

FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1914

HEAVEN GOD WASH THE WORLD

Heaven God wash the world last night... I saw God wash the world last night...

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the issue of The Free Press of Thursday, April 23rd, 1914

Butter is down to 25 cents. The farmers are busy with their plowing and seeding. The mercury rose to 65 degrees in the shade at noon on Saturday.

Mr. Frank E. Holmes, who has performed the duties of Clerk of the Division Court since the death of R. J. McEachern, has resigned the office. Mr. George R. Agnew has been appointed to the vacancy.

Rev. J. W. Rice, of Toronto, preached two able sermons on Sunday in Knox Church. It is eighteen years since he left Acton and his visit was an occasion of much pleasure.

Thirty-four applications for an election for Acton were received by the Council. The Council succeeded in narrowing down the list to four or five at the meeting on Monday evening, but no decision was made.

Assessor Harvey presented the Assessment Roll for 1914 to the Council on Monday evening. It is a very carefully prepared and comprehensive roll.

BLAIR—In Esquimaux, on Tuesday, April 14th, 1914, Donald Blair, aged 64 years, McEachern—At Thornbury, on Saturday, April 18th, 1914, Annie Miller, wife of Archibald McEachern.

Persian Balm is magical in creating alluring complexions. A little gentle rubbing and your skin is invigorated and touched with the true beauty of youth.

HOW TO PRODUCE EARLY POTATOES

In order to produce early potatoes the sprouting of the seed tubers has been employed with varying results, but most of those employing sprouted seed agree that some gain has been made.

As a rule seed potatoes sprouted in the open become withered badly before planting time arrives. An experiment has been tried at the Central Experimental Farm whereby the seed tubers are placed in flats or shallow boxes and sealed in around the tubers.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written especially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

If variety is the spice of life, then this week I have surely had spices in plenty. Monday I helped a neighbor paper her bedroom. Tuesday I did the family washing.

Wednesday, churched and later attended the school children's recital. Thursday, presided at our institute meeting. Friday I spent most of the day and half the night at my typewriter.

Saturday morning got in what extra work I could and Saturday afternoon delivered my weekly orders in town and bought my Saturday supplies. And may I add that in driving in and out of our slippery, greasy lane I left a trail behind me which Partner described as being "as crooked as a dog's hind leg."

Now it is Saturday night and here I am with the Chronicles of Ginger Farm still to be written, typed and sent away for next week's press. And thus it goes. Plenty of work, yes—but bless you—there's plenty of fun, too. Take that papering, for instance. My neighbor is one of those early birds who likes to start a job when the day is young and had told me her husband would help her until I was able to get there.

So they were just putting the second strip on the ceiling when I appeared on the scene, and was Mr. Neighbor glad to see me? He didn't say so, of course—catch a man admitting anything like that—but believe me it didn't take him long to get out of the house and away to the barn, where he could handle forks and brooms and other things without fear of getting anything dirty or daubed up with paste and if anything dropped on the floor there was no one to look daggers at him for doing it—and it wouldn't matter what he dropped anyway.

Of course it wasn't long before this man was back in the house and passing slighting remarks upon the little we had done and how much work he had seen accomplished while we had been monkeying around with one strip of paper. Isn't that just like a man? And upon my word they are—nearly all alike. I know Partner is just as bad as any of them and one thing is certain, when I start to paper, the longer he stays out of the house the better I shall be pleased. But of course it is always when a strip of paper is running off the edge and has to be pulled back and straightened and brushed and coaxed to go on properly. Instead of dropping on the floor, as it threatens to do every minute—that's the time when the man of the house pokes his head around the door and asks if I isn't nearly time we had some dinner. Dinner—just think of it! Now any woman, when she starts a job, wants to go right ahead with it. There is hardly one of us who would bother about a proper meal if we didn't have to get it for the rest of the family. A cup of tea and some bread and butter, just when it happened to be convenient—that is all most of us need. But these men—but there, I don't need to tell you any more, because every reader who has a man in the house knows very well what I am driving at.

Wednesday night was the night of the Recital. Daughter was playing in a duet and our young son was singing a solo, and there was great excitement in the house! How different things are from what they used to be—how many children years ago would have come before a large audience and sung or played alone? I know I wouldn't. I remember in our end of term music examinations each girl was supposed to sing a solo, but year after year I used to forfeit all my music marks rather than face the ordeal of singing alone.

SLAT'S DIARY BY ROSS PARQUEAR

Friday—Nelson, Brill is back here in town he sed he and his wife had a fall out. Pa says Nelson looks very proud even though sum folks says he ain't with a dime. But Nelson told pa rilly does amount to sum thing now becuz his wife says she will give a 100 \$ just to lay her Hands on him for 5 minits.

Saturday—Han Hammer spent the week I have surely had spices in plenty. Monday I helped a neighbor paper her bedroom. Tuesday I did the family washing.

Wednesday, churched and later attended the school children's recital. Thursday, presided at our institute meeting. Friday I spent most of the day and half the night at my typewriter.

Saturday morning got in what extra work I could and Saturday afternoon delivered my weekly orders in town and bought my Saturday supplies. And may I add that in driving in and out of our slippery, greasy lane I left a trail behind me which Partner described as being "as crooked as a dog's hind leg."

Now it is Saturday night and here I am with the Chronicles of Ginger Farm still to be written, typed and sent away for next week's press. And thus it goes. Plenty of work, yes—but bless you—there's plenty of fun, too. Take that papering, for instance. My neighbor is one of those early birds who likes to start a job when the day is young and had told me her husband would help her until I was able to get there.

So they were just putting the second strip on the ceiling when I appeared on the scene, and was Mr. Neighbor glad to see me? He didn't say so, of course—catch a man admitting anything like that—but believe me it didn't take him long to get out of the house and away to the barn, where he could handle forks and brooms and other things without fear of getting anything dirty or daubed up with paste and if anything dropped on the floor there was no one to look daggers at him for doing it—and it wouldn't matter what he dropped anyway.

Of course it wasn't long before this man was back in the house and passing slighting remarks upon the little we had done and how much work he had seen accomplished while we had been monkeying around with one strip of paper. Isn't that just like a man? And upon my word they are—nearly all alike. I know Partner is just as bad as any of them and one thing is certain, when I start to paper, the longer he stays out of the house the better I shall be pleased. But of course it is always when a strip of paper is running off the edge and has to be pulled back and straightened and brushed and coaxed to go on properly. Instead of dropping on the floor, as it threatens to do every minute—that's the time when the man of the house pokes his head around the door and asks if I isn't nearly time we had some dinner. Dinner—just think of it! Now any woman, when she starts a job, wants to go right ahead with it. There is hardly one of us who would bother about a proper meal if we didn't have to get it for the rest of the family. A cup of tea and some bread and butter, just when it happened to be convenient—that is all most of us need. But these men—but there, I don't need to tell you any more, because every reader who has a man in the house knows very well what I am driving at.

IMPORTANCE OF ELECTRIC BATTERIES

The modern electric battery, a comparatively recent invention, plays a very important part in the commercial and social life of every community in this day and age; in fact it would now be difficult to conceive how present day business could be carried on without electric batteries for motor cars and other internal combustion engines which depend on them for ignition. They are also used for a variety of other purposes.

Electric batteries are made extensively in Canada. In 1932 the total output from plants in the Dominion was valued at \$4,239,467. Storage batteries were made in 23 establishments and the production was worth \$2,521,557. The output included 447,638 batteries with a total value of \$2,301,079 for the starting and ignition of internal combustion engines; 12,155 cells or jars for farm lighting plants worth \$79,432; cells for motive power to the number of 2,777 valued at \$71,503, and 18,983 storage batteries for other purposes with a value of \$78,543.

Dry cell batteries for radios, flashlights, etc., were made in four plants and the output totaled 21,157,816 cells valued at \$1,592,783. Included in this total were 12,989,949 "B" and "C" batteries for radios, worth \$750,175; flashlight cells to the number of 6,492,923 with a value of \$381,458 and 1,684,844 six-inch cells worth \$461,150.

Imports of batteries into Canada during 1932 were valued at \$385,500, including 2,900 storage batteries at \$133,874 and primary electric batteries at \$133,718. Of the imports, \$228,157 came from the United States and \$135,904 from Great Britain. Exports of batteries during the year under review were appraised at \$183,406 of which the United States took \$1,151 and Great Britain \$19,771. The principal export of \$67,306 was to New Zealand; the Argentine Republic came second with purchases of \$30,088 and South Africa fourth with \$7,912.

NOT A SIGN OF LUCK

When Mark Twain was editor of a Missouri newspaper, a subscriber wrote to him saying he had found a spider in his paper and asking Mark whether this was a sign of good or bad luck. The reply was as follows: "Old Subscriber,—Finding a spider in your newspaper was neither good luck nor bad luck for you. The spider was merely looking over your paper to see which merchant is not advertising so that he can go to that store, spin his web across the door, and lead a life of undisturbed peace ever afterward."

Bladder Weakness Troublesome Nights Swiftly Relieved

If you are troubled with a burning sensation, Bladder Weakness—frequent daily urgings up nights, dull pains in back, lower abdomen and down through groin—you should try the amazing value of Dr. Southwell's "Treatise" and see what a wonderful difference they make! If this grand old formula of a well known Physician brings you the swift comfort it has brought to others, you surely will be thankful and very well pleased. If it does not satisfy, the druggist that supplied you is authorized to return your money on first box purchased.

AN ANCIENT CRAFT

One of the oldest trades is that of the gold beater. The methods are just the same as those used by the craftsmen who made the gold ornaments found in Tutankhamens tomb. Gold is the most ductile of all metals. It can be beaten into sheets of almost incredible thinness or drawn out into wire finer than hair. From a single grain of gold—there are 7,000 grains in a pound avoirdupois—a wire 500 feet long can be drawn. A little calculation will show how far a pound of gold could be made to stretch. Gold sheets can be beaten so thin that they are almost transparent. The gold used for making gold leaf is beaten with a tiny hammer to a thickness of a quarter of a millionth part of an inch. A single ounce of gold has been beaten into sheets covering an area of 300 square feet.

CANADIAN ALFALFA

Most of the alfalfa seed grown in Canada is required for domestic consumption and usually the domestic demand absorbs the crop even in years of heavy production. The average annual production over the past five years has been about 2,500,000 pounds, and the consumption, approximately the same. Having due regard to the great popularity of the alfalfa crop in Canada, and the possibility of its further expansion as a forage crop, there would appear to be no immediate danger of an over-production of the seed.

Tuesday—Ma give me too cakes for I and Jake tonie wile we was a flying are kites. I tuk a little bit out of Jakes cake so we tuk tell them a Part in case we wanted to use them wile we was flying are kites.

Wednesday—Pa is in bad with the parnt teachers becuz of the way he printed about there play in the noose paper with he wicks on. He ment to have the Head line say, LOCAL CAST REDDY FOR PLAY and he printed it LOCAL CATS REDDY TO FLAY.

Thursday—Joe Zeck, answered a advertisement witch sed for 50 cts they send you sum thing to prevent the horrors of Old age and Joe sent 50 cts. and in a weak he got back a little Vile of Arsnick.

The cheapness of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator puts it within reach of all, and it can be got at any druggist's.

BEE HIVE GOLDEN CORN SYRUP A GREAT ENERGY FOOD

Counter Check Books ANY STYLE—ANY QUANTITY THE LOWEST PRICES OBTAINABLE

The Acton Free Press If you Want to Sell---Advertise

Who? YOU or the Trustee

Gault MacGowan, Managing Editor of the Trinidad Guardian, Port of Spain, Trinidad, B. W. I., says:

"Well, this is what one man told me about Advertising:

"In the first place, newspaper advertising is too expensive.

"Secondly, it is no good doing anything until commodity prices recover.

"Meanwhile, I am much too busy to think up any new copy.

"Anyhow, everybody knows that I always stock the best goods, and that my store is the best place to buy everything.

"Besides, I've spent my appropriation for the year—most of it in charity bazaars, handbills and programs.

"Then my partner has gone off on one of those cheap trips the papers are shouting about nowadays. I can't do anything till he comes back.

"And oh! There isn't anybody in the store anyway, so what is the use of advertising?

"I'll talk about it if you call back after stock-taking.

"Anyway, I'm just going to pull down the blinds and go home.

"D----- the depression."

P. S.—When I called back for more dope on Advertising, I found the blinds down and the Bankruptcy Trustee doing the stock-taking. He gave me a full page Ad.

TIME TABLES NADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS AT ACTON

TRAVEL BY BUS Eastbound Westbound

ARROW Savage & Co. WATCHES DIAMONDS CHINA GLASSWARE WEDDING AND ENGAGEMENT RINGS GUELPH, ONTARIO

NEW BUSINESS THE ACTON FREE PRESS