

DON'T QUIT

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will: When the road you're trudging seems all up hill; When funds are low and debts are high. And many a future turns about, When he might have won had he stuck to it out. Don't give up, though your place is slow, You may succeed with another blow. Often the goal is nearer than it seems to a faint and faltering man; Often the struggler has given up, When he might have captured the victor's cup, And he learned, too late, when the night slipped down, How close he was to the golden crown. Success is failure turned inside out— The silver tint of the clouds of doubt— And you never can tell how close you are, It might be near and it might be far; So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit— It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of The Free Press of Thursday, February 27, 1913. Pretty fair sleighing again this week. The turnip crop is still being delivered. Spring's coming! The first thunder-storm came last Saturday. Mr. H. A. Swackhamer has erected a new veranda in front of his residence on Main Street. George Jarvis held an auction sale of cutlery, jewelry and fancy goods in the Warren Block on Saturday evening. In the hockey match between Acton and Erin, at that village on Monday night, Erin won with a score 8-5. Twenty-three teams are engaged in hauling logs to Henderson's saw mill this week. They make from one to four trips each. The railways have had an unusually easy time this winter in Central Ontario in keeping their tracks free of snow. There has not been a snow plow in commission through here in a year. At the meeting of the County Council here last Thursday, it was decided to build a new bridge over Gordon's Creek, at Messrs. Glarridge's and Mann's farms. Mr. and Mrs. John Watson entertained the Methodist Choir and their friends at their home on the fifth line, this week. The night was starchy, the sleighing ideal, the company congenial and a joyous time was spent and the entertainment much appreciated. The erection of the new gas pipe fencing around the lawn at the G. T. R. station evidently means that greater attention is about to be paid to the beautifying of the lawn and flower beds there. It has, no, however, added to the convenience of the residents of Church and intersecting streets. It was rather an unique experience which came to about 80 citizens users of electric current, to receive from the Treasurer of the Corporation cheques for \$4.00 each, in payment of the metres used under the old system. These metres were taken out and replaced by new metres of the Hydro-Electric System. The latter will remain the property of the Corporation.

Fresh Supplies in Demand—Wherever Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has been introduced increased supplies have been ordered, showing that wherever it goes this excellent Oil impresses its power on the people. No matter what latitude it may be found its potency is never impaired. It is put up in most portable shape in bottles and can be found where ever enquired for.

CELERY ONCE AN HERB

With the balance of the 1932 crop of Canadian celery now moving onto the retail market all over Canada, any one who will avail themselves of an opportunity to test its fine flavor will find it hard to realize that celery was used originally as a herb in European kitchens. In this country its chief use is as an appetizer but it deserves a better place on Canadian menus. Celery is a non-waste vegetable and is not an extravagance even at a high price. Every bit may be used. The inner white stalks may be cut in large round pieces as a cooked vegetable and the leaves and root as flavoring for soups and sauces. Even the water in which it is cooked is a valuable food.

Ontario celery is of good flavor and exceedingly crisp and juicy. It will reach you in excellent condition and at an economical price. — Dominion Fruit Branch.

SNUFF AT FRENCH COURT

In France snuff was first used by Catherine de Medici, and was freely taken at court during the latter half of the sixteenth century. It was the nobility of the French court that initiated the fashion of snuff, plus the luxurious scents and lavish boxes. A story is told of the royal physician, Monsieur Fagot, denouncing snuff taking in an impassioned, public oration, and losing his effect because he became so excited that he forgot himself and took a huge pinch at the height of his rhetorical outburst.

Ferriani Balm is magical in creating alluring complexions. A little gentle rubbing and your skin is invigorated and touched with the true beauty of youth. Charismatic fragrance. Delightful to use. Cools and soothes the skin. Relieves all roughness and chafing caused by weather conditions. Tones and stimulates, and protects the lovely complexion. Unrivalled as a perfect skin preservative.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

FOR SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 28

JESUS SHOWS HIS POWER

Golden Text.—For I know Him whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to guard that which I have committed unto him—against that day.—2 Timothy 1: 12b. Lesson Text.—Mark 4: 35-41; 5: 1-8, 15, 18-20. Study, also, Matt. 8: 23-34; Luke 8: 22-39; Matt. 14: 22-33; Luke 9: 37-43a. Time.—A. D. 28. Place.—Sea of Galilee. Exposition.—I. "Peace be Still," 4: 35-41. The true humanity and the real Deity of Jesus are both brought out in a marvellous way in these verses. His exhaustion was so complete that it was necessary to almost carry Him to the boat (v. 36). He immediately fell asleep on a pillow at the stern of the boat. He was so thoroughly devoted to the work that He slept as calmly as if He had no other thought than to take His sleep when He could. We see Jesus in this lesson as a mighty worker—at first get a glimpse of Him in His weakness as a real man. So utter was His exhaustion that the fierce tumult of the storm was not sufficient to awaken Him. It was a terrific storm; the waves dashed over the sides of the boat so it was filling and apparently in momentary danger of sinking, but there was no real danger. No boat can go down that has Jesus on board; note the contrast between the calm of Jesus and the wild excitement of the crew. There is a tone of complaint in the disciples' appeal to Jesus in their extremity; it seemed to them as if He were regardless of their peril. Jesus first rebuked the disciples and then the storm (Matt. 8: 26). There seemed to be enough to make one fearful with the waves dashing into and over the boat and the Master apparently unheeding—but there was a sufficient reason for them to be fearful. There is never a sufficient reason for a disciple of Christ being fearful (John 14: 1, 27). The whole trouble was "no faith." Now Jesus rises in His majesty as Son of God. His voice of rebuke and command rang out upon the howling wind, and there was a great calm. How many a tempest has that voice stilled. He rebuked the wind; to the sea He spoke. The disciples were more afraid than ever. A moment ago they were afraid of the storm; now they were afraid of one who is evidently a supernatural Being. They ask an important question just then, "Who, then, is this, that even the wind and the sea obey Him?" There can be but one answer to that question, the Divine Man. II. Enslaved by the Devil—Saved by Jesus, 5: 15-20. Gerasa was a city in a half heathen territory. God was dishonored there, and there we might expect to find the devil doing his worst to torment and debase. To get the complete picture of the degradation and misery of this man we have to go to all three narratives. Matthew tells that by reason of his fierceness he made the way impassable; Luke that "he wore no clothes;" that there had been many ineffectual attempts to chain and tame him, and that he made day and night hideous by his cries as he vented his horrid rage upon himself, cutting himself with stones. How terrible is the dominion of the devil! "No man had strength to tame him." But Jesus had. It does not do to conclude because no man can tame some victim of the devil that therefore he cannot be tamed. There is more power in the word of Jesus than in man's chains or blows. What a strange comingling of the human and the demoniac! It was the demon within him that enabled him to recognize in Jesus the "Son of the Most High God;" it was the human need and longing that led him to Jesus, and the demon within again that led to the awful cry of rage and despair. The man's soul was in an utter and hopeless confusion of impulses, contending now heavenwards, now hellwards. Jesus had asked the man his name, but he was so completely under the control of the demons that he had lost his personal self-consciousness and answered for them. The demons and himself had become so completely identified in his consciousness that they were he, and he was they. If Jesus could save a soul in whom the ruin was so complete, of whom need we despair? There is here none of the haughty and almost noble pride that Milton pictures in the fallen angels—nothing but felled, cowering, and contemptible malice, driving a poor, weak mortal to slow self-destruction, but shivering with fear in the presence of the Son of God. That's the real devil. The evil spirit cannot enter into even a hog without God's permission. "The herd rushed down the steep into the sea and were choked," the devil as usual outwitted himself. For all his cunning, his power is "stupid, blind, self-contradictory and suicidal." It can only destroy, and it will involve itself in the common ruin rather than not destroy.

What a stupendous and joyous change! Calmness, decency, serenity have taken the place of violence, indegentry, madness—all because the devil had gone out and Jesus had come in (2 Tim. 1: 7). God is working that miracle of grace among us daily. "He that had been possessed," brought him that he might be with him." No companionship is so sweet to the saved man as that of the Saviour (Phil. 1: 23). That man had been the most dangerous character in all that region; now he alone longed for the society of Jesus. The nearer he kept to Jesus, the safer he would feel from any fresh incursions of the enemy. "And he suffered him not." To depart and be with Christ might be very far better (or pleasanter) for the restored man, yet to abide in Decapolis was more needful for the degraded Gergesenes. The converted man's testimony should begin in his own home, with his own friends; among those who knew him best when unsaved.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE

Last Monday I met a demon—a horrid little demon, with long, sharp claws and a hideous grin, and of course I dodged him—quite successfully—as I thought. But on Tuesday he was back again and before I knew it, he had fastened his horrid sharp claws right on to me. Shake him off I couldn't and oh dear, how hot I became in trying to get rid of him. And then Partner came along and when he saw how things were, he said: "You just get off to bed. There is only one person that can deal with this demon, and I'm going to send for him." So the doctor came and told me all kinds of things I didn't want to hear, and he called the little demon "flu," and said the best way to get rid of him was to stay in bed. To help put him to rout he left me some horrible liquid that smells and tastes like tea from boiled grass. It should be effective since it nearly puts me to rout as well as the demon. The children get a great kick-out of seeing me take it. "Oh, gee, look at Mum's face. Is it nice?" What—cha, fussing for—don't you know it's good for you?" Little wretches—just because I have always insisted on their taking anything that's good for them. And then this staying in bed stunt is no good at all. When I have been up and around I have often thought how nice it would be to stay in bed for a day or some times in the morning I have said, "Oh, if only I didn't have to get up!" But now I can do that very thing. I would give anything to be on my feet— I lie here and listen to the noises going on in the kitchen and recognize everything by its sound. I hear the back door open and a thud—that's Partner bringing in wood for the box-stove. There is a sound of an argument in the pantry and I know just as well as if I were there, that the children are squabbling as to who shall wash and who shall dry the dishes. And then I hear, "Oh Peter—get outside!" and of course that means Peter has taken advantage of the back door not being properly shut. Then there's a banging of pails, which tells me Partner has brought the separator and milk pails in to be washed. The telephone rings and I know by the way Molly answers that it's an order for cream. Did she get the right name, I wonder, and is she sure of the quantity that is wanted? By the middle of the morning I am inwardly fuming—"The Dickens with staying in bed—I'm going to get up for awhile!" I wait until I am perfectly sure Partner is not likely to be up from the barn for an hour or so, and then I sneak off to the kitchen, do a few jobs and then crawl back to bed again, very thankful that I have a bed to crawl back to. After such terrific exertion, Partner generally comes back and finds me sleeping most innocently. Poor old Partner! he is the one to be pitied, not me. With all the cows to milk, five calves to feed, hens to look after and odd jobs to do in the house, he surely has his hands full. The children, being at school, haven't time to help much. This morning I remembered Ginger Farm had to be written and at the same time I heard that little demon chuckling and crying "He! he! You can't do it—you can't do it—you can't write 'Ginger Farm'!" Perhaps I, too, had been thinking that same thing, but to hear him make me determine to summon all my moral and physical forces to prove him wrong. "Write 'Ginger Farm,'" he scoffs, "I will. The 'Chronicles' have been running now for three or four years without a break, and it will take more than you to stop me. I'll write in bed first!" So that's where I am but I am afraid our long-suffering editor will have to decipher a badly written pencilled article. Have I written enough, I wonder? I'm getting so sleepy and it's time to take my boiled grass again. Of course this week's Chronicle isn't a bit what I meant it to be. I have been thinking of another phase of living expenses, but I couldn't possibly think connectedly when my grey matter is all mixed up with tablets, green peas, and tea that tastes like nothing on earth. I keep thinking of the "Nightmare" song from one of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Here is part of it—very applicable, don't you think? "You wake up with a start—'And no wonder you snore—For your head's on the floor. And you've needles and pins And cramps in your shins And a thirst that's intense And a general sense That you haven't been sleeping in clover!" By-bye—can't write any more—see you next week—peradventure.

PEARLS FROM FISH SCALES

Over 55,000 pounds of herring scales have been sold by fishermen of New Brunswick to manufacturers of artificial pearls, reports the Industrial Department of the Canadian National Railways. Formerly, the scales would have represented waste, but in the present case were bought for approximately \$2,000.

SLATS' DIARY BY ROSS FARQUHAR

Friday—well I ain't never a going to rite envitashuns on a tipe riter agen. Eisy had me to rite her envitashuns for a taffy pulling Party on a tipe riter oney when I ed. Be shure and bring your own pans I put a N after the N and before the S. Saturday—well Jake and me has started a kemistry labatory but it dident start off so well. 2 of the labels cum off of this bottles we had them in witch had costed us ten cents a peace, so we mixed them together and they blowed up and burnt all Jakes eye browse off and a hole in my pants. so I gess we are lucky we dident have enuff munny to by very much of the stuff. Whatever it was. Sunday—I am threw with wimen for Ever. I was walking down the st. frum Sunday skool with Eisy and we was talking about her party and all of a sudden we met Jane and Jane sed. O Eisy I am so glad I met you alone—practically. Monday—Joe Hix had the flew and the Dr. sed he was going to dy probly. and then the Dr. found out that Joe dident have no mun so he quit coming to see Joe and now Joe is getting well agen. Tuesday—pa pulled a nuther Boner in the paper today. he was Printing a peace for the noose paper about a man witch dyed of sun thing the doctors cudent figger out and it got this away: The pashunt dyed of a Strange Melody. Wednesday—Fuller Bleat has past the EXAMINASHUN to be a farmast. Pa says this means to be a Druggest. Ant Eisy says—these noblises—must be something wonderful becuz a cupple yrs ago Fuller Bleat cudent even tell the differents between mustard and Horse Reddish. Thursday—ma is sore at the clirk down to the Circulating Library. The clirk shone her a book and sed it had a cuple Knotty Problems in it. Ma red it and was very Dissatisfied. She shot the clirk sed Naughty problems.

Greatest Value at All Times "SALADA" TEA "Fresh from the Gardens"

EDWARDSBURG CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP A pure, wholesome, and economical table Syrup. Children love its delicious flavor.

J. Cadesky OPTOMETRIST WILL VISIT ACTON ON Monday, March 6 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.

Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada INCORPORATED 1865 HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL THE inherent strength of life assurance has been tested and proved during the past three years of general business recession, and the invaluable service it renders the public in times of emergency fully demonstrated. THE Sun Life of Canada, during this period—probably the most trying in human experience—has maintained its record of progress, and has been of especial service to its great body of policyholders throughout the world. ITS assurances in force have increased since 1929 by \$465,000,000; assets by \$43,000,000. ITS policyholders now number nearly a million. STATEMENT for 1932 TOTAL ASSURANCES IN FORCE, December 31, 1932 \$2,928,952,000 NEW ASSURANCES PAID FOR 284,098,000 TOTAL INCOME 161,407,000 TOTAL DISBURSEMENTS 148,026,000 EXCESS OF INCOME OVER DISBURSEMENTS 13,381,000 PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS AND BENEFICIARIES: During the year 1932 108,527,000 Since Organization 702,712,000 ASSETS 611,436,000 LIABILITIES 597,241,000 PAID-UP CAPITAL (\$2,000,000) and balance at credit of shareholders' account \$3,416,000 RESERVE for depreciation in mortgages and real estate 4,781,000 SURPLUS 5,998,000 \$14,195,000 Applications for new assurances were received by the Company during 1932 at an average rate of more than \$1,000,000 for every working day. During 1932 the Company paid to policyholders and beneficiaries more than \$360,000 for every working day. Income from renewal premiums was the largest ever received by the Company in a single year. Cash in repayment or reduction of policy loans exceeded in amount that of any previous year. Revivals of lapsed policies were in excess of those of any previous year, with one exception. The net amount of policy proceeds left with the Company at interest was substantially increased.

TIME TABLES AT ACTON CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS Goinp East Daily, except Sunday 10.07 a.m. Daily, except Sunday 6.12 p.m. Sunday only 6.34 p.m. The Chicago flyer, that passes through here at 9.35, eastbound, stops at Georgetown at 8.44 P. M. Goinp West Daily, except Sunday 8.55 a.m. Daily, except Sunday 2.28 p.m. Daily, except Sunday 7.00 p.m. Sunday only 10.38 p.m.

TRAVEL BY BUS Eastbound Daily, except Sunday 7.00 a.m. Daily 9.35 a.m. Daily 1.00 p.m. Daily 4.25 p.m. Daily 8.00 p.m. Sundays and Holidays only 7.00 p.m. Westbound Daily 9.35 a.m. Sundays and Holidays only 11.15 a.m. Daily 1.15 p.m. Daily 4.15 p.m. Daily 7.15 p.m. Daily 11.15 p.m. STANDARD TIME ARROW

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