The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1920

THE LINK

Over the slender, passive wire
The speeding current goes;
Past roads, and fields and dark house walls
Unfailingly it flows.
To me it comes with gentle light
To cheer an invalid's long night.

Elsewhere, I know, it pours its rays
To sound of jazz and band;
I know it gleams in barred, gray halls
Where wakeful warders stand;
And from the road across the moor
It leaps tonight a city's poor.

I follow it where mothers bend
To watch o'er tossing sleep;
I see it guide the surgeon's hand,
And shine where mourners weep.
And where by altars high and dim,
Sad, kneeling sinners call on Him.

O Current, with your changing scenes
O death and birth and truth,
Of midnight theft and cloistered prayer,
Glimpsed in one instant, both—
Here in my room you shine for me,
My link with Life's immensity!

—Theodora Hates Cogswell.

NOT HOW MUCH YOU WORK, BUT HOW YOU WORK

Long ago a sage remarked: "Boast not of the work thou doest, but be not slow to tell of thy accomplishments." If that sage were now alive and giving advice, we would call him an "efficiency expert." We really hear so much, and are so frequently and constantly advised as to methods of efficiency, that sometimes it jars us. Just the same, we must admit the truth of the statement that it is not how much work we do, but how well we work, that actually counts in ultimate results.

Anybody can fritter away time, and go through all the motions of being busy and still get nothing done. Others by a seemingly small expenditure of effort, will complete a long list of tasks within a remarkably short time. The difference is found altogether in the quality of the performance. Quality! Ah, yes, we like that word better. When we put quality into our service we put into it the very best and utmost that we can give. We put into it a lot of hard thinking and planning and preparing—which means we employ our heads as well as our hands—that we use our brains as well as our brawn. And that assures method and system — yes, and efficiency.

A drone can, and actually does, kill time. And he fools nobody as much as he fools himself. For nobody believes he is working, even when he pretends to be. Furthermore, nobody has very much faith in him. He can't be depended on. He gets tired too quick. He is likely to throw up his work right in the middle of the task. It requires an individual overseer for almost every drone. Which makes his work an expensive luxury.

But the quality worker needs no watching. He welcomes advice and suggestions from those competent to give, but he can be depended on to put his best efforts into his work to make the best possible use of his time, even though his employer is not in sight. When the one in charge does appear, he can easily determine the worth of the worker by the results. These speak, not so much for themselves—for the worker. Quality does count, in service, as in all other things. We never can use too much of it.

DANGER FROM NEW DISEASES OF WHEAT

Aside from rust and smut, Canadian wheat crops have been found remarkably free from destructive plant diseases. Recently, however, there have been discovered in the U. S. A. two new diseases, "Flag smut" and "Take all" about the presence of which there has been felt considerable alarm. Now up to the time of writing Canada has not been invaded by either of these new troubles. But growers should be ever on the lookout for these and any other obscure trouble with which their practice has not made them thoroughly familiar.

"Flag smut," so called because the smut occurs on the flags or leaves of wheat, is easily recognized by the long streak of smutty stripes running along the leaves. The affected plants also show a peculiar tangled and twisted appearance as if the leaves were wound around the stem. Any suspicious plant should be sent to the Division of Botany, Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

"Take all," as the name implies, takes all and is probably the most serious wheat disease known with the exception of rust. In certain countries, indeed, it is the more serious, as is emphatically claimed by the practical grower as well as the scientific observer. The recognition in the field is not difficult. "Take all" is a root disease spreading from below up the stem for about 1 to 2 inches, discoloring the stem dark brown. The affected plants may be pulled up very easily, their anchorage in the ground is very loose as compared to a sound plant. The affected plants turn yellow and finally die, taking straw and all. Both diseases are most likely conveyed by infected seed grain, hence it is most important to "nip these diseases in the bud" and report all suspicious cases at once. The use of foreign wheats for seed is cautioned against particularly wheat from Australia "is under suspicion.—Experimental Farms Note.

HIS FATHER'S PARTNER KNOWS GOOD PIGS FROM POOR ONES

The firm of J. Kasper & Son, farmers, is located in Medford, Minn. The junior member of the firm, Valdimore Kasper, is fifteen years old. He has been a member of one of the pig clubs organized by the United States Department of Agriculture and the State college for two years and knows a good pig when he sees one. His father, like many wise fathers nowadays, has taken his son into partnership with him. The old idea of a father keeping all authority entirely in his own hands until he dies or is forced by illness to turn it over to someone else, is slowly becoming a thing of the past. Farm fathers are awakening to the fact that if they want a boy to be contented and to stay on the farm they can do it by giving him a share of its responsibilities and profits, as well as a share of the work.

Kasper & Son last winter decided they needed some new blood in their pig yard. An auction sale of purebred gilts offered an opportunity to acquire the stock they wanted. On the day of the sale the senior member handed Valdimore the company's check book and sent him as the firm's purchasing agent to the auction.

When an uncommonly good gilt was brought into the ring the boy ran the bids for it up to $750. Eventually this pig sold for $1,000. Though he was disappointed in not obtaining the gilt he most wanted, the boy stayed in the game and outbid his competitors for three other gilts that looked good to him. At the conclusion of the sale he wrote a check for $900 and signed the firm's name.

"It's a good day's business and all in a day's business," said the young farmer, as he loaded his purchases and started for home. Pig club boys acquire self-reliance and initiative through their work in the clubs.—Young People's Weekly.

These mid-summer days are the days which put vim and gratitude into us; even us old chaps who complain of the rheumatic, enjoy the splendid surroundings of these August days. Sweet content is the portion of those of us who have anything like a peaceful mind.

"Who loves fair flowers,
And shady bowers,
And all the joys a garden brings,
Knows sweet content
And merriment,
Far more than happiest of kings;
The whispering trees,
The murmuring bees,
Each flower that nods, each bird that sings,
Are good friends sent
With sweet content,
Unknown to happiest of kings."

The kaiser has no sense of appreciation of anything of this nature. He's not one of the "happiest of kings" these days, I'll warrant you. Those who know says he's one of the most miserable of men. Well, we'll not aspire to run the earth, like the guy the veterans call 'Old Kritsie.' We'll be satisfied to just enjoy the things about our own home, and mind our own business, won't we?

Well, the next farm above the Lagbys was settled a good many years ago by John Cummings and family. He was a fine old yeoman, and his wife was also greatly esteemed. But the young folks were among the most popular on the line. There were James and John and Sandy. Oh boy, but Sandy was a character. He was one of "The boys," and the village had more attraction for him than the old farm. Dr. Carter, a young medical graduate from Guelph, settled in Acton between forty and fifty years ago. Sandy Cummings and he became been companions. The Dr. took him with him on some of his country calls, and Sandy passed as a medical student and held consultations with the Dr. on the cases visited, irrespective of the nature of them. Sandy was recognized here as an old bachelor, and spent about forty years of his life on the farm and about Acton. Then he went west to Dakota, and in a few months word came back home again that "Sandy Cummings is married, and his wife's a widow, and Sandy gets with her a ready-made family of eight children." Well, Sandy seemed to have found his affinity at last, and when he brought the "blushing bride" back home to see the folks here, they appeared as happy as a pair of turtle doves.

James, the eldest son, was a very quiet boy and grew up to be a quiet and sedate man.

John was the finest looking of the family. Some of the boys called him a dandy, but they didn't know him very well. He was an enterprising chap, and early in life went out from the old home to seek his fortune. He was for years in the undertaking and furniture business in Palmerston.

I think there were three Cummings girls, but I can only recall two now, Martha and Rebecca. They were fine young women, had warm friends among the young folks of the neighborhood, and were active workers in the Methodist Church. Rebecca died about forty-two years ago. Her death made a sad break in the community. Martha married William Willson, the pioneer undertaker and furniture man, of Georgetown, when he wanted a second wife. She made an ideal mother to the home in Georgetown and she and her husband were greatly attached to one another. Mr. Willson was a prominent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. I think he was a local preacher. At any rate he frequently attended the services of the Brick Church, which was just a lot above the Cummings farm, and where the young folks frequently attended. This had much to do with the ripening friendship and final union of hearts of Martha Cummings and William Willson. Both now sleep the sleep of the just. An old preacher here used to say: "If you want a good wife, find her in the prayer meeting." Perhaps it was upon this principle that Mr. Willson ventured his search.

The Hamiltons and the Cummings were always very intimate in the early days. The young people visited each other frequently. Rev. Dr. James Hamilton, of Michigan, who was a boy in Acton, practically made his home at the Cummings' when he came to Acton. The heads of the family died many years ago. So far as I know, Sandy is the last surviving member of either the Cummings or the Hamilton families. Dr. Hamilton died a couple of years ago, after a very successful life in the activities of the church in Michigan and other States.

The Cummings boys, like the Lagbys beautified their farm by planting a row of sugar maples the whole length of the front on the second line. I woke to James one time after the trees had reached a good healthy size, of their beauty and value to the farm. Yes, he said, we think that was one good job we did on the old farm. We boys planted those trees during the dinner hour. We were several springs getting the row complete. As soon as we could hustle through our dinner, and mother would let us go, we hustled out into the bush for maple saplings. The result has been worth while. A real estate man said to me one day: The maples along the front of the Cummings farm have increased its value by at least a thousand dollars.

Upon the death of Mr. and Mrs. Cummings the farm was sold to Mr. Hugh McDougall, who came over here from Caledon. For many years he farmed this splendid property successfully. Quite a few years ago he and Mrs. McDougall retired from the farm and came to Acton. They have enjoyed their cosy home on Frederick Street, especially because it is near the Baptist Church, in whose services they have always taken a great delight.

Mr. and Mrs. McDougall are now both past eighty and have outlived most of the members of their family. The sorrows of bereavement have come frequently to their home and hearts. The oldest daughter, who married the late Donald Mann, died leaving a family of four, two of whom have passed away within two or three years. Malcolm, who succeeded his father on the farm, died from a stroke one summer evening, after having been down town shopping, without a moment's warning. A member of the family died in British Columbia and Nellie and James both died here in town, after prolonged illnesses. Mr. McDougall is now very frail and has been confined to the house for several months. Mrs. McDougall, his life's partner, has very fair health; but her eyesight gives her a good deal of trouble. This elderly couple are sterling citizens, good, kind and true, veritably "the salt of the earth."

Mr. A. J. Murray, the energetic proprietor of Cloverdale Dairy, is now the owner of this fine property. He is a progressive and wide-awake young farmer and is meeting the success he deserves. He has introduced milking machines for the double purpose of conserving labor and insuring satisfactory sanitary conditions for his milk and cream. Andy is one of the farmers it is a pleasure to talk to. The weather is always just right and the crops are invariably better than he expected. He deserves the success which is coming to him, for he works hard, plans intelligently and is thankful for the results obtained.

The Old Man

MAKING CHILDREN COWARDS AND DECEIVERS

When a man fails in his children he makes the greatest of all failures, and when he succeeds in his children he makes the greatest of all successes. God creates and endows men with many faculties and charges them with many responsibilities, but nothing with which God enriches a man is equal to that of making him a father, and God requires nothing of a man that will keep him from being a true father to his children. Many offer the excuse that other duties make it impossible for them to be what they ought to be to their children. They are mistaken. Duties do not conflict. It is not a man's duty to do anything that will keep him from being what he should be to his children. The sins of parents, however, or the sins of somebody else, may put parents in a position or may bring about conditions that make it impossible for them to be faithful to their children in all particulars. Duty then requires that they do the best they can for their children under the circumstances. And possibly this is the position in which most of us find ourselves.

Then the question that every parent must face is this: "Am I doing by my children the best I can under the limitations that have been created by the sins and mistakes of myself or others?" The man or woman who are not cultivating and holding the confidence of their children may rest assured that they are not making good as parents. Failure at this point means failure in almost every other obligation of parents to their children. Many years of observation have led us to the conclusion that a large percentage of parents do not have the confidence of their children even from the time when the children are small.

Why is this?

The practice so common, of deceiving children is one reason for lack of child confidence in parents. The child soon learns that the "bear," the "big dog," the "policeman," the "bad man," and the other monsters with which the mother threatens him do not come and get him when he misbehaves. At the same time he learns something else that is far more significant; he learns that his mother is lying to him! Poor, ignorant, sinning mother! Lying to her child to get that child to be good! Mothers who would resent as a supreme insult being called liars will deceive their children, lie to them daily and hourly. Then they wonder why the children, lie and why they cannot be trusted. It is simply because the children reason that if it is all right for mother to deceive and lie to them it is all right for them to deceive and lie to mother.

A parent will carry a great big child in his or her arms, wrap the child up in such a way as to make it look as small as possible, so as to keep from paying half fare for the child on the train. But the same parent is smitten with consternation a little later when he finds that the child stole the sugar or coffee he was sent to the store to buy, and that he spent the money with which he was to pay for it for candy or something for his own pleasure. Lying in words or practice begets lying in the child with whom such a policy is followed.

Threatening to punish, especially if the threats are not carried out, undermines parental authority and blights the confidence of children in parents. Threats do not keep children from disobeying, but threats do cause them to conceal, if possible, the disobedience. And, what is more, threats make cowards out of children. The one who practices deception is always a coward.

No other element in character is so essential to real courage as telling the truth always in word and action. Any policy pursued with children that cultivates in them deception and falsehood makes them cowards and so handicaps them that it is impossible for them to ever develop the strength of character or rise to the heights of usefulness, that God intended they should reach; while, on the other hand, the absolutely truthful person is not far from the kingdom of heaven on earth and is fortified to withstand almost any onslaught that may be made against him. The truthful man is never a coward.

Ridicule is another instrument the devil puts in the hands of parents with which to make cowards of their children and to make it certain that the children will not confide in or trust their parents. There are people who even say that it toughens children to make fun of them. Well, it does toughen them toward the parents, but it does not toughen them in the sense in which it is claimed.

A boy works out a scheme or some plan that he wishes to carry out. He goes to his father with it. Instead of entering into the thing with the boy, pointing out its good qualities and leading the boy to see the weaknesses in it, the father laughs at him and announces the whole thing ridiculous. A young lad at the table or when the family has gathered in the living room proceeds to tell about "a perfect peach" of a girl he has met. He is laughed at and teased for weeks. When will that boy go to his parents with his confidence again? When will the suffering and anxiety parents must suffer, who do these things, end? Not this side of eternity and possibly not on the other side, either.

It is a cruel and terrible mistake to ridicule a child. It makes him afraid to open his mouth, afraid to express an opinion, injures his self-respect, and takes away a certain native confidence in the safety of the world, without which he is poor indeed. However much he may have to put up with sneers and ridicule by others, a boy is safe as long as there is nothing of the sort in his home. It is passing strange that adults, and especially parents, will practice the cruelty of ridiculing their children—a practice that is nothing less than torturing to many sensitive children.

Deception, threats, and ridicule are the brutal instruments with which parents drive their children from them and make cowards of them. A child cannot very well run away from corporal punishment, however just or unjust it may be. There is nowhere for him to go. But when he is beaten with ridicule and sneers, when he is shamed and condemned, especially when he goes to his parents with confidences about things or persons precious to him, he can take his soul away and hide it where the heedless parent can never find it again. He can never be quite certain again of the parents who have broken the contract with this soul. There grows up between them a wall of mistrust and fear that nothing can ever quite remove.

Whatever you do, dear parents, do not drive your children from you.—Nashville Advocate.

THE HOME PAPER

This interesting article was read on Newspaper Day at the New York State College of Agriculture:

I am the friend of the family, the bringer of tidings from other friends; I speak to the home in the evening light of summer's vine-clad porch or the glow of winter's lamp.

I help to make this evening hour. I record the great and the small, the varied acts of the days and weeks that go to make up life.

I am for and of the home. I follow those who leave humble beginnings; whether they go to greatness or to the gutter, I take to them the thrill of old days, with wholesome messages.

I speak the language of the common man; my words are fitted to his understanding. My congregation is larger than that of my church in my town; my readers are more than those in the school. Young and old alike find in me stimulation, instruction, entertainment, inspiration, solace, comfort. I am the chronicler of birth, and love and death—the three great facts of man's existence.

I bring together buyer and seller, to the benefit of both. I am part of the market-place of the world. Into the home I carry word of the goods which feed, and clothe, and shelter, and which minister to comfort, ease, health and happiness.

I am the word of the week, the history of the year, the record of my community in the archives of state and nation.

I am the exponent of the lives of my readers.

I am the Country Weekly.

RE EGGS

Boycott the egg long enough and you put it out of business.

"At the present prices why do any of the hens stop work?"

"Egged on to it, I suppose."

"Eggsactly."

The once lowly potato is now so high in price that it refuses to keep company with anybody but new laid eggs.

Two men in a town in Ontario were sentenced to 60 days for selling bad eggs. It seemed only justice that they should have to bear the yolk.

Eggs are eggstraordinary in price. When the war was on, the hens were busy making shells, but now peace has come we have hoped for a drop in price.

Full many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many an egg, though fresh when laid,
Is sold, when it is well decayed.

"Are these eggs fresh?" asked the customer.

"Yes," said the merchant, "the farmer from whom I bought them says that his hens don't lay any other kind," which is surely a hen-courraging fact.

The Better Way

Never disobey Nature's warning. It's far better to forestall weakness with nourishment that protects.

Scott's Emulsion

after meals for child or adult, is a wonderful help in forestalling weakness. *Ask for Scott's.*

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 30-43

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This Grand Father is three feet long —Compare with the man

Canada produces 90 per cent. of the lobster supply of the world, and in addition, the finest lobsters. The lobsters of the New England coast are the little brothers of the noble crustaceans native to the more northern and colder waters of Labrador, and indeed Canadian female lobsters are selected for use in American hatcheries to improve the strain. The Labrador coast has the greatest known supply, but is too distant to be available for commercial purposes at present. The main supply now comes from the Gulf of St. Lawrence particularly around the famous Island of Anticosti, and from the waters about Nova Scotia.

Nova Scotia is famous for romance, apples, cherries and, last but not least, lobsters. The government has every intention that this happy state of affairs shall continue and maintains fifteen hatcheries in the province. The lobsters are also guarded out of season by strict protective laws.

The Nova Scotia 1919 lobster season has been very satisfactory. The total catch is given as 5,825,090 pounds, valued at $1,296,046. The catch was somewhat smaller than in 1918, when the quantity was 6,285,820 pounds, but a much higher valuation is put on the 1919 catch. The value of the 1918 catch was $790,397. In 1912 there were 1,020,864 pounds of lobsters put up in canneries and 4,831,233 pounds of live lobsters were exported. In Nova Scotia the price for live lobsters was 10 cents a pound, but much higher prices were paid in Boston, where canned Nova Scotia lobster brought $7.5 cents a pound.

The 1919 season lasted only from March 1 to May 31, instead of from December 15 to May 31, as in previous years.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

FARM LABORERS WANTED

"Fare Going"—$15 to WINNIPEG. ½ cent per mile Winnipeg to destination.

"Fare Returning"—$20 from WINNIPEG. ½ cent per mile starting point to Winnipeg.

GOING DATES	TERRITORY
AUGUST 9, and AUGUST 16.	From Stations in Ontario, Smith's Falls to and including Toronto on Lake Ontario Shore Line and Havelock-Peterboro Line. From Stations Kingston to Renfrew Junction, inclusive. From Stations on Toronto Sudbury direct line, between Toronto and Parry Sound inclusive. From Stations Deseronto to Port McNicoll and Burketon, to Haliburton, inclusive.
AUGUST 11, and AUGUST 18.	From Stations South and West of Toronto to and including Hamilton and Windsor, Ont. From Owen Sound, Walkerton, Teeswater, Wingham, Elora, Listowel, Goderich, St. Mary's, Port Burwell, and St. Thomas Branches. From Stations Toronto and North to Bolton, inclusive.

SPECIAL TRAINS FROM TORONTO

Full particulars from Canadian Pacific Ticket Agents. W. B. HOWARD, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

ONTARIO WIND ENGINE & PUMP CO.

TORONTO

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Toronto Grain Grinders and Toronto Saws back up this performance with hustling service.

Toronto Farm Machinery renders economical service hitherto unknown on the farm. It will pay you to study carefully the superior merits of these machines. Get from us our fully illustrated literature. Sent free on request.

ONTARIO WIND ENGINE & PUMP CO., Limited
Atlantic Ave., Toronto
Montreal Winnipeg Regina Calgary

Agent—C. E. Parker

ACTON CREAMERY

Full Market Price Paid for Butter Fat

Any Small Amount of Cream will Receive Our Best Attention

We Will also Pay Spot Cash for Eggs

Open Friday and Saturday Evenings

BEST CREAMERY BUTTER, NEW LAID EGGS AND FRESH BUTTERMILK WILL NOW BE SUPPLIED AT THE CREAMERY EVERY DAY

Acton Creamery Co.

WATSON & WILES, Proprietors

Don't Let Your Fires Die Down!

The real purpose and the real service of advertising are not quite generally understood. Some merchants now exhibit a reluctance to advertise because of merchandising conditions. They fail to comprehend the true province of advertising, its immediate effect and schedule of performance. They do not understand that advertising pays in cumulative results, that advertising sustains and intensifies the momentum of their business.

It takes several days of fire before a furnace in the steel mills is prepared for service. Once the proper degree of heat is developed, the fires are never permitted to die down. Whether the steel men are at work or not, whether ore is available or not, the fires are kept burning, the furnace is kept at the usual degree of heat. Don't let your fires die down. Don't lose the momentum you have already gathered. Keep going, keep advertising, and you will thereby be prepared for a bigger business when merchandising conditions are adjusted.

Your advertising of to-day will pay you to-morrow. Don't let your customers forget you.

The Free Press will Gladly Serve You