The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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We are manufacturers and direct importers of all kinds of Monumental and Headstone work. We sell direct to our customers at wholesale prices thus saving our customers 40 per cent. We have the best appliances and the only mechanics in the Dominion who can operate pneumatic tools properly. We can give references from hundreds of our customers in Toronto and other places, where others have to have law suits in order to collect. We have the largest and best stock of Granite in the Dominion, or more than any three dealers in the West. We are legitimate dealers and employ no agents, and do not annoy or pest customers by sending out ignorant agents soliciting orders—we employ only mechanics and defy competition.
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WYNDHAM ST. - GUELPH
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70 Years in Business in Guelph

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Have full summer lines of Boots and shoes for both ladies and gentlemen.
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REPAIRING NEATLY AND PROMPTLY DONE
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It is the Part of Wisdom to Make Your Will While Sound in Body and Mind
When making your will appoint this Company to act as your Executor. You will thus ensure careful and economical management of your estate. The advantages possessed by a reliable Trust Company for acting in this capacity, as compared with an individual are well recognized.
Our Safety Deposit Vault affords a safe place for keeping securities and other valuables. Do not take the risk of loss by fire or theft when you can rent a Safety Deposit Box in our Vault for a nominal sum.
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Phone 1012 - - GUELPH

Like Oil on Troubled Waters
Wearing a pair of Savage's glasses is soothing to the nerves and a relief for any one troubled with eyestrain.
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.
We grind our own lenses; we design the glasses to suit you individually; we render a service that you will appreciate.
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Infinite Care in Those Little Things That 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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Up-to-Date Goods
AT C. C. SPEIGHT'S
Silverware in Tableware—Fine Variety.
Also Fine Cutlery.
Hardware, Tinware and Graniteware—Big Assortment.
Pandora Stoves and Ranges.
Famous Heaters.
Small Stoves.—Oil Stoves.
EVERY ARTICLE IS OF EXCEPTIONAL VALUE
C. C. Speight
Mill Street, Acton

THE CALL OF THE WILDWOOD

Come to the wildwood; the sunshine in splendor
Is warming the heart of each flowret and tree.
Come while the daylight is still young and tender,
While scent of the clover floats out o'er the lea.

Come not too late when the heart is too weary
To feel the bright sunshine, the cool of the dew,
Come, lest with care all the morning grows dreary;
Come, lest the day pass in shadow and rue.

Come when the wildwood is telling a story;
Come while the birds and the brooks are in song;
Come while the forest is rampant with glory,
Leaves all a-dance in harmonious throng.

Come where the willow stands hoary and hollow,
Where all the trees part in a niche near the shore.
Up from the lake runs the path we must follow
To nock out the wildwood, its charms to explore.

Come to the wildwood; it holds yet its power,
To lighten your heart and to banish your pain.
Come while the schoolly hills name the hour,
Come taste the joy of the wildwood again.
—Catharine Taylor.

The Heart Interest

MELINA JENNER stood looking out of the kitchen window. She had stood there for ten minutes without seeing anything. During all that time her gaze had been fixed upon the sagging ridgepole of the church sheds. The sheds, crumbling and grey, stretched across the back of the long lot, choked with last year's weeds, among which the May grass was struggling. Upon the whole rain was falling in grey chilliness. Melina had been looking out of that window upon the same scene for fourteen years. Naturally, she had no interest in it. But then Melina had no interest in anything that life offered her.

"Mlina!"

It was not until her name had been called three times fretfully that she turned heavily and entered the next room. In this room her mother leaned back in her chair with a pillow behind her head. Melina was what her mother had been at her age, and her mother was what Melina expected to be after twenty years or more. Mrs. Jenner was one of those invalids that may be said merely to exist. She was as passive and inert as a chilled housefly; only unlike the fly, there was no possibility of her ever coming to life. The days moved on in such drab, motionless succession she had grown tired watching them. There was nothing new or bright or comfortable in the bare room. The invalid herself was its main furniture. "What are you doing, Mlina?" she asked.

"Nothing." Melina answered. The two women looked at each other dully. How long they would have continued to look in lieu of having anything else to hold their gaze is a question, but suddenly the front door downstairs opened and some one came running upward. Before Melina could rise there was a smart knock at the door.

Melina opened it. There stood a small woman with bright dark eyes and fleecy grey hair. She wore a blue coat and her hat had tiny roses on it.

"Oh, how do you do!" she cried. "I saw your notice on the door said 'Walk upstairs' and I did. Or rather I ran. It's a long flight. I'm glad it's the lower floor you rent instead of the upper."

She entered, and it was curious the effect she had upon the room. Everything seemed to begin to dance and smile as though a fresh breeze were blowing there. Even Mrs. Jenner began to stir a little.

"Do you want to rent the rooms downstairs?" Melina asked.

"Yes. I heard they were empty, and I'm in a great hurry to get in somewhere. At the place where I'm boarding they said that your front room with the long windows would probably be just what I'd want for my goods. I shall use the others to live in. I'll want them for a month or two. It depends on how well my goods sell."

Melina took the woman downstairs and they went through the bare, perfectly clean rooms. When fifteen minutes later Melina returned to her mother she had an awakened look on her face. "She paid me $10 down for the first month and she's going to move in this afternoon," she explained.

"What's she going to move in?" asked Mrs. Jenner.

"Her goods, whatever they are. And her other things."

"My land, it makes you feel real curious, don't it?" remarked Mrs. Jenner. "Did she give her name?"

"Yes. It's Barney—Mrs. Bertha Barney. Mother, I'm very thankful we've rented those rooms. We'll have something to live on now."

"Seems like we might almost afford a little meat of some kind." Mrs. Jenner said wistfully.

"We can," replied Melina. "And I'll go right out and get it now."

Ten dollars was a great deal of money for the Jenners to possess at one time. Melina bought not only a piece of meat, but a head of early lettuce. Their dinner was a feast, and before it was fairly eaten there was a noise downstairs of heavy trunks and boxes being dragged about.

"My land, what a rumpus!" Mrs. Jenner said.

But suddenly all became quiet save for a subdued sound of steps and voices. "She's got some one helping her," Melina said.

"I shouldn't wonder but it was Dibby Burton. In that case it won't take her long to get straightened."

At 6.30 there was another knock on the door and there stood Mrs. Barney. "Don't you want to come down and see what I've been doing?" she asked. "Maybe your mother would like to come, too."

Mrs. Jenner shook her head. "I haven't been down those stairs in five years," she replied.

"Why, they won't hurt you," laughed Mrs. Barney. "However, you'll come!" And she led Melina away.

There had been a transformation in the room since Melina last saw them a few hours before. She was astounded. In one room were a cot and dressing table, with lace and silver on it; in another a small table ready to sit down to, with a small oil stove equipped for cooking.

"I always carry my own furniture with me from place to place," Mrs. Barney said. "It makes it seem more like home to live with the same things. Now you've seen my living room, I'll show you my display room."

She opened the door to the large front room with its four long windows. At sight of what was there Melina gave a little cry. The room was something like what her idea of fairyland was. The walls were covered with pictures, pennants, and gay embroideries. On a long table that ran through the room were more pictures, embroideries, bright silks, and bead work. And, loveliest of all, in a little glass fronted cabinet was hand painted china. And Melina had never seen any hand painted china.

"I'm all ready for my opening tomorrow," Mrs. Barney said. "I've hired six boys to peddle hand bills. And the paper will have a big ad. when it comes out in the morning. You see, my way of doing business is very simple. It consists mainly of hustle."

"Your things are beautiful," Melina breathed. "I never saw anything like them. I'm sure you'll get lots of customers."

"Well, maybe not lots, but certainly enough to pay," replied Mrs. Barney. She hung a big placard in the window. It read: "Mrs. Bob's Art Shop."

Why Mrs. Bob, Melina wondered. She told her mother about what was going on downstairs. They became so excited they scarcely slept. Next morning customers began to arrive. Melina could hear comings and goings as she worked. And her mother asked to be drawn near the window where she could watch the front door.

In the afternoon Mrs. Barney came running upstairs. "I seem to have my hands full," she said. "Would you come down and help me awhile this afternoon, Miss Jenner? Just to watch things. You understand these people are all strangers to me, and some of my stuff is valuable."

Melina made herself as neat as possible and went down. She will never forget that afternoon as long as she lives. She saw more people, she talked more, than for years together. She made one or two satisfactory sales and Mrs. Barney was very much pleased with her.

"You've been a great help," she said. "Why can't you come down and help me every afternoon?" and she pressed a quarter into Melina's reluctant hand.

"No, no!" Melina stammered. "I can't take this. Why, it hasn't been work; it's been pleasure." Tears of protest came into her eyes. "If you know—" she began. Then she turned quickly and ran upstairs.

So Melina helped Mrs Barney every afternoon, and mornings, too, sometimes, when fresh goods came and must be unpacked. Melina began to live as she never had lived. More and more she became occupied downstairs, and her mother, left to herself, was obliged to creep out of her chair and do her own errands. One morning when Melina was helping Mrs. Barney unpack a box she heard her mother's voice say:

"I had to come down here and see what you were up to!"

"Mother!" cried Melina. She stared amazed.

Her mother had got downstairs unaided. More than that, after she had sat down a little while, she walked about looking at everything in the room. She lingered long over a piece of tatting. "I used to do that in my young days," she sighed.

"It's the rage now," Mrs. Barney said. "I really have more demand for it than I can supply. It would pay you to make some."

"I see what I can do," Mrs. Jenner replied. Her cheeks had little red spots on them and her eyes shone. She began to hum softly as she studied the design and the pattern.

That evening, Mrs. Jenner thrust something under Melina's eyes. There! How's that?" she asked.

"Why, mother!" Melina gasped. "That's beautiful!"

"I thought may be I could do it," her mother said with an air of triumph "You get me some thread and I'll show you."

After that the shop kept Melina and her mother pretty busy. Their interest in the work grew with each day. Life ceased to be the awful, dead thing it was before Mrs. Barney came. Melina told her so one day.

"Well, do you know, I was in much the same condition there for a while after Bob died?" Mrs. Barney said, and her bright eyes softened. "Bob was the dearest husband any woman ever had, and we had lived together for thirty years. I thought that all I had to do was to sit down and wait for the summons to follow him. And then I found my money was all gone, I had to earn my living. A friend owned a big art store, and she told me I could start this little travelling branch shop and she would supply me with goods. From the first it has been a success. And it gives me an interest in life. Do you know, Melina, that's what everybody like you and your mother and me need—an interest in life? But it can't be found without some hustle."

"Unless somebody comes along and supplies it," said Melina with a grateful look.

At the end of two months Mrs. Barney said she must move on. She was too restless to stay long in any place. But she strongly urged that Melina keep up the little art store. "You'd better move downstairs, where you can attend to it," she said. "There's room enough for you two women. And your upstairs rooms will rent twice as quick. Your mother can go on making tatting, and I'll see that Mrs. Shefford keeps you in goods. You understand the business now so that you ought, with a little more experience, do as well as I am doing."

To-day "Melina's Art Shop" is an establishment which never falls of patronage. It is a very much prettier shop than Mrs. Barney had. You linger when you go there. There is a little tea room back where Mrs. Jenner will serve you with cakes and orange pekoe. Other times her shuttle is flying. She feels very well most of the time. And Melina—well, Melina is not the same person at all. She wears such pretty clothes and she can talk so entertainingly. She makes her embroideries and pictures and china mean something to you. And you buy as a matter of course. You can't help it, for Melina somehow makes her heart interest yours, which is in itself a remarkable accomplishment.

SNEEZING FATAL TO AVIATORS

In the American Magazine is an account of Katharine Stinson, the girl flier, who has performed the most difficult feats.

"When asked if she was afraid she might fall, she replied that sneezing was the only thing she feared. She declares that nine-tenths of the accidents in the air are caused by aviators losing control of their machines by sneezing.

"The aviator,' says Miss Stinson, 'passes through numerous strata of air of different temperatures. He often catches cold and sneezes violently. When you sneeze, for the moment you lose all control of yourself. If you do that while in the air your friends are going to gather up your remains.'"

EACH IN HIS OWN SPHERE...

The true ideal of national happiness is equal service, equal sacrifice and equal privileges and rewards, and this ideal can only be obtained by the faithful co-operation of every Canadian, each in his own sphere.

WHAT A GOOD BAND MEANS TO A TOWN

In speaking about bands, and town bands in particular, we sometimes hear people carelessly say, "What good is a band in town anyway?" Well, first take inventory of the fellow who makes the remark. You may have reason to let the silly question go unanswered. But regarding the remark more seriously, let us say that a good band is one of the most useful things a town or community can possess. It is one of the best advertisements a town can have. Emerson says something somewhere about the world making a beaten path. Well, a good band will make all the roads leading to the town beaten paths, even though the town's other attractions are not enormous. Every merchant is benefitted by a good band. Many people come to town to attend the delightful entertainments, and they combine shopping with this pleasure. The promoters of business and municipal enterprizes always have the satisfaction of knowing their civic demonstrations from time to time will be successful, because they have a first-class band to lead the way and attract the crowd.

The churches are provided with orchestras and special musical numbers on jubilee and anniversary occasions. The social functions of a community are more satisfactory and decidedly more pleasant because musicians equal to any occasion are just close by.

A band, composed of able players, is a tower of strength to any town, or section, or country. It cultivates the public ear to a high class of music and does it right at your own door too. Every enterprising citizen will boost the band of his town wherever he goes.

MISUNDERSTOOD

One of the mistakes young people often make is to suppose that nobody understands them. They have an idea that they are different from others, and if their elders treat them in a way they do not like, they set it down to the fact that they are misunderstood. But while it is true that no two people are exactly alike, the fact remains that often the father of the youth who thinks his case so unique, understands him considerably better than he understands himself, and the girl who is so impressed with her unlikeness to other people is not in the least a problem to her mother.

While no two people are exactly alike, all of us are considerably alike. In the process of growing up, we discover so many new and interesting features in ourselves that we are likely to conclude that we are exceptions to the human race. But as a matter of fact, our fathers and mothers, our aunts and uncles, and our grandparents back to Adam and Eve, have all felt exactly the same way. The trouble is not that nobody understands you, but that you do not understand yourself. Be a little patient. Your elders have been along the very way you are travelling, and the counsel they offer is not given in the dark.

BEGGING AT THE WRONG HOUSE

The keeper of a shop in an English town was standing in his door, says the London Telegraph, when he was accosted by a man with a wooden leg and a crutch.

"I want you to do me a favor," the man said. "I want to leave my leg with you for a few minutes, and go round the next street and work a house for half a crown. I've an idea that the folks are very sympathetic. If I go with one leg I'm sure to fetch 'em."

"Very well," said the shopkeeper, "just leave your leg there and I'll take care of it."

The wooden limb was unstrapped and handed over, and the cripple used the crutch to help himself down the alley. Five minutes later he rang the door bell of a house in the next street, only to have it opened by the man he had just seen.

"What-what-what!" he gasped.

"Very sympathetic family lives in here," quietly replied the other. "You seem to have met with a sad loss, and I'm anxious to help you. Here is a wooden leg which may fit you."

The leg was handed over. The man sat down on the steps, strapped it on, and stumped away, thinking, no doubt, that life is full of surprises.

A GREAT COOKING STOVE

About two hundred miles from Honolulu, at the edge of the crater of the volcano Kilauea, in a ranch where a vast herd of pigs is kept. The most remarkable thing about this ranch is that the pigs have their food cooked for them, and the volcano does the work, like a huge steam cooker. Covering the slopes of the mountain and surrounding the ranch is a forest in which are giant tree ferns, sometimes fifty feet tall and a foot or more in diameter. Inside the trunks of these large ferns is a pulp which is very good indeed for animals if they can get it; but the outside covering of the trunk is almost as hard to crack as the shell of a cocoanut. One day the ranch owner discovered that he could use the steam that was coming from the cracks in the lava coating of the volcano by building great gridirons above the cracks and piling the fern trunks upon them to cook. Since that discovery the pigs have lived luxuriously on ferns cooked by a volcano.—Exchange.

AND GOING STRONG

"May I ask how old you are?" said the vacationist to the old villager.

"I be just a hundred."

"Really! Well, I doubt if you'll see another hundred years," said the other, trying to make conversation.

"Wa-al, I don't know so much about that," was the ready response. "I be stronger now than when I started on the first hundred."

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, September 15, 1898

Overcoats and furs are in demand these chilly evenings.

A public prohibition meeting was held in Knox Church last evening.

Upwards of 800 tickets to Toronto were sold at Acton station during the fair.

The G. T. R. painting gang spent about a week here and repainted the exterior of their old depot and water tank. There is an improved appearance, but our citizens unanimously think that a town which gives the G. T. R. an annual revenue of upwards of $150,000 is deserving of more consideration. A coat of paint is a very insignificant substitute for the long-hoped-for new depot.

Rev. F. W. Luxford who for the past twelve months has been pastor of the Disciples' Church, left this week for the North Carolina Mission Field.

BORN

THURSTON—In Whitefield, N. H., on September 11, to Mr. and Mrs. G. Fred Thurston, Assistant manager of White Mountain Times, a daughter.

HER ORDER

She checked the list with the greatest care. She said: "I think that it's all down there—a pound of tea and a box of soap, a bag of flour and a clothesline rope, two pairs of socks and a gingham dress, a laundry tub and a toy express. Then there's curtain rods and a window shade, a cut glass jug to hold lemonade, some kitchen spoons and a box of tacks, a spool of thread and a good strong ax. There's that silk dress length and the art sateen, a driving belt for my old machine, a pail of lard and a kit of pork, a poultry house and a stable fork. There's my winter coat and my hat, of course, those sheepskin mitts and that rocking-horse, a folding bed and a bunch of lace and a nickel watch with a radium face, some liver pills and a pound of glue. My land!" she said, as she checked it through, "I've clean forgotten the paint and books, the mustard pot and the picture hooks, the frying pan and the dairy pail. It's great to order all these by mail, to shop at home in my easy chair, from my catalogue, when I've time to spare to look it through for the things I need. It's a most convenient way indeed—on a list like mine they prepay the freight, and they'll all arrive at any old date. The time it saves, and the bother too!" And she seemed so sure that I judged she knew!

RAPID COUNTING MACHINE

A machine is in use by banks, that can count five times as fast as an expert bank teller. It is estimated that a bank teller can count from six to ten thousand coins per hour, for one hour only. With this new machine, one man, not an expert, can count fifty thousand coins per hour, indefinitely. In testing, it has been found that mistakes are quite impossible. In cases where coins of unusual size were placed in the machine, they were separated from the others, and the final registration showed the amount correct. Coins that are mutilated, or are too thick, will stop the machine. Each denomination of coin has a separate counter, so that change can be made easily. The coins pass between two wheels, one at a time, and the cyclometer will show the exact number of coins which have gone through at any time. By means of adjustments, the machine will stop automatically.

MUSIC IN THE SCHOOLS

The springing up of the community chorus here and there indicates clearly that music has passed the dilettante stage. And it is a healthy sign. The desire for expression must not be stifled, whatever its channel, and when that channel happens to be a musical nature, the need for facilities for further development and expansion becomes a question of individual attention no longer, but a national issue. Particularly pressing is the want of music in the schools; and it is in this department that most harm may be wrought by inefficient methods, careless tuition or mistaken ideals. With the developing of a scientific system of propaganda, much musical waste will be eliminated, many archaic rules discarded, and a promising course of countryside musical education pushed to a vigorous conclusion.

A PERSISTENT AFFLICTION

Champ Clark relates the experience of a Western politician who was making a house-to-house canvass some years ago.

This politician had come to a prosperous-looking farmhouse at a cross-road, when he observed a comely young woman standing at the gate. Pulling up his horse, the candidate for the people's favor gracefully lifted his hat in salute to the young woman, and politely asked:

"No doubt, madam, your estimable husband is at home?"

"Yes," responded the woman.

"Might I have the pleasure of seeing him?" suavely inquired the politician.

"He's down in the pasture a buryin' the dog," came from the individual at the gate.

"I am very sorry, indeed, to learn of the death of your dog," came in sympathizing tones from the candidate. "What killed him?"

"He wore himself out a-barkin' at candidates," said the woman.

IT WAS CORRECT

This teacher was having some trouble with certain pupils in grammar.

"Now, little girl, would it be proper to say, 'You can't learn me anything?'"

"Yes'm, it would," replied the girl.

"Oh! Perhaps you can tell me just why?"

"Cause you can't."—London Answers.

THE MOTION AND THE CURVE

When Jimmy Jimson starts to pitch
At baseball in the lots,
He gives his little head a twitch,
He ties himself in knots.
He bends his body, lifts his knee,
And limbers up his toe,
And swings the ball amazingly
Before he lets it go.

But Tommy Tomson's not the same;
He does not move around ...
As Jimmy does, a different game
He plays upon the mound.
He sizes up the boy at bat;
He looks him in the eye;
Then takes a little step—like that—
And lets the pellet fly.

Now, Jimmy, so the boys all say,
Is just the biggest cinch
That ever was his grand stand play
Can't help him in a pinch.
But Tommy, though he doesn't wind
Himself in knots like Jim,
Can pitch a curve the boys can't find—
They don't get next to him.

And thus the game of life is played;
When you are one and twenty,
You'll find in ev'ry line of trade
Of Jims and Toms a plenty.
I think this humble notion
For a moral will serve;
There's nothing in the motion
If you haven't got the curve.
—A. H. Folwell, in St. Nicholas.

HOW A FAMOUS POEM WAS WRITTEN

Admirers of Sam Walter Foss' poem, "The House by the Side of the Road," are many. The story of his writing it is known to few. He was an enthusiastic traveller, and on one of his trips through England he came, at the top of a long hill, to a little unpainted house set almost in the road, so near it was. Near one side was a quaintly constructed signpost finger, pointing to a well-worn path and a sign: "Come in and have a cool drink." Following the path, he found in the side of the bank, some distance from the house, a spring of ice-cold water into which a barrel had been sunk and above which hung an old-fashioned gourd dipper. And on a bench near by—a wonder—was a basket of fragrant apples, with another sign: "Help yourself."

Scenting a story, he went back to the house, where he found a childless old couple in straightened circumstances, with the rocky farm as their only source of livelihood. But it was rich in the delicious spring water and an abundance of fruit; so the sign was placed guiding to the water, and from the time of the ripening of the first purple plum to the harvesting of the last red apple a basket of whatever fruit might be in season was placed near, that every one passing might rest upon the long hill and refresh himself.

The old gentleman explained that they were too poor to give money, so took this way to add their mite to the world's well-doing.

The beautiful thought and its real helpfulness so impressed Foss that he immortalized with his pen the spirit of the ideal home:

"Let me live in my house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by;
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish; so am I.

Then why should I sit in a scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man."
—Exchange.

NOBLE SAYINGS

Duty by habit is to pleasure turn'd:
Ho is content who to obey has learn'd.
—Sir E. Brydges.

There is no velvet so soft as a mother's lap, no rose so lovely as her smile, no path so flowery as that imprinted with her footsteps.—Bishop Thomson.

Believe me, there is a special blessing on being liberal to the poor, and on the family of those who have been so.—W. Wilberforce.

The boundary of man is moderation. When once we pass that pale our guardian angel quits his charge of us. —Feltham.

The more a man follows Nature, and is obedient to her laws, the longer he will live; the farther he deviates from those, the shorter will be his existence. —Hufeland.

CANADA'S COLD STORAGE STOCKS

Canada's cold storage stocks of provisions, though large when measured in pounds, comprise but a very small fraction of the amounts required overseas. Canadian companies reporting to the Cost of Living Branch of the Department of Labor, held on June 1, the following stocks in storage: Butter, 1,689,260 pounds; cheese, 2,190,098 pounds; beef, fresh and pickled, 17,203,938 pounds; pork, fresh and pickled, 29,468,903 pounds; bacon, hams and smoked meats, 13,113,067 pounds. How shall these stocks compare with the British requirements may be easily understood by noting how long they would last as the source of total supply in Great Britain. The amounts mentioned would supply Britain's requirements as follows: Butter, 21 days; cheese, 2½ days; beef, 2 1-5 days; pork, 14½ days, bacon, ham and smoked meats, 5¾ days.

LONGEVITY OF TREES

Regarding the longevity of European trees recent information gathered by the German Foresty Commission assigns to the pine five hundred and seven hundred years as a maximum, four hundred and twenty-five years to the silver fir, two hundred and forty-five years to the red beech, two hundred years to the birch, one hundred and seventy years to the ash, and one hundred and thirty years to the elm. The heart of the oak begins to rot at the age of three hundred years. A sequoia gigantea, felled in Calaveras county, California, had attained the age of three thousand years. It was three hundred and eighty-seven feet in height, and measured fifteen feet in diameter, one hundred and twenty-five feet above the earth. The Bradbury Yew, in Kent county, England, had attained the same great age.

WHAT THE LEISURE HOUR REVEALS

The way you employ your leisure is the revelation of your true self. The wish of your father and mother may keep you in school. Necessity may hold you to a desk in some office. But in the leisure hour, when you are at liberty to follow out your own preferences, you reveal your true self. One young man spends with helpful books the hours another passes with dissipated companions and in harmful surroundings. An the choice shows the material of which each is made.