The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1920

THE CHANGE OF THE "LIMB" BRIGADE

Half an inch, half an inch,
Half an inch shorter,
Whether the skirts are for
Mother or daughter,
Briefer, the dresses grow,
Fuller the ripples now,
While twinkling ellipses show
More than they oughter.

Forward the dress parade,
Is there a man dismayed?
No—from the slight displayed,
None could be sundered.
There's not to make remark,
Clergyman, clubman, clerk
Ogling from noon till dark
At the Four Hundred.

Short skirts to right of them,
Shorter to left of them,
Shorter in front of them,
Flaunted and flirted—
In line of stripes and plaids
Hued most exceeding glad,
Darting in spats—run mad,
Come the short-skirted.

Flashed all their ankles there,
Flashed as they turned in air—
What will not woman dare?
Though the exhibits show
Some of them blundered,
All sorts of shapes and pegs,
Broomsticks, piano legs,
And built to walk on eggs,
Come by the hundred.

Where can their glory rate,
Oh—the wild show they made,
All the world wondered,
Grand dame and demoiselle,
Shop girl and flowery belle—
Four Hundred, I'm, Oh well,
Any old hundred.

—New York Sun.

LITTLE SISTER

By R. Ray Baker

FRANCES Hayden sat at the window of her room and looked out on a dreary, drizzly day—Sunday, March 30. In one hand she held a letter, which was somewhat crumpled, as though she had started to convert it into waste paper and had thought better of it.

Two robins were holding a conversation in the tree whose branches brushed the window. The birds started out as if they were quarreling, but the excited chirping diminished into a sound that was as near cooing as can be expected of robins.

"Wouldn't it be fine to be a bird?" Frances sighed. "They're always happy, it seems."

She looked at the letter and a wry little smile adorned her face.

"He calls me sister," she mused. "That's what they all say when they want to leave you for someone else. 'Little sister'—that's what he says. It sounds pretty, but he used to say things that were prettier."

She stood up and made a motion as though to throw the letter in the wastebasket, but changed her mind again and placed it in a drawer of the dresser. Then she stood before the mirror and surveyed herself critically for several moments.

The person who gazed back at Frances from the glass was not exactly beautiful, but there was something about her that would not permit her to pass unnoticed in a crowd. The eyes were just common eyes; that is, there were no special arches to the brows, and the long, graceful lashes that are considered so desirable were not there. There was a lot of good, wholesome blue in the eyes, which could not be discounted in an inventory of attractive points.

The nose was inclined to be "pug," which gave the face a kind of saucy look, and the hair was nearly stringy, being of a ruddy hue; but there was plenty of it, and it was done up attractively, if not up to the minute in style. The teeth were the principal attraction of Frances Hayden's countenance. When she smiled even the least bit they showed, dazzling white and even, and the smile was about as sweet as any girl could hope to offer.

But Frances was unhappy. She had long suspected that Melville Clark had ceased to care for her—in the way he once had cared. But, she told herself, it was hardly unexpected, despite the protestations Melville had made, when he left Glendale two years ago, that he would never care for another girl and that he was coming back "some bright, sunny day" to make her Mrs. Clark. She remembered the apprehensions she had entertained at that time, regardless of his earnest words, that he would come across someone else in the big city. However, Melville had written steadily for a year, and in every letter had reiterated his intentions. During the next year, however, she could not help noticing that his letters alluded more and more to friendship and less to love. Finally they dropped off altogether, until for a period of five months none came at all.

Frances went about her stenographic duties in the real estate office with the usual smile and the same capacity for work that she had always displayed, but when she got home at night she often shut herself in her room and thought hard, and sometimes cried a little.

Frances had given her heart to Melville when he went to the city to make a name for himself and a few coins for his pocket. It was a hard and rocky road, as his letters showed during that first year, and then his communications began to take on a more hopeful tone. "Things are coming, slowly but surely," he would write.

Frances hoped in vain that Melville would return home for a visit. He had said he would come for her when he "made good," but now, when he was making good, there was no mention of the visit. Then came his letter referring to her as "little sister," in which he told her that he had at last attained the object he had sought. He was a successful stock broker, with an office of his own and a neat sum in the bank, but never a mention of coming to Glendale did the letter contain.

Later in the day the sun chased the clouds away and warmed the earth again and Frances went for a walk.

"Maybe this is the bright, sunny day he referred to," she said, as she threaded her way through the village; and she laughed, with a tinge of wistfulness, when she recalled the "little sister" passages of the epistle from Melville.

At the edge of Glendale was a wooden bridge which spanned a silent little brook, winding its way through the valley with many twists and turns. Foliage was beginning to adorn the numerous trees on either side of the stream, which looked delightfully refreshing. Frances leaned over the railing and looked into a minature whirlpool created by a bend which formed a pool just above the bridge. A fish coming up to dine on an early bug left spreading circles in the water, and it caused something like a sob in Frances' throat. She had seen that same thing happen—perhaps it was the same fish—when she and Melville stood looking over that same railing of that same bridge on the same kind of day two years ago. It was the day on which he asked her to marry him.

A purring sound along the road made her look up the slope and see an automobile approaching the bridge and the village. In the car was Melville Clark, on his way to Jenson City, 15 miles distant, to deliver a proposal of marriage to Julia Armstrong, daughter of Benjamin Armstrong, the wealthy importer, who lived in the same city where Melville had made good in the financial world.

Melville had decided to marry Julia, not because of love but because she would get a dowry that would increase his little fortune at least threefold. A taste of riches had made him hungry for more, and he had set out deliberately to win Julia for his bride. She appeared responsive, and he could see that her parents did not object.

When Julia went away for a week as the guest of honor at a house party at Jenson City and invited Melville to join her Sunday he had decided it was the opportune time to make his proposal. He arose Sunday morning when the watch under his pillow told him it was eight o'clock. Picking up a timetable he made sure that the train for Jenson City left at 9.30, and then he smiled when he saw that one for Pembrook went exactly an hour later.

The smile was occasioned by the realization that his old home town was on the Pembrook line, and because he had never gone back for a visit. Frances Hayden did not enter his thoughts; they were busy with more important matters.

When Melville arrived at the station he had five minutes, according to his watch, and a train was standing on the track. It was a branch station, and he did not have to show a ticket at the gate. It was only after he had been riding half an hour that he discovered he was on the wrong train. That was when the conductor came to take up his ticket.

"Your train left an hour before this one," said the official. "You must have forgotten to set your watch ahead. Shall I let you off at the next station?"

"Can you beat that?" Melville exclaimed in vexation. "I forgot this was the day the daylight-saving law went into effect." He thought swiftly. "I'll get off at Glendale," he told the conductor. "I can get an automobile to take me to Jenson City. It's a 15-mile trip."

As the car approached the little bridge and Melville discerned the girl standing there a strange feeling came over him. The memory of that day two years ago flashed across his mind, and it made him smile with mingled sadness and pleasure.

"Stop a minute," he ordered the driver. "Stop right on the bridge. I used to live here and I want to glance things over."

The machine paused on the bridge and Melville's eyes met those of Frances. There was silence, broken only by the chugging of the motor. A moment later Melville was out of the car and clasping Frances in his arms.

He stood ok and looked at her. Yes, she was the same girl. There was the reddish hair, the sincere, wholesome blue eyes, and the flashing, fascinating teeth.

"By George! You look good, Frances!" he said, and he meant it. In the two years he had been wained from the influence of that smile and those eyes; but now he was back in their power again.

"You mean 'little sister?'" she said, somewhat mischievously.

"Hang the little sister!" he ejaculated. "Let's go down to the little nook on the bank of the river and talk it over." Then to the chauffeur:

"Move ahead and wait beside the road. I'll be back soon."

The driver did as directed. The sun was rather hot, and he pulled his cap over his face. The air made him drowsy and he curled up on the seat. In a few minutes he was sleeping.

An hour later the chauffeur was awakened by a poke in the ribs.

"How much do I owe you?" asked Melville. "I've decided not to go on to Jenson City. I'm going to stay right here for a week."

"WORRY"

In the year 1853 Herbert Spencer wrote to his father, saying: "I was sorry to find that your nervousness made you as usual, to expect the worst results conceivable. It is a pity when inclined to take such gloomy thought you cannot call to mind how many times you have prophesied dreadful results and have been mistaken."

We are all prone to worry like the father of the great English philosopher. Sometimes the reason for our worry is found in our physical condition. We are nervously exhausted and lack the necessary strength to overcome the spirit of apprehension when it assails the citadel of our lives. Frequently worry is a reminder that we need to pay more attention to our health and seek through rest and recreation to increase our reserve of physical strength.

We must recognize the seriousness of life. There are burdens to carry, mountains to climb, and problems to face. Often the burdens seem greater than our strength, the mountains too steep for us to climb, and the problems too serious for us to solve. Responsible men recognize the realities of life, and the necessity of facing them seriously. Every day there are things that invite worry. But why worry? Worry neither strengthens nor helps us. Rather it weakens and hinders. Let us face our problems courageously, work faithfully to solve them, and the consciousness that we have been brave and done our best will so occupy our thoughts that there will be no room for worry in our lives.

Some men worry about the problems of to-day, but most of us worry about those of to-morrow. When we are over-apprehensive about the future, it is wise to pause and think of the past. In reviewing the yesterdays of life we find that there were sunshine and rain, but much more sunshine than rain; there were joy and sorrow, but much more joy than sorrow; there were success and failure, but much more success than failure; there were days of apprehension in the past when we feared that the sun had said good-by forever, as he stooped low in the heavens and kissed the earth good-night. But the morning came, and we found the sky bright with sunshine and the earth vocal with praise. The sun was shining again! We need to be reminded frequently, as was the older Spencer: "Many times have you prophesied dreadful results but have been mistaken."

Therefore be it resolved that we will not worry, but that like good men and true we will face the problems of to-day without fear and those of to-morrow without undue apprehension.—Witchman-Examiner.

HE WAS EMBARRASED

An Irish sheriff had a writ to serve on a young widow, and, on coming into her presence, said:

"Madam, I have an attachment for you."

"My dear sir," she said blushing, "your attachment is reciprocated."

"You don't understand me; you must proceed to court," said the sheriff.

"Well, I know 'tis leap year, but I prefer to let you do the courting yourself. Men are much better at that than women."

For years Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has ranked as the most effective preparation manufactured and it always maintains its reputation.

A PRAIRIE LETTER

Last week the readers of the Free Press were favored with an interesting letter from the pen of Dr. Farmer from the "Sunny South." Here is one of similar interest from "Sunny Alberta":

An interesting feature of western life is the occasional appearance, in suitable atmospheric conditions, of the mirage, usually in the southern horizon in the early part of the day. Often you will see away in the far-off distance the outlines of objects not visible at other times, apparently lifted up high against the sky. Grain elevators at a railway town can be counted and other definite objects distinctly noted.

A winter evening sunset too, on a calm evening, is a sublime spectacle. With all nature calm, a beautiful sky, and the vast expanse of snowy earth reaching away to its meeting place, and the bright orb of day gradually gliding out of sight at that point, leaving a brilliant glow reaching far up overhead, and gradually changing until it is finally lost in the deep blue of the east, makes a sight well worth pausing to view, especially if the weather is not too cold to take the time required to fully witness the grandeur and beauty.

This winter, unless merging into an early spring, is going to be one of the most trying. Its early appearance and steady continuance, along with the great scarcity of feed, is going to leave live stock—if still alive—in a decided condition. Hosts of horses are forced to have to "run" and pick up their sustenance out of the prairie grass as they paw the snow away. The grain for spring work is high-priced and to have good grain it has to be brought in, owing to the severe drought of last year, and the early freeze-up.

Various means are used to brighten the tedium of a long winter, apart from the mere routine of chores, hauling some wheat, and returning with coal. The latter two items, for a vast region, occupy two days to the trip.

Of course in these days of profuse literature, the current publications occupy a good deal of attention. The weekly and often daily papers, the Grain Growers' Guide, Farmers' Advocate and kindred papers, the host of magazines catering to various types of sentiment, all help to pass the time. But, as in many rural settlements there is only one or two mails a week, it is often the deluge—and after.

The community dances in the school houses appeal to many; no matter what the after effects are of a heated exercise, and a long cold drive home. The school seats are in all school buildings that I have seen, secured in groups to slats, so that they can be quickly moved aside or carried out. I have been at a public meeting followed by refreshments, lasting well on to midnight, and before many teams could get away, the clocks would be out, the floor swept, and the music going.

Neighborly visiting is often an enlivening and helpful means of diversion from household monotony. A sleighbead will frequently go to a house and spend a pleasant evening to all concerned. More than once in my experience, a load of young people have descended upon the parsonage, and spread their good cheer around in various ways.

I was recently in a home where the lady had invited for the evening a neighboring couple to celebrate their sixth wedding anniversary with some other guests. The repast was spread upon a table to which was placed an an extension a rare old square centre table which came to the bush in Upper Canada about seventy-five years ago. The "wedding cake" was served on a plate—one of a wedding set of sixty-three years ago—the "bride" which owned it being present. Other little touches of decorating, give interest to the occasion, and to human nature, which makes the world akin. The adults present represented, in their childhood homes, seven or eight old Ontario townships.

J. H. C.

New Brigden, Alta.,
February 26, 1920.

HE WONDERED WHERE

Jenkins was sitting down to breakfast one morning, when he was astounded to see in the paper an announcement of his own death. He rang up his friend Smith, at once. "Hello Smith," said he, "Have you seen the announcement of my death in the paper?" "Yes," replied friend Smith, "but where are you speaking from?"

A Purely Vegetable Pill.—The chief ingredients of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are mandrake and dandelion, sedative and purgative, but perfectly harmless in their action. They cleanse and purify and have a most healthful effect upon the secretions of the digestive organs. The dyspeptic and all who suffer from liver and kidney ailments will find in these pills the most effective medicine in concentrated form that has yet been offered to the suffering.

PRIZES FOR EVERYONE

In life's contests there are prizes enough to go around. It is true that not every young man can gain enormous wealth. Not every bright, ambitious boy can be a statesman. But the real prizes—health, happiness, good friends, a quiet conscience, simple pleasures, the joy of helpfulness—are not the rare prizes reserved for the few. There are enough of these for all.—Selected.

THE THINGS WE DO NOT OUTGROW

Charles Henry's mother wonders if the time will ever come when he will not have to be sent back to his room to attend to his finger nails or when she will not need to keep a sharp eye on the back of his neck, to see that it is not neglected in his daily ablutions. But while she wonders and worries, it is written in the book of destiny that in about four or five years, like other boys, Charles Henry will develop an over-weening concern for his personal appearance and will become reckless in the matter of clean collars and will spend much time on the selection of his necktie. It is foolish for his mother to worry over something which observation and experience show are sure to be outgrown.

The awkwardness of the average growing boy and girl, their bashfulness in society, and a score of similar things are little ground for concern, because they are like the puppy's mania for chewing slippers and the kitten's weakness for a ball of yarn. They are simply a passing phase of experience and are as sure to be outgrown as the first teeth are to be shed and replaced by a permanent set.

But while some weaknesses are sure to be outgrown, others become more fixed as one grows older. A lack of self-control is not one of the things we inevitably get rid of in time. The boy who systematically loses his temper and flies into a rage in which he ceases to be a reasonable human being, will not master that weakness by virtue of growing older. On the contrary, unless he sets himself resolutely to overcome it, his fits of rage are likely to become more frequent as time goes on. The habit of indifference to other people's comfort is not sloughed off at a certain time of life, as serpents slough their skins. Instead, unless grappled with and throttled, it becomes a constitutional part of the character, so interwoven and ingrained in the soul's very fibre that it is all but impossible to eradicate it.

THE FARMER'S EXPORT MARKET

The Canadian farmer to-day wants reasonable proof that any increase he makes in live stock will find its market. That is the crux of live stock farming. The farmer wants a return for his investment of capital, labor and care.

Month by month the evidence is accumulating that there is a market which Canada can reach or which the fringe has scarcely been touched. Prospects for exports of meats become clearer every month. Devastation of war in Europe left a deep cut in the supplies which will take years to restore. If indeed, they will ever get back to a pre-war level.

A table compiled for the International Institute of Agriculture by Mr. T. K. Doherty, LL.B., given in the Agricultural Gazette shows that, excluding Russia, there was throughout Europe between 1914 and 1918 a drop of six million head of cattle; 9½ million head in sheep and the enormous total of 24¾ million in hogs. The last named is a loss of almost 50%. Despite material increases in some countries, mainly on the American continent, in that period there was a world decrease in swine and sheep, though a net increase of 7% in cattle.

There is another factor which will have a more direct appeal to the farming Canadian farmer. It is that for years before the War the decline in the world's supply of live stock had been proceeding so steadily and irresistably as to amount to little less than "slow starvation" in meats. This was not confined to one country; it was universal.

Our Canadian position is typical. Between 1908 and 1915 sheep and cattle declined from 20% to 25% and hogs remained about the same for the nine years. A similar tendency was noticeable in the United States where between 1908 and 1917, despite an increase in swine, there were marked decreases in cattle and sheep.

Put in plainest English, this means that there has not been in the world for several years a sufficient number of meat producing animals to meet the demand. Especially is the demand for meat great in Great Britain, which is becoming more and more a manufacturing country. Precisely there have our Canadian meats, notably bacon, already won a high place; the product is preferred and the access to the market is easy. The lesson is obvious. More live stock should be produced on Canadian farms for export to a market already waiting for our supplies. These meat exports will be a factor of increasing importance in maintaining the general prosperity of the Dominion.

A BIG CONTRACT

The 18th Amendment deprives the American people of rights declared by the Declaration of Independence to be "inalienable." Why should not the prohibitionists be deported as dangerous enemies of the Constitution?—Whitman Graham, Boston publicity writer.

And New Jersey Islam answers: Begin the deportation with 65 Senators and 283 members of Congress who voted to submit the prohibition amendment; follow with 1,288 State Senators and 3,739 members of the lower houses of legislatures who voted to ratify in 45 states, including every member of both houses in six states; then pack off 355,378 voters in Michigan, 146,577 of Nebraska, half a million of Ohio, practically all of the men and women of Kansas and a few millions more in the 33 bone dry states. By the way, who will furnish the deportation arks and where shall we go? God help America when they are gone!

The ease with which corns and warts can be removed by Hollaway's Corn Cure is its strongest recommendation. It seldom fails.

ANSWERS BY BRIGHT PUPILS

"Bigamy is when a man tries to serve two masters."

"The law allowing only one wife is called monotony."

"The liver is an infernal organ of the body."

"The priest and Levite passed on the other side because the man had been robbed already."

"Soldiers live in a fort; where their wives live is called a fortress."

"A buttress is the wife of a butler."

"A schoolmaster is called a pedagogue."

"Inventory means a list of your descendants."

"The wife of a prime minister is called a primate."—London Spectator.

AD-PHOTOSCOPIC MACHINE

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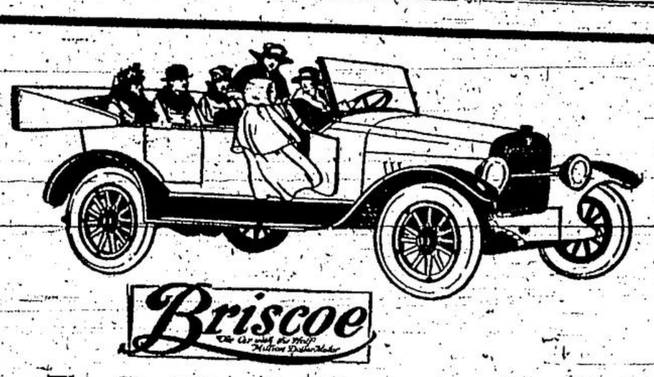

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