The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1919

"STEADY DRIVING GETS YOU THERE"

"I'm no speeder,"—this he said
With apologetic air,—
"Though I let her out a bit
When the going's pretty fair.
Mostly make the trips I take
With a little time to spare.
Noticed, since I've run a car,
Steady driving gets me there."

Would you make some distant goal
On the great highway of Life?
Learn the lesson of the road,—
These quaint words with meaning rife.
With firm Purpose at the wheel,
Mark the time and pace with care;
Over smooth or stony ways,
"Steady driving gets you there."

—Ida Reed-Smith.

For the Good of the Service

By George C. Lane

ELLEN TREADWAY had rebelled; but any one who really knew Ellen would have ventured the prediction that her rebellion would be short-lived.

"And now I suppose I've got to begin waiting on my clever sister Rita even before she gets home."

Mrs. Treadway waited in discreet silence for the storm to gather—and pass. Only a few minutes before, Ellen had come home from the post office with a letter from Marguerita, away on her second year at Coles Institute, asking Mother Treadway to allow Ellen to drive over in the car and bring the girls home for the mid-year vacation.

"And as usual," Ellen continued scoldingly, "I'm not consulted. She always did take it for granted that to wait on her was the one aim of my existence. Of course it hasn't occurred to her that possibly I might not enjoy a fifty-mile ride over these frozen roads."

"But you know, my dear," suggested Mother Treadway, "it's an awfully tiresome ride on the train—so roundabout. And I'm almost afraid, after the way the poor girl has had to study all the term, that it would be too much for her."

"And she's always bringing some one with her," went on Ellen. "This time she doesn't even mention who it is. I think one's enough."

"Yes, I know," sympathized Mother Treadway. "But Rita's reason for bringing a guest is one which I feel I can't object to. If they want to continue their Red Cross work I shan't try to discourage them. She writes so enthusiastically about it, too."

"Yes, you'd think to hear her that the girls of the Institute were supplying half the navy with sweaters and wristlets and furnishing the bulk of the bandages for the Red Cross in France."

"But you're a whole year older than Rita, my dear, and you really ought to make allowance for the exaggeration of enthusiasm. I sometimes wish you displayed a little more. At times it is refreshing to witness."

"Well, if we haven't been talking so very much, we've accomplished a good deal right here in Oldport. But since I've got to go I'm glad I haven't got to make the trip up and back in one day. I've always wanted to visit Rita at the Institute."

Mrs. Treadway fell in at once with the new tone the conversation was taking. "Yes, Ellen, I'm sure you'll enjoy the visit. I wish for your sake it was going to be longer."

"Oh, dear," rejoined Ellen, "one day of it is all I could stand, I'm sure. And quite all they could stand of plain me, for that matter."

"You mustn't call yourself plain, Ellen. I've warned you of that, time and again."

"But, anyway, I'm not accomplished like Rita. I was only made for the dull, everyday things of life," sighed Ellen. "Dull by name, dull by nature."

"But the every-day things are not necessarily dull," Mother Treadway reminded her.

"And sometimes I wish it wasn't always so everydayish with me," continued Ellen, ignoring the reminder. "Imagine, for instance, the secretary of the navy coming to Oldport, the way he did to Coles Institute, and praising us here for the work we're doing! You don't know how I long for some real encouragement, for something to happen once in a lifetime."

Truth to tell, Mother Treadway was too much in sympathy with Ellen's viewpoint to argue very convincingly on the brighter side, so she wisely left her, with the admonition to get early to bed in preparation for the long, cold drive next day.

Up hill and down dale, it was a fifty-mile ride by automobile from Oldport to Coles Institute in Harriston. And it was after three o'clock next afternoon when Ellen finally got away. She was counting only on reaching the Institute in time to have supper with her sister and on getting an early start the following morning for home.

As she motored down the front drive she wondered after all if Rita would be ashamed of the car. She had done her best to brighten it up; but to tell the truth it was badly in need of more varnish. She consoled herself, however, with the assurance that in all events the engine was a good one.

The roads were in even worse condition than she had anticipated. And it was cold. She would never have picked out the time nor the condition of the going for a pleasure trip, and occasionally something of her former feeling of rebellion would surge over her as she guided the machine over an unusually treacherous stretch of ice and frozen ruts.

It was taking her much longer than she had counted on and she was still twenty miles west of Harrison at sunset. At the base of Manituk Mountain she was of two minds whether to continue around the rough lower road, or to take the newly macadamized highway over the crest. It was a saving of six or seven miles over the mountain and the first sight of the stretch of smooth highway in gradual ascent up the big hill was not to be resisted.

But at the hairpin curve, halfway up the ascent, she wished she had not attempted the experiment. She scarcely dared trust her chain-shod wheels on the steep incline, for the road was icy under a thin covering of snow. After a moment's hesitation she concluded that she had better not risk it and grudging the time lost, watched out ahead for a safe place to turn around.

As she came to a standstill, a whirring noise overhead attracted her attention and she gazed aloft in bewilderment. Scarcely a hundred feet above her, it seemed, was an aeroplane. And to her astonishment a man leaned down toward her from his seat and waved his arm beckoningly.

Next instant he was lost to sight as the big machine seemed to skim the leafless tree-tops of the slope. She closed her gas throttle and listened. She could hear the whirr of the machine's propellers for a moment and then, suddenly, the noise ceased.

Had he landed on the hilltop? she wondered. There seemed no other explanation. And was he in trouble? She asked herself.

Jumping from the machine she ran swiftly up the hairpin curve where she could get a view of a portion of the half summit of the hill. And there on the ice-covered ledge a half mile farther up, the aeroplane had come down.

Ellen hesitated, at a loss what she should do. She was certain that the airman was in difficulties of some sort, but couldn't see how she could be of any service. Presently her common sense got the better of her diffidence and she decided that the least she could do was to extend him the courtesies of the road. She could, at least, offer to help him; and besides, the mountain house was closed—the Comstocks were there only eight months in the year—and he could find nothing there that might be of assistance.

For the moment all thought of reaching Harriston before supper time left her and she hurried on afoot up the hill. She looked the big machine over hurriedly as she reached the summit and kept on toward the house. Near the building she came upon him, trying his best to accommodate one of his bunch of keys to the lock.

Ellen did not know whether to go further or to retreat. Suddenly the man looked about, rather helplessly.

"Hullo," he greeted her not in the least unabashed in his manner. "Did you think I was trying to burglarize your house?"

"I—It isn't my house," explained Ellen, rather embarrassedly. "And I didn't know what to think."

"Well, then, if you don't live here, what, may I ask, are you doing way up here out of the world?"

Oh, I was just taking the short cut over the hill. The main road is in awful shape," she replied, rendered more at ease by his manner.

"Oh, then it was you I saw in the auto down there?" he said. "I wonder if you can help me. I'm up against it. One of my gas tanks sprang a leak back there somewhere, and I haven't got enough left in the other to last me, I'm afraid. I hope you've got some gas to spare. I hope it would be for the good of the service if you could help me out without delay."

Ellen was silent for a moment. "Are—are you in the regular aviation corps?" she asked hesitatingly.

"Why yes; but perhaps you aren't acquainted with the uniform."

Unbuttoning his wool-lined jacket, he showed her the insignia on his collar.

"Oh, I hadn't doubted you," Ellen hastened to assure him. "And I think I can let you have ten gallons. Will that be of any use?"

"Will it? Why, bless you, it will be the saving of me! And some day, perhaps, I can let you know just how much use it was."

"I'll fetch the car up. Have you got anything to pour it with?"

"No, nothing. You see how perfectly helpless I am, after all."

Ellen was thoughtful for a moment. "I'll tell you, we can take the rubber tube from my tire pump and syphon it in."

Ellen started briskly down the road, filled with misgiving. Dared she attempt the ascent, after all? Her heart was beating excitedly.

Only yesterday she had been complaining of her commonplace existence, and that nothing ever happened to her. How different it had suddenly become! And she had a chance now really to do something really worth while and for the good of the service. What important errand might he not be on!

She would drive that automobile up the ascent if it were humanly possible, she resolved pluckily, and increased her pace.

"You're a splendid walker," came the voice of a man close behind her. "It occurred to me I might as well walk down with you as to hang around here doing nothing."

Ellen was secretly glad of his company. It might serve to bolster up her courage, if it sagged a little.

"My, but this is fairly steep!" he exclaimed. "I hope your wheels are chained."

"Yes, sir, they're chained," replied Ellen. "And we can make it easily enough," she concluded, with a show of confidence she was far from feeling.

The officer took his place on the front seat beside her and they began the steep climb. On their left was an offset wall thirty feet high and below that a mass of rocks and boulders.

The motor responded perfectly to her touch of the lever and began the ascent of the hairpin. They had made a part of the way round the sharp curve when the rear wheels, encountering ice, whirred furiously and the car stood still. Ellen advanced the spark and slowly the machine began to pick up.

She could feel the officer's searching glance of her face. With firmly pressed lips she kept her eyes on the road ahead. Slowly but surely the auto rounded the curve and kept on up the steep grade. The man beside the young driver was silent. At last they were for the moment out of danger; but farther on the incline was still steeper.

Ellen's heart was in her throat. To attempt the steep grade on ahead seemed a foolhardy thing. Would the wheels hold, she wondered fearfully. Anyway she must make it. She must get the gasoline up there to the aeroplane. It was for the good of the service! The idea thrilled her and for the moment she forgot the danger.

Increasing the speed of the car she put it to the grade. Almost at the top of the incline it came to a stop. Try as she would she could not send it on another inch.

"We'll try again," she announced, coolly, and began cautiously backing the car to the bottom of the incline.

It was a terribly anxious moment. If she lost control of the machine nothing could prevent their being hurled over the frail guard fence to the rocks beneath. But with steady hand she backed the car down the icy steep, clear to the bottom of the grade and along the more gradually sloping stretch farther back.

"Now we'll go at it," she announced determinedly.

The machine leaped ahead in response to her touch, gaining speed every second. With a roar it struck the beginning of the steep grade at a tremendous speed.

"Guess we'll worry over this time," declared the officer, and a moment later they had safely gained the crest.

It was the work of but a few minutes to transfer the gasoline to the aeroplane's tank.

And a few minutes later, having first taken down Ellen's name and address in his note-book the airman was off to the eastward. The big machine was soon lost to sight in the gathering darkness and the sound of the propellor died away.

In the oncoming night Ellen began her descent of the west side of the mountain. She would be very late for supper at the Institute; but what matter?

Ten days later, while Rita and her guest were still at the Treadway home there came a letter for Ellen in an unfamiliar hand.

"Perhaps from your friend, the aviator," laughed Rita, and strange to tell, it was!

The girls watched in silence and no little curiosity while Ellen read it. After much coaxing, which she considerably enjoyed, Ellen read aloud—

"Little lady of the mountain—Probably you remember reading the account that was in all the papers a week ago of the capture by an American destroyer of the steamer Scotia, which had been supplying the Hun U-boats on this side of the Atlantic. Yet I am sure that you have no idea that you were in any way concerned in that incident. I wish I could tell you the whole story; but orders are orders. However, I am determined to say that it was your gasoline that made the whole thing possible. At the time of my fortunate encounter with the little lady of the mountain, I was the bearer of secret instructions, too important to be entrusted to the wireless—for there are spies everywhere, you know—containing information, which I delivered at sea, and which resulted in the capture of the Hun's supply ships, somewhere in the North Atlantic. If it had not been for your gasoline, graciously offered for the good of the service, I would have been too late.

Yours very gratefully,
Lieut. Jas Fairbrother.

"P.S.—The pluck you displayed in handling your car on that steep mountain road was admirable. I confess that I was pretty badly scared!"

"Imagine an aviator being scared," concluded Ellen.

"Well, you always were dependable," declared Rita appreciatively. And Ellen was doubly pleased.

ROADSIDE PLANTING

The New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse and the New York Motor Federation are completing plans for an initial demonstration, planting of trees and shrubs along the highway between Syracuse and Utica. This marks the beginning of what should become a nation-wide movement in the United States and Canada.

Motorists everywhere, of course, are sure to be interested in it, and to cooperate in it gladly. Even the best roads have little appeal to motorists if barren and shadeless.

Such roads the touring motorist seldom travels twice if he can avoid them. He passes word to his friends to choose other routes—to the consequent financial loss of the towns and villages served by the treeless roads.

It is a fact—ovvidently not appreciated in every rural district—that trees and shrubs have a distinct value in preserving the roadbed by mitigating the sun's destructive action on it in summer.

And in winter, in districts of high winds and a heavy snowfall trees, if properly planted, may be of further value in keeping the road open, by preventing the drifting of snow.

This, I repeat, is not sufficiently appreciated in every rural district. If it were, we should not see farmers clearing away every tree and bush between the road and the line of their property.

Picturesque birches, graceful elms, verdant hedges—all are sacrificed to the farmers' strange passion for "well-trimmed" roads.

Yet the farmers' property itself may suffer from this passion. Strong winds are none too friendly to growing crops, and denuding of the roadsides may mean the removal of windbreaks that would prevent much crop damage by storms.

Then, too, there can be no question that the mere sight of beautiful avenues of trees has a psychological effect which directly contributes to greater energizing and efficiency.

It tends to create, whether in touring motorist, wagon driver, or trudging pedestrian, a pleasurable mood. Pleasurable moods stimulate the whole organism, the bodily phase as much as the mental and spiritual. The result is an increased ability to think and to do.

No matter what the task, one is fatigued by it less rapidly when in a pleasurable mood than when in a neutral or disagreeable frame of mind. Every mental and physical faculty is invigorated.—H. Addington Bruce in the Star.

BEER BRUTALIZES

March 10, 1919

Dear Sir:

Observation, covering a period of years, as well as the testimony of scientific men and others, leads all candid men to declare that beer is brutalizing.

Some one was insisting that beer did no harm—it could not. An army officer—a Colonel—overhearing the remark replied, "You may be right, but I lived in the same apartment once with a German who came from church every Sunday bringing on his shoulder an 'eighth' keg of beer. He drank it till night and then he always wound up by kicking his wife downstairs."

Another of the men suggested that the beer-drinking habits of the German people might account for atrocious tendencies among German soldiers. A gentleman in the group, intelligent, well-informed and frank said, "You may not know that I have been a drinker myself, in an occasional moderate way. A beer drinker. For a while I took a glass of beer when it was handy, or I was invited to do so. Just a glass of beer at one time, because I chose to, and had no scruples against it. But by-and-by I discovered that for a day or two after the one glass I felt differently. A kind of brutal feeling possessed me, at which I first wondered, but which I could not immediately throw off. Then I began to study over it, trying to think it out. After a number of experiences, making a fair test, there was but one conclusion—the beer had a brutalizing effect upon me. It made me want to do brutal things. I stopped it, entirely, and the brutal tendency stopped."

No other word fits the case. The brutality of the German army in France and Belgium has shocked the civilized people.

Yours to Victory,
J. H. HAZLEWOOD,
Dept. Social Service.

PROVE THE HEROISM THAT IS IN YOU

There is plenty of heroism in human nature. Prove it by the mother whose heart is broken by the loss of her first-born, but yet remembers the other little ones dependent on her, and teaches her sad lips to smile, and refuses to her aching eyes the comfort of tears. Prove it by the man of business who, reduced to a sudden poverty, stripped of the accumulations of a lifetime by some thunderbolt of disaster, sets his teeth and squares his shoulders and begins all over again, without allowing himself to doubt the outcome. The boy who puts his arm about his widowed mother and says, "Don't cry, mother, I'll take care of you," is not an exceptional hero. The world is full of just this sort of heroism, springing up responsive to some crisis.

What we need is to apply our courage to the small things in life.

HOLD THE HEIGHT YOU HAVE GAINED

Almost every one is admirable at heights. The most selfish rise in emergencies to the heights of self-forgetfulness. The commonplace, ordinary, uninteresting people frequently show themselves capable of wonderful nobility. You may have known this shallow little woman all your life, but when you see her with her sick child in her arms, you seem to be looking on the face of a stranger. Many a boy who has been the family black sheep has died like a hero for his country.

The sad part is that there should be such a difference between our best selves and our everyday selves, that our generosity and self-sacrifice should be like a flame shooting skyward for a minute, and then quickly dying down. If we lived up to our best moments, if we made these flashes of nobility permanent, our lives would not fall so far short of what God meant them to be. But why not? What we have done, we can do. What we have been, we can be again. The heights we have reached we can hold.

TRANSPLANTING

Trees from 4 to 10 inches in diameter can be very successfully transplanted by the following methods: The spring before the tree is to be transplanted, a trench 15 to 24 inches deep should be dug around the tree, leaving a ball of earth from 4 to 8 feet in diameter, depending on the size of the tree and the amount of earth which can be moved later with the tree. Good drainage must be provided and the trench filled with a rich compost. During the summer the cut roots will throw out numerous new roots into the rich compost and in the following spring the tree can be lifted with this mass of fibrous roots practically intact; these quickly re-establish themselves in a new position. Regular watering will usually be essential to the successful starting of large trees. Two or three lines of tile placed in position at transplanting leading well down under the roots will afford the most satisfactory method.

All evergreen plants require special care in transplanting because of the leaf surface exposure during the entire year. They should be lifted with a ball of earth which should be kept intact and the tops should be protected from the hot-sun and direct winds. April and May are the preferable months for transplanting all evergreens. They should never be transplanted in the fall.

THE IRONSIDE MAPLE BUSH

The maple bush operated by the Catholic Fathers is situated near the village of Ironside on the Gatineau River, Quebec, five miles from the city of Ottawa. The grove contains 3,500 trees available for tapping. It is operated on the most modern system. Fifteen years experience has taught that to make good syrup the sap must be gathered every day and placed at once in the evaporator. Evaporation must be done rapidly, the sap being placed in small quantities on a bright steady fire. The wood for the fire preferred is a mixture of maple and soft-wood like pine and spruce. About 35 cords are used in a season. An up-to-date evaporator, with a corrugated bottom, set on such a fire can turn out 140 gallons of sap per hour.

The 3,500 trees give an average crop of 500 gallons of syrup per year, or one gallon of syrup from an average of 7 trees. The spouts are of enamelware, and only tin pails are used. The Ironside sugar makers also emphasize cleanliness if first class syrup is desired. Frequent and careful washing of all utensils is absolutely necessary. At $2.00 a gallon, the price received last year, the return for the season's effort amounted to about $1,000.00.

USE OF POULTRY MANURE

Poultry manure contains about 20 pounds of nitrogen, 16 pounds of phosphoric acid and 9.6 pounds of potash per ton. This high nitrogen content fits it especially well to fertilize vegetables. Timothy is also well suited to utilize the plant food in poultry manure. When used in connection with acid phosphate at the rate of 100 pounds to each ton of manure, it can be used with good advantage for corn. In using poultry manure remember that it has about twice as much nitrogen and twice as much phosphoric acid as ordinary barnyard manure and its rate of application should be about half as many tons per acre as in the case of barnyard manure. Sprinkling sawdust or muck or finely cut straw together with acid phosphate under the roost will have a tendency to save much of the nitrogen which might otherwise escape. Lime and wood ashes should never be mixed with manure of any kind. The action of the calcium will cause very serious loss of nitrogen.—Pennsylvania Experiment Station.

SPRING TOP-DRESSING IS VERY IMPORTANT

Proper application is the key to best results from top-dressing winter wheat in the spring. Many successful wheat growers distribute fertilizers on wheat, through the wheat drill fertilizer attachment. This is done as soon as the ground is dry enough to drive over. The hoes of disks are not let down, consequently they do not injure the growing wheat. Drilling is done with the rows and not across them.

If you do not have a fertilizer drill, apply fertilizers with a lime spreader. Good results have been obtained by following an application of fertilizers with a light harrowing. If you have an adjustable harrow, set the teeth back at an angle of 45 degrees. This prevents dragging out the wheat. Light harrowing breaks the soil-crust and works the fertilizer into the soil. If the wheat has heaved badly, it is a good practice to roll it lightly before harrowing.

THE HAPPY HOME

I have peeped into quiet parlors where the carpet is clean and not old, and the furniture is polished and bright, into rooms where the chairs are neat and the floor carpeted; into kitchens where the family live, and the meals are cooked and eaten, and the boys and girls are as blithe and joyous as the sparrows overhead, and I see that it is not so much wealth, or learning or clothes, or servants, or toil, or idleness, of town, or country, or station, as it is tone and temper that render homes happy or wretched. And I see, too, that in town or country, good sense and kind feeling and God's grace make life what no teachers, or accomplishment, or means, or society can make it—the opening stave of an everlasting psalm—the fair beginning of an endless and blessed existence—the goodly, modest, well-proportioned vestibule to a temple of God's building that shall never decay or wax old or vanish away.—John Hall.

THE REAL SUBJECT UNDER DISCUSSION

Two brothers in our town living side by side had the habit of borrowing tools from each other. One of them, needing his hammer which his brother had borrowed, sent little Mabel to get it. When it was handed to her she said:

"I should fink when you borrow my papa's hammer you'd bring it back without some one having to come after it."

Her uncle said: "I should think when your papa borrows my wheelbarrow he would bring it back without my having to go after it."

"Oh, well," she flung back, "we're not talking about wheel-barrows, we're talking about hammers."—P.R.H.

WISCONSIN'S WELCOME TO ITS SOLDIER SONS

The state of Wisconsin is welcoming home its soldier sons with a fine plan for educating those who need help. The state University now gives free education to all native born young men and as an added help it will offer a godly number of scholarships for returning soldier boys. The sum of five thousand dollars has already been set aside for "war scholarships." This will be distributed into fifty paying seventy-five dollars each, and fifty paying twenty-five. Next will be offered fifty more scholarships giving a return of one hundred dollars a year to every man chosen. As the need becomes clear the system will be expanded so as to help all ambitious boys who have sacrificed in the cause of country.

FISH OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

The fish of the Hawaiian Islands were first officially recorded as early as 1728 by Broussonet from specimens obtained during Captain Cook's third voyage to the islands. In 1903 the United States fish commission described 902 species of fish belonging to the region of the Hawaiian Islands, including a large number of the giant mackerel, such as the swordfish, tuna, oceanic bonito, and albacore. With such available and authentic records it is surprising that Hawaii is only coming into its own as one of the world's game fish resorts.

AVOIDING ELECTRIC SHOCKS

Leakage from defective electric appliances is especially dangerous in bath rooms, toilet rooms, kitchens, laundries, etc., because of the frequent dampness of these rooms and the exposed plumbing. If at all possible, it is advisable to have the electric lights in such rooms placed out of reach, controlling them by wall switches near the entrance and well away from all plumbing or other grounded fixtures. It is always dangerous to handle electric switches or appliances when the hands are wet, or even moist.

IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE BOY

"It often happens," said a modern writer, "that perseverance has to become a steerage passenger on the way to success." The comment was called forth by the story of Bayard Taylor. This youth, reared on a farm, had literary aspirations, and when he was about nineteen, resolved to see the world. His only capital was a few poems, and with them he visited Philadelphia. He succeeded in persuading the publishers of two magazines to advance him fifty dollars apiece for letters he should write from across the water, and he actually succeeded in disposing of his poems for another forty. With this hundred and forty dollars he started out to see Europe, going steerage, that he might save enough for the future expenses of his trip. He visited the British Isles, Belgium, Germany, Austria, and Italy, travelling most of the way on foot and sometimes living on a few cents a day. In London, to which he returned, he remained some time earning a very scanty living by his pen, but when he returned to America he found his fortune made. His letters had established his reputation.

"I wish I could get an education," says a youth. "But it's out of the question." That depends. Perhaps it is if you want all the luxuries and pleasures so often associated with an education in these days. If you are willing to put up with hardship, to do menial work, to be snubbed, possibly, by those with more money than manners, you can get about anything you care to go after. Everything is possible to the youth who is willing to take steerage passage on the way to success.

FROM A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

Of late I notice illustrations of cigarette advertisements run to stern-browed men or boyish Hammies instead of voluptuous Egyptian, sinuous Turkish or stately American beauties, although formerly pictures of the more deadly of the species predominated in advertisements of this kind. Wonder if there is a cycle of fashion in advertising as in clothes? It would be interesting to save some of the present day advertisements for seven years (styles in clothes are said to repeat themselves every seven years) and see if advertising and clothes may not be in the same boat as far as this cycle stuff is concerned.

Aunt Jemima's black face smiling at me from the back page of a magazine I purchased last evening took me back to the days of my childhood when "mammy" used to call me in the kitchen and give me a plate of flapjacks and old-fashioned Louisiana open kettle 'lasses poured over them in "crinkles." Just a picture and a few words, but that "little touch of nature that makes the whole world akin" has pulling power far beyond that of a page of cold logic. It is quite evident that the originator of the Aunt Jemima advertisements is fully persuaded that applied psychology is the foundation of all successful advertising.

HOW POTATOES WERE MADE POPULAR IN FRANCE

The first attempt to introduce potatoes in France, according to a recent writer, was due to a well-known scientific authority named Parmentier. This was in the seventeenth century. He imported some of the plants, set them out in a field near Paris, and by means of learned pamphlets and talk with the people, tried to have the new vegetable brought into cultivation and the market.

But it was all in vain. Potatoes did not prove attractive; and when the planted ones matured, it seemed that they would rot in the ground on account of the prejudice against them.

Then some wise man who knew human nature—a student of psychology with practical ideas—suggested that peasants could not be made to try potatoes by persuasion, but might be led to adopt them if they were forbidden to eat them.

His idea was adopted. Many signs were painted and erected in plain sight, forbidding under severe penalties any one from taking any potatoes from the field.

The peasants at once began to raid the hills; and before long most of the ripe tubers were stolen and eaten with relish.

POSTPONING HELPFULNESS

Some people are putting off helpfulness till they have more to give away and some are putting off enjoyment till they have made their pile and can give their minds to pleasure, and both classes are woefully mistaken. To postpone either helpfulness or enjoyment to some indefinite future, is to make it probable that you will never be happy or useful.

AIM TO WIN

Leave other people to make excuses for you. Aim to win, to do what has to be done, and, if you fail, do not comfort yourself with the thought that failure was inevitable. Take it for granted that you are to succeed ultimately, and make each new obstacle a reason for trying harder.

Cowards sing at night because they are afraid. Women laugh at love for the same reason.

Relief for Suffering Everywhere.—He whose life is made miserable by the suffering that comes from indigestion and has not tired Parmelee's Vegetable Pills does not know how easily this formidable foe can be dealt with. These pills will relieve where others fail. They are the result of long and patient study and are confidently put forward as a sure corrector of disorders of the digestive organs, from which so many suffer.

A CREED

Breathes there a man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said: "I'll till more land to make more bread to save the cost of overhead. I'll plow my fields for early corn; the squash shall ramble o'er my lawn. I'll fill my driveways full of corn and plenty shall my board adorn. We'll raise things that we love so well; the onion with its vigorous smell; the cukes whose eager pains we quell; the squash which spreads like umbrell; potatoes that perhaps sell—and while about it, we may's well raise everything excepting, well—."—Electric Bulletin.

Thoughts that disturb men most never enter a woman's head.

If a man is his own worst enemy he has a one-sided fight on his hands.

The sense of touch is highly developed in the man who knows just when to ask for a loan.

Don't Prod Your Liver to Action

NR Overcomes Biliousness, Constipation, Sick Headache, Quickly. No Griping or Pain. Guaranteed.

The organs of digestion, assimilation and elimination—the stomach, liver and bowels—are closely allied, and the proper action of any of these organs is largely dependent upon the correct functioning of all the others.

"Whipping" your liver into action with calomel or forcing your bowels with irritating laxatives or strong cathartics is a great mistake. A better, safer plan is strengthening and tonning the whole digestive and eliminative system with Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets), which not only brings immediate relief, but genuine and lasting benefit. It acts on the stomach, liver, bowels and kidneys, improves digestion and assimilation, overcomes biliousness, corrects constipation and quickly relieves sick headache.

Get your system thoroughly cleansed and purified for once; stomach, liver and bowels working together in vigorous harmony, and you will not have to take medicine every day—just take one NR Tablet occasionally to keep your system in good condition and always feel your best. Remember it is easier and cheaper to keep well than it is to get well.

Get a 25c box and try it with the understanding that it must give you greater relief and benefit than any bowel or liver medicine you ever used or no pay. Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) is sold, guaranteed and recommended by your druggist.

E. J. HASSARD - ACTON, ONT

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Butter Spreaders, per dozen $9.50.
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Cold Meat Forks, each $1.50.
Berry Spoons, each $2.50.
Dessert Knives and Forks, per dozen $5.50.
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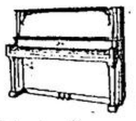

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