

TROUBLES

Tell your troubles, one and all. Count them over, great and small. File your burdens high and thin. Look-agoning your fellowmen. Here's a crippled form and wan. Here's a youth with both legs gone. Here's a blind man, holding up For your kindly coin, a cup. Walk one block of any street. And along the way you'll meet Always one, and sometimes two. Who've the right to envy you. Be your troubles what they may. You can bear them anyway. You have strength and you have might. You can stand and you can fight. Trouble cannot knock you flat. You're not handicapped like that!

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of The Free Press of Thursday, November 26th, 1914

Mr. Ephraim Chapman, Campbellville, has been appointed High Constable for Halton.

Some people now feel like making trips between each mail, merely to visit the new Post Office and enjoy the attractive surroundings.

Mr. William Easter, of the Township of Chincagouay, has purchased the 150 acre farm, in Exquisite Township, belonging to Mrs. Caroline McPherson, of Acton.

The Women's Institute will hold a knitting tea at their December meeting.

Mr. J. M. Denys, B. A., of Milton, was the first person to whom mail was delivered at the new Post Office. Councillor A. T. Brown was the first purchaser of stamps; and Miss Ethel Coleman, Public Librarian, holds the distinction of posting the first mail.

The terribly sudden death of Mrs. David Henderson at the family residence, last Friday, brought keen feelings of sorrow and personal loss to many hearts in Acton and elsewhere. She and Mr. Henderson had just returned the previous week from a trip to Winnipeg. The accident was not witnessed by anyone, but she was found by a neighbor lying on the ground below the balcony from which she fell. The funeral on Monday afternoon was a very large and representative gathering.

An interesting letter from Pte. Fred Willis tells of the boys at Salisbury Plain. Major Ballantyne, of Georgetown, is in command of their company. The following Acton boys are in the tent which was honored by the officers for being the cleanest tent in the battalion: Privates Jas. Gibb, D. Douglas, George Green, E. Singleton, W. Alger and Fred Willis. A photo was enclosed, showing them at the tent door. The King's Orderlies Bible Class tendered a banquet to the Official and Trustee Boards of the Methodist Church, which was highly successful.

DIED

KENNEDY—At Orangeville, on Thursday, November 5th, 1914, Mrs. Kennedy, widow of the late Joseph Kennedy, of Acton, in her 89th year.

MCCURDY—In Nassagaweya, at the residence of Mr. Theo. Francis, on Tuesday, November 24th, 1914, Mary, relict of the late George McCurdy, aged 82 years.

HENDERSON—At the family residence, Beaver Avenue, Acton, on Friday, November 20th, 1914, Alison Christie, wife of David Henderson, M. P., in her 73rd year.

Certain morbid conditions must exist in the stomach and intestines to encourage worms, and they will exist as long as these morbid conditions permit them to. To be rid of them and spare the child suffering, use Miller's Worm Powders. They will correct the digestive irregularities by destroying the worms, conditions favorable to worms will disappear, and the child will have no more suffering from that cause.

MUSICAL TREE

One of the curiosities of the Sudan is the musical tree. This tree is a species of acacia which it would be more proper to describe as a large shrub, since it does not grow to any great height. The shoots of the acacia are commonly attacked by the grubs of a beetle. As the grub bites at the stems, they become very distorted, so that they grow out in the form of a globular mass which may be two inches or more in diameter. The grub feeds on the soft tissue which is inside the formation. Finally this becomes hollow and not unlike a bladder.

When the grub is through feeding, it gnaws its way out through a small hole at the side of the swelling. Soon the bladder becomes dry and hard. The wind plays upon the opening which the grub has left so that each bladder becomes practically a musical instrument, on which the desert breezes operate much after the manner of a flute. Where these musical acacias are abundant, the air is filled with a pleasant note.—S. Leonard Bastin.

SHE CAME WITH THE ROLLING-PIN

A party of spirited pals was returning in the small hours of the morning from a highly successful banquet.

They came to a standstill opposite a certain house, and a lively discussion ensued. One of the revellers thumped on the door, until a window above was opened and a forbidding-looking woman looked out.

"Pardon, are you Mrs. Smith?" he asked.

"Yes, I am."

"Good!" exclaimed the leader of the party. "Will you be so kind as to come down and pick out Mr. Smith? The rest of us want to go home."

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE

Next week the women's Institute of Central Ontario holds its annual three-day Convention in Toronto—a convention open to all members of all Institutes—and how many will take advantage of this opportunity for a pleasant and profitable holiday and how many will think they can't leave home?

By the time this Chronicle gets into print the Convention will be over—I wish I had thought of writing about it sooner, then perhaps I might have aroused enough enthusiasm among some of my readers to have made them want to attend the convention. However, I will tell you all about it when I come home, then you will be all ready for next year.

Perhaps you will say—"Huh, that's not my idea of a holiday!"

Perhaps not—but, after all, what is a holiday? My Oxford-dictionary says: "Holiday... cessation of work or of recreation." So you see, it is just as reasonable to need a holiday from one thing as another. Haven't we all proved it at one time or another? Haven't you been away for a holiday and come home so tired out it has been a real rest to get back to work? Do you feel any better for tearing around from one place to another, elbowing your way through the crowd, in and out of stores, spending precious hours in crowded street cars, going the round of the shows, jostling up against people with coughs, colds and sore throats, from whom you probably pick up a few lively germs to carry back home with you. You have spent days away from home like that, haven't you, and for sake of a better name, came home and called it a holiday?

To my way of thinking, you and I, as farm people, need something very different from that before we can call it a holiday.

We need to see and hear something new that will interest us and yet it must have some connection with our ordinary life.

We need to meet people but to get any real benefit from personal contacts we must also have some interest in common with those whom we meet.

We need nice food to eat—food that we haven't had to get ready and dishes that we don't have to wash at the end of the meal.

We need a little time to visit the stores and a little money to spend on things that are not absolutely necessary.

If our time away from home fits these requirements, then we shall probably return feeling that we have really had a holiday.

We shall remember for some time the people we have met and the new ideas we have picked up to help along our daily work. Perhaps the queerest thing about a holiday is, that the more we enjoy ourselves the more we appreciate our home and family when we return. We can leave home absolutely fed up with everything—our work, our family and ourself—and yet before we have been away a week it is possible to get so homesick that we can't get home quick enough. Perhaps you know the story of the prairie farmer's wife, away on a holiday, who attended a public meeting and immediately afterwards packed up to go home. When asked her reason she could only say—"There was a man in the front row to-night who looked just like my Jim!"

This year we have had a wonderful fall, so that on most farms the necessary work in preparation for winter has been done, so I think it behooves every farmer to say to his wife—"Now, Janet, it's time you had a change, so you just pack up your duds and go off and visit your sister Mary for a while. Me and the kids'll manage and you'll be all the better for a change!"

Of course Janet knows exactly how well they will "manage," she also knows the extra work there will be to do when she gets back—but what matter? Given the opportunity, it's a wise woman who takes advantage of it.

To those women who did not take a holiday at convention time I would like to say—if you haven't been away then GO!

Take a few days off—find some way to rest yourself, mind, body and soul. You owe it to yourself and to your family. But if you have a man who doesn't realize you need a holiday, and makes no suggestion about your going away, then just up and tell him you're going, anyway. It will do him good!

LITERAL TRUTH

"Well," said the sweet young visitor, "that tall, handsome cowboy said he is a stockholder here."

"He is," replied the owner of the ranch. "He helps hold the calves every year when we brand 'em."

GEMS OF THOUGHT

Happy the man, and happy he alone, He who can call to-day his own; He, who, secure within, can say, "To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day." —Dryden

Your daily duties are a part of your religious life just as much as your devotions.—H. W. Beecher.

SLATS' DIARY

BY ROSS PARQUEAR

Friday—Mrs. Griddle has just been moving in to her new home and tonight she was over to see House and she was talking about her new home and she said every thing was fine, except she was afraid they did not have proper illumination and she quit working on his cross word puzzle and give her a 15 minit talk on eating Fieshman's East.

Saturday—Ant Emmy had a letter from her Nefew today and he told her he was layed up in bed with a mitey sore thumb. He all so broke his leg and Collar Bone. It was a otto ackel-dent.

Sunday—well Jane and me had a nuther quari today. This is the End. I told her she cud return all the Notes I had rote to her becuiz I think I no a good place when I can use them over agen with pritty good affect mebbey.

Monday—Hes Ritter witch was rich before the Depreshun come a long says he isent never Bothered with Moths any more and when pa ast him what he thot was the reason Hen he says he never have a chanre to get in his close now days becuiz he is all ways wearing them. I cant quite under stand what he means.

Tuesday—The boss down to the noose paper office where pa wiks at is sending his sun to Collidge and when he gradates he is going to lern him the noose paper busness. he says he belaves he can lern the noose paper busness even if he does go to Collige.

Wednesday—Curt Blunt is a going to Open up a drug store over in Jasper county, he told I and Pa he just herd some enny resterants there.

Thursday—Con Simmons mocked his wife inconcious today and then they a rested him and he tole the Mayer the reason he done it his wife made him sore when she sed to him that she did-dent think he loved her no more.

Douglas' Egyptian Liniment should be in every household. Stops bleeding at once, cauterizes wounds and prevents blood poisoning. Keeps away inflammation and proud flesh.

GRADING AND INSPECTION OF EXPORT POULTRY

Important amendments to the Live Stock and Live Stock Products Act affecting the grading and marking of dressed poultry have been approved by the Governor in Council, and will become effective as soon as they have been published twice in the Canada Gazette. The original regulations under the act, passed in 1928, have been changed to make compulsory the grading and inspection of dressed poultry for export.

In addition to being inspected at point of shipment as to grading and packing, very definite regulations have been formulated regarding the marking of containers, and the tagging of each individual bird with its class and grade.

Boxes containing dressed poultry for export or any for which inspection is requested must be legibly stencilled on one end in block letters not less than three-quarters of an inch in height, to show in the upper left corner the number of birds in the box; in the lower left corner the word "tagged" if all the birds in the box are tagged, also the gross weight; in the lower right corner the net weight; and in the centre the kind and sub-kind on the first line and the class and grade on the second line. Another important clause in the amended regulations provides that upon the end of the box bearing these stencilled directions no mark or other trade designation be allowed.

Unless shippers follow the regulations in all particulars the government mark of approval cannot be placed on the boxes, nor can the poultry be exported. Making the regulations compulsory as applied to export shipments of dressed poultry is in keeping with the policies of quality of produce being exported and to maintain the splendid reputation already established for Canadian dressed poultry.

IT WOULDN'T WORK

A little boy, after he had been put in bed, began to cry and the maid was sent upstairs to soothe him. "After a short lull, the crying broke out with renewed vigor, and his father went to investigate.

"What's all this noise about?" he demanded.

"Well, Mary said if I kept on crying a mouse with big green eyes would come and sit on the end of my bed, but it hasn't come yet."

RECORD CLAIMS STAKED IN NEW GOLD FIELDS

The rewards of months spent in the bush in the Sturgeon River country, in Northern Ontario, in hunting for gold is now being shown, as prospectors are coming to Port Arthur to register their claims. While no official figures are as yet available, it is said that they will set an all-time record for Ontario. One group, alone, paid \$800 for recording its interests. Port Arthur has become the centre of negotiations and the lobbies of the Prince Arthur hotel, one of the chain of the Canadian National Railways' hotel system, are the headquarters for mining and deal conferences. It is reported that many major deals have been made and amounts up to \$225,000 have been paid for groups of claims. The city itself has benefitted greatly from the rush into the gold area and business conditions at the lakehead have improved through supply orders coming from the mining camps.

ESSENTIAL TO HAPPINESS

Most young people have an idea that they would be happy if they had money enough. As a matter of fact, the percentage of suicides among the wealthy class is rather large. Any number of discontented young people imagine their cup of joy would be full if they could get away from their cramped environment and see the world. Every traveller knows better, however, for no matter where one journeys, one finds fragments of human slotham who would exchange the freedom of the seven seas for a hearth fire of their own.

Next to faith in God and a conscience at peace with itself, the essential to happiness is friendship. Luckily we do not buy friends with money. Indeed one of the tragedies of the wealthy is uncertainty as to the motives of those who seek their friendship. We do not have to travel to come across worthy friends. Every hamlet has its fair proportion, and no one who wants friends need be without them. The factors necessary for happiness are not reserved for the few.

QUICK WITTED

Two men in a car went past the automatic signals and were stopped by a constable.

"I'm sorry," said the driver, quickly witted, "but I happen to be a doctor, and I'm taking a patient to the asylum in a hurry."

The officer was suspicious, and looked penetratingly at the passenger. But the latter was also quick-witted, and, looking up at the constable, with a seraphic smile, whispered: "Kiss me, sergeant!" They got away with it.

Who can be worse off than the coffee planter who hasn't a bean?

BEE HIVE GOLDEN CORN SYRUP A GREAT ENERGY FOOD

THE STUFF OF LIFE

All men are born unequal. The equality of humans is limited to one thing—time. The Prince of Wales and the tramp asleep on the park bench both have twenty-four hours to use each day, no more and no less.

Every man has so many years to live—some a few more than others—but when the end approaches, the machine wears out, and neither power, fame nor wealth can add a year.

The only equality is equality of time—time to work, time to struggle, time to achieve.

No one will be held accountable for not becoming a millionaire, but he is accountable for not making the best use possible of his time.

Benjamin Franklin used the years of his life so well that from a humble beginning he rose to be one of the wealthiest and wisest men of his age.

He aptly defined time as "the stuff of life."

A man's fortune depends on how he invests his money; his character on how he invests his time.—Dr. Frank Crane.

THAT DEPRESSED FEELING IS LARGELY LIVER

Wake Up Your Liver Bile... Without Calomel, And Feel Like a Million Dollars.

Nothing can put your system out of kilter more quickly than your liver. All it has to do is stop pouring its daily two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels—and life certainly gets grey. Avoid calomel (mercury). The thing for you is a box of Carter's Little Liver Pills. They never upset you because they're purely vegetable, gentle and safe; but how they do change your view on life!

Don't waste your money on substitutes. Be definite. Ask for Carter's by name—and get them! Look for the name, Carter's, on the red label. See, at all drugists.

Information, Please!

Human beings are markets. Every man, woman and child is a daily wantor of many things, most of which have to be bought from some retailer. But to sell, the seller must go to the market. It is sadly wrong if and when the seller waits for buyers to go to him. This means that the retailer who wants to supply many buyers must take his merchandise, in a figurative sense, to where buyers are assembled.

And the assembly place of buyers --- men, women and children --- is their newspaper. In the form of advertisements retailers display their wares. Every advertisement can be likened to a stall. These retailers' stalls get a close inspection of buyers. They are scanned to see if they show things of necessity or desire, and when the offerings of these stalls are in accord with buyer's wants and needs, then sales are made.

The retailer who loses out is he who has no stall --- no advertisement at this place of assembly. His absence from the market-place represented by the newspaper and its advertisements is advantageous to those who have advertisements in the newspaper.

The buying public wants its buying transactions made as easy as possible. It wants its time and its steps saved. It likes to find, in the comfort and peace of the home what sellers have to offer. In the home decisions are arrived at. Women and others plan their shopping and their purchases in advance. Their newspaper is their informer. Retailers who neglect to provide buyers with information in the form of advertisements in our newspaper miss many sales. It is never economy to be silent about what one has to sell.

TIME TABLES

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

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

TRAVEL BY BUS

Table showing bus schedules for Westbound and Eastbound routes, including times for various destinations.



W. T. PATTERSON R-O (TAIT OPTICAL CO.) Leading Optometrists of Guelph 110 Wyndham St. - Phone 2188 Quality - Accuracy - Service

Savage & Co.

- List of items: WATCHES, DIAMONDS, CHINA, GLASSWARE, WEDDING AND ENGAGEMENT RINGS. Location: GUELPH, ONTARIO 21 Wyndham St.

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