

THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK TOWER



TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT

Courage, brother, do not stumble, though thy path be dark as night; There's a star to guide the humble, Trust in God, and do the right!

Let the road be rough and dreary, And its end far out of sight; Foot it bravely, strong or weary, Trust in God, and do the right!

Perish policy and cunning; Perish all that fears the light; Whether looting, whether winning, Trust in God, and do the right!

Trust no party, church, or faction, Trust no leaders in the fight; But in every word and action, Trust in God, and do the right!

Trust no lovely forms of passion, Friends may look like angels bright; Trust no custom, school, or faction, Trust in God, and do the right!

Simple rule and safest guiding, Inward peace and inward might; Star upon our path, abiding, Trust in God, and do the right!

Some will hate thee, some will love thee, Some will flatter, some will slight; Cease from man, and look above thee, Trust in God, and do the right!

Well, as I said a week or so ago, the Beadonners went to Bracebridge and erected another big lannery there. It had one drawback. It was too far away from the offices and warehouses at Toronto. A visit to the works there meant a two or three days' trip. When the demand for the famous Star Brand of sole leather grew so as to require greater capacity, instead of enlarging the Bracebridge lannery to take care of the increased business, they came back to Acton to rebuild and enlarge the tannery here, which they had vacated ten years before. That was nearly fifty years ago. Now the whole plant is located in Acton. Just a year ago the offices were moved here, and in a further move for consolidation, the warehouse properties are closed and storage and cut sole departments are all on the properties between Main and Maria Streets.

Well, the work of enlarging and modernizing went on apace here. George Willson, of Toronto, had charge of this work for a time. Mr. Willson was a large, fine-looking man, with hair just steel-gray and was quite popular in town. But he had a taste of the city for several years and the work about the tanneries didn't appeal strongly to him, though his open-air experiences did him good physically. He went back to Toronto, however, and he and Mr. McDonald formed the well-known firm of McDonald & Willson, dealers in electric fixtures and supplies. They prospered as they went into business just when electricity began to be adopted, and the firm has expanded and the name of McDonald & Willson is now almost a household word throughout Ontario.

Well, our friend John McGrail, big, good-natured John, came from Bracebridge to take Mr. Willson's place. John had had wide experience with work of this kind and he also had the knack of handling men. He'd jolly them along good-naturedly and get half as much more work out of them than their previous boss, and the men hardly knew how much harder they were working. John realized how necessary it was to be exact in the dimensions of excavations, stone walls, timbers, etc. One day I was walking through the renewed lannery premises when measurements were being taken for new shafting. The supports were ten feet apart. John was directing a couple of workmen. "Take that piece of planed board, Bill, and put down the figures as Tom measures them up. What have we in that first bent, Tom?" "The one is 10 feet," said Tom. "Put that down, Bill," said the husky foreman. "Now the next, Tom. What does it measure?" "Ten feet again," said Tom, as he got off the ladder. "Put that down, Bill." "Now, for the last one, Tom? What have you got this time, Tom?" "Exactly ten again," said Tom. "Put that down,"

said Mr. McGrail, "and add the three together, Bill. Now, what does that make?" "That's thirty, Mr. McGrail," answered Bill. "Yes, I think that's right. Now, multiply by two, for the other side. What does that give you?" "That makes sixty," replied Bill, after he had finished the sum in multiplication and marked it down with his carpenter's pencil. "Well, you're sure now. We must get this right, you know." And Mr. McGrail's penchant for exactitude was known all over the works, and the men never ceased talking about it.

Well, in time the work progressed far enough to commence operations and Mr. McGrail became the manager and held down the big job for years.

I don't mean to say that building was finished. Oh, no; it's been going on for all the intervening fifty years and isn't finished yet. Why, only this year the yards and entrance were all improved and workmen are repairing roofs on the big cement block building.

When Mr. Walter Beardmore was the presiding genius this matter of building and improvement was always at fever heat. I recall an instance when the old lannery was being rebuilt. About a dozen men and a couple of teams were at work in excavation for an extension. Mr. Walter came up from the city and looked over the excavation and at once exclaimed: "Say, John, what are you doing here? This will never do!" "But it's according to the plans you left last week," Mr. Beardmore said. "But it's according to the plans you left last week," Mr. Beardmore said. "But it's according to the plans you left last week," Mr. Beardmore said.

Well, as the years passed, Mr. McGrail naturally felt that he would like to be in business for himself. To that end he became interested in a company which proposed to build a big concern at Ottawa. He severed his connection with Messrs. Beardmore & Co. and went to the capital city. But through some misadventure the plans miscarried and after a month or so at Ottawa the scheme was abandoned. Mr. McGrail then went to Hastings to manage the tannery of the Messrs. Brethaupt there.

Well, well, here I am at the end of my tether again, and am not yet all through with the tanneries. Well, never mind, another week's coming.

The Old Man

Well, as I said a week or so ago, the Beadonners went to Bracebridge and erected another big lannery there. It had one drawback. It was too far away from the offices and warehouses at Toronto. A visit to the works there meant a two or three days' trip. When the demand for the famous Star Brand of sole leather grew so as to require greater capacity, instead of enlarging the Bracebridge lannery to take care of the increased business, they came back to Acton to rebuild and enlarge the tannery here, which they had vacated ten years before. That was nearly fifty years ago. Now the whole plant is located in Acton. Just a year ago the offices were moved here, and in a further move for consolidation, the warehouse properties are closed and storage and cut sole departments are all on the properties between Main and Maria Streets.

THE DIFFERENCE

Banker: "An eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth is my policy. What's yours?" Insurance Man: "\$200 for an eye, \$50 for a tooth, and \$1,000 for accidental death."

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DON'T miss this 70th Year Celebration. Many new things to see and enjoy. Prize list of \$32,000.00. Stakes Events, \$4,000. Night Horse Show, New Carnival Midway "Playland." Take a day or two, see it all. SEPT. 13-18 237 W. D. Jackson, Secretary

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HAROLD WILES - ACTON

MANNERS EXPERT, MAKES ARBENT PLEA FOR MORE HIGHWAY COURTESY

Mrs. Emily Post, foremost authority in America on manners, has finally directed her attention to the manners of motorists and courtesy on the highways.

In the latest edition of her famous volume "Etiquette," shortly to be published in Canada by Ryerson Press, Mrs. Post has included a chapter on "Manners For Motorists," and her findings and comments closely parallel those emphasized by the "Try Courtesy" campaign conducted by the Ontario Highways Department.

Mrs. Post addresses her remarks not to "really great drivers or very good ones, who are fully aware of their own experience, but to the tens of thousands who in ever-increasing numbers swarm out upon the streets and highways to have their lives saved time and again (though they don't know it) by the experts who step in between the Grim Reaper and the bad driver.

"And if we seriously think of the power," says Mrs. Post, "in all of these machines running loose on the highways and realize that no examination in driving courtesy is required of one applying for a license, the wonder is not that there are accidents, but that there are so few."

The type of driver, writes Mrs. Post, who ought to be given a "nice long time" to think it over in jail, is the one who, when the road is crowded, pulls out of a solid line of cars to "jockey" or steal his way forward.

"Finding himself in sudden danger of a head-on collision, he makes a frantic effort to push his way back into the line he has left—possibly forcing some one off the side of the road, or at least, marring fenders. Or perhaps the newspapers carry one more story of a fatal motor crash—caused by the bad manners of a driver who shoves to get ahead, or tries to beat the lights, or crowds another off the road, never considering anybody's rights but his own."

In contrast to the dangerous speeding driver, Mrs. Post next examines what she terms the "annoying snail" type of driver—"long known by other unflattering sobriquets because of his insistence upon crawling along in the centre of the road."

"Behind him horns can blow and another car nose up to the left of him. He does not budge an inch. Or if he does, beware of his pet tick of swerving a little to the right and then back to the centre of the road, or suddenly increasing his speed to prevent the car behind from passing."

Although practically all cars are now equipped with stop lights, she points out, drivers should remember that light does not go on until the brakes are applied; therefore a hand signal should be given the moment the driver knows he intends to apply the brakes.

Mrs. Post includes a list of driving "don'ts" for city and country motoring: Don't blow your horn unnecessarily in a traffic line when it can do no good and is merely annoying to others. Don't rush traffic lights or disregard

"STOP" signs—remember discourtesy to pedestrians can easily turn out to be manslaughter.

Don't turn around and call an obstinate driver names after you finally pass him.—It really doesn't teach him anything or do you any good—and may easily end in an accident.

Don't let someone else who is trying to signal a bus or street car. A little courtesy requires only a few seconds of time, and may easily prevent a serious accident or fatality.

WHAT HE KNEW

A Negro, called as a witness in a case, started to pour out all he knew in a perfect torrent of words. The judge pulled him up, telling him he must first take the oath.

"Now," said the judge, "tell me what you have to say."

"Well, judge," said Bambo, "after them limitations you've imposed on me, I guess I've got nothing to say."

SLATS DIARY

By OLIVER N. WARREN

Sunday: The banker over in are naber town pass away & we drove the ford over to take in the funeral this p. m. I don't remember for sure whether the proscaur sed the old must die & the young may die or the pore must die & the ritch may live.

Monday: Matress Gillem sat Ma diddend we have a scare crow in are garden & Ma sed it wasent nesessary as Unkel Hen or me was there frequent. I wonder what ider she ment to konvay.

Tuesday: Jake writ Elay a letter Sunday & she diddend aser it & when he sat her why diddend she aser it she sed becos she diddend get it & besides she diddend like what he sed to her in same. Jake sed well of course she cuedent aser if she diddend get it. I buevce Jakes dumvern Blisters. If posabel, Wilch I doubt.

Wednesday: Little Tommy Teeters had a bank & put his pennys in same for sum time. Today his Ma sed Tomny what went, with yore money, its gone & Tommy replide & sed well Mon yesterday was a rainy day. & besides they were a sail on ice cream sodys 2 for 15c.

Thursday: Ma was reading the noose-paper & sed to Pa "the paper says a woman lowers her voice when she wants something. Pa replide Does it say she raises it when she dont get same & then Ma looked like she was about to say a lotta things. But diddend the.

Friday: Well, all you deer children, both boys & girls & others, you have my simpehety. I suppose you will haft to start to skool this wk. If that lasett the occashen when kondolenses is in order then I woodent no when to try & cheer you up.

Saturday: Had companie this evning for dinner & the ladie caller sed to Ma a husband like Pa must be hard to find. Ma replide I'll say he is. Bum thing about the way she sed it diddend seem to tickel Pa. Not so you can notis it nohow.

THIRST AFTER

"Some people thirst after fame, others after wealth, others after love," said the romantic young man, with a sigh.

The object of his affections was not in the same mood, however.

"And there is something all people thirst after," she said.

"Yes," asked the lover, eagerly.

"Salt fish!"

ALL THE FAMILY

"No, George, I can't marry you. All the family are against it."

"Yes, but if you're not—"

"I said all the family."

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in a new PACKAGE

FEATURED NOW BY YOUR GROCER!

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<p>WESTON'S Shortbread, Cream-Sandwich</p> <h2>BISCUITS</h2> <p>2 lbs. 29c</p>	<p>McLAREN'S Pimiento-Stuffed</p> <h2>OLIVES</h2> <p>6-oz. jar 21c</p>
<p>Cowan's Economical</p> <h2>COCOA</h2> <p>1-lb. tin 25c</p>	<p>King Oscar</p> <h2>SARDINES</h2> <p>tin 14c</p>
<p>Eastfirst Shortening or</p> <h2>DOMESTIC</h2> <p>1-lb. tin 13c</p>	<p>Kraft Canadian</p> <h2>CHEESE</h2> <p>lb. 27c</p>
<p>Cerroll's Own Pure Baking</p> <h2>POWDER</h2> <p>16-oz. tin 17c</p>	<p>Special ... XXX Blended or Spirit</p> <h2>VINEGAR</h2> <p>Gal. 35c</p>
<p>Quinte Choice</p> <h2>PIE PUMPKIN</h2> <p>3 No. 2 1/2 tins 25c</p>	<p>Tender Preserved, Candied</p> <h2>GINGER</h2> <p>lb. 19c</p>
<p>Golden</p> <h2>WAX BEANS</h2> <p>3 No. 2 tins 25c</p>	<p>Red, Sealite,</p> <h2>JAR RUBBERS</h2> <p>dozen 5c</p>
<p>With Gayly Colored Handles</p> <h2>BROOMS</h2> <p>each 25c</p>	<p>Smart's New</p> <h2>CUT BEETS</h2> <p>No. 2 tin 8c</p>
<p>For Delicate Fabrics</p> <h2>IVORY FLAKES</h2> <p>1/2 pkgs 21c</p>	<p>Our Best</p> <h2>PEANUT BUTTER</h2> <p>2 lbs. 25c</p>
<p>For Use in Washing-machines</p> <h2>RINSO</h2> <p>1/2 pkgs 21c</p>	<p>Sifted or Windsor, Plain or Iodised</p> <h2>SALT</h2> <p>3 1/2-lb. shaker pkgs. 10c</p>
<p>2 in 1 Black</p> <h2>SHOE POLISH</h2> <p>2 tins 23c</p>	<p>Happy Vale Tomato</p> <h2>CATCHUP</h2> <p>2 1 1/2-oz. btl. 19c</p>
<p>Pork and</p> <h2>BEANS</h2> <p>11-oz. tin 5c</p>	<p>WAGSTAFFE'S Red Plum</p> <h2>JAM WITH PECTIN</h2> <p>32-oz. jar 20c</p>

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