskatchewan about which we have all read so much, but ran to the north of this, through such thriving looking prairie towns as Rivers, Melville, Watrous and Young and the city of Edmonton, which later I had time to briefly explore, and which charmed me by its bright, busy and up-to-date appearance.

I heard many say, and its progressive atmosphere seems to justify the remark, that this striking place was the best town between Winnipeg and the coast, and that with the depression lifted would be the first of them all to leap forward to greater things. Hotels and business blocks are to be seen here already in which latter the great banks and other establishments of the East are housed, and there would do credit to cities of four times Saskatoon's size and importance.

It was dark when we passed through Edmonton, Alberta's prosperous capital. But the bright lights and handsome buildings that surrounded the railway depot and the surging crowds about us seemed to indicate that it too, was "no mean city." The harvest was safely over and thrashing and fall plowing were in full swing as we passed through these fine country of our northern prairies on the 14th and 15th of the month. While the crop did not seem a heavy one, it looked quite up to the average, and the abundance of live stock contentedly roaming the stubble and the countless wagons going to and from the elevators seemed to show that the Western Canadian farmer, despite his poorer prices, is not this year the worst off of our citizens.

Pine, thriving, permanent-looking places, such as Biggar and Watrous, the latter with its Buffalo Park, on the run between Saskatoon and Edmonton, also attract the tourist's attention and admiration. I compared proudly in my mind, as I witnessed all this fertility and abundance, the thousands of miles I had previously travelled through the continuous, trackless, American deserts of Idaho, Nevada and Arizona; to reach the same destination!

And now came the great and inspiring change in our journey from the hundreds of miles of agricultural surroundings to the region of the steep crevasses, the shadowy canyon, the limpid lake and the dashing torrents away below and the never-changing snow-clad peaks far above.

It would take more space than I dare crave here to describe more minutely the dazzling beauty and grandeur of the scenes that opened up to us on the morning of the 15th, and continued all the way until we reached Kamloops and the mainline of the C. P. R.

The pretty town of Jasper, and its vast National Park, the Great Divide surrounding the magnificent Moose and Lacene Lakes, from which spring the head waters of the Athabasca River, flowing northward, and the Fraser and Thompson, running to the south, all deserve mention. Do not, especially you, the wonderful Mt. Robson, with its snow-capped 13,000-foot peak, underneath whose shadow we were permitted to hike and gaze upward for five minutes. Here, too, are the bleak-looking timber peaks, and those that reach here and there, north our track to feed the pretty lakes and rivers, never to grow less as long as the eternal snows above endure. What a tiny thread far below, the Prince Rupert branch line, appeared as it paralleled us for over twenty miles before turning off westward at Fort Peace to the coast, some seven hundred miles further on.

How thrilling and almost breathless the scene before and below us was, as the thrilling Thompson dashed through canyon and gorge, a thousand feet sheer down, while our train apparently milled its niche out of the solid rock, plunging along with scarce a foot between its outside rail and the yawning precipice immediately to our left! And this feeling of danger was intensified by the sight of a great swath quite near the Mt. Robson lookout that a rock the size of a large house had cut in the trees below us as clearly as a blinder in a field of grain, only a few days before, on its awful downward path over both lines of railway from the heights far above! It had demolished the rails on both lines like so much tinder, but fortunately a lately laid off employee, who lived nearby, had heard the devastating plunge and given warning in time to stop oncoming trains while the damage was being repaired. Needless to say, this deserving saviour of his fellow beings, despite the present lack of railway work and call for economy, is again back at his job and we all thought deservedly so! Here, too, is obtained far better, occasional glimpses of the former Canadian Northern track, now demolished and so reported to be, soon to be made use of as a link in the coming transcontinental highway.

The early morning of October 16 found us in Vancouver, where I spent the day, reuniting acquaintances of twenty-one years before, and admiring the growth and expansion of this wonderful western metropolis, now Canada's third largest city, though only in existence since 1885. It may be somewhat over-built for its day with such stupendous skyscraping clouds as the ill-fated Stinson strata, and the yet unfinished C. N. R. tower, rivaling Toronto's Royal York in height and size. But no one questions Vancouver's ultimate destiny as the great commercial centre and seaport of our far west.

A delightful sail of six days, with perfect weather and a calm sea, with a day's stop-off at both Seattle and San Francisco, brought us to our destination at Long Beach, the second in size of Los Angeles County's fifty-six cities, and the acknowledged "Coney Island" of the North American Pacific Coast. Here we are now snugly ensconced for the winter at the Villa Robinson, a lovely seaside resort, with flower beds and velvet lawn in front and the famous "Pike" of the Pacific, three floors beneath, in our immediate rear.

The whole trip had occupied eleven days, instead of the usual one and one of four. But we had experienced the wonderful relaxation of 1,500 miles of sea travel, not over fifty miles from land all the way, and usually less than half that. Counting the exchange in currency that we had saved, by taking the all-Canadian rather than the United States land route, the whole eleven days' journey had not cost us any more than the former shorter and more direct one. A luxurious living had been provided all the way and for more than double the usual time, and the service and attention throughout had been of the best. I heartily recommend this route, rather than the others, to those travelling westward who have the time to spare.

T. D. J. Farmer, Long Beach, Calif., October 31, 1931.

NO WASTE

Last winter in an address given before a meeting of scientists, a noted astronomer declared his belief in the soul's immortality. His scientific studies had shown him that while matter is continually changing its form, it does not cease to exist. "Are we alone annihilated?" he asked his audience, and then quoted Kipling's line: "He never wanted a leaf or a tree. Do you think he would squander souls?"

Fifty years ago a scientist would have hesitated to express such views, even if he held them. The scientific spirit of that day was grossly materialistic. To-day, immortality no longer seems a preposterous theory to the broad-gauge scientist, and the chances are that by another fifty years, it will be generally accepted by scientists as it is now by the members of the Christian Church.

Astronomers estimate that there are a billion stars in the Milky Way and if one of them should be annihilated, it would be no more serious than if one of the tiny pebbles on a sandy beach should cease to be. The blotting out of a soul would be an irreparable loss. The God who never wastes so slight a thing as a fallen leaf, will not squander souls.

WEAR A POPPY

Poppy Day Appeal Now Being Made—You Can Show That You Remember by Wearing a Poppy

The local branch of the Canadian Legion is making its annual Poppy Day appeal to the people of this community. The Poppy Fund is now a recognized institution wherever the Canadian Legion exists in Canada, and it serves a two-fold purpose of much merit. The money which is raised by the distribution of the blood-red poppy, the symbol of sacrifice, is used entirely to relieve unusual distress among war veterans and their families. In times of depression, it has been found that the veterans, on account of the fact that many of them have disabilities and handicaps, suffer even more than others who are out of employment, since many of them require special care and attention which they are unable to provide. This is where the Poppy Fund, raised by the distribution of poppies by the local branch of the Legion, steps in and provides relief for the situation. It is likely that the demands for such work will be heavy this winter, so a substantial fund will be required.

There is a second reason why every citizen should wear a poppy for Remembrance Day. These poppies are manufactured by the Veterans of Canada, a society in which handicapped veterans are given sheltered employment, and in which they manufacture the hundreds of thousands of poppies which are distributed every year at this time. By wearing a poppy, citizens can find much satisfaction in knowing that they are helping these handicapped veterans to obtain a livelihood which they would otherwise lack on account of their special disabilities. This two-fold appeal should find a ready response in the hearts and minds of the people of this community, which has always been ready to help make the way easier for those of its citizens who served country and Empire in the Great War. We commend it to their sympathetic consideration, in the hope that they will respond generously in this year of great need, and thus help to hold the torch light to them by those who did not come back from the great struggle.

OLD CRAFT STYLE SUPREME

For over 4,000 years gold leaf has been produced by the heating of small amounts of gold with malleable specimens of this work have been found in the ruins of almost every ancient country. From Egypt, Greece, Persia, Rome, Cyprus, Mexico, and Peru have been recovered pieces which show the great skill of these ancient craftsmen. Many of these have been preserved in various museums throughout the world.

During the Renaissance and later during the sixteenth century this gold leaf was used in the decoration of the gold leaf was mostly cast work. In recent years, however, great advance has been made in the art. Large factories now exist where machines do much of the work, especially for inexpensive jewelry, but in the higher branches much of the work is done by hand.

A machine is used in the early stages of the process, the gold being afterward hammered by hand to a thickness of one 200,000th of an inch. Girls then cut the gold leaf and fill it into books.

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GIRL GUIDE NEWS

You know, the Spirit of Hallowe'en arrived here several days ago, and she had no idea where she might stay until the great night came. It's a secret how it happened, but she took refuge in our Guide Hall, which fortunately was decorated in an appropriate way. That was the reason why our Hallowe'en party was such a splendid success. The Georgetown Guides and the Commissioners from Oakville, were our guests. There were ghosts on the wall, pumpkins in the hall and Guides everywhere. Mrs. MacArthur floated around with a banner—but she did not hit anyone. By the time the four original Guides stood up to cut the cake, everybody was properly empty for reasons of talking so much. We Guides are three years old and that was our cake. It was a delicious cake and delicious were the candies and apples which followed. They didn't actually get into the cake. Several boys came to trouble them around. The Georgetown Guides are splendid—so friendly and full of fun and we like the Commissioner very well. You see, besides all the fun and laughter, we make friends. We like that best of all. Our party over, we await our concert with excitement—and work. We have a staunch ally in Mrs. Buchanan and if our concert is a success, (about which we have few doubts) much of the credit will be hers. You know it is exciting to be having a concert. The Guides can hardly wait—but meanwhile our tickets are making their rounds!

AN APPLE SOCIAL

Agnes Carr Stage

When at the company is assembled, pass to each a plate on which is laid a large apple and a fruit knife, for the opening contest is to see who can cut the longest unbroken paring, he that is successful being rewarded with a favor. The peeled fruit is then cut in quarters and all the seeds carefully collected in a glass tumbler or small glass jar. This is then handed round that each may guess how many seeds it contains, the one coming the nearest the correct number being declared the winner.

An apple race is next in order, eight or ten apples being laid in a row on the floor, while the contestants take turns in trying to see who can pick up with a spoon and place in a basket the greatest number in a given time. "Bobbing for apples" in a tub of water might be introduced if it was a young folks' party, while older ones will have much merriment by trying to eat an apple suspended by a string without touching it with their hands. All of the victors in these combats should be given small prizes, as a sash or in the form of a silver apple, an apple-shaped confection or a cake of soap, or a quaint little homemade man composed of an apple on a stick, with buttons for eyes, nose and mouth, and a corky for a hat adorned with a chicken feather or bit of Christmas green.

Finally the fun may conclude by the company standing in two lines and passing a number of apples rapidly from hand to hand, the row passing the fruit quickest without dropping it being the victorious side. Appropriate refreshment for such an occasion would be German apple cake, apple tarts, apple jelly, apple snow and baked sweet apples and cream, together with sandwiches and coffee or chocolate.

WHEN TROUBLE COMES

We often hear of the friends who disappear when trouble comes. Innumerable stories are written of the rich man who falls in business and finds that his circle of friends wants nothing more to do with him. This may be true in the case of the man who when he made money, discarded all his old friends and tried to buy his way into the circles of the socially elect. Of course, such a man does not have real friends. He pays for the privileges of associating with certain people, and when he can no longer pay, he loses the privilege, and for this he deserves no sympathy.

"Thousands of people will bear testimony to the fact that trouble does not drive friends away. 'It has almost been worth what we have gone through,' said a man just emerging from an experience that had turned his hair to silver and plowed harsh lines in his face, 'to find how many friends we have.' His experience is not unique.

Of course, if you select your friends because they belong to the gay set, because they have plenty of money to spend, because they can do something for you, you should not expect them to stand by you in trouble. You did not pick them out for any quality that would suggest loyalty, and you have no reason to expect it. If, however, you use as much care in selecting your friends as you would in picking out a necktie, trouble will not make you cynical in regard to friendship.

WORTH REPEATING

He was a bit shy, and after she had thrown her arms around him and kissed him for bringing her a bouquet of flowers, he arose and started to leave. "I am sorry I offended you," she said. "Oh, I'm not offended," he replied. "I'm going for more flowers."

SPECIALS At McLean & Co.

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