The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1919

GRUMPS

I wouldn't like to be a grump;
I don't like grumps, do you?
I' drather be most anything
Than be a grump, it's true.
I'd rather be a fiddle bug
'N' fiddle all day long,
A grump's the wuntest thing there is;
Don't no a grump; it's wrong.

I like them little fiddle bugs,
A-playin' in the fall,
A-praisin' all the harvest fields.
I don't like grumps at all.
I'd ruther be a hoppy toad
'N' live on worms 'n' jump
'N' keep the bugs's off o' flowers.
I wouldn't be a grump.

I'd ruther be a yaller tail
'N' set 'n' drum 'n' drum
On one them little catnip twigs
Than be no awful glum.
A grump's contrivin' all the time
For makin' people sad.
I'd ruther be a fuzzy-wux
Than be a grump, I had!

—Boston Transcript

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, June 15, 1899

The new bridge on Church Street over the mill stream, and the approaches thereto were completed last week.

Two fine new barns will be raised in this vicinity this week. One on the farm of Mr. William Plank and the other on the farm of Mr. Oliver Lanby.

Mr. E. W. Lee, teacher of music, who has had classes in Acton for several years, will give a piano recital on Wednesday evening. A number of Mr. Lee's Acton pupils and about a dozen from Milton will take part in the recital.

A garden party will be held on the lawn of the Misses Laing next Tuesday evening under the auspices of the Epworth League. The Sunday School orchestra and Acton Cornet Band will be assisted by a number of good vocalists in providing the programme.

Company 6, Lorne Rifles, writes from Camp Niagara: "We left Burlington about 5 o'clock and were about three hours on the lake. Our tents were all pitched for us and when we got our knapsacks unloaded the bugle called for supper. We lined up and marched to the mess tents. Here we were waited upon by attentive waiters and an officer came at intervals to report any complaints. The company has greatly improved during the past week and the men are determined to lead the whole camp in general efficiency. I expect No. 6 will figure conspicuously in the coming concert of the camp, as we have in our midst some of the best singers and instrumental musicians in this camp of some 4,000 men."

DIED

WORDEN—At her home, lot 32, con. 2, Esquesing, near Acton, on June 10, Charlotte G., daughter of the late John Worden, aged 37 years.

"MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!"

I wonder, writes one of our readers, whether the boys and girls—and the men and women—who try to follow the Companion's good advice, ever feel defrauded when their efforts do not meet with the success that similar conduct wins in the stories? That is not because the incidents in the stories are untrue, but because they are selected incidents; they picture the conditions that ought to exist in daily life. Now we cannot try too hard to make life what it ought to be, but we must not ignore the baffling conditions of life that too often exist.

Not long ago my conscience was stirred by a plea in the Companion for paying little helpful courtesies to the stranger along the way. Very promptly came my opportunity—in a subway car.

A forlorn old woman entered the car; she was ragged, dirty, haggard. She mumbled a question about Sullivan Square that the conductor did not hear, so as she tottered into a seat beside me I said pleasantly:

"This car does not go to Sullivan Square; you must change at the next station."

"Mind your own business!" she snapped.

By the time I recovered from that splash of cold water the car had stopped and passengers were filing out. The half-witted old creature sat solidly in her seat, paying no heed to the conductor's reiterated, "Change for Sullivan Square!" and so forth. It was her last chance—and mine. I leaned toward her once more.

"Everyone who wishes to go to Sullivan Square must change here," I announced casually, yet distinctly. With her left hand she folded together her left ear (the one next to me) and defiantly stuck it out at me. The nearby passengers smiled—who could help it?—the gong sounded, the car moved on, and I barely collected my senses in time to alight at my own destination. She was now the conductor's "business." How he discharged it I have often wondered.

And the moral: To follow her advice and "mind my own business" forever after? Certainly. But the truth is that the poor old soul was my business; it was she and not I who failed to see it—she who had been so jeered at all her life that she never dreamed a kind word could be spoken to her. I am glad that I could smile with the other passengers at my own discomfiture, and feel no disposition to "take it out" of the next claimant—for she turned my good-will right-side-out again.

It happened a few weeks later on a steamboat on a lovely little New Hampshire lake. My friends and I knew every curve of the shore; but a gray-haired lady sat apart near by, trying to get some information from a meagre time-table.

At length her eyes met mine with so much question in them that I leaned over and pointed out for her the objects of interest we were then passing. The act recalled my experience with a former travelling companion, but this time I had no fear of any misunderstanding. Our little circle opened to let the stranger in and for what she received she returned to us from her fund of experience and quiet humor measure for measure.

When we separated she earnestly thanked us for giving her so delightful a trip when she had feared to be lonesome; and she detained me to say in an undertone:

"My dear, you will get your reward sometime for going about making other people happy."

"You are giving it to me now—more than I deserve," I answered with a throb of surprise as we shook hands.

A little thing? Yes, hardly worth mentioning. I no more deserved this woman's praise than the other's blame, but in averaging up the two accounts I find myself the richer by a wide margin of happiness and warm human friendliness.

Pills of Attested Value—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of careful study of the properties of certain roots and herbs, and the action of such as cathartics and laxatives on the digestive apparatus. The success the compounders have met with attests the value of their work. These pills have been recognized for many years as the best cleansers of the system that can be got. Their excellence was recognized from the first and they grow more popular daily.

DR. WHEELER'S PRESCRIPTION

Dr. Richard Wheeler war preparing to leave the office in response to a call from the country, when his nephew, Robert Singleton, unexpectedly opened the door. A frown, which did not escape his uncle's critical notice, rested as natturally on the boy's forehead as though by long-continued residence there.

"Well, Robert, what success?" asked Dr. Wheeler interestedly as his nephew dismally threw himself into a deep leather-upholstered chair. "Did you make—it?"

"No; and I might have known I wouldn't," dejectedly. "Henry Tucker, son of the T. C. and R. Railroad president, landed one of the scholarships; while Lloyd Carson, Judge Bassett's nephew, won the other. I fell down on my mathematics. I was all right in the other subjects;- I even scored a hundred in history."

"Indeed?"

"But what good did it do?" exclaimed Robert gloomily. "I failed for all that. It's just my luck. It always happens so. Nothing comes my way; it makes no difference how hard I work."

Robert looked aimlessly across the room to the open window. "It makes little odds what I want to do," he added rebelliously; "something always stands in the way. I don't have half a chance, and I never did have. Everybody else gets what he wants. Something's the matter; I don't know what. You're a doctor, Uncle Richard; I should think you might suggest a remedy, so I could see that I have a square deal once in a while. I believe I could, if I had your experience."

Dr. Wheeler deliberately took off his glasses. "I believe I can, Robert," he said slowly, glancing sympathetically across the desk to his nephew, who sat huddled up in a disconsolate heap.

Robert looked up with a cynical smile. "Run in to-morrow, and I'll give you a prescription." And Dr. Wheeler placed his hand affectionately on his nephew's shoulder. "I haven't time unfortunately to make it out to-day. I've just received a call from Fox Ridge which I must attend to immediately. Come in any time in the morning, and I'll have the prescription all ready. I'm quite sure 'twill meet your needs; I hope so at any rate."

Robert arose and started with his uncle toward the door.

"It will have to be something radical, Uncle Richard," said Robert, "if it cures me. It's not only one thing, everything goes wrong with me. I haven't a thing to be grateful for."

"Robert's disease is 'Never-counted-his-blessings,'" mused Dr. Wheeler, with a wisdom born of experience, as he drove into the country. "While such a condition is disagreeable, it isn't fatal—unless there are complications. It's something, though, that needs to be checked in young people; the sooner, the better." The doctor was silent a few minutes, engrossed in thought. "Hope my prescription will work," he said finally. "And I think it will. Strange how Robert's been getting into the habit lately of thinking himself woefully abused. Why, that boy was born with a gold spoon in his mouth—not any after-dinner coffee either, but a regular big mixing spoon. All he needs is to be made to see and realize a few things; he won't think then that he's so badly treated."

The doctor hurried along a little faster. "It's a peculiar habit some dispositions have. But they come by it naturally, I suppose, after all," in a tone of generous indulgence.

"It's just as I said," declared Robert irritably after leaving his uncle's office. "Things go everybody's way but mine. I wouldn't so much care who got the Kilgore scholarships if it weren't always so. I never did have any luck. I'd like to know how any prescription of Uncle Richard's can change conditions of that sort," with a skeptical whistle. "It's foolish, my running in to-morrow, as he suggested. But I'll just go out of curiosity; it won't do any harm."

Just after breakfast the next day Robert kept his appointment with his uncle. "Got the prescription ready?" he asked on entering the office.

"Yes." And Dr. Wheeler took up from his desk a small sealed envelope which he handed to his nephew.

Robert laughed as he took it. "I don't feel quite so bad as I did yesterday afternoon. But one can never tell just when another attack may come on," he said, turning over the envelope. "May I look at the prescription now?"

"No, not till you reach home," returned Dr. Wheeler. "Follow out the directions faithfully; and when you detect a change for the better, let me know."

"All right." And Robert hurried hor[illegible] have no doubt but 'twill reduce [illegible] symptoms, if it doesn't effect a cure," was the doctor's whimsical remark to himself as his nephew left the house. "It will, if he obeys the directions."

"Take two hours sometime during the day on Monday and Thursday down on Mayberry and Colfax streets," read Dr. Wheeler's prescription, as Robert noted, on opening the envelope, after he had reached home. "Keep your eyes alert constantly during that time. On Thursday spend at least one hour among the Ticonic factory hands. Here, also, keep your eyes open. On Wednesday and Friday cross the Otisfield ferry between five and six o'clock. Notice carefully what goes on around you. Saturday spend as much time as you can spare in the Blackstone city district. Repeat the treatment until some benefit is obtained."

Robert read the paper curiously. "What—what does he mean?" he pondered. "He calls this a prescription, does he? Well, I can follow it out one week, I guess. I won't promise how much longer I'll keep it up, though."

A few days afterwards Dr. Wheeler met Robert on the street. "Taking your treatment?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir." And Robert smiled queerly as he spoke.

"Don't neglect it," charged his uncle briefly, turning to pass on.

"I won't."

One evening a week later Robert called up his uncle over the telephone. "Busy?" he asked.

"Not particularly. Wish to come over a little while?"

"I'd like to," was Robert's reply, "if you aren't going out."

"Good. I'll be here." And Dr. Wheeler hung up the receiver.

In a short time Robert came in. The gloomy, disgruntled look usually seen on his face was gone. "I—I think, Uncle Richard," began Robert a few minutes after entering the room, "that I'm cured. And 'twas your prescription that did it."

The older man smiled understandingly.

"Somehow—lately," explained Robert soberly, "I've had the notion—I don't know how I came by it—that nobody's lot has been quite so hard and disagreeable as my own. Your prescription, Uncle Richard, has shown me my mistake."

"My! what haven't I—seen, Uncle Richard, in those places where you directed me to go. I did keep my eyes open, and such misfortune, distress and destitution—I never even dreamed possible. One week of your treatment was enough to show me the fortunate fellow I am. Why, I never had anything but good luck. And my lot Uncle Richard—"

Robert's voice failed him for a moment.

"I—I wouldn't swap it for—a—king's! How—how did you happen to—"

"Prescribe what I did?" interrupted Dr. Wheeler tactfully. "Because I saw your need, my boy, and felt my prescription might work a cure."—Adelbert P. Caldwell.

NIGHT TERRORS

This a nervous affection of childhood, akin to, but more severe than, nightmare in the adult. Most persons know from experience what nightmare is—a terrifying dream in which you find yourself in some very perilous situation without being able to make your escape; finally, however, you awake, and, although the remembrance of the dream is disagreeable, you feel it a blessed relief to find that it was only a dream. Nightmare may, indeed, occur in childhood, but it always has those distinguishing characteristics, and the child is entirely himself as soon as he wakens.

In night terrors the brain seems to be temporarily more deeply affected. The attack occurs usually early in the night, often before the child's elders have retired. A scream is heard upstairs, and the nurse or mother, rushing to the cot, finds the child sitting up in bed, the picture of terror, or perhaps out of bed and attempting to hide from the bogey. The child is unconscious of his surroundings; he recognizes neither mother nor nurse, and so long as the attack lasts is unable to be comforted by soothing assurances. That may be a minute or two only, or as long as half an hour, or even longer; but finally the attack breaks, the little sufferer seems to recognize those about him, although yet only half awake, and soon he drops off to sleep again, to awake in the morning with no recollection of his terrifying experiences of the night. Children who are subject to night terrors are usually of a nervous disposition or of nervous heredity, and the affection is said to be quite common in children who belong to a rheumatic or gouty family.

There is little to do to shorten the attack once it occurs, although, of course, the mother takes the little sufferer in her arms and tries to soothe his terror, but judicious treatment will often reduce the frequency of the attacks or altogether prevent them. The child's evening meal should be very light, and if he is a hearty eater it would be well to divide the meal, giving him the heavier part early in the afternoon, and nothing except a cracker and a glass of milk a little before bedtime. Avoid ghost stories and nurses' tales; show the child no grewsome pictures; and if he is afraid of the dark, humor him, for nothing is more cruel than to force such a child to brave the unknown horrors of inky blackness. If you have a light in the room, take pains to place it in such a position that it will not cast shadows. Putting a child to bed happy and leaving him with loving assurances of an ever-abiding protection will also fortify his little brain against terrifying night visions.

HOW DO I KNOW?

Put a great quantity of work after your religious profession [illegible]

You have no love for your neighbor.

You do not esteem each better than yourself.

You find it easy to gossip and find fault with others.

You do not experience real satisfaction in spiritual things.

You do not feel the need of secret prayer.

You do not have a keen spiritual appetite for God's word.

You do not have the Spirit's witness now that you are right with God.

You do not see good in others.

You would rather stay home, visit, or play than go to church or prayer meeting.

You cut out church activities because of offense, real or fancied.

You are jealous, envious or covetous.

The least omission or commission which is at cross purposes with the will of God does not pain you.

These are practical issues of the religious life, and by them we know which way we are heading.—Rev. J. F. Cross, in the Evangelist.

After 10 Years of Asthma Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy proved the only relief for one grateful user, and this is but one cure among many. Little wonder that it has now become the one recognized remedy on the market. It has earned its fame by its never failing effectiveness. It is earning it to-day, as it has done for years. It is the greatest asthma specific within the reach of suffering humanity.

"THE COMMON DEEDS OF THE COMMON DAY"

The common deeds of the common day,
Are ringing bells in the far away.

How many and how beautiful are the "common deeds of the common day." They far outnumber the great deeds that thrill the world, and they are not a whit less important in the eyes of Him who gives to all things their true value. It is a great mistake to close one's eyes to the daily opportunities one has for doing little common deeds of loving-kindness and to be forever looking with strained and eager vision for the opportunity of doing something heroic that will put one's name on every lip. There is, after all, a great deal of heroism in some of the unsung deeds—some of the "common deeds of the common day." I have no doubt that the "bells in the far-away" are ringing just as joyously for the common deeds as for does a great deed is often painfully self-conscious of the fact all the rest the great ones, and I do not doubt that "troops of heroes undistinguished die."

There is often real heroism in being kind and patient and gentle amid the vexing and fretful conditions of life. The daughter who is patient and tender with the fretful and exacting old mother, the son who is dutiful to the feeble and irritable old father, the sister who is self-sacrificing, the brother who is lobly generous—all these are "ringing bells in the far-away."

These heroes and heroines are unconsciously heroic, and the hero who of his life. Often he "trades upon it" and tries to exact or compel admiration and cheapens the honor of his achievement. It is doubtful if the "bells in the far-away" ring very joyfully over heroism of this kind. True heroism "vaunteth not itself" nor is it in the least "puffed up."

There are as many real heroes unknown and unchandered in the little towns and out-of-the-way places of the world as there are in the great busy world or on the battlefield. The common deed often takes on a special beauty and glory even though it be done in a common way. The highest element of heroism is sometimes found in the most ordinary environment and it is true as some one has written, that "We can all be heroes in our virtues, in our homes, in our lives." We can all do something to set the bells "ringing in the far-away."—J. L. Harbor.

Use Miller's Worm Powders and the battle against worms is won. These powders correct and then morbid conditions of the stomach will nourish the worms, and these destructive parasites cannot exist after they come in contact with the medicine. The worms are digested by the powders and are speedily evacuated with other refuse from the bowels. Soundness is imparted to the organs and the health of the child steadily improves.

KEEPING THE RECORD OF HONOR

A memorial volume recently seen upon the shelves of a high school library is no doubt typical of the hundreds of such volumes that are being compiled in schools and colleges all through the country. This book contains photographs of all the school's alumni who have had a part in helping win the war, records of when and in what branch they entered service, newspaper clippings telling of brave deeds and awards of honor medals, interesting letters sent home from the front, and not a few memorial sketches of those who gave their lives for their country. In so far as it could be made so, it is a complete history of the school's alumni in war service.

MILITARY PRECISION

A negro drill sergeant was addressing a squad of colored "rookies" under him. He said: "I wants you niggers to understan' dat you is to carry out all o'ders giben on de risin' reflection ob de final word ob command.' Now when we's passin' dat revowin' stan' at de common' 'Eyes Right!' I wants to hear ever' nigger's eyeballs click."

FOREIGN DISHES

Mistress—Can you prepare any foreign dishes, Norah?

New Cook—Sure I can mum—French pays, Spanish inyons, and Oirish potatics.

HOW MRS. BOYD AVOIDED AN OPERATION

Canton, Ohio.—"I suffered from a female trouble which caused me much suffering, and two doctors decided that I would have to go through an operation before I could get well.

"My mother, who had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, advised me to try it before submitting to an operation. It relieved me from my troubles so I can do my house work without any difficulty. I advise any woman who is afflicted with female troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and it will do as much for them."—Mrs. MAMIE BOYD, 1421 5th St., N. E., Canton, Ohio.

Sometimes there are serious conditions where a hospital operation is the only alternative, but on the other hand so many women have been cured by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after doctors have said that an operation was necessary—every woman who wants to avoid an operation should give it a fair trial before submitting to such a trying ordeal.

If complications exist, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of many years experience is at your service.

PEOPLE WHO ARE BEHINDHAND

A lack of punctuality is one of the faults which seriously affect other people's comfort. A young woman who had a particularly dilatory girl friend once said, "I believe I could have mastered a language in the time I have spent waiting for Carrie," and the remark was only half a jest. If time is, as the philosophers assure us, the most precious of all our possessions, the wasting of other people's time comes dangerously near dishonesty.

But it is not only when ye are late to an appointment that our tardiness causes annoyance to others. We come in late to a lecture or a concert, and a number of people lose the thread of the discourse or miss the fine phrasing of the music. We are late in performing some task we have agreed to do, and that means, as a rule, that others are hindered in getting their work finished.

There are few lacks in the average upright individual which affects his neighbor so unfortunately as his lack of promptness. The people who are always behindhand must answer for the failures of others as well as their own.

Ready-Made Medicine—You need no physician for ordinary ills when you have at hand a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. For coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchial troubles, it is invaluable, for scalds, burns, bruises, sprains it is unsurpassed, while for cuts, sores, ulcers and the like it is an unquestionable healer. It needs no testimonial other than the use, and that will satisfy anyone as to its effectiveness.

TWO WAYS

Fred and Joe are boys of the same age. Both have their way to make in the world. This is the way Joe does: When work is before him he waits as long as he can to touch it! Then he does not half do it. He is almost sure to stop before it is done. He does not care if fault is found. He says, "I can't help it;" or "I don't care."

Fred's way is not the same. He goes straight to his work, and does it as soon as he can and as well as he can. He never slights work for play, though he loves play as well as Joe does. If he does not know how to do a piece of work well, he asks some one who does know, and then he takes care to remember. He says, "I never want to be ashamed of my work."—Selected.

Easy to Handle— Economical Light Weight

YOU do *not* have to sacrifice roominess, comfort and beauty in order to save money.

Look into the wide, deep seats of this Model Ninety—look at its ample leg-room—look at its spacious tonneau.

Note how inviting and beautiful everything is—nothing skimped, nothing cramped!

It has big car performance combined with small car handiness and economy—just the qualities you most desire.

Everything for its control is within easy reach and it has *complete* equipment, everything necessary for maximum service and convenience.

The motor is 32-horsepower—the wheelbase 106 inches—and there are easy riding rear cantilever springs and large tires, non-skid rear.

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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	8.13 p. m.

Going East

No. 28	9.28 a. m.
No. 32	3.28 p. m.
No. 34	6.16 p. m.
No. 38	8.32 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
8.09 p. m.	Daily except Sunday
11.02 a. m.	Sunday only
6.32 p. m.	Sunday only
9.56 p. m.	Sunday only

Going East

7.48 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
8.56 p. m.	Sunday only

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Buns - - - 15c doz.
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Cookies - - 15c doz.
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