The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1926

INTERRUPTING

They say it's wrong to interrupt when
some one talks to you,
But I don't do it near as much as
grown-up people do;
For while I'm telling mother some important piece of news,
She's counting up my buttons or examining my shoes.
And she wishes I've gotten to the most exciting part,
And she ought to pay attention to my words with all her heart,
All at once she says: "Come here! I very greatly fear
A button's coming off your clothes, and I must fix it, dear."

It's just the same with father; he's no better, I'm afraid.
I always want him to admire important things I've made;
But when I start to show him, so that he will understand
Where I nailed it or I sawed it, and just how I worked and planned,
He's not his head and say, "Indeed!" in an attentive way,
And note as if he saw it; but then like as not he'll say,
Just when I've got a-going, "My boy, your mask needs blowing."
Which proves he doesn't hear nor even look at what I'm showing.

—Burgess Johnson, in Exchange.

THERE IS A TIME TO QUIT

"I'm no quitter!"

"You don't catch me backing down!"

"Me show the white feather? I guess not!"

These are the proud boasts of many conscientious young men and young women. They want to prove their courage, their stamina. They feel certain that to "back down," or to be called "quitters" would drop them to the lowest round of estimation or esteem in the eyes of their friends.

Truly, it is splendid and noble to be classed among the strong ones who "never quit." Yet this implies that the task or effort or principle to which we so tenaciously cling be right and honorable and just. To be a Canadian in a true and noble sense, is to be anything but a "quitter." The genuine Canadian has the courage of his convictions, and backs up his honor with all his strength and purpose. But he assures himself that he is right. And your genuine Canadian, brave, courageous as he is, has been known to "quit" "to quit" when he opens his eyes to the truth that he has been led unwittingly into something that is altogether wrong.

Which leads to the conviction that there is a time to quit. This time arrives when we realize the utter futility of our struggle, or when we are convinced that the thing we are doing is not for the best. He is no unwise who goes on blindly, groping and struggling, when he knows he is wrong—and keeps fighting merely to prevent some, from saying that he is a quitter.

Quit? No, never quit if your cause is just, and your principles based on honor, truth and justice. Never quit if you are upholding the right. Truth must prevail, even though it be crushed for a time.

But you may honorably, wisely quit the thing that you have learned is wrong. Those who would call you a quitter are not your real friends. How many young men have done the wrong thing, knowing it was wrong, rather than have these false ones "dub them quitters."

The time to quit is when a sincere, heartfelt consciousness tells you gently that you are wrong. And the brave thing, the courageous thing, the big thing is to proclaim your change of conviction, frankly and plainly. Happiness lies that way, with ultimate success as the final reward. To the blind, unrighteous struggle lead only to misery and failure. But no one has truthfully said: "He who can say 'No' at the right time and to the thing that is wrong has 'No-bility'. And he who has "no-bility" knows when to quit.—Dennis H. Stovall.

HOW A FAMOUS POEM WAS WRITTEN

Admirers of Sam Walter Foss' poem "The House by the Side of the Road" are many. The story of his writing it is known to few. He was an enthusiastic traveller, and on one of his trips through New England he came at the top of a long hill, to a lane, unpainted house set almost in the road, so near it was. Near one window was a queerly constructed signpost, finger, pointing to a well-worn path and a sign: "Come in and have a drink." Following the path, he found in the side of the bank, some distance from the house, a spring of ice-water into which a barrel had been sunk and above which hung an old-fashioned gourd dipper. And on a bench near by—a wonder—was a basket of fragrant apples, with another sign, "Help yourself."

Scenting a story, he went back to the house, where he found a childless old couple in straightened circumstances, with the rocky farm as the only source of livelihood. But it is rich in the delicious spring water, an abundance of fruit; so the couple was placed guiding to the water, from the time of the ripening of the first purple plum to the harvesting of the last red apple a basket of which never fruit might be in season and placed near, that everyone passing might rest upon the long hill and help himself.

The old gentleman explained that they were too poor to give money, so took this way to add their mite to the world's well-doing.

The beautiful thought and its helpfulness so impressed Foss that he immortalized with his pen the story of the ideal home:

"Let me live in my house by the road
Where the race of men go by;
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish; so am I.

Then why should I sit in a scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man."

—Exchange.

AN ARABIC PARABLE

An Arabic version of the biblical story of the Pharisee and the publican is contained in a book of Arabian legends, most of them extracted from the Koran, which has just been published.

The Christian said: I thank God for creating me a Christian and not a Jew.

The Jew said: I thank God for creating me a Jew and not a pagan.

The pagan said: Thanks be to Divinity, I am a pagan and not an atheist.

The atheist said: I am happy that I am an atheist and not a dog.

The dog said: I rendered thanks to God that I am a dog and not a hog.

The pig said: Praises to the Most High! I am a pig and am not ungrateful to our most merciful Father.

NOT GOOD ALWAYS

This is a serious life, and men make a serious religion. The Christian Herald says: "A sporting man said, after hearing Ingersoll's oration in New York: 'It's a spicy thing to think of for an hour, but not a very elastic doctrine to have around when there is a funeral in the house.'"

Well, when I witnessed that base ball game between the Pastimes, our Acton team, and those hilarious Glen williams youths in the park on Saturday afternoon, it made me think of those good old games on the old common where Acton Athletic Association now have their fine grounds. The only similarity though was in the score. We never heard such chewing and "jumping on" the umpire, as was done in Saturday's game by the Glen chaps. Why they sulked and they sassed, and they quarrelled, and they took the heart out of our umpires. And what did they make by it? Such an old-fashioned soupe—21 to 3 in Acton's favor. Say, if those Glen ball players expect to win the pennant they'll have to learn to "play ball" soon. Acton's scorer had some job on Saturday, that's sure.

You know sometimes I get so allfired interested in my historical reminiscence that it's all I can think about. I know you're all interested too, but I like to shoot in a little variety now and again. I've been taking in some garden parties lately. I can't begin to take them all in, but I'm still sporty enough to like to go to all I can manage to get to. Of course you've all been to garden parties galore and know all about them. Most of you know when you hear a good programme and you all see lots of friends and eat lots of good things, but did any of you ever study the people around you?

There is always that class, of course, that you are forced to study—the bunch who talk (about nothing), but so hanged loud that you can't hear the programme. But they don't take much study. You can also them up as a pesky nuisance at once. Then there is a lot who go there to listen to the comedian and see every joke and have a ripping good time. My, but it does my heart good to see people like that. They just about roll off their seats laughing, everything's "jake" with them, even to the cold tea. They're the kind of people who are out for the time of their lives every place they go and they have it. Then there is another class who don't give a rip whether there is a programme at all. They come to meet their friends. They do meet them and they go off by themselves and hold a conversation that does both of them a heap more good than the programme. (And it's no reflection on the programme, either). And then there is that very human bunch who would sooner eat than anything else. They go to the booth when they get to the grounds and are never far away any time during the evening. There aren't many of this bunch left, but there are a few who still gorge themselves for the sake of having the stomach ache the next day.

There are numerous other classes and individual characters who attend garden parties and other functions that I could point out. But the next time you go to one of these affairs and you aren't having a good time with the programme, your friends or any of the other attractions provided, just start and study your neighbors in the crowd and others in your scope and I'll guarantee you won't be bored or go to sleep.

In the early days Scene Street was the only thoroughfare of that westerly subdivision of Acton known as Dickson's survey. Only two or three houses were there half a century ago. One of these housed the Stewart family, and later Freeman Worden, and Mrs. Worden and their half-dozen sons and daughters. John and Hiram, the well-known barbers, were sons of theirs. Nearly fifty years ago—forty-six at least—Mr. Worden died there very suddenly. He had been working in Nassagaweya, was taken ill there, and inflammation set in. Death came very shortly after his arrival home. I remember seeing the sick man being convoyed by a kind-hearted Nassagaweya farmer to his home in a bed in the bottom of the waggon. Mrs. Worden deserved much credit for bringing up a large family which had not a father's care and solicitude. The other house was occupied for many years by William Trotter and his family. They were an esteemed industrious family. The children were scattered and the parents finally passed away. Mrs. James Sayers, of Nassagaweya, is the only one left in this community.

But the Scene Street section has grown of late years. Mr. Thomas Trout built a home there a good many years ago. Later houses have been built by Messrs. Cutting, Holmes, Green, Caswell and others. Mrs. Thomas Alger, who now owns and lives in the Trotter house, had two sons overseas. Some of the best gardens in town are those surrounding the homes on Scene Street. There are some energetic citizens up there. They pay taxes and they demand a fair share of municipal improvements. They went after the Council a couple of years ago and secured electric lighting. Then they saw to it and had the roadway improved. Last fall when the waterworks question was a live issue Charlie Holmes and Ben Green Jr., interviewed the Council one night and frankly demanded information as to whether waterworks mains would be laid up to and on Scene Street. They were assured that the mains would surely reach Scene Street. Then we'll vote for the waterworks by-law, declared Charlie Holmes. It is rumored now in some quarters that the Council is thinking of not going beyond the railway track with Main Street main. I hear that Charlie has fire in his eye over the rumor and says he'll see that the Council's promises of last year are fulfill. "Why," he says, "I have 3,000 cabbages planted out on the strength of the waterworks coming our way. I want water for them. Does the Council think I'm going to lose all them cabbages without a kick?"

The fine lot and comfortable home at the corner of Scene and Main Streets, belongs to Mrs. Charles Evans. She has lived there for a good many years and has greatly improved the appearance of the premises. It was here that Mr. Evans died, and from this home their three children went out to homes of their own.

Preceding the Evans family Mr. and Mrs. William Smith, a choice old couple, the parents of Mrs. William Carroll, and Mr. W. D. Smith, resided here. They went to their reward many years ago.

The home on the next lot where Mrs. John C. Nelson resides, was built by her father, Mr. James Brown, who now lives at Los Angeles, Cal. Between forty and fifty years ago he sold his farm and saw mill property on lot 1, con. 4, Erin, where Mr. Arthur Hwackhamer now lives. He bought from his father-in-law, the Asa Hall, two or three acres of his farm and built a saw mill and this house on the property. He operated the mill there for a good many years. It was finally torn down and he rebuilt further down town, where Mr. D. A. Henderson's saw mill now stands, to be more convenient for business and shipping. Mr. Asa Hall came from the province of Quebec and settled on this farm about ninety years ago. He was one of our earliest settlers; a man of outstanding character, always interested in the betterment of the community and for over half a century an active earnest citizen and a stalwart Christian man in Acton. He was appointed one of the first Justices of the Peace here, and with rare wisdom and personal concern for would-be litigants, most cases of neighborly or family disputes were, under his wise counsel and suggestion, settled without the undesirable publicity of a court trial. He was one of the first officials of the Methodist Church when it was organized in 1845. With his own hands he helped to build the old white frame church on Church Street and his family were among the most regular in attendance at all the services. For many years he and Mrs. Hall supplied the wine and bread for the quarterly communions of the church. Mr. Hall was one of the first councillors elected upon Acton's incorporation in 1873.

Mr. Hall was not only a general adviser to the community from a magisterial standpoint, but was also a sort of amateur physician and dentist. Household remedies were often prescribed for the common family ailments, and he was the only dentist, or perhaps more correctly, tooth-puller, within miles of Acton. Dentists' forceps were unknown in those days. The clumsy, cruel, old "turnkeys" were his only instrument for extracting aching molars. In fact, the professional doctors of that early day also used "turnkeys" as some of us old chaps can testify to our sorrowful memories and fractured jaws. When the "turnkeys" were applied to the tooth something had to come from the patient's mouth. It might be the troublesome tooth. It was just as likely to be two teeth as one, and the sufferer was fortunate indeed if a piece of the jaw did not come out with the tooth. As an instrument of torture from which we older residents suffered fifty or sixty years ago the "turnkey" took the bun.

I heard Mr. Hall relate an incident in his experience of teeth pulling a couple of score of years ago, which he had in the early days of his young manhood. A woman who lived down town went to him in the greatest distress, after suffering from jumping toothache for a day and a night, and demanded that he pull the tooth. He was out in the field behind the barn, plowing with a yoke of oxen, and could not well leave them to go to the house with her for the operation which it was hoped would give relief. He sent her to the house for the turnkeys, which he told the woman Mrs. Hall would give her. She came back with the instrument. He set her on a maple stump, held her head with one arm and applied the tooth puller. The extraction was successful and the pain ceased, and the thanks of the patient were profuse. Of course, as a considerate neighbor "thanks" was all this Good Samaritan ever looked for as recompence for his merciful acts.

Mrs. Hall, whose maiden name was Sabra Center, was a motherly soul, and was beloved by the community. Her home was the home of every preacher and circuit rider who ever came this way. There was always a place of rest and a hearty welcome in the "prophet's chamber." More than this; the unmarried young preachers who were stationed here always found Mr. and Mrs. Asa Hall's an ideal boarding place. Rev. Christopher Cookman boarded there when he was the young preacher on the Acton and Georgetown circuit, in 1867, and he married the second daughter, Sarah Jane. They lived happily together for many years in Methodist parsonages throughout western Ontario. Mr. Cookman died at Weston in 1911, and his wife predeceased him several years. James Broley, who taught school here in 1855, and entered the Methodist ministry in 1857, boarded at Mr. Hall's and married Maria Matthews, daughter of Abram Matthews, whose homestead was across the road where Mr. Switzer is now. She was a sister of Postmaster Matthews. Rev. Mr. Broley preached for thirty-three years and departed this life in September, 1890, fifty-five years of age. Mrs. Broley lived for many years after with her family at Klora. The late Robert Little, who taught in Acton from 1862, until his appointment as Inspector of Public Schools for Halton in 1871, boarded at this hospitable home until he fell in love with Sarah Johnston, one of his pupils, and was united in holy wedlock and set up their new home on Hope Hill, as Capt. Tom Burns, used to call it, at the head of Frederick Street.

The five children of Mr. and Mrs. Asa Hall were popular young people of this community. The entire family with their noted parents have passed over the river. They were Mrs. James Brown, Mrs. (Rev.) C. Cookman, Horace, who left Acton and built up a big planing mill business in Kitchener, which is continued by his son, Monteath; Erastus, who went with the Acton party of ten young men in 1862 to the Cariboo gold fields and was drowned en route, and Zalman, who was for years accountant for Beardmore & Co., in the days of the father of the present heads of this great business—Mr. George L. Beardmore—and who later became a member of the firm of Breithaupt & Hall, of Kitchener and Penetanguishene. Mrs. Horace Hall is still living at Kitchener, and Mrs. Zalman Hall in Hamilton. After Mr. Horace married Miss Monteath this new family resided for a number of years in the cottage which was built on the old homestead for them, which still stands across the lane from the farm home. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Coleman resided there for a number of years.

When Asa Hall retired from farming between thirty and forty years ago he sold the place to William Lynd who was a prosperous farmer until he retired last year, when the farm was purchased by Mr. Hugh McCutcheon, who is also an energetic agriculturist and has already won success in his vocation.

The Old Man

SAY KIND WORDS EARLY

Whenever an unusually strong and good man dies there is a word or less general recognition of his virtues. Many persons who gave him no praise, or who wounded him with the poisoned arrows of malice and slander, while he lived, lift up their voices to speak well of him after he is gone. A belated justice is better than none at all. It is well that we should learn a lesson of magnanimity even at the grave's mouth. But the right time to utter kind words is while our brother men are living to hear them.

PLANNING TO KEEP UP THE MILK FLOW DURING THE SUMMER AND FALL

Once more we are entering upon the season of the year when the dairy farmer expects the greatest yield from his cows and the pastures, and if the season is right the land will be fairly "flowing with milk and honey." Unfortunately, however, the season is not always just as right as it might be. Invariably in one section or another there is a drought with its consequent shortage of pasture and decrease in milk flow.

It is important at this time that some form of supplementary feed be supplied, for if the milk flow is once allowed to decline it is almost impossible to get it up to the previous high mark again. A little extra feed at this time will produce more milk than will three times the amount fed after the decline has taken place. Many will have profited by past experiences and have made preparation for the shortage of pasture by sowing a piece of annual pasture or soiling crop. Others again may have some of the previous year's crop of silage to fall back on. In any, and particularly the last of the above methods, we have a very efficient means of supplementing the pastures. For those who have not yet made any provision it is not too late to sow an extra acre of corn, some fall turnips, or even a piece of rape. The turnips may be pulled as needed and fed tops and all while the rape may be pastured off in the late summer and fall. Where previous preparation has not been made, cuttings of the regular crops, such as green oats and peas, second-cut clover, and green corn will have to be made to fill the hill.

To speak of grain feeding on pasture at present prices seems absurd, and it will be found to be somewhat of an extravagance except with very high producing cows. Where the grains are obtainable a mixture of two parts bran and one each of ground oats and cottonseed meal is excellent.

Apart from the feeding of the cows, there is the question of water and shade supply. Both are very necessary. Where sufficient protection from the flies, in the form of shade or underbush is not to be found, it would be advisable to keep the animals in the stable during the hotter part of the day allowing them out in the evening. Where supplementary feed has to be cut and hauled to the cows less waste will be occasioned when fed while inside. Where the cows have of necessity to be out all day they should have protection from the flies by spraying with some good fly repellant.—G. W. Muir, Animal Husbandman.

"HOT AIR"

Many young Canadians have very little use for complimentary speeches, referring to them irreverently as "hot air." But hot air is one of the essential comforts a good many months of the year. Those who in midwinter hold their chilled hands to the steam pipe, or hover over the register, cannot regard "hot air" as a symbol of worthlessness.

While it is true that some people overdo the matter of compliments most of us fall far below our privilege. We say only a tithe of the pleasant things we might say. A few of us are held back by fear that appreciation is not good for people—an apprehension not borne out by facts—but most of us are restrained simply by our inertia. It is too much trouble to take the pains to say something gracious.

Late in Emerson's life, when his memory had failed so that he did not always recognize the faces of his best friends, his habit of gracious courtesy remained. Someone apologized for having used his study for a short time and he answered, "It will be all the lighter that you thought it worth coming to." That gracious little speech has never been forgotten, and it should never be forgotten. We need it and others like it, as examples on which to model our own conversation. And the youth who refers to such a speech contemptuously as "hot air" is not so very far out of the way, save for his contempt, for what the air from the register is to chilled bodies in midwinter, gracious words are to the shivering hearts of men.

THE LISTENERS WHO HELP

For a public speaker to do his best he must have an audience that understands and appreciates him. A famous lecturer once said that in every audience there were always some bright women's faces; and he added, "Pick out the best, and lecture mainly to that." Who can tell how much good such a woman does, merely by her presence and her interest in what the speaker is saying? With a good listener, he finds it easier to bring out his best thoughts in the best language. He enjoys his task, and the lecture itself is better because she is there. Thus she helps not only the speaker, but the whole audience, and everyone in the room is benefitted.

It is not only women and men who can help others in such ways. A minister once said to one of his listeners at the close of his church service, "In the middle of the sermon I saw a little boy watching me from one of the front seats, and he looked so interested. It helped me wonderfully."

DATES OF THE FALL FAIRS

In Which Free Press Readers and Exhibitors are Most Interested

The official list and dates of Ontario fall fairs have been published. Those which the people of this section are most likely to attend are:

ACTON	Sept. 31 and 32
Aberfoyle	Oct. 1 and 2
Brampton	Oct. 1 and 2
Burlington	Thanksgiving Day
Caledon	Sept. 23 and 24
Erin	Thanksgiving Day
Georgetown	Sept. 23 and 24
Freelton	Thanksgiving Day
Galt	Oct. 1 and 2
Georgetown	Sept. 29 and 30
Milton	Oct. 5 and 6
Oakville	Sept. 23 to 25
Rockwood	Oct. 7 and 8
Streetsville	Sept. 30
Toronto	Aug. 28 to Sept. 11
Waterdown	Oct. 5
Woodbridge	Thanksgiving Day

A CANADIAN MINISTER AT WASHINGTON

It has been formally announced that the British government will soon appoint a minister to represent Canadian interests at Washington, and that the relations between Canada and the United States will be entirely in the hands of the Canadian minister. In addition to representing Canada, the new minister will represent the British government at Washington in the absence of a minister or ambassador from Great Britain. This is further recognition, on the part of Great Britain, of the rights of the Canadians, is very much appreciated by the Canadians, and is acceptable to the United States.

HIGHEST AND LOWEST

The highest ascertained point on the surface of the globe is Mt. Everest, a peak in the Himalayas, in Nepal, India, which rises to a height of 29,002 feet above the surface of the sea. The lowest point on the earth's surface is that remarkable lake in the southeast of Palestine which is known as the "Dead Sea."

SUNDAY AFTERNOON READING

(D. R.)

The nurse is referred to in scripture if just enough to parade it before the public is a great deal worse.

An improvident man is one who spends the dollar that he has and the two dollars that he hopes to get; a thrifty man is one who holds on to a part of to-day's earnings for fear some special necessity may rise to-morrow.

Hosea says: "Nobody becomes guilty by fate." Guilt is a thing that does not depend upon the choice and act of another, but upon a man's own decision and action. Men may be wronged, injured, and impoverished by the conduct of others, but they never can become guilty but by their own deliberate choice.

The colored brother who referred to a sort of religion that has no very definite experience by saying, "What a man's got that he don't know, he can lose, and not miss it," was a sound philosopher. Better have a religion that would be missed if it were gone.

When troubles come the worst thing to do is to sit down and mope over them. Then more than ever we should show the quality of our manhood and the reality of our faith in God by doing our duty and keeping a cheerful heart. The present distress will soon pass away and be forgotten. There are bright days ahead. Even now to those who turn their eyes upward, the heavens are full of light. To despair is to be guilty of a great sin. "Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance and my God."

A Scotch girl was converted under the preaching of Whitefield. When asked if her heart was changed, her true and beautiful answer was:

"Something I know is changed; it may be the world, it may be my heart. There is a great change somewhere, I am sure, for everything is different from what it once was."

A very apt commentary on that passage, "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away—behold, all things are become new."

THE SMITH FAMILY

Seeing that the Smith have had over 2,000 years in which to increase and multiply, it is not surprising to learn that in the United States alone they number about a million.

The late Dr. Mahaffy discovered that there was a man named Smith living in Egypt in 227 B. C., and there may have been even earlier Smiths.

The Smiths have always shown themselves more clannish in the United States than in other countries. They once organized a banquet at which the guests were Smiths to a man, and the president was Captain Smith, the Governor of Virginia. The cooks were Smiths, the waiters also, and a Smith said grace. An ode was specially composed for the occasion by a poet Smith, and this was issued in book form by a publisher named Smith.

A REAL OPTIMIST

"What a cheerful woman Mrs. Smiley is."

"Isn't she? Why, do you know, that woman is naturally so cheerful that she can have a good time thinking what a good time she would have if she were having it."—Youth's Companion.

To Our Patrons--

DURING JULY AND AUGUST EXAMINATIONS FOR GLASSES ON

Thursday, Friday and Saturday

(Only of Each Week)

PREFERABLY BY APPOINTMENT

LENS GRINDING AND QUICK REPAIR DEPT. RUNNING AS USUAL

A. D. SAVAGE
OPTOMETRIST AND MFG. OPTICIAN
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"From 1898" GUELPH, ONT.

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For Summer Wear

Kenney Bros.

Have opened their new stock of best lines of summer goods for Ladies and Gentlemen, Girls and Boys.

Our stock includes all lines of:

WHITE CANVAS SHOES
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We do all kinds of shoe repair work, sewed and nailed, neatly and promptly done. Rubber heels put on. All work guaranteed.

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MAIN STREET - ACTON, ONT.

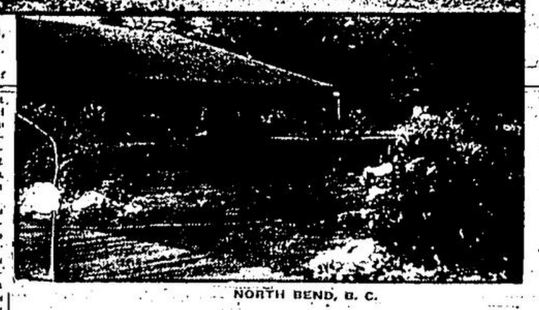
Strewing the Way With Flowers

GENERAL OFFICES AND STATION, WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Flowers are among the assets of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Flowers bloom in C. P. R. gardens at most of the principal stations from one end of the country to the other. There are flower knots outside the Algonquin Hotel at St. Andrews, on the Atlantic coast, and one of the most beautiful flower gardens in America blooms around the Empress Hotel in Victoria.

In the old days most of the pioneers were too busy opening up the untrodden ways to give much attention to the cultivation of flowers. Yet flower cultivation along the C. P. R. seems to have progressed with the commercial prosperity of the railway system itself, for it is now thirty-one years since one of the C. P. R. employees produced a few varieties of flower seeds in his own plot and distributed them amongst his friends at some of the stations—with the object of starting flower gardening along the line. The start was amplemindy made, and now the C. P. R. has a floral department with headquarters at Windsor Street Station, Montreal, Mr. B. M. Winnegar is the horticulturist and forester.

Every year thousands of packets of flower seeds, bulbs, trees, shrubs, grass seed, and large quantities of fertilizers are distributed free of charge to station agents, section foremen, caretakers of round houses and employees living on the property of the company. The seeds that will flower along the railway in the summer and autumn are sent out in March. Full particulars for cultivation are printed on each seed packet. Bulbs for spring flowering are sent in the fall.



NORTH BEND, B. C.

Seeds and plants of the best kind are always provided. Standard flower seed packets contain nasturtiums, alyssum, mignonette, sweet peas, phlox and kochia. Ferns and house plants are sent to large stations. An endless variety of perennials are distributed, and amongst the varieties of trees supplied are maple, birch, beech, poplar and catalpa. Shrubs include laurel leaf willow, sumac, barberries and weigelia.

In all cases the cultivation of flower beds is done by the employees of the company, many of whom have become expert gardeners. On each division of the C. P. R. prizes are given each year for the best display of flowers, and some of the products of gardens kept by the railway amateurs have won prizes at Canadian and United States floral exhibitions.

During the last thirty-one years the encouraging influence of the C. P. R. flower growers has material assisted in the inauguration of floral societies all over the country. Many of the railway officials are members of these societies. Flowers have improved the appearance of the railway stations, and inspired by the beauty of the stations, residents of the towns have planted flowers that beautify their homes. A little flower flame along the C. P. R. has often thrown the spark that ignited a fire of flowers.

RESULTS

THE growing demand in motor cars is for lightness in weight without the sacrifice of strength and efficiency. Just as the light battle cruiser proved its efficiency with the British Fleet so the McLaughlin Light Six is establishing new efficiency and economy records with thousands of Canadian owners.

Fred Cook, Georgetown
McLaughlin and Chevrolet Motor Cars

The McLAUGHLIN LIGHT SIX

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Groceries and Provisions

Always Fresh---Prices Lower Than the Lowest

EMPLOYEES ARE ABLE TO EFFECT A CONSIDERABLE SAVING IN THE HIGH COST OF LIVING.

LEAVE YOUR ORDER WITH US AS EARLY IN THE WEEK AS POSSIBLE, YOU WILL GET BETTER SERVICE BY AVOIDING THE RUSH AT THE END OF THE WEEK.

FARMERS CAN HAVE EITHER CASH OR GOODS FOR PRODUCE.

Tannery Co-Operative
C. A. CONWAY, Manager

Mill Street - Acton