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The Acton Free Press

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There is a knack in fitting glasses that will be restful. You will find the judgment used at this establishment valuable to your comfort and eyesight.
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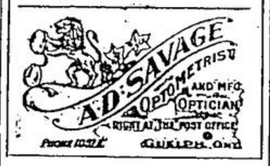

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Are so Vital to
Success
is the cardinal rule of makers of THE BELL PIANO, add to this a knowledge born of experience in mechanical construction and judgment of Piano tone, and you have the reason for the BELL PIANO being in the very front rank of the greatest of Canada's great Pianos.
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HOW TO BE HAPPY

Are you almost disgusted
With life, little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick,
That will bring you contentment
If anything can
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you awfully tired
With play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged, and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest
Game in the world
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Tho' it rains like the rain
Of the flood, little man—
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,
You can make the sun shine
In your soul, little man—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Tho' the skies are like brass
Overhead, little girl,
And the walk like a well-heated brick,
And all the earthly affairs
In a terrible whirl—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

THE GIVING THAT SHAMED GEORGE

By Harriet Lummis Smith

IF THERE was one thing that George took pride in, it was his generosity. He never for a moment doubted it. He was continually comparing himself to the class of human beings he designated as "tight wads" a term which from George's standpoint carried more than a suggestion of reproach, and the comparison always left him feeling complacent and comfortable.

A close observer might have been impressed by the thought that George's generosity had not entailed any very serious sacrifice. George had an unmistakable air of prosperity. He could not talk many minutes without disclosing the fact that his recreation formed an important part of his programme. George was not so generous that he failed to make a liberal provision for having a good time.

Under the circumstances, it was not to be expected that George would be attracted to the quiet young man who took Harrington's place when Harrington enlisted. The new man was named Kellogg, and he had a shabby look of which George disapproved. It was true that his shoes were always carefully polished, but the polish did not hide the patches. His suit was always immaculately brushed, but it was worn threadbare at the elbows. George made up his mind that Kellogg must have been sick and out of a job, and that after pay day he would present a very different appearance. He waited hopefully till two pay days had passed, and then regretfully ticketed Kellogg by that term of reproach—"tight wad."

His manner toward his fellow worker changed after he had reached this conclusion. Hitherto, he had unconsciously been actuated by the hope that Kellogg was not what he seemed. Now he knew the worst, and conducted himself accordingly.

"He makes me tired," George told one of the other boys in the office one day as they went out to luncheon. They passed a lunch room on the way and spied Kellogg perched on a stool, finishing a bun and a glass of milk. "That fellow earns as much money as I do," George continued contemptuously, "and see how he dresses, and see how he eats, how he eats. And I don't believe he pays much of anything for board, for he's way out on the edge of town in a cheap locality."

"Maybe he's got a widowed mother and a lot of little brothers and sisters," George's friend suggested good-naturedly.

"Well, he hasn't, for one day he happened to mention that he was alone in the world, practically. His nearest relative is a cousin. You can't excuse him that way. No, sir! If there's anything I dislike, it's a fellow small about money. I can stand almost anything better than that."

When the second Victory Loan was floated, George assumed an aggrieved attitude. He had bought a fifty-dollar bond of the first issue and was paying for it in weekly instalments. A dollar a week is not a great deal to spare when a young man has a good salary and only himself to support, but George was averse to shouldering any further obligation.

"I suppose I'll have to take another fifty," he complained. "Everybody acts as if you were a slacker if you don't. But if it keeps on this way, a fellow won't have enough money for a hair cut."

Warren, who was his confident, smiled thoughtfully. "Your friend Kellogg has taken two one hundred dollar bonds," he answered.

"What?" It took George a minute to recover himself. "That's just it," he shouted. "Kellogg goes shabby and lives on bread and milk, but he has plenty of money when it comes to an investment."

"Look here," remonstrated Warren, "you're taking a queer attitude, it seems to me. I guess you forgot that buying Victory Bonds is a part of patriotism. You can't find fault with a fellow for eating cheap lunches so he can help his Government."

"It may be patriotism," George said, "but take my word for it, Kellogg does forget that little four per cent."

Warren thought his friend was carrying prejudice rather far. He took pains to tell him of Kellogg's subscription to the new war fund of the Young Men's Christian Association which was exactly five times George's own. "No four per cent. on that," said Warren with a meaning smile.

"I think he'd have done better to cut it down a little and buy a pair of shoes for himself," George returned. "A man in position like this owes it to his associates to look like something besides a tramp."

"Oh, I say," Warren cried, "tramp, indeed! Kellogg looks as if he had been fairly sandpapered every morning. He's so clean that he shines." In order to emphasize his disapproval of his friend's prejudice, he asked Kellogg in George's hearing, to make one of a party to occupy a box at a benefit concert to be given for the Red Cross.

Kellogg flushed crimson. "I'd like to go, Warren, but the fact is I can't spare the money just now. I made my contribution to the Red Cross as large as possible."

"I'm sure you did, old man," Warren replied pleasantly. But as he turned away he saw that the face of George at the next desk, wore a disagreeable, supercilious smile.

One Saturday afternoon in early spring, Davenport invited a half-dozen of the office force to dinner at his father's country place. The Davenports were wealthy people, and one of the features of the afternoon was the ride out through the suburbs in a luxurious, seven-passenger car. They passed through a new development on the outskirts of the city, given over to the workingmen's cottages. And as the car swept along the highway, suddenly Davenport put on the brakes, stopped with a suddenness that suggested that he was fearful of running someone down. But Davenport had another reason.

"Look there," he exclaimed, and pointed dramatically. In a vacant lot on a small side street, a tall, familiar figure was wielding a spade with tremendous energy. One or two small boys were trying to help, while a score or more children of assorted sizes, stood about in a circle and watched with fascinated interest.

"It's Kellogg," Davenport cried. "Say, do you suppose he lives out here?"

"I know he does," George exclaimed. "Pretty place for a fellow to settle, when he earns a salary as good as his."

A small boy was passing and Davenport hailed him. "Say, sonny, do you know where Mr. Kellogg lives?"

The boy extended a grimy finger in the direction of the vacant lot. "That's him."

"That wasn't what I asked you. Where does he live?"

This time the grimy finger indicated a cottage in the opposite direction, a shabby little dwelling with a shabbiness like Kellogg's own, in that it seemed consistent with absolute cleanliness. Davenport looked at it under knitted brows, and jumped out.

"Come on, George," he said, "let's do a little detective work. Let's find out why a fellow like Kellogg buries himself in a hole of this sort."

The faded little woman who answered their knock misunderstood them just as the urchin had done. "Mr. Kellogg is working on a thrift garden this afternoon. I'll send right over for him—"

"Oh, we don't want to interrupt him," Davenport replied. "He boards with you, I take it."

The woman hesitated. "Why that's what he calls it, but that's hardly fair to him." Her thin face twitched, and her eyes filled. "He just stepped into the place of my two boys who were killed. He's like a son to me and a big brother to my little ones." She brushed away the tears as she added, "Won't you come in?"

Davenport consented without consulting George. As they sat in the plain, neat little front room, it needed only a question or two on Davenport's part to set the little woman to talking.

Yes, her sons had been killed in the war. They had enlisted with a Canadian regiment before the United States had entered the conflict. Mr. Kellogg had tried to enlist too, but there was something about his heart the doctors didn't like. "It worried him a good deal," explained the little woman with a faint smile, "for he said that his heart never had interfered before with anything he wanted to do, and he didn't know why it should now."

"Looks rather delicate for a soldier," commented Davenport. "Has he lived with you long?"

"Why, he came to me after my boys enlisted. He'd known them well, and he knew how much I depended on them since their father's death. At first he just paid his board and did little things about the house to help me, same as my boys would have done. But after they were killed, he just stepped into their places. He said I'd given so much for the cause of liberty that it made him ashamed, and then he—well, I guess he sort of adopted me and the children."

The widow wiped her eyes again. The two young men listened silently.

"It hurt me to let him do so much," the little woman went on, "but it kind of seems as if my hands were tied. I've got four children left, the oldest one twelve. We've had lots of sickness this winter and everything has been so high. It worried me to have him scrimping to take care of us, but he says my Paul and Ed gave their lives for liberty, and this is his way of doing his bit. But I know it's a handicap to a young man, taking care of a family that's no kin to him." She looked at her two callers wistfully. "I wish you would let me call him. It's been so long since he had any friends of his own age here to see him."

"I think we'll go over and have a little talk with Kellogg," answered Davenport with a smile, that was distinctly an assset. Once outside he explained his plan more fully. "How would it do for us to take off our coats and help Kellogg out? Then we could take him along with us."

There were no objectors in the automobile when Davenport repeated the widow's story. All the objecting came from Kellogg, who protested that the boys were far too much dressed up for gardening. But in spite of him Davenport made a collection of all the spades in the neighborhood and the seven went to work. And then they carried off Kellogg, still protesting, to enjoy the hospitality of the Davenport home with his mates.

In the few minutes they had sat in the widow's house, and listened to her story George had changed his mind not only about Kellogg, but about himself. He had always thought of himself as generous. Almost in the twinkling of an eye he had reached the conclusion that he did not know the meaning of generosity.

SMARTNESS AND GREATNESS

My young friends, don't mistake smartness for greatness. As a rule, a smart boy makes a shrewd, long-headed schemer, a man of questionable methods.

A smart boy is in great danger of being spoiled by being told so often that he is smart, and, also, because by cunning, shrewd methods he frequently can do, quickly and easily, things which other boys can accomplish only by a great deal of hard work.

It is a sorry day for a boy when he discovers that he can achieve his ends by cunning and indirection instead of by hard work. He thinks he has found a short cut to success, or a substitute for plodding, and the moment he becomes possessed with this idea that he can get his living more easily than other people he is a failure.

It is dangerous business, this trying to find short cuts to one's goal. Our prisons and jails are full of men who thought they had found an easy way to success, and tried to shorten the road to the goal. Hundreds of these wretches, now wearing the striped suits of disgrace spent more time and energy in trying to get a living by cunning, long-headed methods and questionable pursuits, than would have secured for them an ample competence and an honorable reputation.

Clean, straight methods are always best. The moment a young man shows the least sign of crookedness he arouses suspicion and challenges confidence.

TO CLEAN WINDOW SHADES

When your window shades become soiled clean them by rubbing gently with a soft cloth wrung out of a mixture of one pint hot water and three tablespoonfuls of benzine. Then wipe with a soft, dry cloth.

WHEN YOU MUST RELY ON YOURSELF

The experiences of life that go deepest we must bear alone. The young people who fall in the way of looking to others for strength, to father, mother, teacher or wiser friend, are bound to have a hard time when the hour of trial comes, when they must depend on themselves. It is well to practice self-reliance, against the time when we are thrown on our own resources.

A QUEER PARTNERSHIP

A college boy visiting in a southern city, was much interested in the street-vendors who swarmed past his boarding-place, and whose cries floated up to him. One day he noticed a colored boy carrying on his head a board covered with boxes of strawberries. But, unlike the other, this boy was not calling out his stock.

He walked slowly past several of the houses, then came back, and crossed into the park, and stood or walked about diffidently. The boy on the verandah watched him for some time, deciding at length that he was new to the business and too bashful to enter the competition for attention.

At home the onlooker had been noted for the strength and heartiness with which he emitted the college yell, and also for his impulsiveness and disregard for conventionalities. Suddenly a new thought seemed to strike him, for he seized his hat and rushed downstairs and out upon the street, going straight to the strawberry vender.

"You've got some fine strawberries there," he said.

"Yes, sah; dey'a mighty fine." Then diffidently, "Reckon yo' gwine buy some?"

"No, I don't live here. But say, why don't you call out, like the others?"

"Dat's what I done ax myse'f," frankly. "But 'pears like I'se no v'ice. Dis is my firs' come out."

"But you've got to call, if you want to catch trade. Here, let's see if I can balance that thing."

He took the board of strawberries from their unresisting owner and balanced it on his head, then allowed his hands to fall slowly to his side. Instantly the board began to tilt. The colored boy's hands rose quickly to the rescue.

"Don' reckon yo' kin do it, boss," he grinned; "yo' ain' got de 'sperience."

"No, I see I haven't. Well, I guess I'll have to do it this way," raising a hand to each side of the board. "Now you follow close behind me."

The other boy obeyed evidently wondering what was to follow. A few steps forward and then, "Strawberries, fresh and handsome!" rang out in a voice which penetrated into every house and street for blocks.

People turned, wonderingly; those near grinning, others pushing forward to see whence came the clear, penetrating, unusual cry. At the next house a woman was standing on the piazza. As a second call rang out, she walked down and opened the gate.

"Would you like some strawberries, madam?" the boy asked, lowering the board and bowing courteously. "They are very fine ones, I assure you."

"Well, I don't know," answered the woman, looking at him rather than the berries. "How much are they worth?"

"Er—I don't know. How much?" to the boy behind.

"Fifteen cent."

The woman laughed comprehendingly.

"Oh, I understand," she said. "I was wondering how you happened to be in the business. Yes, they are fine ones; I will take three boxes."

At the next house two more boxes were sold, and one at the next. At the end of ten minutes, the boy gave the empty board and a handful of small silver to his companion.

"There you are," he said. "It takes push to make business. You must do something so folks will look your way. Don't forget."

"No, sah," the white teeth showing; "I'e bound to 'member; an' t'ank you', sah. In de mawin' I'se gwine holler, if I has to shut my eyes from skeeredness. I is, sho'."

"That's right. Well, good-by, and good luck to you."—Selected.

WAR AFFECTS SUNSETS

Observations made at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory on Mt. Wilson in California during the past few years have shown that our sun, like many of the other stars, is a variable. In other words, the amount of heat and light it sends out sometimes varies by as much as ten per cent. in the course of a few days. To study this variation, its causes and its possible connection with climatic changes on the earth, a branch station of the Astrophysical Observatory is soon to be established in South America.

Since the planets shine by reflected sunlight, it would seem as if changes in the sun's radiation should produce changes in the brightness of the planets. Attempts to measure such changes in the case of Uranus had led to the discovery that this planet varies periodically in brightness. Moreover, the period is 10 hours 50 minutes, agreeing with the time of rotation as determined by an entirely different method. Thus the variation in light is probably due to the difference in reflecting power of the different portions of the planet's surface and we have a new method for determining the rotation period.

Canada has sent reports to the Smithsonian Observatory of brilliant sunsets with beautiful after-sunset glows. A similar series was observed in 1883 and was attributed at that time to the volcanic eruption of Krakatoa, in the East Indies. As a result of this explosion particles of volcanic dust were hurled to tremendous heights and carried by the air currents to great distances. These particles illuminated by the setting sun produced some very beautiful effects. The present display is attributed to the war, which with its terrific bombardments is producing more smoke and dust than any volcanic eruption. The prevailing currents of the upper air in northern latitudes being from east to west, much of this dust is carried over Canada.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, June 23, 1898

June weather has been remarkably cool.

Never in the history of this section were strawberries sold at so low a figure on the 15th June as this season. Four cents a basket was a common price last week. Usually the first week's berries bring 10 to 12 cents.

The new street sprinkler has worked to perfection this week.

Our firemen really presented a handsome appearance in their new uniforms on Monday evening.

The masons are at work on the foundations for a new double dwelling of Messrs. Robertson Bros. on Maria Street.

On Thursday last Mr. D. McMurchy had a raising. He is building a new bank barn 40x54. On Friday afternoon a fine barn was raised at Mr. Robert Watson's farm. It will be 54x86, and has a quarried stone foundation.

Company G left Tuesday morning for Niagara to join the 20th Battalion there. On Monday evening they paraded our streets. Acton Cornet Band led the parade, they were followed by a bugle band brought from the city by Capt. Langton, then came the men of Company G, followed by a muster of thirty-two members of Acton Fire Brigade in their natty new uniforms.

Mrs. Jennie B. Cameron has rented her handsome residence, Rose Cottage, to Mr. Arch. McNabb for a term of years.

Numbers of friends enjoyed the rare sight of a night-blooming cereus at Mrs. C. S. Smith's conservatory five or six years ago. Mrs. Smith now has a rarer variety of the cereus in full bloom. She has had this plant seven or eight years and the first flowers are now open.

The Methodist Sunday School sent their entire library of nearly 500 volumes to half a dozen poor schools in newly-settled sections last week.

MARRIED

FREEMAN-WILLIS—On June 15, by Rev. Mr. Williams, Miss Lottie Willis, to Dr. William Freeman, formerly of Georgetown.

BRYERS-DICKINSON—On June 15, in New York, Alice Dickinson, to Morley T. Bryers.

HOW TO FIGHT THE CUTWORM

Control Cutworms with a poison bait. This is very easily made up of white arsenic (can be bought at any drug store) some molasses and something such as bran with which to make a mash. Mix the white arsenic and the bran material while dry and put the molasses into a cup or a bucket of water to dissolve. Then add enough of this sweetened water to the bran to make it just moist throughout. Place a teaspoonful at the base (not touching) of each plant affected and near the base of adjacent plants. Where the damage seems to be along an edge bordering a piece of grassland, put some down near each plant along the border.

Use the following quantities:—
For gardens of ½ acre or less use:
Bran (or substitute)—1 quart.
White arsenic—1 teaspoonful.
Molasses—1 tablespoonful.
Water—To moisten.

For 1 to 2 acre gardens use:
Bran (or substitute)—10 lbs.
White arsenic—1 lb.
Molasses—1 quart.
Water—To moisten.

Many people add to this poison mash the juice and crushed pulp of some fruit that happens to be handy, such as grape fruit, apples, tomatoes, oranges, cantaloupes, etc., which may have "just gone by," and it is considered by scientific people to be a very good practice. This poison bait is cheap, easily mixed and easily applied. The fact that it is a very old remedy which was standard many years ago has given a sufficient test of its reliability. One of the best features of the poison is that as soon as the worm has fed he crawls into the ground from which he never emerges so that the birds do not eat the dead cutworms.—Chas. D. Woods, Director of Maine Agriculture Experimental Station.

NOBLE SAYINGS

It were better to accept it as it comes and be cheerful, whichever way the wind blows, whether it be hot or cold, rainy or dry.—J. R. Miller.

Let us ask of the birds what means their lay,
And what it is prompts their singing.
—Alfred Austin.

We need to have an Ideal in our minds with which to test all realities. But it is equally true, and less noted, that we need a reality with which to test ideals.—G. K. Chesterton.

The finest worship is a life;
All dreaming we resign;
We lay our offerings at Thy feet,
Our lives, O God, are Thine.
—John Weiss.

The expectations of life depend upon diligence; and the mechanic that would perfect his work, must first sharpen his tools.—Confucius.

Beauty in vain would mount a heartless throne,
The Right Divine is given by love alone. —Thomas Moore.

If the Holy Spirit of God did not bear testimony to paternal love, our tongue would remain silent, for we could not in prayer call Him Father, unless we were assured that He really is so.—John Calvin.

HE'S A BOY SCOUT

His country can bank on him, whatever be his part;
He's a Scout!
No "ifs" or "ands" or "buts" or "ors" confuse his mind or heart,
He's a Scout!
Come, look him over carefully, front and face about;
Quiz him, poke him, turn him upside down or inside out,
You'll find him true as navy blue and resolute and stout,
He's a Scout!

His sense of duty points for him a clear and shining way;
He's a Scout!
He understands what "service" means and "honor" and "obey";
He's a Scout!
He's genuine Canadian; he's loyal through and through,
He's on the job to show them all what Canadian boys can do,
And there he'll stick through thin and thick until the war 's a-through,
He's a Scout!
F.J.P., in Boys' Life.

CANADA GARDENS OFFICIALLY

The Ontario Agricultural College, and a group of societies are making things hum, at Guelph, says the Country Gentleman, where the city grants $500 toward expenses. Seeds were supplied at cost and distributed by the Horticultural Society. Last year's record of 2,000 gardeners is being excelled. Every boy and girl under eighteen is expected to enlist in the garden crops. Talks and lectures are given, and three cash prizes will be awarded for the best patches of vegetables in each ward. The Organization of Resources Committee of Ontario points to the work done by the Guelph Central School last year as a model for the province. It says that Ontario's 1,162 cities and villages should emulate the Guelph performance.

Port Arthur, one of Canada's great shipping ports for wheat on Lake Superior, has a garden club whose members last year turned out over $26,000 worth of vegetables. The same club, assisted by the city council and the board of trade, is in charge this season. The city park superintendent is general overseer and, there are district volunteer managers. The city council plows and harrows at a charge of one dollar for a lot with a thirty-three-foot frontage.

The city clerk secures lots and registers members. The park board grows plants in a nursery for lot holders. Vegetable seed, currant and berry bushes are supplied at low rates. Soldiers and their families are specially aided. There is extensive advertising in the local press to get every one into the movement.

Western Canada, of the big spaces, is also gardening, along with wheat-raising. In Winnipeg the Western Agricultural Society is the prime mover in vacant-lot work. It gives prizes of two to five dollars, and 1,500 children are competing for a prize shield given by ex-Mayor Waugh for the best work of children under sixteen. The city makes a cash grant. It charges one dollar a lot for plowing, fifty cents for disking and one dollar for membership privileges. Lectures are given by experts from the Agricultural College. Women school-teachers are taking much interest.

Calgary had a big publicity campaign in early spring, pushed by the Vacant Lots Club, which includes all the civic and social organizations in town. The city council gives office room, an appropriation of $850, and supplies teams. There is a complete card-index system. Over 2,000 twenty-five foot city lots were cultivated last year and there are quite a few more this year. A fee of one dollar is charged for a twenty-five-foot lot and fifty cents for each additional lot. Soldiers' land is plowed free, and other lots at cost. There are lectures to instruct and stimulate interest.

THE BRIGHT SIDE

A public school teacher in the country once asked her children to bring her all the different wild flowers they could find. It was in the spring, when there are so many lovely little flowers everywhere. Most of the children had never known more than five or six different wild flowers. How many different kinds do you think they found? Over one hundred. They never knew how many beautiful things there were all about them, till they began to look for them.

It is the same way with people. We never know how much good there is in others, till we start looking for it. We will always find more than we thought.

Maybe you have some schoolmate who you do not like at all. You can never see anything good in him. But start to-morrow and try to find the good things in him. You will be surprised to find what a really fine fellow he is, after all.

Then be sure that you look on the good side of everything that happens.—Selected.

DRAINAGE

There are light and sandy loams underlaid by sand and gravel which need no sub or artificial drainage, but for clay loams it is essential for the best results, not merely to take away water in the spring, and allow early seeding, but to make the soil more moist throughout the season. No amount of surface tillage, no amount of manure or fertilizers can ensure maximum crop production on a poorly drained soil. Surface evaporation is slow in the early months of the season. The drainage is needed therefore that the heavier soils may be worked to passon. Poorly drained soils are waterlogged soils, and this means a condition absolutely injurious to growing crops, for the root system needs air. Crops can die of suffocation, even after they have got a fair growth. Poorly drained soils are cold and wet.—Royal Canadian Institute.

PENCILS FROM JAPAN

An unthought-of result of the war has been the creation of a lead pencil industry in Japan.

In 1911 Japan imported 65,000,000 pencils, most of which came from America and Germany. But with the opening of the European conflict German sources of supply were cut off and native manufacturers, who had been producing only in comparatively small quantities, seized their opportunity and made the most of it.

In 1914 Japan exported over 9,000,000 pencils, and in 1916 the number had increased to 168,000,000.

There is strong indication that many of the markets won by the Orientals will be held by them after the war, for they have the advantage of very cheap labor. Most of the lead which they use is imported from India and England.

All the world's a circus ring and each of us at times essays the role of clown.

The coming man is seldom noticed until he arrives.

When in doubt button your lip.