

THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1933

SPRING SEWING

Oh, some bright April morning she was up before the sun, and all the little household tasks right speedily were done.

Oh, take that orchid organdie—with zigzag ruffles spaced, with crispy, dainty cash tied and bodice quaintly laced—

And Phyllis—in this linen of the softest golden hue— Her slender, tranquil Phyllis, whom the whole small village knew.

What cared the busy sewer that the gown she wore herself Was made from quite the dullest gray

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of The Free Press of Thursday, April 3, 1913

The pretty snowdrops and crocuses are in bloom. Mr. George Wilds reports that his 17 Plymouth Rock hens laid 97 eggs last week.

Mr. W. D. Anderson has disposed of his express and cartage business to Mr. John Bauer. Mr. Anderson will spend the summer in the west again.

The construction camps on the electric road are filling up again. Work is to be pushed rapidly.

Mr. Lamont McMillan has purchased a drug business at 36 Vaughan Road, Toronto, and has excellent prospects.

On Tuesday Manager Maclean, of the Merchants Bank, received the following unique application:

Naples, Italy, March 17, 1913 Honorable Merchants Bank, Acton, Halton Co., Ontario, Canada.

Dear Gentlemen: As the business of my representative office, I have established since twelve years ago, are not to my full satisfaction, I am obliged to find an employer and I take the liberty to ask you if you are disposed to accept me as your clerk, with an appointment for me and for my family to be not in a miserable condition.

Enclosed I send you a portrait. In the favorable case please explain your esteemed conditions and awaiting your esteemed reply, I remain,

Yours very truly, Salvatore de Falco, Mr. Maclean, unfortunately, has no vacancy on his staff at present.

MARRIED

ROBINSON-MOORE — At the family residence, Toronto, on March 26, 1913, by Rev. T. Albert Moore, D. D., assisted by Rev. W. B. Caswell, B. A., and Rev. J. G. Shearer, D. D., Percy T. Robinson to Miss Eva Elizabeth daughter of Rev. Dr. Moore, all of Toronto.

PRAIRIE GARDEN DEFENCE

One of the prime essentials in successful gardening on the prairies is shelter from the wind. The wind might well be placed as the first enemy and its obstruction as the first step to success, says the Superintendent, Dominion Experimental Farm, Brandon, Man. Shelter from the wind will be most effective if two distinct forms are employed; first, high trees, not too closely set, to check the general force of the wind over the whole vicinity and to stop the drift of snow at a little distance from the buildings; and second, low, dense shrubs or hedges around the garden, or at least on exposed sides, to stop any sweep of wind along the ground that may get past the more distant general windbreak. Large trees close to the vegetable garden are objectionable as their tops shade the vegetables while their roots rob the plants of food and moisture.

NEW, VERY WELL!

The doctor's little daughter opened the door to the caller. "Is the doctor at home?" asked the latter. "No, sir," said the child. "He's out at the moment performing an appendectomy."

WILD AND WOOLLY

"Now look here, Dorothy," her father said with a sudden contraction of his thick eyebrows, "out there against his plains and mountains your western hero here in the east and facing a finger-bowl and he wouldn't know what to do with it. He'd probably drink the water—"

"But I don't see—" "I know you don't honey, but I do. Just now, you won't think of these things, so your dad must. Anyhow, mother and I are going to invite him here, and we're all going to get a good chance to look him over."

Dorothy's feelings were mixed when she left her father. To see Maylan again—she had been plotting and scheming herself, but she had thought more of going out to his father's ranch again rather than having him visit her aristocratic home in the east. Now he was to come—big, bronzed, handsome. What did she care if they made fun of him behind his back?

But her mood of quiet-happiness in the news of his coming was marred by the attitude of her friends. "So the wild and woolly one is coming, is he, Dora?" one of her friends asked. "I am crazy to see him. Is he bow-legged from riding too much?" Do you suppose we could get him to give an Indian war whoop?"

"He's not bow-legged! You people will drive me wild! I want you to know he went to college one year, and then had to go back to the ranch because his father was injured, and he's got as big a library there as any of us—bigger!" she argued.

But even as she rose in his defense little quaking fears began to disturb her. He probably would appear uncouth among them and he would be at a loss to many of the proper ways of doing this and that.

So into her inmost heart crept the shadows of an unhappiness that she could not drive away, but her thoughts were more of him than of herself.

It almost seemed to her that her father was deliberately planning to make things difficult for Maylan. The gathering in his honor was to bring the blue blood of the suburban countryside people who would be sure to note and enjoy blunders that a somewhat uncultured man would make.

The night of Maylan's coming arrived. Her father was to bring him from the city with him.

She could hardly keep still as she waited for the sound of the car. She was often at the window—so often that her younger brother broke in with—"Sis, what's the matter with you. Gee, he must be some chap for you to act this way!"

When he did come and she went to greet him, her first wild desire was to throw herself into his arms, but she knew her father did not think "things had gone that far." So she checked herself and in the checking she had time to notice how plainly he was dressed. He seemed uncomfortable. Only his eyes were calm and serene—and Dorothy knew she loved what lay behind the calm eyes. Her father led him away to his room.

She dressed for the evening in a simple white dress that she knew would please him and went down from her room. The guests were arriving, and she found herself busy greeting them.

Suddenly a stir among them made her turn. Down the broad stairs came two men; one white-haired, distinguished; and beside him, dark of hair and eye, serene, in evening clothes that fitted him perfectly; another, powerful of form and poised of bearing. Dorothy caught her breath as she saw him—Maylan!

Soon she was introducing him. He met her friends easily, with just a trace of retreating shyness.

Then, later, through all the intricate courses of the intricate dinner, he went without blunder. Under her gentle prodding and the challenge of others, he told stories from the lore of his plains and mountains, telling the tales so fascinatingly that the room was often still of every other sound than his voice.

"I might have known, with his common sense and intelligence, he would be at home anywhere," she thought to herself as she watched him and listened. "The last time I saw him he was in the situation when she heard her father in the hall, later on, say with a new hearty note in his voice:

"Man, you didn't need the coaching I have been giving you the last three days. You made too much of the social stunt and of this game. As for Dorothy, ask her any time; if she doesn't say the right word, I'll spank her!"

Dorothy, her heart throbbing, slipped into the hall. "You would have to spank me, dad, but what do you mean—coaching—Maylan?"

Her father started. "Great Scott! You youngsters, you listening? Coaching—well, lad, here's the girl who is to be your wife! Fix it up with her. I'm off!"

Maylan smiled his quick, boyish smile. "Little girl, I was afraid I might make some break, so was your father. So we put in three days together before I came up. You see, I didn't want you to be ashamed of me."

"My dear!" she said softly, then—"Come, let's run up to father's den, and talk of things—lots of things!" — Duford Jenne.

NO NIGHT PROWLERS

An old Southern planter was discussing the hereafter with one of the colored servants. "Sam," he said, "if you die first, I want you to come back and tell me what it's like over there. If I die first, I'll come back and tell you what it's like."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

FOR SUNDAY, APRIL 2

JESUS MINISTERING TO JEWS AND GENTILES

Golden Text.—Other sheep have I which are not of this fold: them also must I bring, and they shall hear my voice; and they shall become one flock, one shepherd.—John 10: 16.

Lesson Text.—Mark 7: 24-37. Study also, Matt. 15: 1-31; 2 Cor. 3: 17, 18; Gal. 5: 1-25.

Time.—May or June, A. D. 29. Place.—Neighborhood of Tyre and Sidon. Exposition.—I. Faith Seeking a Blessing, 24-26 (Matt. 15: 21, 22).

Jesus desired to withdraw at this time from publicity and activity (cf. Matt. 12: 14, 15; 14: 13). He wished to be alone with the immediate circle of his disciples to prepare them for what lay before them. But His presence "could not be hid." It can never be hid when He is present anywhere (Mark 2: 1).

His glory and saving power shine out, and the needy will gather together to Him. He will draw the broken-hearted to Himself wherever He goes. Scarcely had He arrived (v. 25, R. V.), when a woman in sore distress because of a little daughter who was under the power of an unclean spirit, heard of Him. The Syrophenician woman is an exceedingly interesting and instructive character. Her position was very discouraging. She was outside the covenant promises and blessings (Matt. 15: 22, 24, 25); she was in sore distress, her daughter having fallen under the power of the unseen, but real and awful powers of darkness; the disciples were unsympathetic, and even the Saviour himself seemed unheeding. There was apparently no helper. Even her own mode of approach to the Saviour was mistaken. She approached Him as the "son of David" (Matt. 15: 22), as if she, a Canaanite outcast, had a part in the promises of Israel. But this woman got the blessing she sought, in spite of all. Her faith conquered; and made her a true child of Abraham and heir of the promises (Gal. 3: 26, 14; Luke 19: 9; 13: 16). A rationalistic interpretation of the incident would make the child's affliction simply a case of insanity or epilepsy. But an honest and candid interpretation of Scripture is against this. So also are carefully observed facts, modern as well as ancient. Demon-possession, as distinguished from insanity arising from purely physiological causes, is an established fact. It is found more frequently at some times and in some places than others. There was naturally enough, a violent outbreak of it, when the Son of God was manifested to destroy the works of the devil (1 John 3: 8). Satan mustered all his forces for the great fight on hand (Col. 2: 15, R. V.). There is a supernatural world of bad spirits as well as good. This fact will account for those phenomena that remain to spiritualism, clairvoyance, hypnotism, etc., after we have eliminated all we can by the exposure of fraud, sleight-of-hand, natural causes, etc. This girl's case was a sad one. She was in Satan's power, and, like so many of his victims, grievously tormented. But, fortunately, she had a believing, praying mother. Her mother's prayer was a model. It was earnest, direct, brief, definite, personal, humble, believing, persistent, prevailing. The kernel of it was, "Have mercy on me." That was a cry Jesus often heard (Matt. 9: 27; 17: 15; Luke 17: 13; 18: 13), and never passed unheeded. He is just the same to-day (Heb. 13: 8). If you need mercy, ask for it as this woman did, and you will get it (Ro. 10: 13).

II. Faith Tested, 27 (Matt. 15: 23-26).

To the woman's first prayer Jesus answered not a word (Matt. 15: 23). This action on Jesus' part at the first glance seems inexplicable and out of all keeping with what we usually read of Him. But the more we study it, the more meaningful it is seen to be, and the more evident the genuineness of the story becomes. There was a threefold reason why Jesus did not answer her at first. (1) There was a real case when she was of giving the woman what she sought. She was a "stranger from the commonwealth of Israel," "separate from Christ" (Eph. 2: 12). This difficulty was very real, but faith surmounted it. Mountains are nothing to faith. (2) The woman approached Him on a wrong footing, as a child of the kingdom. This she afterward rectified by taking her place as a Gentile dog ("little pet dog," however). Many of us would get more if we would only take our right place before God. (3) Jesus would test her faith. He often seems not to hear when He really does, and simply would have us cry again and thus prove that our faith is real and earnest.

III. Faith Overcoming Difficulties and Obtaining Blessing, 28-30 (Matt. 15: 27, 28).

In the end the woman got far more than she sought. She sought healing for her daughter. Besides this, she obtained instruction, commendation for herself. Jesus' answer to the disciples would get more if we would only take our right place before God. (3) Jesus would test her faith. He often seems not to hear when He really does, and simply would have us cry again and thus prove that our faith is real and earnest.

IV. Faith Seeking a Blessing, 28-30 (Matt. 15: 27, 28).

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V. Faith Seeking a Blessing, 28-30 (Matt. 15: 27, 28).

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VI. Faith Seeking a Blessing, 28-30 (Matt. 15: 27, 28).

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It asks, (c) pleases Christ, (d) wins commendation. IV. Deaf Hearing, 'Dumb' Speaking, 31-35.

Jesus sighed in deepest sympathy with the afflicted man. It reminded Him of the world's vast sorrows (cf. Is. 63: 3). If our prayers were accompanied with more heartfelt sighs, there would be more power in them (cf. Heb. 3: 7; Ro. 8: 26), and if our sighs were accompanied with more prayers they would not be so impotent. Our Lord did a few preliminary symbolisms; and then—just a word—"Be opened," and the mighty deed is done. He is ready and able to-day to speak the word that will open our deaf spiritual ears, and to impart the power that will loosen our tongues (Acts 2: 1-4; 4: 31). He indeed did "all things well," and does still. This miracle was a fulfillment of prophecy.

Could Hardy Live for Asthma, writes one man who after years of suffering has found complete relief through Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. Now he knows how needless has been his suffering. This matchless remedy gives sure help to all afflicted with asthma. Inhaled as smoke or vapor it brings the help so long needed. Every dealer has it or can get it for you from his wholesaler.

ONE OF THEM

Teacher: "Parse the sentence, 'Tom married Jane.'" Boy: "Tom's a noun because he's the name of something. Married is a conjunction because it joins Tom and Jane. Jane is a verb, because she governs the noun."

NONE NOW

An inquisitive old lady was always asking her minister questions. One day the persistent lady asked: "Mr. Blank, can you tell me the difference between a cherubim and a seraphim?" The minister thought deeply for a minute and then replied: "Well, they had a difference, madam, but they have made it up."

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The Acton Free Press

Everybody's Guessing!

Who is He?

What is His Weight?



THE FREE PRESS Contest on Local Folks has caused quite a lot of conjecture. The individuals who have been the favorites last week have many times answered the query of what their weight is. The Stores giving Coupons also carry a reproduction of that week's character so that you may register your guess right at the store.

We have been asked if a 50c Article must be purchased. You may make your purchases from any list of Advertised Goods up to the amount of 50c. For instance, you may buy a box of advertised biscuits, some bread, marmalade and cocoa and when the total of these items reaches 50c, you get one guess; 2 guesses if it reaches \$1.00, and so on. On the larger purchases of Advertised Goods you, of course, have many more guesses.

The Judges

The Judges have been selected and have very kindly consented to make the decision of who will win the \$10 in cash, or other prizes. They are: Mr. W. K. Graham, Manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia; Mr. R. R. Arnold, Secretary-Treasurer of the Storey Glove Co.; and Mr. W. Nisbet, Accountant of the Bank of Montreal. These men will make the decision and their award will be Final.

The names of the individuals whose sketch will appear on a specific week have been listed by the artist, Mr. J. K. Gardiner, and placed in a sealed envelope, and deposited in THE FREE PRESS safe. After the Contest closes this envelope will be handed the Judges to make their awards.

The weights of these individuals will be checked by the Judges after the Contest closes, and the weight as found by them will be the figures used in deciding the Contest.

Added Prizes

There has been such a manifest interest shown by our readers in this Contest that we have decided to add Two Extra Prizes. To the Contestants who stand in Third and Four Places in the score we will give One Year's Subscription to THE FREE PRESS. The interest shown has brought about this decision to give the Added Prizes and THE FREE PRESS appreciates the reception that all have accorded to this Local Contest.

This Week's Sketch appears on Page One and will provide some Real Fun for all the family in making a guess. His weight is another matter of conjecture.

Ask for the Coupons at the Stores that Advertise this Week

TIME TABLES

AT ACTON

NADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Table with columns for 'Going East' and 'Going West' showing train schedules and times.

TRAVEL BY BUS

Table with columns for 'Eastbound' and 'Westbound' showing bus schedules and times.

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