The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1921

MOTHER'S WORK

Nobody knows of the work it makes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes
Which chase only another;
Nobody pained by naughty blows,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of sleepless care,
Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows the tender prayer,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another,
Nobody knows of patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of anxious fears
Lest darlings may not weather
The storm of life in after years,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above
To thank the heavenly Father
For the sweetest gift—a mother's love,
Nobody can—but mother.

At the Turn of the Road

By Frederick E. Burnham

SETH PERKINS was homeward bound. His horses at a walk, slowly were passing through a long stretch of woodland which ended at his father's farm. Very well pleased was Seth just then. The nigh horse which he had purchased an hour previous was a fine looking animal, a splendid mate to the off horse. True, the new horse was a bit too nettlesome, having shied no less than three times within that hour, but Seth had confidence in himself, and in a way he was not ill-pleased to find the animal a bit strong on the bit.

"Guess I can get over the ground a little faster now that I've got a span that can step lively," remarked Seth, talking to himself. "Will have to get out a new schedule for the children," he chuckled. "I'll get them to school before they know it. I suppose there will be some who will have an idea that I can't handle such a span, but I'm not afraid of them. With a good strong harness I can master them."

The "good strong harness" Seth did not own at that time. He had been planning on getting it for some days, in anticipation of the purchase of the new horse, but had put it off day after day, and now he had put off the buying until a bit later. That was Seth's big fault—putting off the doing of things which needed to be done. "I'll buy a new double-harness within a few days," he muttered. "I guess this one will be all right for a time."

The following morning Seth started on his regular trip, picking up the school children here and there along the country roads. The time came that he had taken his last young passenger aboard, and now with a full barge he headed his horses for the village school two miles distant. On the rear step stood Jonas Crossman, a big boy of the school. Slow of, wit, generally speaking, was Jonas. His backwardness accounted for his presence in a class of boys and girls considerably younger than himself. Awkward, loose-jointed, big of frame, he was the laughing-stock of the school.

The new horse acted badly from the start that morning. The March wind seemed to make him more fiery than he was at his worst the previous evening, and the more tractable off horse caught the spirit, pulling with unwonted strength at the bit.

"I wish I had that new harness on them," muttered Seth, gripping the reins a bit more firmly as the barge neared the crest of Crooked Hill, a hill more than a mile long and ending at the river road. "If one of these reins should break I'd be in a fine fix."

Just as the horses reached the top of the last rise a partridge whirred across the road directly in front of them. Instantly did the new horse leap in the harness, his mate following a fraction of a second later. The next instant they were plunging down the hill toward the river.

There could be no such thing as stopping the frightened animals with that pair of reins. Seth knew only too well that were he to jerk on them as he wanted to and needed to, one or both would snap. The children were quick to note the danger, and their screams of terror still farther frightened the horses.

Like a panorama opened up before Seth the entire length of the hill. Every crook seemed to come before his eyes in a second. He saw the last steep incline and the sharp turn onto the river road. He knew that that turn could never be made by the frantic horses without an upset. He was cognizant of the fact that were the horses to plunge straight ahead onto the river ice, there could be but one result—a terrible tragedy. One other thing came before his eyes as the maddened horses galloped down the first incline. A big haycock containing two tons or more of salt hay. It stood at the foot of the hill on the river road on the right hand side when making the turn to the left.

"Hang on, Jonas!" yelled Seth over his shoulder. "Hang on! Don't let 'em out!"

Jonas was not slow to think that day. Before Seth shouted to him he realized the great danger resulting from a panic. He knew that were the children to get by him, broken limbs, if not broken necks would be the result.

"Sit down!" he thundered, the while gripping the upright bars on either side of the door. "You don't get by me! Sit down, I tell you!"

The score of children were massed just within the rear doorway, the while pushing and screaming. Some were tugging at Jonas' hands in an effort to break their grip, while others were pushing against his breast. The while Jonas hung grimly on.

Meanwhile, Seth had stooped and picked up a half-inch hitch rope which was coiled at his feet. It was a rope a dozen feet long. At one end was a steel snap hook. Hooking the reins up above his head, Seth stepped over the dasher and down onto the pole. An instant later he was making his way out between the two horses. The barge was then half-way down the hill with a straight road ahead for a quarter of a mile. The undertaking was hazardous in the extreme, the pole jumping up and down and swaying from side to side, but Seth gave that part no thought. The time came that he got a grip on the collar of the nigh horse, and reaching down, he managed to snap the hitch rope onto the inside ring to the nigh horse's bit. A moment later and he was working his way back to the barge.

Reaching his seat, Seth seized the reins in his left hand, and gripping the hitch rope with his right, he awaited the crucial moment. The horses were now plunging down the last steep incline. A hundred yards or so distant was the turn onto the river road. There stood the big cock of salt hay, and there Seth determined to throw one or both of his horses. The distance to the hay cock was cut down to one hundred feet, to fifty, to twenty-five. Then were the horses just at the turn of the road.

Suddenly Seth yanked on the hitch rope, pulled with all his might. He had dropped the reins and was holding them with one foot which he had set upon them just as they were about to slide over the dasher. With both hands did he grip the rope and pull. The head of the nigh horse shot downward, and, as the animal dropped onto his knees, the barge swung around and with terrific force toppled over against the stack of hay.

Scarcely had the upset come when Seth leaped to the ground, and an instant later, before the fallen horse could regain his feet, Seth had both animals by the bits. While he struggled with them, Jonas came to his assistance.

Poor Jonas looked as though he had come in contact with the business end of a flail. His face, arms and hands were scratched and bleeding, while his clothes were half torn off of him.

"They didn't get by me, Seth," he chuckled as he helped quiet the horses. "They are out now, and with no broken bones, I guess. They fought like wild Indians, but they couldn't break my hold."

"You did well, Jonas, and no mistake," cried Seth. "I was depending on you, and you did not fail me."

Investigation showed that outside of a bad fright, none of the boys and girls were injured, and within twenty minutes the barge had been righted and the trip to the schoolhouse was resumed. Seth found both horses very much more tractable, and although he still kept the hitch rope attached to the nigh horse's bit, he had no occasion to pull on it.

Before Seth returned after his young charges that afternoon he made it a point to purchase the new double harness, and with the horses thus equipped, he found little trouble in handling them. The lesson he learned that day clung to him. The habit of putting off the doing of that which needed to be done passed that day never to return.

WINTER LAYERS OF DIFFERENT AGES

About Winter Layers—It is thought that farmers keep hens until too old for profitable winter egg production and it is also a common belief that late hatched pullets commence to lay only during the following spring. To throw some light on this subject, it was decided in 1915 to compare early pullets, late pullets, yearling hens, and old hens as winter layers, at the Cap Rouge Experimental Station.

The Experiment—The experiment began on the first day of November and ended on the last day of February, during five consecutive years. The number of birds in each pen was about twenty-five and the whole lot occupied the same house. A strict record was kept of all feed consumed, also of all eggs produced by every pen. At the beginning and at the end of each experiment the birds were weighed so that, in the spring, the gain or loss in weight could be credited or debited to them.

The Results—If the cost of production of one dozen of eggs, during winter, is taken as 100 for early pullets, hatched before May, it would be represented by 249 for yearling hens, by 280 for late pullets, hatched after April, and by 348 for old hens. In other words, when pullets hatched before May produced a certain number of eggs at a cost of $1.00, yearling hens produced the same number at a cost of $2.49, pullets hatched after April at a cost of $2.80 and old hens at a cost of $3.48.

Weight of Eggs—It is sometimes objected that, though early pullets lay more eggs than yearling or older hens, the size of the eggs is such that they would bring much less if ever eggs were sold by eweight. Taking the figures from the present experiment, we find that, for the same weight of eggs, when it cost $1.00 to produce them with early pullets, it cost $2.36 to produce them with yearling hens, $2.92 with late pullets, and $3.10 with old hens. It will be seen that, as expected, the weight of eggs from hens was a little larger than that from early pullets, but the difference does not materially change the figures for the cost per dozen.

Hens Birds Compared—The birds used for this experiment were not specially bred for egg production, so that the early pullets put in each year were not from better stock than the yearling or older hens. Two seasons, the yearling hens used for this experiment were the same birds, with the exception of a very few which had died as the ones in the pen of early pullets of the previous year, and in both cases they were, for cost of production, below the new lot of early pullets taken indiscriminately in the farm flock.

Early Pullets Best—That early pullets are the cheapest producers of winter eggs has been told and written so often that it is like an old story. But a carefully conducted experiment will again remind farmers of a well known fact which they often seem liable to forget.—Gus. Langelier, Superintendent Experimental Station, Cap Rouge, Que.

A NEIGHBOR THAT APPRECIATES CANADA

It does scant justice to Canada to call the big Dominion the best neighbor of the United States. Some of the others, like Mexico and Hayti, are very troublesome, and some which are always well-behaved and cordial enough are too small to be of much importance. Canada has both size and character. Our long northern frontier does not need a military patrol to keep out bandits or a sanitary cordon to exclude pestilences. It marks the boundary of a country which is clean, sound, rich in common sense (and therefore friendly) industrious, productive and full of ambition and ability to make ambitious dreams come true. It is well worth noting, in these times of change and more than ordinary stress in the business world, that Canada, a country which was in the world war from start to finish, a nation that carried its full share of the load for more than four years, it is demonstrating most remarkable strength of industry, commerce and finance. Business failures, for one test of present conditions in the Dominion, make better comparisons with the record of commercial shipwrecks a year ago than we can show in the United States. The market for foreign money in New York, establishes the rate of exchange, proves that Canadian credit is better than that of any nation in Europe which was involved in the war. Canadian imports and exports and the revenues of the Dominion Government tell the same story of Canadian vigor and progress. And now and again some incident in Canadian life flashes out like the result of a two-week's drive for a $5,000,000 addition to the endowment of McGill University in Montreal. The sum obtained was $6,821,513. All of these proofs of Canadian success and Canada's fine promise for the coming years are welcomed by the Americans. They know that the more the Dominion flourishes the better it will be for their own country. And they like to see the good fortune of a good neighbor.—Detroit Journal.

THE JUDICIAL TEMPERAMENT

"When my wife and I disagree she's always right," said an upstate justice; "at any rate," he added, ruminating, "she gets the decision."—New York Telegraph.

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THE BERMUDA OF TO-DAY

T. D. J. Farmer

I thought as I landed here on the morning of the 14th of this month, after a stormy four days passage from Halifax, that I had never seen Bermuda during either of my two former sojourns in it, look as bright or as charming as it appeared to me this time.

Recent showers had given the closecut lawns and the garden foliage a more than usually attractive tint of green. The flaming poinsettias seemed especially brilliant; bougainvillia, covered in purple banks among the tall cedars and the starry red hibiscus blossoms seemed to spangle more dazzlingly than ever their verdant settings of arbor and of hedgerow. Roses were blooming everywhere in red, pink and white and the odor of newly-opening violets was already permeating the atmosphere. The spice lily had opened in all its voluptuousness and an occasional showy passion flower could be seen clinging to the walls of Hamilton's pretty park. The blue convolvulus was everywhere carpeting the rocks and the waste places; yellow pigeon berries hung here and there in graceful clusters and the scarlet hues of the somewhat more commonplace sage and heath and trumpet flower adorned nearly every hedge and gateway. More enchanting than before, too, on this December morning, seemed the shimmer of the warm sun on Hamilton's island dotted bay, and the lordly mansions that crown the Paget hills looked majestically down in their snowy whiteness from amid the high and everlasting greenery of the cedars that embosomed them. The climate, too, was salubrious, in keeping with these sensuous surroundings, and every new arrival seemed ready and anxious to doff his or her heavy northern clothing and get into the light and airy garments and head and foot gear of the sub-tropics.

But there is another, a less pleasant and a more disillusioning side to the lovely picture that I have just tried to paint in words as attractively as I can. A little investigation quickly reveals to the new comer that this alluring spot, so pleasant in its scenic surroundings, and heretofore so sought after by the tired or delicate person weary of the borean winds and snows of the north, has become, for the present at least, the sfamping ground of the grafter and extortionist. Without any honest or substantial reason, during the last two years hotel and pension rates have advanced here to more than double their former figure and the visitor who has just welcomed at home the coming of lower prices in many commodities is simply appalled at the demands that are made on him for accommodation in this island colony, and, I am told, in all the inland winter retreats further south. The large hotels are charging $80 a week in our money per guest, the small ones and pensions from $30 up. Carriage and bicycle rates have also doubled; the former, like eagles round a carcass, are congregated about the two large hotels because their drivers know that all the other unfortunate travellers have no money left for driving or any other amusement after paying their huge board bills. Now the perpetrators of all this plundering, when asked the reason for their extortionate demands, will mutter something about the increased cost of provisions (for sometime past actually on the decline, as everyone knows) and talk about some import tax on food that their government has recently imposed. But the honest Bermudian, he who is not in the business himself, apologetically admits the rapacity of his island's hotel men and appears while doing so to be thoroughly ashamed of it.

Where and when all this orgy of spoliation and plunder is going to end is problematical. Dr. Frank Crane, the well-known American journalist, now on a visit here, has sounded a note of warning to Bermudians that his countrymen are not all millionaires and will not all stand for unlimited pillaging. There are some who think and many who hope that these professional marauders will overreach themselves, that the tourist will ultimately decline to be robbed in this wholesale fashion and decide to stay at home, and that the hotels and smaller resorts who make these excessive demands will find themselves comparatively empty by the middle of January and their owners or managements taught a well-deserved lesson for their unblushing and audacious greed.

How, the reader will ask, has this deplorable condition of affairs come about? No doubt in part because the owners or managers of these resorts, having endured four or five very lean years during the war, when there were no vessels to carry the tourists, have decided by a combined effort to make up for lost time and opportunity by laying hold on all they can now that travel has begun again. But there is another, a more practical and a far more degrading reason. The whole of America is now "dry." Bermuda and the other more southern islands are essentially and permanently "wet." A large number of wealthy Americans, chafing under these "dry" conditions and willing to pay almost any price for residence where "liquid refreshment" is plentiful and unrestricted, are flocking here and to the islands further south, undeterred by the extortionate demands of those who cater to the tourist traffic. And so the temperate and the sober must pay for the intemperate and for those who are looking for a whole winter's carnival of liquid conviviality!

Bermuda, admittedly beautiful, is essentially artificial. In comparison with her rich financial harvest from the American tourist traffic she looks disdainfully on the natural products of her own soil and its inhabitants. Notwithstanding her loud professions of loyalty to the British crown and British institutions, her insatiable craving and greed for gain has now brought her to do business almost entirely in American currency, in order to take advantage of the existing premium on United States money. The poor old £. S. D. system of the Mother Country has therefore gone into the discard and from the great hotels down to the persistent garrulous "cabby" the foreign dollar is universally demanded. How artificial, too, is that travesty on Government that one sees here, that toy imitation of parliaments that Gilbert and Sullivan might well have parodied, which invests Bermuda's little parochial politicians with national and with almost imperial titles! It is highly amusing, if it were not so ridiculous and so foreign to modern democratic notions of simple inexpensive government, to read daily in the sheets published here that call themselves "newspapers" and to hear mentioned on the streets and in the clubs such high-sounding titles as "The Honorable the Attorney General," "The Honorable the Colonial Secretary," and "The Honorable the Receiver General," when the number of people who have to submit to and pay for all this gubernatorial paraphernalia and nonsense is less than the inhabitants of Ontario's smallest county and two-thirds of them negroes at that! They have a titled Chief Justice here, too, presiding in wig and scarlet robes over his mimic court, whose duties stripped of their superficial frills and furbelows are not as onerous and whose functions are no more important, except possibly where the trial of an occasional capital offence comes before him, than those of the least worked and least paid of our Canadian County Judges.

The presiding officer of the body that Bermuda calls "The House of Assembly," but which in reality about corresponds in importance with our County Councils, is designated "The Honorable the Speaker." Although by a strange meeting of extremes he happens to be only the proprietor of a modest looking bicycle shop and soda store, this worthy gentleman glories in the honor and dignity of knighthood.

Of course the average Bermudian will resent these reflections and chafe under this criticism of the government of his island domesne. He has been taught by long habit and custom to regard his islands as something more than an ordinary part of the world with a certain measurement of geographical miles and a certain number of plain ordinary people to be governed and taken care of. In spite of his absolute dependence on America for his living and his adoption of her customs and coinage, he talks proudly about Bermuda being the oldest colony in the British Empire and looks with scorn on any one who suggests that for all practical purposes she would be better off as a county of Nova Scotia or (save the unpatriotic thought!) become through some process of international bartering a part of one of those American States with whom she carries on at least ninety per cent. of her commercial and tourist traffic. But even some sensible Bermudians seem to be at length realizing the absurdity of their parliamentary puppet show and the empty titles and tinsel with which its numerous comic actors try to perpetuate the burlesque. Thus a local paper reports that when a vote of £600 with which to purchase their "Speaker" a wig and robes came before the Legislative Council the other day, serious objection was taken to such a waste of good money and the motion was finally laughed out of court.

And the intelligent, if only casual, observer must conclude in spite of the many protests and expostulations of the self-satisfied native of this arraignment of his long-established culture on parliamentary government, that there is too much administrative machinery here for the population and also of the place and that the element of artificiality and even of ridiculousness still overwhelmingly involves and oppresses the Bermuda of to-day.

My next letter will deal with some other phases and peculiarities of Bermuda and will endeavor to throw some further light on conditions and things of interest in this beautiful but at present graft-ridden little island colony.

Hamilton, Bermuda, December 29, 1920.

As a vermifuge an excellent preparation is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It has saved the lives of countless children.

MONEY PROVERBS

Time is money and one should save one as well as the other.

The time to save money is in the morning of life.

Don't put off until afternoon what you can do in the morning.

The way to make money is to take advantage of every opportunity to earn—the way to save money is to put it in a bank on interest.

Can you imagine the satisfaction of the man in an armchair in front of a fire in his home who knows he has a savings account in a bank every dollar of which is working for him night and day.

The first dollar deposited in a bank may be the first brick in the new home you've dreamed of.

Money in one's pocket burns a hole and drops through; money in a bank earns interest every day in the year.

The secret of making money is the saving of it.

It is not what you earn, but what you save that makes you rich.

Put your savings in a reliable bank and let it earn interest for you.

By saving something every week you begin each week richer.

Spending all your earn now does not mean future prosperity.

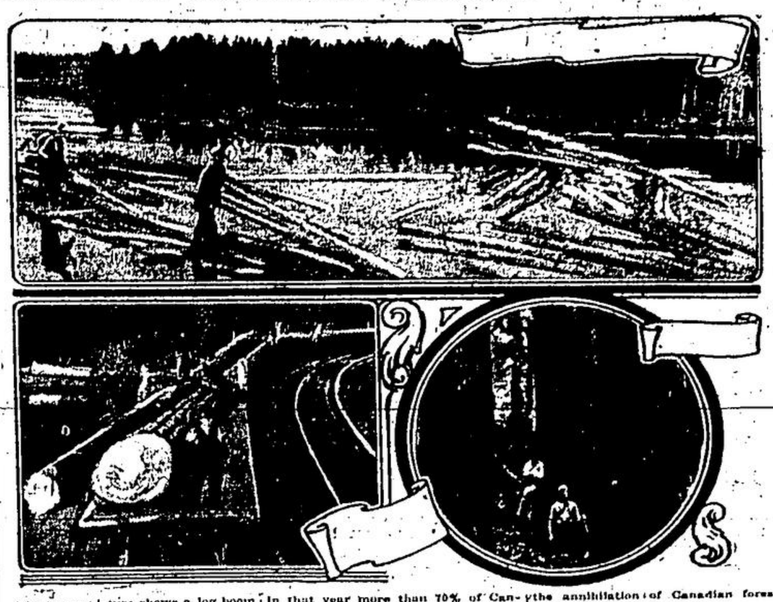
Live within your means, and put something away for the future.

MILLIONS KILLED IN ACTION

Wonderful news! Millions and millions of germs killed in action and thousands and thousands of victims relieved of bronchitis, asthma, coughs, and colds. There is great rejoicing in the fact that science has at last invented the world's surest death trap for germs—Buckley's Bronchitis Mixture. With the first dose this remedy gets right down to business, and never ceases in its destructive work, until every trace of the disease is completely removed and the victim restored to normal health. Letters from all parts of Canada praising this wonderful mixture are literally pouring into headquarters. Read this letter—"Years of suffering from that terrible affliction, bronchial asthma, ordered by all medical men to close my business in Montreal and go south to a warmer climate, but I noticed your ad. in the "Montreal Standard" for the above mixture and I said I would give one more trial to health before I leave my native town, and thank the good maker I did. My bronchial tubes are clear, the hacking cough has disappeared, the wheezing cough has ceased as if by magic, and all discomforts have gone since taking your wonderful mixture."—Herbert Corri, 417 McKay Street, Montreal. There is no reason whatever why you cannot be completely and speedily restored to health if you take this remedy. You are satisfied or the money is refunded, according to our guarantee. Don't delay. Buy a bottle now from your druggist

SOLD IN ACTON BY A. T. BROWN

FORESTS OF CANADA ARE SOURCE OF RICH REVENUE



The upper picture shows a log boom on a New Brunswick river; the picture on the left is a scene in bringing in the big cedars and that on the right is reproduction showing the big British Columbia woods.

Canada's 2,225 million acres of merchantable timber is the second largest asset of her natural resources wealth. The bulk of this timber is within easy reach of tidewater. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and British Columbia can almost dump their logs in the ocean, while Quebec and Ontario have the St. Lawrence River for a path to the sea.

In 1908 the greater part of Canadian lumber exports went out in the raw state, only a little over one-third was manufactured in Canada. The next ten years saw a strong and continued increase in industrial development and by 1917 the tables had quite turned. In that year more than 70% of Canada's lumber exports were manufactured and less than one-third left the country in a raw state.

Ever increasing demand for pulpwood and paper is responsible in large measure for this rapid development. American imports of Canadian woodpulp (all kinds) for four months, ending July 31, 1920, amounted to $20,839,881. According to latest statistics Canada's available supply of pulpwood is 901,000,000 cords and covers 350,000 square miles. Over a third of this is spruce and balsam and stands in the eastern provinces, convenient to the eastern states with their many newspapers and publishing houses. It is estimated that, at the present rate of cutting, this supply will hold out for 62 years. Strict cutting regulations, wise conservation and reforestation plans are looked to to prevent the annihilation of Canadian forests and lumbering industries.

British Columbia's woods are attracting much foreign capital. American money is going into new pulp and paper mills on the Pacific Coast. Approximately 45% of all capital invested in the paper pulp industry in Canada is American. An English syndicate is building a $350,000 furniture factory in British Columbia. Box factories flourish all over the province the small fruits, vegetable, honey and poultry ranches of the southern part of the province need countless crates and boxes for getting their produce to market. British Columbia's strategic situation for shipping to Pacific Coast ports and the Orient, its numerous good harbors and the fact that the climate permits all the year round lumbering have not been overlooked by capital seeking investment.

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Anything that increases favor, that adds to sales, that multiplies customers is very properly regarded as a good investment.

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B. Skates, pair	6.00
C. Skates, pair	7.00
D. Skates, pair	8.00
T. Tube Skates, pair	6.50

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STARR

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No. 140 Skates, pair	1.90
No. 154 Skates, pair	2.10
No. 150 Skates, pair	2.60
No. 173 Skates, pair	3.50
Ladies Starr	$2.00 and $3.50

"Starr" Skate Guarantee—If they prove defective within one year from date of purchase, return them to our store and we will have same replaced.

Ladies' Auto, pair	$4.00
Special sale of Gold Skates, pair	1.25

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