

LITTLE BRIGHT HOUSES

A mansion rich and dark may seem the height of many a woman's dream. But, oh, a little house for me, a house all painted shinningly...

Inside its door, Dutch tiles of blue, white curtains everywhere, and through the sunny rooms, the fresh, clean smell of soap and water, things that tell a woman's love, her daily care...

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of The Free Press Thursday, September 26, 1912

The apple pickers and packers are busy in this locality. Mr. M. P. Barry has been shipping turnips from here the past week.

Potato rot is appearing to some extent in the crop now being gathered.

1912 will for years be noted for its rainy Sundays during the summer. Hardly a dry Sunday since spring.

The farmers of Erin Township are shipping potatoes in large quantities. The price the past week has been 50 cents a bag.

Messrs. W. Sayers, F. P. Sayers, R. J. McNabb, Ronald and Malcolm Sinclair left on Monday on a fishing expedition to Grey Lake.

Our Jewish citizens celebrated the Feast for Atonement, the Jews' holiest day, last Saturday, with impressive services in Hill's Hall.

Mr. Donald Walde, of the second line, sent THE FREE PRESS, the other day, an ear of field corn, twelve inches in length, and containing 752 grains.

Mr. Spencer Husband, millwright, had one of his feet painfully scalded in a leach at the tannery on Saturday. He is able to be about but has not resumed work.

It is reported that an experienced driller, who has been operating at Milton, has been engaged by a number of local men to put down an oil well at Crewsons Corners.

Last Thursday, J. C. Blacklock, thresher, fractured local records with an unusually big day's work on the farm of Mr. Frank Sayers, Nassagaweya. In ten hours he threshed 2,000 bushels of oats and 140 bushels of wheat.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

FOR SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 25

MOSES HONORED IN HIS DEATH (REVIEW)

Golden Text.—Precious in the sight of Jehovah is the death of His saints.—Psalm 116: 15.

Time.—1451 B. C. Place.—Neb. Exposition.—I. The Last Words of Moses to Israel, 45-47.

Moses had just given to the people his last song (ch. 31: 30). That song is found in ch. 32: 1-44. A wonderful song, all of which should be carefully read in connection with this lesson.

Having spoken "all the words of the song in the ears of the people" (v. 44), realizing that the song was not his own but from God, as he ended it he said, "Set your hearts unto all the words which I testify among you this day."

This wise man always sets his heart earnestly upon anything which God has to say, and hides that word in his heart (Ps. 119: 11). That is the one sure road to prosperity in everything one does. "Whatever he doeth shall prosper" (Ps. 1: 1-3). But not only were the people of Israel to set their own hearts upon God's words, but to command the hearts of others to do all the words of this law. "This shows that Moses had in mind his exhortation not only this last song but also the whole law of God, which he had rehearsed to them that day. In thus setting their own hearts upon the word of God and commanding their children to do the same, they would find long life in the Land of Promise which they were soon to go over Jordan to possess (v. 47).

II. Jehovah Shows Moses the Land of Promise, 48-52.

Moses, having finished his work, and spoken all the word that God had given him to speak, Jehovah now commands him to get up into Mt. Nebo, where he was to die. He went up into this mountain because God bade him to do so. He knew he was to die there (ch. 32: 50). Moses had earnestly desired to go over Jordan to see the land (ch. 3: 25), but God had refused (ch. 3: 26, 27). But what God now granted really met Moses' desire: he saw the land, though he did not enter it. The reason why Moses was not permitted to lead the people into the land was because he had failed to sanctify God's word, that it was enough to "SPEAK" to the rock and so he had SMITTEN it, and he had taken glory to himself that belonged to Jehovah alone (Num. 20: 8, 11, 12, 10). When we think that we are necessary to God, then God sets us aside. But Moses had been exceedingly faithful for the most part, and Jehovah granted to him a wonderful view of the land. He told Moses that his death would follow upon that view (Num. 27: 13). Centuries later, people enter the land, after all (Matt. 17: 8). The people knew as they saw Moses ascending the mountain side, that they would see him no more (ch. 33: 1-29). God showed Moses the land in its full extent. So clear is the atmosphere of that land that this might not require a miracle. The glorious land was not shown to Moses to tantalize him, but to cheer him: when the faithful head of God's people is about to die the most cheering thing that can be shown him is the bright prospect that is before his people under a new leader. Moses' heart swelled with joy as he saw the magnificent prospect before the people he had so long and patiently led through the wilderness in the midst of almost crushing discouragements. All regret that another would lead them was swallowed up in the joy over what they were to enjoy (cf. Num. 11: 29). Jehovah had promised this land to Abraham's descendants. Between four and five hundred years had passed between the promise and the fulfillment (Gal. 3: 17; Ex. 12: 20; Gen. 47: 9; 25: 20). But the promise was sure, though they had so long to wait for its fulfillment. There are many promises of God that have been waiting much longer than that for fulfillment; but they will all be fulfilled to the very letter some day (Tit. 1: 2).

III. The Death and Burial of Moses, 34: 5-8.

Death followed speedily after the vision (cf. Acts 7: 56-60). Moses' work was done and death was promotion. He was alone with Jehovah when he died: this had been a solitary life and he died with a solitary death (cf. Ex. 3: 1; 24: 18). All those who were nearest to Moses had already gone before (Num. 26: 84, 65; 20: 1; 20: 28); he had seen the land and the people were about to enter; why should he linger? That he died just at the right time is evident from the fact that he died "according to the word of the LORD." Moses is called here by a very significant and honorable title, "The Servant of Jehovah." It was God, Himself, who gave Moses this honorable title (Num. 12: 7). It was Moses' greatest claim to distinction that he was God's servant (Heb. 3: 5). We can have a title better than even "Servant of the LORD," the "Friend of the Lord" and the "Child of God" (John 15: 15; 1 John 3: 2). Moses had another distinction bestowed on no other man: Jehovah buried him with His own hands. He kept the place of his burial concealed: if known, it might have been made a shrine. God seemingly doesn't approve of building monuments for the dead. Moses lived to a great age. His 210 years were divided into three periods of just 40 years each (Acts 7: 23-30). He abode in fullness of physical strength to the end. This was the result of obedience to God's will and word (Ex. 15: 26; Josh. 14: 10-11). He had no disease, he was picked as an ear fully ripe. There were thirty days of weeping as an expression of respect and love. A far better expression of love would have been obedience to the laws he left (John 14: 21, 23, 24). They had murmured against

THE SILVER FIR

The tree stands on a slight knoll overlooking its lake. It is the most royal living thing of all the wilderness, fit companion to the hills, fit friend of the forest. Below and about it, green deep waters, fit sentinel and spokesman fir and spruces are gathered as a congregation and choir. Here, too, there are many noble heads lifted, many ancient trunks whose thick barks are mysterious with nature's hieroglyphics; but not one to equal the silver fir, where, up and over the vassal trees, its white spire grows ever loftier, symbol and revelation of the upward urge of life.

It is white, as with moonlight. Every branch shimmers. Something of the night, some mysterious essence of the softer hours, clings to it even when the sun shines. Ready peace the power, and the majestic melancholy of midnight possess it. Looking upon it one thinks of the stars, and of the ages that will succeed the sun. It is never altogether quiet. Though the lower forest may rest and listen, there is yet some movement in the crown of the fir, and when all the air seems dead there steals down a flutter, as if the tree were putting its secrets into prayer. When the breezes freshen it is the first to take up the song; its voice swells deeper, and its resonant chords grow louder, he always it can be heard, like the thrilling viol, leading the symphony of the trees.

It was old with the Spaniards. They passed under its shade when all the land was canopied by trees as old and as noble. But it outlasted its generation. New growths came and came again, and yet the stately fir, crowned its forest, patriarch and king. What desires it had I cannot dream, though I well know that it could not have lived on without some sort of longing, however far removed from human hopes. It is never silent, never unaware of wind and weather night and day, but with myriad lips praises something greater and more enduring than itself.

It is yesterday. Over its roots is spread a broad expanse of brown loam, where no grass grows, but always it aromatic needles fall year by year to make for it a bed where one day it will sleep. Stepping into the shadow of the fir one feels as if with a stride one had bridged the generations backward to far and heathen times. There is something in the air here, some occult influence, some intangible effluence as by some sixth and unphysical sense, but cannot translate into words. It is as if unconscious thought were here, a something less than personal, with an instinct for an individual not as yet achieved.

Were the Greek legends altogether fabulous? Those cool, impersonal things, half body and half dream, compact of moonlight and man's instinctive sense of something. More in nature, were they after all, but manufactured poems? Or when, before the age of conscious thought yet earlier races tumbled in their caves and leafy dens, filling their worlds with fears more deadly than the great beasts of the times, were those vague and ghostly awes but ignorance, the product of the bestial mind, the terror of the night? This ahimistic faith of which our scientific sophists write—the earliest religious urge that men's philosophy can find, is it, as nowadays some say, but just a first step toward are man-made gods? With woody thoughts our devotees of fact's study the woody facts of brush and forest growth; but they will be the first to tell you that life is not so found. Life meets with life and only thus is known. Rightly, of old days, our dim forebears trusted to the lives their own lives vaguely sensed. Rightly they peeped all the solitudes with growing souls of growing things.

Sitting in the shadow of this hoary fir an eerie sense of companionship takes hold of me, I am not the only soul brooding here, waiting for a transformation. Around the trunk or through it, up from the grounded roots or down from the thin foliage, there must be a brown face peering at me. Ah, but that is only my human fancy. In reality no companionship exists, and only the kinship of travelers far apart on the dusty road of life. No dryad of yesterday dwells here over me. The Hellens gods are too youthful for this ancient trunk. The old gods of Pine and Fir are of a more austere breed. If I am to fancy the spirit of the fir I must think of the Indians, who worshipped it, and of the mysterious men whose souls were even more closely akin to nature, and of the hairy and silent men of the caves, whom the tree's impersonal spirit vaguely remembers — Arcadian Magazine.

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DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK? By Edson R. Walte, Shawnee, Oklahoma That you should choose your merchandise from the stocks of the home merchants instead of from a catalogue. It is the policy of the home city merchant to keep pace with the demands of the people of the home city. Visible evidence to that effect can be seen everywhere.

In purchasing merchandise, it is always best to buy the best available. The best is always advertised. Advertisements will give you the information you should have before buying. Dollars spent in the home town work for the home town. They not only earn a good return for their owners by their service, but they continue to serve the community.

The only way you can be completely satisfied with the goods you buy is to buy them from the merchants of the home town.

THE CAPITAL OF CANADA

Ottawa, the capital of Canada, is particularly in the limelight of public attention this year. Always, because of its beauty and its political interest, on the route-maps of tourists to the Dominion, Ottawa being the city of the Imperial Economic Conference of the British Nations on the first occasion upon which the Imperial Conference has been held outside of London.

The city of Ottawa is located in the Province of Ontario on the banks of the Ottawa, a majestic river which joins the St. Lawrence near Montreal, about 115 miles eastward. The Ottawa rises through a country of immense forest resources which has contributed materially to the prominence of "The Canadian Capital" in the industrial world. Ottawa is approximately 400 miles northwest of New York and about 600 miles from Washington, the capital of the United States. The city has a population of about 125,000, and surrounding municipalities, not included in the corporation, substantially increase that figure.

Development at Ottawa dates from the arrival of Colonel By in 1826 with a company of British Royal Engineers who came to build the Rideau Canal, a military route of transportation linking the Ottawa and St. Lawrence Rivers. He pitched his camp close to the spot where the beautiful Chateau Laurier, which was the home of the delegates to the conference during their stay in Ottawa, now stands. Around this camp grew the village of Bytown, which by 1847 became an incorporated town. The name was changed to Ottawa in 1854, and three years later Queen Victoria selected the city as the capital of Canada.

The beauty of Ottawa is commented upon by every visitor. The architecture of its public buildings is appropriate to the dignity of a great nation. The thirty miles of boulevards which encircle the city present an ever-changing panorama of beauty. Rich farming country lies to the south and west; immediately to the north rise the Laurentian Mountains where fishing, hunting and life in the open invite the sportsman and adventurer.

At Ottawa the river, which gives the city its name, is augmented by two other important streams—the Rideau and the Gatineau. These three rivers afford almost inexhaustible supplies of electrical energy which is made available to the residents at a rate among the lowest in the world. Although Ottawa's importance in world affairs is due mainly to its political significance, the city has also substantial other interests. A recent census disclosed 208 manufacturing concerns in Ottawa with an investment of approximately \$60,000,000. The principal industries have to do with lumber and paper products and with manufactures of wood, iron and steel.

LEADER IN NEWSPRINT EXPORTS

According to a report just issued by the Canadian Government Bureau of Statistics, the pulp and paper industry is Canada's most important manufacturing industry, heading the list in 1931 for gross and net values of manufactured products as well as for distribution of wages and salaries. In total capital invested this industry is second only to electric light and power plants. The 75 mills manufacturing pulp produced 3,167,969 tons valued at \$84,780,819 and the 71 mills making paper accounted for an output of 2,611,225 tons. Newsprint paper made up 85.3 per cent of the total reported tonnage of paper manufactured. The Canadian production of standard newsprint was 91.9 per cent greater than that of the United States during 1931.

The exports of wood-pulp from Canada last year amounted to 622,537 tons, valued at \$30,056,643. Exports of paper and paper goods were valued at \$11,114,042. These exports were made up chiefly of newsprint paper of which 2,068,240 tons, valued at \$107,233,112 went chiefly to the United States. Canada's exports of newsprint are now second only to her exports of wheat and are greater than the newsprint exports of the rest of the world.

CANADIAN PEACHES BEST

Canadian grown peaches, the greatest treat in the whole of nature's larder, are now reaching the market sun-ripened and juicy, straight from Canada's own orchards. Unlike the early season peaches, which have to be shipped long distances and picked before they are properly matured, those now on sale are ripened on the trees in the natural way and shipped to market when they are in their prime. Canadian peaches are among the finest in the world—even ripened, large and juicy and always a favorite with every member of the household.

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\$1.50 for Your Old LAMP OR LANTERN on a NEW Coleman ... that's the big value you are offered for a limited time. Your old lamp or lantern (any kind or condition) is worth \$1.50 on the purchase of a new Coleman...any model you want.

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