The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1930

"BREATHLESS WE STRIVE"

Breathless we strive, contending for success,
According to the standards of our day.
What is success? Is it to find a way
Wealth out of all proportion to possess?
Is it to care for simple pleasures less
(While grasping at a more extended sway),
And sacrificing to our gods of clay,
Submerge the soul at last in worldliness?
By Grasmere stands a cottage small and poor;
The Dove was once its emblem, and the sign
That marked it as a wayside inn obscure;
But, frugal, dwelt high consecration here,
And gratitude still guards it as a shrine,
Hallowed by that success which time but makes more dear!

—Florence Earle Coates

HER FATHER'S MEMORY

By Mrs. W. V. Tompkins

FRANK WATSON pushed his coffee from him fretfully. "This coffee is burned again, Alice," he said to his sister. "It isn't fit for a heathen to drink. It does seem to me that you and Laura between you—"

Alice looked across the table and observed the strained lines in her sister-in-law's pale face.

"I am sorry, Frank," she said, "but Laura is hardly fit to leave her bed. We both have been so busy with mother—"

"The very worst attack I have had since your father died," came the querulous voice from the sitting room. "No one can possibly know what I suffer."

"Never mind, mother," said Frank cheerily. Then he turned to Alice again, and said in a gentler voice than he had used before:

"What about the examination today, Allie?"

The brave light in the girl's eyes wavered. She lowered her voice a little that her mother should not hear.

"You don't know how I dread it, Frank. I know that I am capable enough, or I should not have applied for the school. But I'm so horribly frightened. I feel sure that I shall forget all I know, and with Mr. Haskell's eyes on me—"

She laughed—a miserable little pretense of a laugh that had no mirth in it.

"Well, Haskell wouldn't mind seeing you fail—that's right enough," said her brother as he rose from the breakfast table. "Look out for your spelling, Allie; it's your weak point."

A little later, when Alice took some hot milk to her mother, Mrs. Watson looked up and asked, "What was Frank saying about your weak point? I don't think you have any weak points, Allie. You're too much like your father. If you were weaker, maybe you would feel for me more."

"Why, mother, I'm just as sorry as I can be; I do wish that I could bear some of your pain for you."

But the invalid turned her face away.

"Now, mother," said the young girl decidedly, "I am sure that you are fretting about the examination. Nothing else would have brought on your nervous headache, and you were doing so well yesterday. I dare say I shall pass with flying colors. It's only natural that we should both be nervous."

"Haskell has been our enemy ever since your father defeated him in that lawsuit!" Mrs. Watson explained. "And he has a neice who has applied for the same school that promised you the place if you were able to pass."

"I don't like Mr. Haskell, mother, I admit; but after all we may have been unjust to him. It was only natural that he should feel some resentment over the lawsuit when he had spent so much money on it. And even if he wished, he couldn't lessen my chances of getting the position. The examination papers are sent out by the state superintendent, and Mr. Haskell has nothing to do with that part of it."

"You know what Cora said," the invalid responded petulantly. "If his niece has had a copy of the questions all the week—"

"Mother, you don't know Mollie Haskell, or you wouldn't even dream that that could be true. She is one of the sweetest—"

Mrs. Watson raised herself on the pillow. "Remember, Alice," she said sternly, "on this point I am firm: As long as I live there shall be no intimacy between our family and Jonas Haskell. You won't have to wait long."

She ended her words with the unfailing burst of tears that was a part of her physical condition.

"Dear mother, don't cry so, dear! I am sure I shall pass all right, and even if I don't there is the later examination in the fall. I couldn't possibly fail the second time. I'm going to darken the room and bathe your head with something pleasant. When you are quite asleep I'll slip away."

The minutes passed while Alice patiently bathed her mother's head, but it was a long time before she felt sure that the invalid was asleep—so long a time, in fact, that she had only a moment in which to put the finishing touches to her toilet, and no time at all to steal a last precious look at her list of hard words.

As she passed out at the gate a young girl across the street bowed and smiled brightly. A sudden constraint fell upon Alice.

"It is too bad that mother clings to her dislikes so," she said to herself sadly. "I wish that I dared tell her what father said on his deathbed; that, though the law was on his side, the right of the case was with Mr. Haskell. If father had lived I am sure that the case would have been compromised. I would rather have Mollie for a friend than any girl I know—and yet I can't even treat her decently."

A little later Alice sat with flushed, anxious faces in the schoolroom waiting for the ordeal to begin. There were nine girls to be examined. After a moment, Jonas Haskell, the superintendent, rose from his desk and, passing Alice with an awkward inclination of the head, spoke to his niece, who was sitting near the door. As he passed Alice's desk, one of the papers that he held fell unnoticed to the floor.

Alice picked it up and had risen to return it, when a comment from Haskell reached her.

"Sullen and unreliable," and then something else, followed by, "Just like her father."

Alice crumpled the paper between her fingers and sank back in her seat. "He'll wait long enough for a favor from me," she said shortly. She was nervous and over-wrought. The morning was warm and her mind was distracted with the thought of her sick mother at home. At last Mr. Haskell distributed the examination papers.

"I wish to repeat," he said, when he had returned to his desk, "that the papers must be finished by four o'clock. I hope that you have brought your lunch with you as I requested."

The rustling of papers filled the quiet room, as the girls began eagerly to study the questions. Alice, who sat alone in her quiet corner, saw quickly that except in mathematics the examination was unusually hard. She dared not think of the words to be spelled.

The minutes passed swiftly enough. A quick glance at Mollie Haskell showed Alice that she had come upon a knotty problem. Her face was flushed and she was biting her lips nervously. Alice had finished her first paper when, turning to put it aside, she noticed the one that Mr. Haskell had dropped. She looked at him again. He had evidently noticed his niece's distress, for he was looking at her with a worried expression on his face.

Alice opened the crumpled paper and smoothed it out on her desk. It contained a solution of every mathematical problem, a correct answer to every question, and a list of the words to be spelled, together with a careful exposition of every difficult element in the whole examination!

As Alice realized the significance of the paper before her, she caught her breath sharply, and a hot color mounted to her cheeks. A glance about her showed that her slight excitement had passed unnoticed. Jonas Haskell was still nervously watching his niece, and the girls were all busy with their own anxieties. A hasty comparison of one or two of her answers with the key before her showed her that she had already made some mistakes that might cause her to lose the first-grade certificate. Without realizing what she was doing, she read the answers to some other questions that had been puzzling her. Then she leaned back and tried to collect her thoughts.

The temptation was almost irresistible. If it were only herself—but there was her mother! If she lost the certificate now, it would almost break her mother's heart. And she must consider her mother. Was it right to make her unhappy and spoil her summer when she might never have another?

Slowly the minutes passed. Once Alice decided to hand in her unfinished papers and the answers that had come into her possession. But when she thought that it was Jonas Haskell to whom she would have to confess—Jonas Haskell, who had said that she was "sullen and unreliable", and "just like her father,"—she did not have the courage to do it.

Then she decided to go on with her work, just as if she had never seen the wretched paper. But in a short while she found that that was impossible. The correct answers as she had seen them on the key paper were constantly in her mind. She could not hand in a single honest paper!

Mechanically she went on with her work. She felt ill and faint; she had kept the paper so long that she could not possibly explain.

Presently some one passed outside the window, humming a tune. She did not know what the tune was, but she remembered very well that Laura had been playing it that day on the piano—the day that her father died.

They had not thought him so very ill then; she had been sitting beside him while her mother rested.

"I have had lots of time to think since I have been lying here, Allie," he had said wistfully. "It isn't so bad, after all, if it weren't for his temper; I wouldn't have held out against him except for that. We were boys together and his mother died. It's hard to retrace your way when you have taken a wrong step, Allie; but if you don't retrace it at once, by and by you'll find that you can't."

And then he had grown worse. Alice found herself listening vaguely for the pause in the song when at the alarm Laura's hand had crashed down on the piano keys.

She rose quietly to her feet and, gathering up her papers, walked to the desk.

"I can't go on with the examination," she said. "Will you excuse me?"

"Is the examination too hard?" Jonas Haskell asked a little harshly.

"I have found it harder that I had expected," she said, paling; "but that is not all. I would rather not give any other reason."

Haskell did not answer. He only stared at her and waited. After a minute she asked, "Do you mean you'll try later—in the fall?"

"No," she said quietly, "I mean that my application for the Daleville school will be withdrawn to-day—and that I shall not try for a certificate until next year."

Haskell stared straight before him for a moment. "I think that you are making a mistake, Miss Watson," he said more gently. "If possible you should make your reasons plain. You owe it to others as well as yourself."

Alice hesitated and then went on bravely: "I accidentally came into possession of this paper, which renders any further work on my part impossible." She laid the paper before him.

"I know that I had lost it in the schoolroom," Jonas Haskell said, "and I knew that some one had found it. I was waiting to see—but I didn't think that your father's daughter—"

"It is because I am my father's daughter," she broke in sharply, "that I returned it. I was tempted at first." With flaming cheeks and head erect she left the room.

Three days later Alice received a letter.

Dear Miss Watson. The trustees of the Daleville school decline to accept the withdrawal of your name. In view of your mother's illness and other circumstances arising later, and relying to your credit, I have acceded to their request to grant you another opportunity to pass the examination at such time in the future as you may prefer.

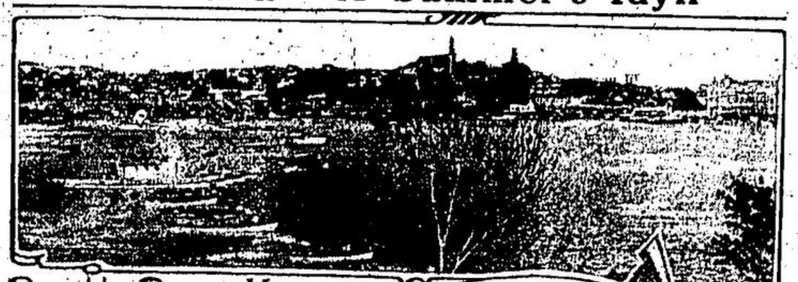
Yours truly, Jonas Haskell.

And that is how Alice Watson came to teach the Daleville school, for much to her mother's delight, she passed the examination easily.

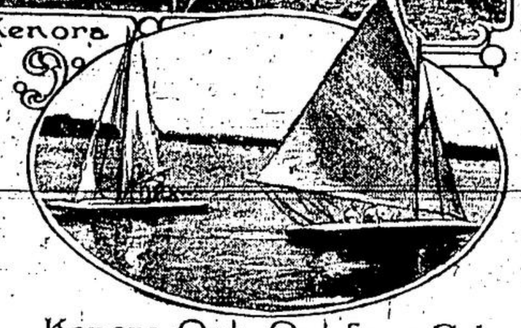
NON-PRODUCERS

Ten thousand statesmen fume and fret, upon the well known stump, and tell how crises should be met, and carted to the dump. They elocute until they're hot, and rant and tear their duds; and it would help things out a lot if they'd start raising spuds. By growing Burbanks here and there, they'd help a land distraught; we need potatoes more, I swear, than we need Gems of Thought. Ten thousand poets twang their lyres until they break the strings, and boost our altars and our fires, our bulwarks and such things. But nations are not saved by tunes, however nobly played; the poets should be growing prunes which is a better trade. For prunes the hungry children cry, and stricken parents pray, while bughouse poets drool and sigh of temples in Cathay. Ten thousand agents seek our doors to sell us foolish books, and they'd be far more useful here if they plied reaping hooks. The country's full of well dressed skates who grow no hay or straw, produce no pumpkins, figs or dates—there ought to be a law.—Walt Mason.

"Kenora" A Summer's Idyll



Regatta Day - Kenora



Kenora, Ont.-Out for a Spin

There are some places which never lose their charm as holiday resorts, and which as the seasons pass attract visitors as a magnet does the needle. Such may be claimed for Kenora and the Lake of the Woods.

This lovely spot is within easy access to all, situated as it is on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the beautiful Province of Ontario.

The Lake of the Woods is a perfect earthly Paradise, thronged in its thousands of islands, most of which are owned by private Canadian citizens who spend their summers there leading the simple life.

A splendid way to see the beauties of the Lake of the Woods is to make a stay at Kenora, and from there hire a motor launch and go sailing among the islands. The Lake is studded over by a perfect archipelago, the islands numbering several thousand, some mere islets of jagged rock, others being several miles in extent on which are built pretty bungalows and camps.

Most of the islands are thickly timbered, the trees growing to the water's edge, and in the early summer months water lilies, both golden yellow and pure white are found everywhere. Blueberries and other wild fruit also grow abundantly on most of the islands, hundreds of pounds being picked by the Indians and shipped to the different cities for consumption.

Kenora itself is a pretty little town built on the lake front, commanding a splendid view of the lake. It has a large number of stores, a Public Library, and is lit by electricity. The Tourist Hotel, in the Main Street, gives tourists every comfort.

There are camps on several of the larger islands run by the Y.M.C.A. and the M.L.A. of Winnipeg, where the tourist can have accommodation at reasonable rates, while on Coney Island there is a fine sandy bathing beach, and pavilion for dancing.

Happiness seems to be the dominant note at Kenora and its vicinity, everywhere one meets parties of young people on pleasure bent, boating, bathing, or picnicing, and the stillness of the air is broken only by merry laughter, or the song of the birds.

The district is much frequented by artists, photographers, and sportsmen, each finding a wide field for his particular bent. The lake is a perfect angler's Paradise, many a trout being landed before break of day to provide breakfast for the campers. Here too in their season are to be found moose and bear, as well as other big game.

A short distance out of Kenora is an Indian Reserve, which is a never failing source of interest to tourists who wish to see the Red Men in their native woods.

A few miles out of Kenora are the little towns of Norman and Keewatin, both of which are within walking distance, the road winding on the hillside affords an uninterrupted view of the lake, every bend opening up new beauty spots.

Who can ever forget the glorious moonlight on the Lake, the intense stillness broken only by the dip of an oar or the throb of a motor boat, when the shadows deepen on the islands, and "when the moon sees her unwrinkled face reflected" in the blue water? Kenora is redolent of romance, is indeed like a tone poem of perfect music where there is no discordant note, and where as each evening closes one can say, we have come to the end of a perfect day.

SOLD HIMSELF

A farmer sold a load of oats in town one day, remarks a writer in The Way. While it was being weighed, he slyly stepped on the scales, and then drove off to unload. When the empty wagon was weighed, he took good care not to be in it, and congratulated himself that he had cheated the buyer in good shape. The grain dealer called him in and after figuring up the weight of his load, paid him for the full weight.

As the farmer buttoned up his coat to go out, the buyer talked over the crops and the price of hogs, and the likelihood of the railroad building up that way, until the farmer fairly squirmed in his chair with uneasiness about his chores at home.

At last he could stand it no longer, and said he must go. The dealer quietly said that it was not to be thought of, that he had bought the farmer at full weight, and paid him his own price, and that he would insist on doing as he pleased with his own property.

The seller of the corn saw that he had indeed sold himself—in one sense, at least. He acknowledged his error, and returned the money he had dishonestly taken in the affair. Now, when he markets grain, he does not stand on the scales or sell himself with his load.

A GOOD MEMORY NEEDED

A lecture tour includes some of the most delightful experiences, Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell says in his autobiography, but it also has its anxieties and worries, and eternal vigilance is the price of avoiding a breakdown. The lecturer's memory is taxed far beyond its capacity. To forget certain people and kindnesses is an unfortunate sin, but a new host every night, a new home, a new city and a new audience lead the lecturer into lamentable lapses.

In a car full of people a man asked me one day how I liked Toronto. I replied that I had never been there. "Strange," he murmured, "because you spent the night at my house!"

On another occasion, at a crowded reception, I was talking to a lady on one side and a gentleman on the other. I had been introduced to them but caught neither name. They did not address each other, but only spoke to me. I felt that I must remedy matters and there mumbled, "Pray let me present you to Mrs. M—m—m."

"Oh, no need, doctor," he replied. "We've been married for thirty years."

Shortly after that I noticed at a reception that everyone wore his name pinned on his breast. I wondered if there were any connection.

THE ELDERLY SAFETY PIN

The safety pin and the hook and eye are generally supposed to be modern inventions. The former, in fact, has been credited to Queen Victoria. She may have improved upon it, but certainly she is not entitled to the distinction of having invented it. Numerous specimens of the useful contrivance have been found in the ruins of Crete. Some of them are in the museum of the University of Pennsylvania, and the museum has also a hook and eye from the same place.

Both the safety pins and the hook and eye now in the museum were made at least nine hundred years before Christ. Some are made of bronze but amber or some other material was often used on the more elaborate pins. Some were even made of finely wrought gold.

HIS ADVICE

A certain floorwalker in a big department store is likely to lose his place if he does not improve in his manners.

"Gracious!" exclaimed a fat woman rushing up to him just after losing sight of her husband. "I am looking for a small man with one eye."

"Well, madam," suggested the floorwalker, "if he's a very small man perhaps you'd better use both byes."

HIS EXPERIENCE

"Why have I never married?" the old bachelor said in reply to a leading question, as quoted in Life. "Well, once upon a time, in a crowd, I trod on a lady's gown. She turned furiously, beginning, 'You clumsy brute!' Then she smiled sweetly and said, 'Oh, I beg pardon! I thought you were my husband!' Now, it really doesn't matter in the least. And when I came to think it over, I decided that maybe I'd just as well let marriage alone."

AGES AND NATIONALITIES

I cannot say positively from my own personal knowledge when I was born, but my mother told me that it was on the 17th day of December, 1807, and she was a very truthful woman.—John G. Whittier.

"What is your name?" asked a census taker. "John Corcoran." "Your age?" "Twenty-one." "What nationality?" "Well, that's what bothers me. I'll tell you and maybe you can make it out. My father was Irish, but is now a naturalized American citizen; my mother is English; and I was born on a Dutch frigate, under a French flag in Turkish waters. Now how is it?"

Three commercial travellers met at the hotel one winter evening and had a hearty supper together. The supper over, the three found some difficulty in alloting their prospective shares of the bill; but one of them at length cut short the dispute that no over had the "oldest name" among them should go free—the expense being halved by the other two. This being promptly accepted, No. 1 produced a card inscribed "Richard Roe," which No. 2 met with Adam Brown." Then No. 3, a portly veteran with a humorous gray eye, laid down his card with the great confidence of a great general making a decisive movement, and remarked with a chuckle, "I don't much think you'll beat this 'un gents." And he was right, for the name was "Mr. H. Ginning."

A story illustrating the reticence of the Scotch regarding their private affairs was told by Ian Maclaren when in Boston. A train was at a railroad station, when a porter put his head into a car, and called out: "Any one in this car for Doune? Change for Doune? Any one for Doune?" no one moved; and in a few minutes the train was speeding along not to stop again for nearly an hour. Then an old Scotchwoman turned to a lady sitting near her and said: "I'm for Doune, but I'd no tell that man so."

PHIT, ME! I'M BIG ENOUGH"

He wasn't very big, but he was a sturdy little chap with a face that bore the marks of much thinking and premature responsibility, writes Harry Graves in the Christian Endeavor World. I learned afterward that he was supporting a crippled mother and an invalid sister who had been left helpless in the world by the death of the father. He might have run away from home and evaded the responsibility, but he didn't think of it. He just sold papers.

At the loop on Pittsburgh Street, a crowd had gathered, waiting for the evening cars. A ragged young girl was selling flowers at the Pittsburgh Street end of the waiting station when a man, rushing to reach his car, knocked her against the side of the building. Without stopping, probably not having noticed what he had done, he continued his rush, when the boy stepped in front of him defiantly.

"Say, what do you want to knock a girl down for? Hit me. I'm big enough."

The man paused in surprise and then glanced around. He saw the flower-girl picking up her wares and understood. Without a moment's hesitation he went back to her, gave her enough money to make her eyes fairly sparkle with joy, and said:

"I'm sorry, my dear, that I hurt you. I didn't see." Then, turning to the boy, he continued: "You said you were big enough, young man, but you are a great deal bigger than you may think. Men like you will have a lot to do with keeping this old world in a condition of self-respect."

Then he caught his car, and the boy and the girl stood there wondering what he meant.

WORDS OF WISDOM

Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

Never spend your money before you have earned it.

Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.

Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.

We seldom repent of having eaten too little.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened.

Take things always by the smooth handle.

Think angry count ten before you speak.

GOD BLESS OUR DAD!

We happened into a home the other night, and over the parlor door saw the legend worked in letters of red, "What is Home Without a Mother?" Across the room was another brief, "God Bless Our Home."

Now, what's the matter with "God Bless Our Dad!" He gets up early, lights the fire, boils an egg and wipes the dew off the lawn with his boots while many a mother is sleeping. He makes the weekly hand out to the butcher, the milkman, and the baker, and his little pile is badly demolished before he has been home an hour.

If there is a noise in the night, Dad is kicked in the back and made to go downstairs and find the burglar and kill him. Mother darns the socks, but Dad bought the socks in the first place, and the needles and the yarn afterwards. Mother does up the fruit; Dad bought it all, and jars and sugar cost like the mischief.

Dad buys chickens for Sunday dinners, serves them himself, and draws the neck from the rump after everybody else is served. "What is Home Without a Mother?" Yes, that is all right, but "What is Home Without a Father?" Ten chances to one it is a boarding house; father is under a slab and the landlady is the widow. Dad, here's to you! You've got your faults you may have lots of them, but you are all right, and we miss you when you are gone.

A MOTTO'S UTILITY

"That is a great thing—peace at home. You have heard of the woman who quarreled with her husband at the table, and picked up a cherry tart and threw it at him, but it missed his head and hit the motto, 'God Bless Our Home,' and spattered all over it, and the children said, 'Mamma missed papa's head, but didn't she give the motto ginger'"—"Sam" Jones.

SINCE 1870 SHILOH 30 DROPS STOP COUGHS

Save Against the "rainy day"

The thought of being dependent some day, when illness or old age takes away one's ability to earn, is rightly distasteful to the Canadian mind.

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