The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1919

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY

I

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
When Nature underneath a heap of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head
The tuneful voice was heard from high:
"Arise ye more than dead!"
Then cold and hot, and moist and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
Through all the compass of the notes it ran
The diapason closing full in man.

II

What passion can not music raise and quell!
When Jubal struck the corded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And wondering on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly, and so well
What passion can not music raise and quell!

III

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, "Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge! 'tis too late to retreat!"

IV

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

V

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair disdainful dame.
But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organs praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways to mend the choirs above?

VI

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees up rooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre;
But bright Cecelia raised the wonder higher
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

VII

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the host above.
So, when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high;
The dead shall live, the living die;
And music shall untune the sky.

—John Dryden.

A HERO NOT IN KHAKI

By Jared L. Fuller

PUG DONALDSON, who had been the roundhouse foreman so long that he thought he owned the entire system, gave out his opinion of Lannigan at the end of the latter's first week on the M. and S. P. And this was it:

"That Grandfather Longlegs never'll got to hold down a passenger lever on this road, whatever he's done back east. It ain't in him."

Then the old man chalked up the limit on the side of his little smoke discolored office, spat with emphasis and—well, that closed the subject as far as Pug was concerned

I reckon if Lannigan hadn't begun by blowing about his eastern record he'd made more of a hit with us.

He was a tall, awkwardly built man, with a shock of sandy hair and a smooth, humorous face. His legs and arms were remarkably long and thin, and old Donaldson's sobriquet stuck to him. "Daddy Longlegs" seemed to fit.

Lannigan got a freight, and the worst bunch of scrap iron on the road, which, in moments of enthusiasm, Pug called an engine. If there was any man handicapped in the race to break the limit it was the new man from the land of tenderfeet.

The system of advancement followed by the M. and S. P. did not include length of service or "pull." Just one thing counted—the ability of a driver to get speed out of his machine over the worst track the law ever allowed man to lay.

The country was new when the M. and S. P. was surveyed and laid down. It had been a race between the M. and S. P. and another corporation to see which should reach the terminating town where connection could be made with the Pacific road first.

We won, but at a cost which crippled the road financially for years, and the renewing of the first roadbed was a slow and laborious job.

We ran one fast passenger—the Limited. The through mail cars were attached to that train too.

It was a continual fight all through the year to keep that one train alone up to the schedule called for by the contract with the government.

If any man on any other train showed the ability to get speed out of his engine he was watched, and if he "broke the limit" he stood a good chance of displacing the driver then running the mail train.

The M. and S. P. in those days was a "farmers' railroad." Most of the way stations were merely huts and water tanks in forest clearings, tapping a certain section of farming country stretching westward of the line.

Lannigan had been with us since the winter before. He was a good driver but not brilliant. Anybody but a prejudiced old fool like Donaldson would have recognized his good points, but you never could stir the roundhouse foreman when he'd once made up his mind.

Lannigan had learned the road and his engine. If he followed another train he was on its heels all the time and got himself well cursed for it.

Some of us began to see that there really was more to the eastern man than we had believed.

That fall was dry, the sun and wind all day and every day drying the sap out of the trees and brush and burning the leaves brown before the frost could make them pretty.

By and by the inevitable happened. Fires began to light up the heavens nightly, and by day streaks of blue smoke hid the tops of the higher hills

Reports reached us from all directions of families burned out and settlements treatened, but for a week the conflagrations kept away from the line of the road.

Then suddenly one Sunday morning a flood of fire swooped down the mountain side and crossed the tracks some miles south of Yardsley.

The Limited came through somewhat scorched, and th enext day traffic on the road between Lattell and the junction was cut off altogether.

This shut off several settlements as well as Yardsley, except by telegraph. The wires were still working, and our operators stuck to their posts like the brave fellows they were.

Pretty near every living soul in a hundred square miles of territory lit out for less dangerous ground. But Yardsley was caught napping, and its 300 people were practically hemmed in by the fiercest forest fire the state had ever experienced.

The entire system of the M. and S. P. was pretty well tied up. We had pulled freight as near the fire line as we dared, and the sidetracks were about full of waiting cars.

The fire was still burning fiercely beside the roadbed in more than one place, and we weren't asked to try to pull a train through to the junction.

Naturally there were plenty of locomotives and plenty of drivers at Lattell that day when the news came from the Yardsley operator. It was his last dispatch, for he had remained until it was too late to escape by any track through the forest, and there wasn't even a handcar left at the station.

"Wind changed. Fire will reach us in one hour. Three hundred people in danger. Can you reach us?"

That was the message which the yardmaster read to us from the steps of the station at Lattell. He was pale, and his hand shook as he spelled the words out slowly.

He didn't have any need to tell us the danger. Nor did he call for volunteers. To try to get to Yardsley was like buying a through ticket for death and be done with it.

We stood around and discussed the terrible news and did nothing, except Lannigan.

He appeared at Pug Donaldson's window and, leaning his arms on the sill, looked in with the same humorous twist to his lean features.

"Them three boxes there empty?" he asked, jerking his head backward toward the sidetrack.

Donaldson nodded.

"I'm going to hitch my engine on to 'em. Jimmy and me'll see if we can git down there and beat that barbecue. Gimme a clear switch!"

The roundhouse foreman only stared; but, after Lannigan had disappeared from the window, he rushed to the door and yelled after him:

"Hey, you, Grandfather Longlegs! You'll be fried like a pancake on a griddle!"

But Lannigan only grinned and leaped aboard the old engine. We didn't know what he was up to until he'd coupled on the three empty box cars and rattled away over the switches and out of the yard.

"He's making a bluff," some of us said.

Others who respected the pluck it took to approach the fire thought he'd never get through, but would waste his steam for nothing.

"Well, Jimmy, it's going to be a hot run," the long legged Yankee told his stoker as they neared the first belt of fire. "You fill up the furnace, and I'll slow down so you can jump. I don't want to take another man to perdition with me."

"Oh, I guess I'll stop," says Sloason, kind of shamefaced.

Then they shook hands on it, and from that moment neither questioned the other's intention of sticking to his job.

But Jimmy had loaded the old engine for bear all right before they reached the fire line. She was whirling miles under her drivers at a rate to beat even our one fast train, and the empty boxes behind were dancing like mad over the rough roadway.

"We're getting there, Jimmy!" sings out Lannigan at last. "Shin over into the water tank and fling a pail or so over me when you get a chance."

He stood out on the running board with a hand on the lever, his cap visor shielding his eyes from the smoke and flying sparks, peering ahead as best he could at the rails. Jimmy, up to his neck in the tank, flung pail after pail of water over his long figure.

Suddenly the engine seemed to run into a veritable wall of flame. It extended far across the roadbed, and it wrapped the train about in a living, seething mantle as she rushed on.

It seemed as though no man could go through that sea of fire alive, but when the old engine staggered out of the fire belt Lannigan still stood upright at the lever.

His sparse mustache, his eyebrows, his shock of sandy hair were gone. He was as bald as a parrot, and his clothing was afire in a dozen spots. But, he turned a horrible grin upon Jimmy and waved his hand.

"Give us another bucket!" he croaked. And the stoker climbed out of the tank, more dead than alive himself, and put out the burning garments.

Then they reached Yardsley.

I guess if any two men were ever welcomed as angels straight from heaven it was Lannigan and his stoker, though they must have looked a deal more like devils from the pit.

Two hundred and ninety people, who had given up their last hope of continued existence, piled into those three box cars like cattle. The doors were closed, and then it was up to Lannigan and Jimmy to run them back to Lattell.

The old engine was reversed, and back through the awful belt of flame and smoke she went with the three boxes.

Lannigan certainly showed that day what he could do when he had the right of way.

Scorched almost to a cinder one instant and saturated the next, Lannigan stood at his post and brought the rescue train through to Lattell. The box cars were afire and the passengers half suffocated when they arrived.

Jimmy was pretty nearly drowned in the tank, and we picked Lannigan off the engine just as he caved completely.

"Daddy Longlegs" was some time in the hospital and came plaguy near losing his sight, and all because of that run. But if a man was ever popular along the line of the old M. and S. P. his name was Lannigan.

The first day he got down to the yard the super happened to be there himself. The line was open again and everything running smoothly by that time, only the miles upon miles of charred forest and the heap of ashes where Yardsley had stood telling of the forest fire.

"Humph!" said the super, trying to pick out the engineer's hand which was least bandaged to shake. "I hear that you've been doing some tall running down here, Lannigan.

And the driver grinned sheepishly, as though he had done something to be ashamed of.

"Donaldson's got your record chalked up on his office wall over the Limited. Guess we'll have to find you something better than a freight to pull out when you're well enough."

And Lannigan got the mail train the next fortnight.

"I AM YOUR WORST ENEMY"

I put the can't in "I can't."

I take the time out of "Opportunity."

I teach you the use of that expression, "What's the use?"

I send good customers away and "they never come back."

I pile dust on good merchandise, spin cobwebs in your doorway, and mark your windows to shut out the sun.

I take money out of your pocket and give it to your competitor.

I take pep out of your step and joy out of your life.

I keep "U" from Success.

I have you so you don't even care what my name is, but I sign myself "Indifference."

As a vermicide there is no preparation that equals Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It has saved the lives of countless children.

PROPER PRECAUTIONS ENABLE SETTLERS TO BURN SLASH SAFELY

The settler must always bear in mind that the fire ranger is his friend, and is always willing to help him out by giving good advice in the burning of his slash to clear his land. Having burnt many slashes he is more or less of an expert in this work and can help the settler materially by having the slash piled and fired with the maximum results and minimum danger and trouble. The fire ranger is just as anxious as the settler that his slash should be burnt without causing any damage or trouble.

The first duty of a settler who wants to burn his slash, is to see if it is properly piled and at least 50 feet from any standing timber or building and it would be advisable when possible to have it at 100 feet, in which case it would reduce the danger. Once this is done, he should then obtain a written permit from a duly appointed ranger who will visit his slash and gladly issue a permit if he finds that the slash is piled to avoid any possible danger to the standing timber or buildings, and if weather conditions are favorable.

A settler should never set fire to his slash at midday or when there is a heavy wind blowing. He should always set fire in the evening. Then if anything should go wrong he will have more facilities in extinguishing it. He should never set fire to too many piles at a time; he should burn one or two at a time, as otherwise he would never be able to control them. He should have the necessary help on hand according to the size of slash that he has to burn and always have pails and shovels with him so he can extinguish it if it should happen to spread. If the fire is still burning in the morning it should be extinguished, except during wet periods, as the heavy winds during the day may cause it to spread. A good time to set fire to a slash is just before it is going to rain, then he will be assured that his fire will never run and cause any damage.

The very best time to burn slash is in the early spring when there is still snow in the woods. There is no reason why a settler burning a slash should cause any damage if he takes the necessary precautions. He should always rememberthe following:

1. To pile the slash in heaps.
2. To have the heaps at least 50 feet from any standing timber or building.
3. To obtain a written burning permit from the fire ranger.
4. To never set fire at midday, but in the evening.
5. To never set fire when a heavy wind is blowing.
6. To have the necessary help at hand to extinguish fire if it should spread.
7. To have pails and shovels with him.
8. To never leave a fire before it is completely out.
9. To try to burn during a wet period.
10. To always remember that the fire ranger is your friend.

It is easier to burn slash by taking the necessary precautions beforehand than to try to extinguish a large forest fire.—Henry Sorgius, Manager St. Maurice Forest Protective Association.

It Eases Pain.—Ask any druggist or dealer in medicines what is the most popular of the medicinal oils for pains in the joints, in the muscles or nerves, or for neuralgia and rheumatism, and he will tell you that Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is in greater demand than any other. The reason for this is that it possesses greater healing qualities than any other oil.

THRIFT

What are the fundamentals? Honesty is one. Industry is another, and there are many more. Frugality is an important one, and one that is being overlooked in this new country. Canada was built on thrift, among other things—the pioneers were specialists in thrift.

Thrift is not hoarding; it is not miserliness; it consorts not with the pessimist. Thrift is intelligent care of money and resources, conservation for the future, wise and thoughtful spending. The thrifty man is an optimist, for he has stored up power.

And thrift must be taught in the schools. This will not add to the teachers' burdens, for every subject of study can be so taught that it helps to inculcate the practice of thrift. A Thrift Club in the classroom works wonders in the discipline of the school; it gives the pupils something worth while to talk about and something worth while to think about. United for a common aim, they learn esprit de corps. They come to know the value of money and the principles of business; they are imbibing the necessary preparation for citizenship. For the attractive investment of small savings, War-Savings Stamps afford an excellent medium. This plan has been highly successful in the schools of Great Britain, of the United States, and of Canada.

Always Serviceable.—Most pills lose their properties with age. Not so with Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. The pill mass is so compounded that their strength and effectiveness is preserved and the pills can be carried anywhere without fear of losing their potency. This is a quality that few pills possess. Some pills lose their power, but not so with Parmelee's. They will maintain their freshness and potency for a long time.

IT WORKED

A Japanese, Mr. Aisaku Waseda, discusses Japanese humor in the Tourist, and offers the following selection:

Said an innkeeper's wife to her husband:

"The guest who came this evening carries a package that seems to contain things of great value. I wish he would leave it behind."

"I have a good idea," said the husband. "I will give him a great deal of myoga."

The innkeeper carried out his plan and gave myoga, a spicy vegetable supposed to produce forgetfulness, in abundance to the guest with soup and with vegetables, and soon after the guest had departed he hopefully inspected the room. There was no trace of the coveted baggage.

The landlady began to scoff at the inefficacy of myoga as an oblivion producer, but her husband admonished her not to lose faith so easily.

"The myoga has had its effect," he declared.

"What do you mean?" demanded the woman.

"Why, he forgot to pay his bill," replied the husband.

THEIR ABILITY

"My boy," said the physical culture advocate, "is only four years old, but he can raise forty pounds."

"That's nothing," rejoined Newpop. "My girl is only four months old, and she can raise the whole house."—Exchange.

Your Eyes Granulated Eyelids, Eyes Inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggists or by mail 60c per Bottle. For Book of the Eye free write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

PRE-WAR DAYS ARE QUICKLY RESUMED

It's funny how quickly we slip back into the old grooves of life, even though jarred out of them by years of war and wrenched by sad partings.

Isn't it true that in most Canadian homes life goes on to-day pretty much as it did five blank years ago, the stalwart sons come to the breakfast table with the same noisy greetings, though there is, perhaps, a shade deeper ring to their voices? Returned from war the head of a family sits in his old accustomed place at story time, perhaps bringing a new kind of prince and knight for the youngsters.

With the men home life goes on pretty much as before. The harsh old realities of war are slipping into the misty back ground. We can never forget the price in flesh and blood; we could sadly forget the price in treasure.

When we hear of plans for the Victory Loan, 1919, we are brought back with a jerk to the hard fact that the cost of Canada's Victory has not been fully paid, and that the future lays burdens upon us also.

IT WAS

The fisherman dashed into the country hotel and excitedly grasped the manager by the arm.

"What do you mean by luring anglers here with the promise of fine fishing?" he said. "There isn't a bit of fishing here. Every brook has a sign warning people off."

"I didn't say anything about fine fishing," said the manager, calmly. "If you will kindly read my advertisement carefully, you will see what I said was, 'Fishing unapproachable.'"

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Our service to farmers is as complete as 87 years of growth and knowledge of Canada's agricultural condition can make it.

We collect or discount sale notes, cash produce cheques—by mail when desired—and make advances to responsible farmers.

We extend courteous, friendly service to our farmer customers at all times.

—THE Bank of Nova Scotia

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Resources - - - - 220,000,000

W. K. GRAHAM, Acting Manager, Acton Branch

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Further information from Canadian National Ticket Agents, or
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Canadian National Railways

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they save labor, save time, save money.

The Ford Truck is the most general-purpose implement on the farm.

The farmer can get his breakfast at home, take his produce to market, and be home again for dinner.

He can command the highest prices for his vegetables and fruit because he gets them to market while the dew is still on them.

He can take his hogs, sheep and other stock to market, as well as haul roots, potatoes and apples from the field.

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It solves the problem of the shortage of labor.

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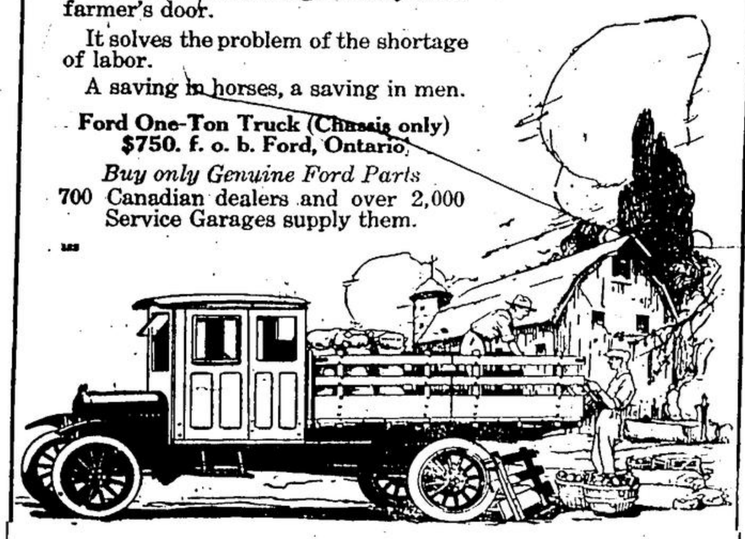

H. A. Coxe, Dealer, Acton

THE LAUGH LINE

It wouldn't be difficult to convince the average man that greenbacks are printed on fly paper.

A man seldom marries a girl on account of her family, but he sometimes remains a bachelor on that account.

The woman who knows how to spank a baby properly didn't acquire the knowledge of it through a correspondence school.

Teacher—"Willie, do you love your enemies?"

Willie—"Yes, miss, when I meet 'em all at once."

"Well, doctor, do you think it is anything serious?"

"Oh, not at all. It is merely a boil on the back of your neck, but I would advise you to keep an eye on it."

Magistrate—"Officer, how on earth did these men come to be so badly bruised?"

Officer—"Please, your Honor, they were discussing the peace terms."

Lucy was visiting her aunt in the country. It was the joy of the four-year-old to hunt for eggs in the barn. One day she brought in a very small one, presumably laid by a bantam.

"Auntie," said the little maid, showing it, "the hen that laid this egg didn't have the right recipe."

The teacher had explained to the class that all bodies through which we can see are pellucid or transparent.

"Now," he said to Tommy Todd, "can you mention any transparent object?"

Tommy, beaming with delight, replied: "Yes, sir. A keyhole and a drain-pipe."

Miller's Worm Powders work so effectively that no traces of worms can be found. The pests are macerated in the stomach and pass away in the stools without being perceptible. They make an entire clean sweep of the intestines, and nothing in the shape of a worm can find lodgement there when these powders are in operation. Nothing could be more thorough or desirable than their action.

WHEN BILL BALKED

Bill wanted to slip out of barracks to see his girl. He couldn't get leave, so he went to his friend, the sentry, and stated the case.

"Well," said the sentry, "I'll be off duty when you come back, so you ought to have the password for tonight. It's 'Idiosyncrasy.'"

"Idio what?" asked Bill.

"Idiosyncrasy."

"I'll stay in the barracks," declared Bill.

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The well-known Brands of King's Choice, Norval and National Flour—nothing better.

ROLLED OATS OILCAKE
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Salt in Barrels, 200 lb. Bags or small quantity if desired.

SPECIAL LINE IN CHICKEN FEED

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HENRY AWREY - MANAGER

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The principle of fireless cooking is simplicity itself. The heat that does the cooking is stored up in small discs called "radiators." These radiators can be heated over any kind of stove, any kind of fuel. The heated radiators are placed in the cooking compartment with the utensil which contains the food to be cooked. The food is usually placed in the Fireless Stove in its raw state and cold. As the heat from the radiators cannot escape from the Fireless, it is held imprisoned within the cooking compartment. These imprisoned heat rays penetrate the raw food and cook it. The cooking time is practically the same time as that allowed for an ordinary stove. Enough heat can be stored in a radiator in a few minutes to thoroughly cook an article of food which would require several hours of continuous fire by the old-style stove method. There is a saving of more than 80 per cent. of the fuel consumption.

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