

A SHORT SERMON

The moderate drinker seems to think Because he does not often drink That folks of sense of course will not Regard him as a drunken sot.

A drunkard! Why, the very thought Shocks and disgusts him; surely not; A drunkard he will never be As all his friends who live will see.

Indeed nobody needs to think He cannot let alone the drink; He'll let them know his mind's his own, Rum he can't drink, or let alone.

A moderate drinker only, he Need sign no pledge to keep him free From that which will intoxicate, He's not a low inebriate.

Of course he drinks just now and then A social glass with other men; He knows just when to stop, and so He never takes too much, you know.

And thus the moderate drinker drinks, While every day he lower sinks, Nor sees the danger all are in Who thus the drunkard's course begin.

Thus gradually the habit grows, And that more quickly than he knows; The love for liquor, weak at first, At length becomes a craving thirst.

At first a single glass would do, But later on it changed to two; And as his appetite grows stronger He was a little pig no longer!

The change, alas! though no surprise To those who saw with open eyes, Surprised himself, who had not seen The danger he was really in.

But now he finds alas, too late, He shares the wretched drunkard's fate; A moderate drinker he is not— First pig, then hog—a drunken sot.

But who would dare attempt to say Just at what hour or on what day The little pig a hog became, And moderation turned to shame?

Text: "It is as hard to tell when a moderate drinker becomes a drunkard, as to tell when a pig becomes a hog." —Orilla Expositor, July 3rd, 1873.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of The Free Press of Thursday, December 3rd, 1914.

Farmers are still doing fall ploughing.

Another spell of Indian summer came last week, and was much enjoyed.

The enrollment of the Austrians and Germans has greatly facilitated the collection of Poll Tax by Officer Harvey.

On Saturday, November 21st, George Leslie, youngest son of Mr. John Leslie, Esquimaux, was kicked on the head by a horse. He was picked up unconscious and remained so for 24 hours. He is recovering.

On Monday evening the Ladies' Mission Circle of the Baptist Church were treated to a very interesting lecture by Miss Jones, a missionary from China.

The proposal throughout the County is growing more popular and general to re-elect Municipal Councils and Boards of Education by acclamation, thus saving the expense of an election. This method will apply very well to Acton, as there is no crying need for a change in either Board.

Invitations are out for the Warden's Dinner, to be given by Warden Hynds, on Wednesday, December 16th. This annual social event is much enjoyed by the members of the County Council and officials.

The Acton men, training at Toronto for the Second Contingent are all in good health and spirits.

MARRIED

WILSON-BLACK—At Corwhin, on Wednesday, November 18th, 1914, by Rev. Dr. Blair, Alfred Wilson to Catherine, daughter of the late George Black.

DIED

SWACKHAMER—At Palermo, on November 12th, 1914, Gordon D., son of William Swackhamer, aged 17 years.

Persian Balm promotes daintiness, charm and beauty. It is unrivalled in its magical effect on the skin. Swiftly absorbed by the tissues, it leaves never a vestige of stickiness. Delightfully cool to the skin. Stimulating and invigorating. Softens and makes the hands flawlessly white. Subtly fragrant. Imparts youth and loveliness to the complexion. Persian Balm is the inevitable choice of the woman who cares.

PERFECT PEACE

A prize was once offered for the painting that should illustrate the subject of "Peace." A number of artistic works were submitted, comprising a variety of quiet restful scenes. Some of these depicted mirror-like waters with their beautiful reflections. One painting, however, represented the disturbed waters of a precipitous river rushing apparently in every direction, crowding furiously among huge rocks and dashing restlessly over others. On the banks were talloshes whose branches extended over the stream. In one of these branches, and directly over the most turbulent part of the river, sat a bird in her securely fastened nest, as tranquilly as though the menacing noise below were music provided especially for her pleasure. And to this picture the prize was awarded.

So-called material man believes in material disturbances of all sorts; while spiritual man knows with experienced only that peace which passeth all human understanding. He who believes that abundance is money, that employment is labor, that health is a condition of matter, is not enjoying that peace which comes to one who as a consequence of his constantly using the qualities of Mind, God, that health, is a condition of wholesome thinking, that supply the influx of divine ideas. Acknowledgment and understanding of these truths bring a sense of security that cannot be overthrown.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE

Now I wonder why I ever told you in last week's "Chronicle" that I was going to the Institute Convention, because now you see I have got to write about it, and to tell you the truth I don't know where to begin, because the real beginning is long before the Convention began when there was so much I felt must be done.

First of all I had to get there and since the "Optimist" had been behaving so badly of late, I dare not trust to her for safe transportation. So I went by bus and on the way delegates from other branches came aboard and by the time we reached Toronto we were quite a merry party.

I met on the bus, decided to try for a room together at the Royal York. This we did and in case you who read are curious as to our accommodation let me tell you our experience.

We had a double room on the fifth floor. The bell-boy came along to show us the way and said, "May I take your grip, Madam?" Now, I could quite easily have carried my grip on one finger, but I remembered I was staying at the Royal York, and, as one of her patrons, it would be very infra dig for me to carry my own grip.

So I released my featherweight baggage to the bell-boy and he escorted us to our room. Here we found a good-sized, airy room with two single beds, with a bath-room, including shower-bath, adjoining. The room was furnished with dresser, arm-chair, writing table, radio and telephone. There were also four doors in the room all exactly alike—with fact, please note, as thereby hangs a tale!

We immediately began to make ourselves at home. I took off my coat and looked for some place to hang it. "There must be a clothes-closet here somewhere," I remarked, "perhaps this is it." And I proceeded to unlock and open one of the doors, when, to my surprise, there was another door inside. Now, like Alice in Wonderland, I began to think anything was possible in this house of magic, so I thought this inner door must be a specially built moth-proof contraption. I turned the handle this way and that to get the door open when all at once I heard a voice—and it was a man's voice—saying—"Here, get out of that!" And indeed by that time I was ready to get out—from the room, from the hotel, in fact, in my embarrassment I was ready to go anywhere at all, because I suddenly realized it was a connecting bedroom I was trying to get into!

My blundering experience was very good proof that I was "up from the country"—not but what I have stayed in hotels before, but nothing quite so modern as the Royal York.

That evening we put in an appearance at the Women's Institute banquet. The tickets were a dollar each, and to my everlasting regret I could only eat about half of everything that came along. A big appetite is sometimes inconvenient but a hearty eater can at least feel he is getting his money's worth! However, even though I could not do justice to the dinner, the rest of the evening was worth a dollar.

Perhaps you might like to know the dinner menu.

Olives, sweet mixed pickles. Fruit cocktail (quite delicious).

Consomme—(known at home as clear soup).

Breaded veal cutlets with baked squash and mashed potatoes.

Ice cream with chocolate sauce—cake and coffee—but only one cup and how I did want two!

There were some good speakers and a splendid soloist, so we had quite an enjoyable evening.

We retired fairly early, but I must have left Morpheus, the Goddess of Sleep, back home at Ginger Farm. Sleep—I couldn't. I am sure every street car in the city of Toronto went past the hotel that night and in the wee sma' hours there were other noises which sounded as if a gang of wreckers were at work on the hotel. There was an incessant clang of iron on cement, like wrecking bars being thrown about, and I expected every minute to see the Royal York collapse like a house of cards. With the dawning of day I dropped off to sleep and awoke to find the hotel was still intact.

The next night I slept like a top—I was of course dimly conscious of noises in the street, but neither wrecking bars nor street cars had any real power to disturb my slumber—they could wreck the hotel if they had to, but I was going to have my sleep out first!

I woke up late—in fact I didn't have time to get any breakfast before going into the Convention Hall, but thought perhaps I might have a chance to slip out later and get a cup of tea, but never a chance did I get.

To make matters worse before Miss McDermid, our new Superintendent, began her address, Mrs. Colleton, President, P. W. I. O., made a few remarks that hit straight from the shoulder. "I want to remind you ladies," said Mrs. Colleton, "that you have been sent here as delegates, at the expense of your branch, to attend this Conven-

SLATS DIARY BY ROSS FARQUHAR

Friday—Joe Hix sed he wood of had to fix the leak in his Roof oney as Luck wood have it the leak cum right over the Kitchen Sink.

Saturday—I herd pa Practtising his Speech witch he is a going to Daliver at his club meeting nex Wensday after noon and even if I do say it myself I dont-think his speech will amt. to very much but he has got sum offie nice Jesters, to go with his speech.

Sunday—The Sunday skool sput, was a trying to tawk Silm Fessner about gambeling and betting munny and col, and Silm sed he wasent ever going to bet enny more and the Sunday skool supt, sed he was afraid he wood and Silm want to bet munny he woodnt.

Munday—The teacher told us today That Honest was the best Policy, so I diddent tell her about last nite at home. I told pa and ma I was tawking a book back to Bilsteres after dinner insted of that I and Jake went out to see eud we find sum Hickry nuts. so when supper time cum they woodent let me have no Shrimp Salad. Then that nite both of them got Indjestian also Ant Emmy.

Tuesday — Pa was reading where Crime costed the U. S. all most ten Billian dollars last yr, and Ant Emmy remarked that she thot we got all of the Crime we payed for even at that.

Wednesday—Ollie Deff's Husband left her about six yrs. A go and today she told pa if it, wassent that she was so Comamente she wood go to the court house and ask about getting a corashuh from her husband.

Thursday—Mr. Gillem says Condshuns is picking up. He went in the bank today to borry a cupple 100 \$ and insted of refusing him rite off the Bat they hesitated a minit before they refused him.

THE PSALM OF LIFE

There is but little in life to live for. The world is a hollow-mockery, full of troubles, trials and bad piano players.

We go forth in the morning full of hope, and come home at night, full of bad whiskey.

We dabble in politics and bet our wealth on the leading men, and the other fellow getteth elected and we are left to mourn.

We run for office and our friends manage for us, and spend our money, and behold, we come out badly scooped and crushed financially.

We marry for wealth and our girl's old man assigs.

We deny ourselves many things in order to lay up some cash in the bank and the cashier sleeth to the States. And in an evil hour we dream not of it, the merchant presenteth a bill for our wife's now bonnet and the farm goeth under mortgage to pay it.

We unto man, Oh how little consequence is his joy.

In infancy he is full of colic and catnip and in youth he goeth about with a thorn in his heel.

In the evening of life he lieth down full of rheumatism, aches and antihillous pills.

The places that once knew him, know him now only by his promissory notes and accounts he left unpaid. And this is the end of man.

In youth he dances into the ring, eager to knock somebody out, but the first thing he knoweth he is ornamented with a black eye.

He cometh forth in fine raiment, in standing collar, and at soon time he goeth about with one suspender, and with the seat of his pants patched with an old sock.

He carrieth a torch in the procession, and whoopeh it up for his party, and behold, the man who stayeth home is appointed to office.

Such is the career of men. Lol in an hour when he dreamth not of it a breechy mule kickeh him athwart the centre, and he dieth.

REPORT

The freight agent on one of the western roads received a shipment on which was a donkey, described on the freight bill as "one burro."

After checking his goods carefully, the agent made his report: "Short one bureau; over one jackass."

You are supposed to be here at the beginning of every session and to stay until the end. You are not here to meet your friends in the city or to go shopping, however attractive the stores may be!

Well, of course, that fixed me—no one could possibly sneak out after that, so I sat there and sat there, until by 11.30 I felt the price of a cup of tea would be cheap at a hundred dollars! And yet I was glad to be there — I would not have missed hearing Miss McDermid for anything—not even for a cup of tea—and that, if you'll believe me, is saying a lot!

That day we were given complimentary tickets to the Royal Winter Fair, but the Convention did not close until 3.30, and my bus left at 5.20. I couldn't stay another night, as I had a business engagement for 10.30 the next day, so there was nothing for it, but to check out after this, my brief visit, to the realm of freedom and luxury and come back once more to Ginger Farm—to cooking meals and washing dishes—where I must be my own chore boy; where no one, says—"May I take your grip, Madam?" But, where also there is love and companionship, which, after all, is something that the Royal York can never give.

WORRY

Worry is the most useless thing in the world. No matter how serious your troubles, worry cannot help them.

Too much worry shortens life. And too much of the worrying is done uselessly.

An intelligent mental survey of your problems will avoid it.

Separate the real from the false problems and stop worrying.

For every trouble under the sun, there's a remedy, or there's none.

"If there is one try to find it, if there is none, never mind it."

In thinking of your problems always keep this in mind: To-day is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday.

This is an excellent guide for present troubles in the light of past experiences. Intelligent thoughts solve problems; worry only muddles the issue.

An old man looking back over his life said: "I've had a lot of trouble in my life but the most of it never happened."

Face the issues when they are issues or about to become so, and stop worrying.

You'll live longer, be happier and be a better citizen.

Better able to take your fair share in the moral, social and religious problems of your town if— You stop worrying.

GO AHEAD

Footpad: "Get ready to die. I'm going to shoot you."

Victim: "Why?"

"I've always said I'd shoot anyone who looked like me."

"Do I look like you?"

"Yes."

"Then shoot."

BEE HIVE GOLDEN CORN SYRUP A GREAT ENERGY FOOD

HEALTH SELDOM COMES BY CHANCE TO PERSONS OVER THIRTY

Good health cannot be taken for granted any more than a good income can. So for persons over thirty it is just as smart and business-like to plan to enjoy good health as it is to plan to enjoy a good income.

In health, your shortcomings are, at first, likely to be those annoying, not-exactly-well feelings. At such times, if your blood were tested, it would most likely be found "low in count."

Observing, in his practice, the importance of keeping the vitality of the blood up to normal, a Canadian authority originated a blood-building preparation which has been helping run-down people back to health for nearly half a century.

This preparation, now known the world over as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, definitely increases the blood "count" in the majority of cases, thereby restoring vitality, steadying nerves, imparting strength and toning up the whole system.

So the person over thirty who finds good health slipping, is well advised to take at least a 30-day treatment of this excellent remedy. The element of chance has been practically eliminated in such a treatment, because tests recently made by an authority in a clinic of 40 people, proved conclusively by individual blood "count" that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills certainly improve the health by enriching the blood. Full size box 50c.

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 AT ACTON

TRAVEL BY BUS ARROW

W. T. PATTERSON R. O. (TAIT OPTICAL CO.)

Savage & Co. WATCHES DIAMONDS CHINA GLASSWARE WEDDING AND ENGAGEMENT RINGS

NEW BUSINESS THE ACTON FREE PRESS