The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1919

"CLEAR THE WAY"

Men of thought; be up and stirring
Night and day;
Row the seed—withdraw the curtain—
Clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them
As ye may!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's midnight blackness changing
Into gray;
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper—aid it, type—
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
From the day;
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay;
Lo! the right's about to conquer,
Clear the way!
With the Right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant Wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

—Charles MacKay

BEFORE SHE KNEW

A young lady catching sight of an old friend in a crowded store, made her way hastily through the throng to where the lady stood. In her eagerness she accidentally brushed against a small girl, who was standing close beside the friend, evidently desirous of avoiding a separation in the confusion. The young lady stopped and bent to the child with a courteous, "Please pardon my awkwardness, my dear!" and the next moment, discovering that the little one was clinging to her friend's hand she exclaimed in surprise: "Oh, it is your little neighbor of whom you have told me—Judge Hartley's little daughter! I am so glad of the opportunity to meet her!"

After a short talk the two friends separated and the small girl said to the one under whose care she was making the tour of the big store: "Isn't she beautiful? And she was just as polite to me as if I were a grown-up lady."

"Why, of course she would be polite to you, dear, knowing of your father as she does, and that you are a particular friend of my own, too—and then, you are a fine, courteous little girl yourself."

"But she spoke that way before she knew who I was," insisted the child. "It would have been the same if I had been any other little girl." Then after a thoughtful moment, "I mean to be just like her when I am a grown-up lady, so all the little girls will love me."

DRAINAGE LESSENS THE LIKELIHOOD OF DAMAGE CAUSED BY HEAVING

The heaving of plant roots, which so disastrously affects clover and alfalfa crops, is caused by the presence of an excess of water in the soil. Freezing water inevitably expands. Its expansive power is almost infinite. It bursts the most solid rock asunder. If the soil is full of water it cannot expand either downwards or sidewise. Soil, crops, everything "heaves" as a result provided the soil is a close textured one and large pore spaces afford no safety valve. In the spring when the ice melts, the soil settles back faster than do the roots, so that the plants are left "heaved" out of the ground. This often breaks the roots and kills the plant. Now the water does not stand near the surface of well drained places, and consequently little or no heaving occurs. Its granular condition also gives the soil a springy, resistant power, enabling it to absorb to take up as it were the expansion of the ice without itself actually rising to any marked extent. No soil heavwhere drains work well and are laid lag or root tearing can take place deeep enough to keep the water level down near the frost line.—Vermont Experimental Station.

DISCOVERING HIMSELF

Every explorer meets surprises. Columbus started out to find a western route to the East Indies, and he found a new world. In seeking the sources of rivers, explorers have stumbled upon some of nature's secrets, mineral wealth in the earth waiting only a strong hand to claim it. And in self-exploration there are like surprises. Most of us know ourselves along the coast, so to speak. Of the country further inland, of its wealth of fertility, we have but the vaguest ideas. Most people go through life without realising half of their own possibilities, without appropriating more than a small fraction of their inward wealth.

We sometimes are perplexed to understand the motives which lead a man to leave the comforts of his home to go in search of the North Pole, or to wander through African swamps. But it is not a puzzle to see why every one should be interested in self-discovery. The perplexing thing is that so many are satisfied to live on the outskirts of their own natures.

Warts are disfigurements that disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Cure.

SHIRKING RESPONSIBILITY

The readiness to accept and discharge responsibilities is the test of manhood and womanhood. There are some young people who find themselves of such overwerening importance that they forget all about their responsibilities to others. Father and mother may be having a hard time financially, but the son away from home needs all he can earn to put himself ahead. And thousands of other young people see the needs of all about them, realize the demand for workers in every line of uplift, and yet keep on devoting their entire attention to their own affairs.

Selfishness like this reveals a fundamental lack. The people who take no responsibility for any of the world but themselves fall short of the requirements of real manliness.

RICH PARENTS NOT NECESSARY

If a boy's ambition is to be a successful man of affairs, it would seem that he would do well to begin by selecting parents in very moderate circumstances. Forbes' Magazine shows that among fifty notably successful Americans only nine had "rich" parents, seventeen had parents in "moderate" circumstances, while the parents of twenty-four are classed as "poor." Among those whose parents were "rich" are J. Ogden Armour, Cyrus H. McCormick, J. P. Morgan and Cornelius Vanderbilt. Those whose forebears were "poor" include Andrew Carnegie, Thomas A. Edison, Henry Ford, John D. Rockefeller, Charles M. Schwab and F. W. Woolworth.

THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK TOWER

This clock tower is a fine place in which to think, and dream, and observe. It often strikes me when I see people pass each other on the street who know each other well, and with a freezing nod go by, how much pleasanter 'twould be if they took time for a cheery word of greeting and a smile. Wouldn't it be better for all of us if we'd start our smile early in the morning and work it overtime. That's what makes a town great and makes people stick when they come. It's the "glad-to-see-you," and "Hope-you'll-stay" signs we have out that catch people. Vinegar never catches flies. We all know that for grandmother told us. Flies have sense and are cunning, like folks, for you have to put in the sweet dope a whole lot to catch them. You don't have to tanglefoot a man though. Just get that glad hand out as a Reception Committee and give him a slap on the shoulder when he leaves, and he'll not only stick to Acton but he may build a house and raise a family of voters to help keep the old town going. It's the good things you say and little deeds you do that take root and make a man want to live neighbor to you. Think this over, anyway.

The past week I have been watching our citizens tip-toeing around through the slush occasioned by the big snowfall of a week or so ago. I have heard remarks on how slushy the walking was and I have been down out of the tower and strolling around our fair town a bit. I also recall having been in other towns of the size of ours at like seasons and of being in "the city" at about this time of year. But I do not recall any town or street in the city under like conditions where the walking on the whole was as good as our own town. Don't mistake me, now, I am giving credit where it is due. feel justly proud of the conditions of the streets during the spring and all through the year. True we have a few places, such as in front of the Baptist Church the Free Press office and at Williams shoe store, where the road is higher than the street and the water consequently backs up and runs over the sidewalk. But to be fair, have any of you ever been in a town where you could walk around in springtime without rubbers. I haven't, and let me tell you I have been to Georgetown, Milton, Glenwilliams and lots of other places and the boot and shoe merchants do just as big a trade in rubbers there as they do here. Our streets are slushy, but we're not half as bad off as most places.

There is one thing in my life that I will always be sorry for. If I had thought that six people in Acton would read what I might have been writing for years, I would have started long ago. I'm not getting a bump on myself. I'm too old for that. But it just sort of "tickles" me to think that some people will read this column. And the funniest thing about it all is that the week I told you about my dream I just seemed to drop from the clouds right in the limelight. Queer what a fellow will dream, isn't it? One difficulty I have been experiencing is that I have to be mighty particular just what I say. I have been accused of insulting the government by the remarks I passed about the flags on the Post Office and Town Hall a few weeks ago. Was I half as insulting as any one was who hoisted that remnant and called it a flag? But, what's the use. I'm going right on writing regardless of opinion. I don't give a "continental" for the man who daren't open his mouth on matters of public interest, and deep down in your heart, neither do you.

I have just finished looking over, for the second time, that periodical which gives me a voice—the Free Press. Let me tell you there is one organization I do like. That is the Junior I. O. D. E.—the first organization to go a step better than anything I even suggested. I don't know who the members are, and don't know as I am sure what the initials stand for, but they sure suit me. I'm rather childish about such things (an old man's privilege) and when I see some one who agrees with my views—that the town needs a new flag—it just naturally makes me feel good all over. I have not found out how much money the Shamrock tea furnished for the enterprise, but I hope it was sufficient for an everlasting iron clad flag, so that I won't have to mention it again.

THE OLD MAN

DEMONSTRATING YOUR ABILITY FOR SOMETHING BETTER

If you consider the work you are doing beneath you, do it so pre-eminently well that other people will come to the same conclusion. To slight your work, to do it in a half-hearted, indifferent fashion is a very poor way of getting promotion. No one is likely to be kept long in the place for which he has proved himself too big. There is too great a demand for high-grade workers for any one to be allowed to waste himself on inferior work after once he has demonstrated his capacity for something better.

Makes Breathing Easy. The constrictions of the air passages and the struggle for breath, too familiar evidence of asthmatic trouble, cannot daunt Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. This is the famous remedy which is known far and wide for its complete effectiveness even under very severe conditions. It is no untried, experimental preparation, but one with many years of strong service behind it. But it from your nearest dealer.

QUALITY AND QUANTITY OF SEEDS

Low yields or failure in obtaining satisfactory returns from fertilizers are directly traceable more often to poor quality of seed which the farmer uses than to bad weather. You may use high-priced land, give it thorough preparation, use plenty of high-priced fertilizers, but if you plant poor quality seed best results cannot be obtained. The Ontario Agricultural College has found, as an average of 18 years' test, that where large, plump wheat seed are used, nearly 47 bushels of wheat were harvested per acre; where small, plump wheat was used a little over 40 bushels is harvested per acre; shrunken seed, 39 bushels; broken seed 2 bushels per acre. Fertilizers will give best results when suitable varieties of crops are used, and especially when seed of first quality is planted.

THE GREAT WEST AGAIN

Were the gospel privileges in the great west dispensed with as rigid an adherence to denominationalism as by the "old line" bodies in the east, a vast number of settlements would have to go without anything like regular services. But two methods are employed, by one of which in large numbers of localities the difficulty is overcome.

One is the "Union Church," wherein Methodists and Presbyterian adherents combine forces and hold service in the most commodious edifice, no matter to which body it formerly belonged. The minister is engaged by special call and agreement and lives in the most suitable manse or parsonage as the case may be. The arrangement has little of the broad connexional features, although the minister is responsible to his original denomination as to character and conduct and missionary contributions are devoted equally or prorata.

The other plan is the co-operation system, whereby the people of a community or set of communities are grouped without regard to former affiliations and are placed under the charge of a minister who conducts the work as under his own denominational authorities. These are often "charges" or "circuits" in alternate blocks. By this means there is more direct contact with the great connexional life of the churches and will ultimately be easier merged into the great "union" which of course is bound to come

The latter is the system in vogue in this part of the vast prairie land where I am spending a pleasant winter. Rev. Mr. Brown ministers to a set of appointments in every one of which are a combination of denominations, but working together and appreciative of the work done for them. Were they rigidly adhering to the old style of management ministers would have vast distances to travel to have enough people for a charge and in each place so few that enthusiasm or working interest would be very low.

The splendid Red Cross movement finds some of its most earnest and diligent workers amongst these scattered western hamlets. Women have been busy knitting and sewing notwithstanding many home responsibilities, while church Ladies' Aids and Women's Institutes devised means of increasing the outputs of this great benevolence. I was present at a large house party dinner given in a farm residence, as commodious and well-equipped as perhaps any I ever entered in Ontario, the voluntary contributions being given to the Red Cross. People drove distances of eight or ten miles. Sixty-seven adults were present, and all but perhaps a dozen were seated at the first serving. A programme followed, conducted by a young lady of the home, and one of the items was a reading from Dickens by the venerable mother, sixty-seven years of age. The family "took up land" among the very first, coming from near Drumbo, Ont.

Politics are not a dead issue among western farmers. But the old parties will have some altering of principles, or practice if they are going to hold the western vote. A gifted speaker came to a local U. F. A. centre, whom I heard, expostulating on the merits of the Non-Partisan League and whatever may be the outcome when it comes to a voting showdown, he awakened an immense amount of enthusiasm and subsequent commendation, as he showed in substance that as far as the farmers are concerned the only difference between Grit and Tory is that when 'one is in the other is out." No doubt farmers are very restless here at the enormous prices they have to pay for necessities owing to tariff regulations.

J. S. COLEMAN.

The Parsonage, New Brigden, Alta.

The indications of worms are restlessness, grinding of the teeth, picking of the nose, extreme peevishness, often convulsions. Under these conditions the best remedy that can be got is Miller's Worm Powders. They will attack as soon as administered and will grind them into atoms that pass away in the evacuations. The little sufferer will be immediately eased and a return of the attack will not be likely.

SCENTS OF JUSTICE

A gentleman visiting a jail noticed a colored man of his acquaintance whom he had never known to be guilty of wrong-doing.

"Why, Jim, what are you here for?" he asked.

"I don't know, suh," replied the negro.

"Well, what have you been doing?"

"Nothin' tall, suh—nothin' 'tall."

"What made 'em put you in here, then?"

"Well, dey sex, boss I wus sent up fur fragrancy."—Lippincott's.

A CAT AS LIFE SAVER

A story went the rounds of the press recently about a cat in Boston which had saved the lives, by its mewings, of two elderly women in a room into which gas from a broken street main was escaping. We sent an officer of the Society to see how much of the story was truth and how much fiction. It was found that the reporters had not even told the whole story. The cat, called 'Sport," had roused one of the sleeping women not only by its loud mewing but by pulling at the bedclothes. "Sport" deserves a medal even if he made his outcry only because of the strange odor of the gas.—Our Dumb Animals.

I HAD A FRIEND

"What is the secret of your life?" asked Mrs. Browning of Charles Kingsley; "tell me, that I may make mine beautiful, too." He replied: "I had a friend."

Truer words were never spoken. There is nothing that brings sunshine to our lives, takes us out of ourself, and makes life really beautiful and worth the living, like a friend.

A true friend is heaven's choicest gift. And when we have such, let nothing separate us. Let us love them and cherish them, and, above all, let us trust them. There may be actions and words that we do not understand and that pain us, but let our faith be stronger than these, and then nothing will separate us.

"Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face. Now we know in part; then shall we know even as we are known."

Let us cultivate in ourselves what we long for in our friends; sweetness of character, evenness of temper, confidence, loyalty, patience, sympathy and love.

"Let us cultivate in ourselves what to all we meet, but let it be only the few—the choice ones—who come close to our hearts, sharing our deepest thoughts and inmost feelings, entering into the inner sanctuary of our lives.

Our dearest friend is He who said: "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." This friend will make us good and true.

In eternity we shall know the friends we have so loved here. "Friendships in Christ are forever. Those that live in the Lord never see each other for the last time."—Selected.

A Pill for All Seasons.—Winter and summer, in any latitude, whether in torrid zone or Arctic temperature, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be depended upon to do their work. The dyspeptic will find them a friend always and should carry them with him everywhere. They are made to withstand any climate and are warranted to keep their freshness and strength. They do not grow stale, a quality not possessed in many pills now on the market.

GUNNY SACKS HANDY IN GETTING AUTO OUT OF MUD

The statement comes to us that an autoist has found that when he is accompanied on a trip by gunny sacks folded into a compartment of the car, he can feel he is insured in a measure against getting stuck in the mud holes. The following is the way the gunny sacks are used:

When he strikes a muddy spot in the road, where there is danger of being mired by the repeated slipping of the driving wheels, he makes use of the sacks. They are folded lengthwise and laid directly in front of the driving wheels. This gives the necessary traction and the car soon draws itself out of the mud. The sacks are recovered if the probability is that they will soon be need again, and may be washed at a near-by pump or stream, if necessary.

HE WAS THE OLDEST AERONAUT

M. Wilfrid de Fonvielle, who has just died, was the oldest aeronaut in the world. Two of his ascents have remained famous. In 1858 he established a record by remaining two whole days in the air between Paris and Compiegne. In 1869, in company with Gaston Tissandier, he made another record of a different kind by covering a distance of ninety kilometers in the space of thirty-five minutes. Born on July 26, 1826, he was approaching his eighty-eighth birthday.—Westminster Gazette.

A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

Miss Kelly Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Newark, N. J.—"For about three years I suffered from nervous breakdown and got so weak I could hardly stand, and had headaches every day. I tried everything I could think of and was under a physician's care for two years. A girl friend had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and she told me about it. From the first day I took it I began to feel better and now I am well and able to do most any kind of work. I have been recommending the Compound ever since and give you my permission to publish this letter."—Miss FLO KELLY, 476 So. 14th St., Newark, N. J.

The reason this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, was so successful in Miss Kelly's case was because it went to the root of her trouble, restored her to a normal healthy condition and as a result her nervousness disappeared.

REAL RECREATION

The recreation which leaves you jaded, unfit for the next day's work should be avoided. Either it has been overdone, or it is the wrong sort. Recreation means making over, you know, not unmaking or breaking down.

A good, healthy weariness is not objectionable. Many a girl comes home so tired from a long walk or an afternoon of skating, that she finds it necessary to make a very early start for bed, and falls asleep almost as soon as her head touches the pillow. But by morning she is alert and rested and her mind acts quickly. Her sense of fatigue has passed, proving that the recreation of the previous day was worthy the name.

The recreation which makes you sleepy and stupid at school next day, or nervous and irritable at home, is the sort to avoid. No girl should be ambitious for good times which unfit her for doing her work, or for being an agreeable companion in the home and outside. There is plenty of real recreation to be had, recreation which builds up, instead of tearing down. Seek that sort and leave the rest alone.

THE EASY WAY

It is often easier to get your own way by underhand methods than by those which are straight-forward. Sometimes flattery is effective where candor fails. A trick may secure ends which sincerity fails to gain. Tact is important, but only as an adjunct to methods that are open and aboveboard. The people who go through life with the assumption that every one needs to be "humbled," that cajolery and cleverness are of the first importance in getting on with one's fellows, are making a tremendous mistake. Tact is not trickery. It is not necessary to flatter your friends, and humor their worst weakness, in order to get results.

Flattery is the easy course. Lazy people choose it because it is less trouble than directness and sincerity combined with tact. Wheedling another into giving you your way is frequently simpler than proving that your way is better. But success thus gained cannot be in the nature of the case, give any one any especial satisfaction.

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A child cannot choose its period of growth. Nature attends to this with laws well-nigh inalterable. A child of retarded growth or feeble vitality needs and should have help to promote healthful growth.
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Railway Time Tables
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Grand Trunk Railway System

Going West

No. 29	8.13 a.m.
No. 31	10.19 a.m.
No. 33	2.19 p.m.
No. 189	5.53 p.m.
No. 37	8.12 p.m.

Going East

No. 28	9.28 a.m.
No. 32	3.28 p.m.
No. 34	6.16 p.m.
No. 38	8.12 p.m.

Sunday trains pass through Acton going west at 10.16 a.m. and east at 7.00 p.m.

Toronto Suburban Electric Railway

Going West

9.17 a.m.	Daily except Sunday
3.32 p.m.	Daily except Sunday
5.09 p.m.	Daily except Sunday
11.02 a.m.	Sunday only
6.32 p.m.	Sunday only

Going East

7.45 a.m.	Daily except Sunday
2.02 p.m.	Daily except Sunday
6.18 p.m.	Daily except Sunday
9.58 a.m.	Sunday only
5.48 p.m.	Sunday only

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