

The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1911.

THE FALL FAIR

In a sort of cold and quiet comes the play-time of the year; In the stable bays are roosting and the leaves are falling now; Their colors are golden and the autumn skies are cool; The rusher has a wistful look around the wild duck's pool. They're gathered in the harvest; he it is the farmer but worrying, he knows where he is at. He seems the morning paper and he reads And he knows what it reads we are in a proper ago. The chipmunk's busy nutting, Mr. Bear is hunting round For the autumn's early corner where the sunning's long and slow. Oh, the summer's work is over and play is in the air. And he loves lot of talking of the coming Cornucopia. This springtime brings the sowing and the smell of new-turned earth; The summer brings the reaping and what's left of the harvest's worth. But the autumn's job is common, fat and ready, known as red. Cowards have still food with laughter and the annual Fall Fair.

On, the lonely, partly pumpkin, price of the small, round bean; The fat pig, the crazy quilt and trotting horses so lean. The fair and the pop-corn man, each adds To the sparkle and the funning at the annual Fall Fair.

THIS IS WAR!

"I have just heard a story, poignant in its misery," said a correspondent. "A mother went to see her son at a hospital. He was lying comfortably tucked in bed, his head wrapped in a bandage.

"'You do not suffer much?' she asked, anxiously.

"Non, patte mere,' replied the soldier, 'pas trop.'

"The day is fine," she continued: 'let us go for a little turn in the garden; your head will be all the better for it,' and she pointed to his bandaged brow.

"Excuse me, mother dear," he said. 'I am a little fatigued.'

"But you must be wounded more seriously than you said," she replied an-
xiously.

"Hand near, mother, and I will tell you."

"She bent her head.

"My two legs and my left arm have gone."

"The shock was terrible; her beloved boy, so handsome, so charming in his nature! No, no, it could not be true! When the truth could no longer be denied, on evidence of a frightened glance, she rushed a demented creature from the ward, crying out 'he is dead!'

HIMSELF ABOVE BORROW

The last way to meet sorrow is not after the method of the really wise, who tell us that sorrow is the common heritage. To such comforters, Tennyson's rebuke is not too severe:

"And common is the consciousness,

And vacant chaff well meant for grain."

No, the last way to meet sorrow is to rise above it.

"I have stood," said Henry Ward Beecher, "upon Mount Holyoke when I heard the thunder below, and I have seen men travelling up the side and making haste to get out of the storm. I, standing higher than they, escaped both the rain and the pelting thunder, and they, going up through the storm, got on top and were also free from it."

This does not mean that we should run away from trouble, but that we should seek the mount of prayer, and through communion with God, breathe the heavenly atmosphere. There, on the mount with God, the storms of sorrow never come. We may see them, and know they are near, but know also that they cannot reach us—Northwestern Christians Advise.

KING GEORGE'S CHARM

A German accent, like a German name, is at a discount in England. But what would have been the feeling if war had come during the reign of Queen Victoria? Sir Edward Carson, Victoria's liked German, was one of many others who made him use one of his household, or at any rate one of his nursery laws. Edward the Seventh spoke it as frequently as he spoke English, and only when George V. came to the throne was there a complete divorce between the English Court and the Kaiser's native tongue. "I don't like it and I'll never learn it," writes Major's boyish way of meeting the family parades; and though to some extent he had to give way before parental pressure, he never got on to really good terms with a language for which he had an instinctive dislike. King George understands German perfectly, but it happens that he is the first of a long line of English Kings to speak it imperfectly.

Safety in Sport

The advent of the shooting season calls attention to the number of accidents annually recorded as a result of carelessness by hunters.

Year after year accidents of the same class occur: guns go off prematurely, or through want of care in handling; hunters in the woods are shot in mistake for deer and other animals. Another series of accidents, due to the upsetting of canoes, results in the drowning of duck-hunters or other occupants.

While the railways and other large enterprises are advancing and making steady progress by the employment of employees, during working hours, it is of equal importance that the "Safety First" movement should have a place in the field of sport. If, by the exercise of care, lives may be saved and the number of those injured be reduced, it will well repay the greater caution required by those indulging in the favorite autumn pastime.

MINNESOTA WAR SLOGAN

Grand Rapids Press. War has its slogan no matter the cause. Here are the latest from the front:

Germany—As in 1910.

Russia—On to Berlin.

Belgium—Hold the fort.

France—Allez—Lorraine.

Britain—Business as usual.

THE IMMORTABLES

Young Arthur had the study of anatomy at school and had shown interest in the course. One afternoon when he was hungrily eating a generous-sized piece of bread and molasses, he asked his mother in grave perplexity: "Mother, I know where my liver is, but where is my bacon?"

THE GOLDEN RULE IN BUSINESS

The biggest and most successful business men will tell us that where they have put into effect the business principles of the Golden Rule, it has generally turned out to be good business, as well as good hearts.

Just as experience has elucidated the fact that men in business, in the long run, honesty is the best policy, so we are learning every day, and never faster than in the last few years, that business must work to the advantage of all concerned, or it will not be tolerated. Not only is the employer fast learning to look upon the employee as a partner in the business, but both employer and employee are beginning to wake up to the fact that there is a third party to all business transactions that can no longer be ignored, namely, the public.

He seems the morning paper and he reads And he knows what it reads we are in a proper ago.

The chipmunk's busy nutting, Mr. Bear is hunting round For the autumn's long and slow. Oh, the summer's work is over and play is in the air. And he loves lot of talking of the coming Cornucopia.

This springtime brings the sowing and the smell of new-turned earth; The summer brings the reaping and what's left of the harvest's worth. But the autumn's job is common, fat and ready, known as red.

Cowards have still food with laughter and the annual Fall Fair.

On, the lonely, partly pumpkin, price of the small, round bean;

The fat pig, the crazy quilt and trotting horses so lean.

The fair and the pop-corn man, each adds To the sparkle and the funning at the annual Fall Fair.

THIS IS WAR!

"I have just heard a story, poignant in its misery," said a correspondent.

"A mother went to see her son at a hospital. He was lying comfortably tucked in bed, his head wrapped in a bandage.

"'You do not suffer much?' she asked, anxiously.

"Non, patte mere,' replied the soldier, 'pas trop.'

"The day is fine," she continued: 'let us go for a little turn in the garden; your head will be all the better for it,' and she pointed to his bandaged brow.

"Excuse me, mother dear," he said. 'I am a little fatigued.'

"But you must be wounded more seriously than you said," she replied an-

xiously.

"Hand near, mother, and I will tell you."

"She bent her head.

"My two legs and my left arm have gone."

"The shock was terrible; her beloved boy, so handsome, so charming in his nature! No, no, it could not be true!

When the truth could no longer be denied, on evidence of a frightened glance, she rushed a demented creature from the ward, crying out 'he is dead!'

HIMSELF ABOVE BORROW

The last way to meet sorrow is not after the method of the really wise, who tell us that sorrow is the common heritage. To such comforters, Tennyson's rebuke is not too severe:

"And common is the consciousness,

And vacant chaff well meant for grain."

No, the last way to meet sorrow is to rise above it.

"I have stood," said Henry Ward Beecher, "upon Mount Holyoke when I heard the thunder below, and I have seen men travelling up the side and making haste to get out of the storm. I, standing higher than they, escaped both the rain and the pelting thunder, and they, going up through the storm, got on top and were also free from it."

This does not mean that we should run away from trouble, but that we should seek the mount of prayer, and through communion with God, breathe the heavenly atmosphere. There, on the mount with God, the storms of sorrow never come. We may see them, and know they are near, but know also that they cannot reach us—Northwestern Christians Advise.

KING GEORGE'S CHARM

A German accent, like a German name, is at a discount in England. But what would have been the feeling if war had come during the reign of Queen Victoria? Sir Edward Carson, Victoria's liked German, was one of many others who made him use one of his household, or at any rate one of his nursery laws. Edward the Seventh spoke it as frequently as he spoke English, and only when George V. came to the throne was there a complete divorce between the English Court and the Kaiser's native tongue. "I don't like it and I'll never learn it," writes Major's boyish way of meeting the family parades; and though to some extent he had to give way before parental pressure, he never got on to really good terms with a language for which he had an instinctive dislike. King George understands German perfectly, but it happens that he is the first of a long line of English Kings to speak it imperfectly.

While the railways and other large enterprises are advancing and making steady progress by the employment of employees, during working hours, it is of equal importance that the "Safety First" movement should have a place in the field of sport. If, by the exercise of care, lives may be saved and the number of those injured be reduced, it will well repay the greater caution required by those indulging in the favorite autumn pastime.

MINNESOTA WAR SLOGAN

Grand Rapids Press. War has its slogan no matter the cause. Here are the latest from the front:

Germany—As in 1910.

Russia—On to Berlin.

Belgium—Hold the fort.

France—Allez—Lorraine.

Britain—Business as usual.

THE IMMORTABLES

Young Arthur had the study of anatomy at school and had shown interest in the course. One afternoon when he was hungrily eating a generous-sized piece of bread and molasses, he asked his mother in grave perplexity: "Mother, I know where my liver is, but where is my bacon?"

BEING A GENTLEWOMAN

The biggest and most successful business men will tell us that where they have put into effect the business principles of the Golden Rule, it has generally turned out to be good business, as well as good hearts.

Just as experience has elucidated the fact that men in business, in the long run, honesty is the best policy, so we are learning every day, and never faster than in the last few years, that business must work to the advantage of all concerned, or it will not be tolerated. Not only is the employer fast learning to look upon the employee as a partner in the business, but both employer and employee are beginning to wake up to the fact that there is a third party to all business transactions that can no longer be ignored, namely, the public.

He seems the morning paper and he reads And he knows what it reads we are in a proper ago.

The chipmunk's busy nutting, Mr. Bear is hunting round For the autumn's long and slow. Oh, the summer's work is over and play is in the air. And he loves lot of talking of the coming Cornucopia.

This springtime brings the sowing and the smell of new-turned earth; The summer brings the reaping and what's left of the harvest's worth. But the autumn's job is common, fat and ready, known as red.

Cowards have still food with laughter and the annual Fall Fair.

On, the lonely, partly pumpkin, price of the small, round bean;

The fat pig, the crazy quilt and trotting horses so lean.

The fair and the pop-corn man, each adds To the sparkle and the funning at the annual Fall Fair.

THIS IS WAR!

"I have just heard a story, poignant in its misery," said a correspondent.

"A mother went to see her son at a hospital. He was lying comfortably tucked in bed, his head wrapped in a bandage.

"'You do not suffer much?' she asked, anxiously.

"Non, patte mere,' replied the soldier, 'pas trop.'

"The day is fine," she continued: 'let us go for a little turn in the garden; your head will be all the better for it,' and she pointed to his bandaged brow.

"Excuse me, mother dear," he said. 'I am a little fatigued.'

"But you must be wounded more seriously than you said," she replied an-

xiously.

"Hand near, mother, and I will tell you."

"She bent her head.

"My two legs and my left arm have gone."

"The shock was terrible; her beloved boy, so handsome, so charming in his nature! No, no, it could not be true!

When the truth could no longer be denied, on evidence of a frightened glance, she rushed a demented creature from the ward, crying out 'he is dead!'

HIMSELF ABOVE BORROW

The last way to meet sorrow is not after the method of the really wise, who tell us that sorrow is the common heritage. To such comforters, Tennyson's rebuke is not too severe:

"And common is the consciousness,

And vacant chaff well meant for grain."

No, the last way to meet sorrow is to rise above it.

"I have stood," said Henry Ward Beecher, "upon Mount Holyoke when I heard the thunder below, and I have seen men travelling up the side and making haste to get out of the storm. I, standing higher than they, escaped both the rain and the pelting thunder, and they, going up through the storm, got on top and were also free from it."

This does not mean that we should run away from trouble, but that we should seek the mount of prayer, and through communion with God, breathe the heavenly atmosphere. There, on the mount with God, the storms of sorrow never come. We may see them, and know they are near, but know also that they cannot reach us—Northwestern Christians Advise.

KING GEORGE'S CHARM

A German accent, like a German name, is at a discount in England. But what would have been the feeling if war had come during the reign of Queen Victoria? Sir Edward Carson, Victoria's liked German, was one of many others who made him use one of his household, or at any rate one of his nursery laws. Edward the Seventh spoke it as frequently as he spoke English, and only when George V. came to the throne was there a complete divorce between the English Court and the Kaiser's native tongue. "I don't like it and I'll never learn it," writes Major's boyish way of meeting the family parades; and though to some extent he had to give way before parental pressure, he never got on to really good terms with a language for which he had an instinctive dislike. King George understands German perfectly, but it happens that he is the first of a long line of English Kings to speak it imperfectly.

While the railways and other large enterprises are advancing and making steady progress by the employment of employees, during working hours, it is of equal importance that the "Safety First" movement should have a place in the field of sport. If, by the exercise of care, lives may be saved and the number of those injured be reduced, it will well repay the greater caution required by those indulging in the favorite autumn pastime.

MINNESOTA WAR SLOGAN

Grand Rapids Press. War has its slogan no matter the cause. Here are the latest from the front:

Germany—As in 1910.

Russia—On to Berlin.

Belgium—Hold the fort.

France—Allez—Lorraine.

Britain—Business as usual.

THE IMMORTABLES

Young Arthur had the study of