The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1921

BE PATIENT

There are such dear familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow,
But trying to keep pace; if they mistake
Or tread upon some flower that we would take
Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
Or crush poor hope until it bleed,
We must be mute;
Not turning quickly to impute
Grave fault; for they and we
Have such a little way to go, can be
Together such a little while upon the way—
We must be patient while we may.
So many little faults we find.
We see them, for not blind
Is love. We see them, but if you and I
Perhaps remember them, some by and by,
They will not be
Faults then, grave faults, to you and me,
But just odd ways, mistakes, or even loss—
Remembrances to bless.
Days change so many things, yes, hours.
We see so differently in sun and showers!
Mistakes words-to-night
May be so cherished by to-morrow's light—
We shall be patient, for we know,
There's such a little way to go.

—George Klingle.

MISS GRIGGS' VALENTINE

By Wilmetta Preston

LENA SPRAGUE felt a little conscience-smitten as she went around the narrow snow-path to the side door. She used to run in frequently to see Miss Griggs and now it had been—she could not remember how long since she had been there. She almost felt as if she should knock as a stranger might instead of running in her old familiar way. "I just will come oftener," she promised herself as she opened the door.

But having entered in the informal way, she half wished she had knocked, Miss Griggs seemed so strangely flurried by her coming. After bidding Lena welcome in a furtive way, as she gave a glance around the room, she did not ask why she had not come sooner, she did not say any of the many little customary things at sight of Lena; she seemed embarrassed and as though waiting for some making-known of her visitor's errand.

"Aunt Marie wanted me to ask you," said Lena flushing, "for the recipe for the Indian and apple pudding you promised the Ladies' Aid for the new cookbook—to sell, you know." The she added, "No one else can equal that pudding, auntie thinks."

At this Miss Griggs unbent a trifle. "I'll be glad to let the ladies have it; sit down, Lena, until I can copy it. It is in mother's book, and the ink is so faded no one but I could possibly make it out."

As Lena waited, she looked about her. The little kitchen seemed very strangely unfamiliar. What was it? Oh, Miss Griggs had brought her sewing table and chair from the sitting room into it, and the old-fashioned clock, too. And why!—Lena's breath almost ceased, there were no plants by the windows. The cooking table from the pantry stood where the plants had been, and upon the table, on the cake board were a few very small doughnuts, ready to fry. Upon the stove stood a tiny kettle—in fact the smallest affair of its kind Lena thought that she had ever seen—half full of lard; evidently the doughnuts were to be given room one or two at a time. The happy-go-lucky Lena did some wonderful thinking, while the owner of the room was transcribing the words from the yellow worn leaves of the little book marked "Mother's Recipe Book." In with other things it came to Lena that her father had said one morning, "Miss Griggs signed a note with that John Calm, her good-for-nothing nephew, two years ago, and it looks as though she'd have it to pay in the end." Just as Lena was thinking of this, Miss Griggs said:

"There it is, Lena." Lena noticed that the smile usually in her friend's eyes was not there and that her face was but a ghost of its former self. Lena took one glance and then withdrew her gaze, as she reached for the paper extended. "I'm much obliged," she said turning. "Mother'll be glad." Then like a flash she was out of the room. During her walk home, Lena did some more thinking, and as she opened her own door, her lips went together in a way they had of doing at times.

"Well, Valentine's Day is her birthda. We used to send her valentines. We'll send valentines this year. Some way, they seem to be needed—or—something is needed. It's not the same house."

With the recipe given to her mother went the story of the morning. "I tell you, mother, something is wrong."

The mother sighed. "Yes, your father feels the same."

"One thing is sure, mother, we have always remembered Miss Griggs' birthday, and this year there must be a regular calling together of 'The Clan.'"

"Well, remember she has delicate feelings."

"Yes, but it is her birthday and everybody receives birthday presents, to say nothing about valentines."

It was in answer to this that a "calling together" of "the Clan," a neighborly group of merry young people, was sent out, the meeting to be at the home of Lena Sprague. Very tactfully, as her mother suggested, Lena laid the matter of the valentine party for Miss Griggs before the young folks, and delicately stated some of the circumstances.

"Oh, we all know," Madge Howe said, with a wise little look, "things are going wrong in that quarter. And if there is one person in this town who hasn't been given some kind little attention sometime by Miss Griggs, I wonder where he is."

"I should say as much," cried Birdie Graham, "and if ever we made a valentine blossom, in deeds, we should make this blossom. Why, when father broke his hip and mother was sick, at the same time, Miss Griggs helped the whole of us, day after day—and not a cent would she take from father."

"And think of the pop-corn party and corn huskings she has planned for us youngsters," said Ned Burns.

"I motion," said Robert Gaines, already an acknowledged leader, in view of his being junior partner, pro tem of the prominent Gaines-Dervey law firm, "that we give the biggest and finest birthday valentine party for our well-known townswoman, Miss Griggs, that Mt. Honton has ever beheld; and the terms, big and fine, must be taken in their highest and best sense, making the occasion big with good will and fine in gracious neighborliness."

With a merry clapping of hands the motion was seconded and carried, and the young people set to work planning for the gathering.

"In the first place," said Lena Sprague, who filled the honorable position of president of "The Clan," "we must put ourselves in Miss Griggs' place and be very careful, as my mother says, that in our doing we do not round a fine-grained make-up."

"I make a 'motion,'" said Madge Howe, "that Fred Peters and Althea Davis, our secretary and vice president, be authorized to look carefully into the situation, and see just what is particularly needed to bring the occasion to a happy termination, and at the same time bring smiles to the face and relief to the heart of the one we seek to honor."

This motion was carried with hearty enthusiasm, and the company proceeded with general suggestions, and after the refreshments that were always particularly enjoyed at their president's home, the little party broke up.

It was a very short report that the Committee on Investigation rendered the next Tuesday evening and Fred Peters' eyes held a little amusement as he gave it. "Last year's taxes unpaid. Sold her cow. Has hardly a half-cord of wood in the shed. Nothing to speak of as to supplies in the cellar in the way of potatoes, turnips and the like. As to filling up the cellar, friends, along the farms, where Miss Griggs has given many neighborly ministrations, as we all know, will doubtless see to that part. As to arranging for groceries, it is thought that our 'Clan' girls will not find it difficult to don their most winning ways, and make a few visits to the generous grocerymen of Mt. Honton."

And so "The Clan" and friends of "The Clan"—and every one who loved little Miss Griggs set to work in real hearty good fashion, but in the quietest possible manner to arrange a Birthday Valentine Party, one that should answer to the high qualifications stated by the young lawyer pro tem; "a gathering big with good will, and fine with gracious Neighborliness."

It was the evening of Valentine's Day and Miss Griggs cleared away her frugal supper in the little kitchen where, in place of the once blooming plants, her sewing table rested. A little sadness was in the eyes that glanced occasionally through the white curtains as the slender fingers polished the dainty china that had been her mother's. The day had been full of reminiscences. But very bravely had the one wiping the china, fought loneliness that had settled a little heavily upon her as the sun dropped into the west.

"It does not seem like my birthday," she murmured as she picked up the piece of cuttlefish that had dropped from between the wires of the canary's cage. "It doesn't, does it, Dick?" But Dick chirped and swung his head back and forth as though caring very little as to birthdays, even if they did come on Valentine's Day.

"Well—you can make light of it, Dick, but I should have thought Lena Sprague would have dropped in."

Having owned to this much, the owner of Dick settled in the chintz rocker and swung gently to and fro as she looked through shadows already falling, now and then catching sight of a flitting girl, or the straight, alert form of one of the college students. As little Miss Griggs sat thus with Dick back of her rolled up like a ball, enjoying his first evening nap, there came a silent procession trooping by her window—a procession that made the one by the window start to her feet and look wide-eyed and wondering. What could it mean? Then suddenly a lantern was swung in front of the window, held up beside the merry face of Robert Gaines, who called, "We are all here, Miss Griggs, every mother's son and daughter of us, and mothers and fathers thrown in."

They were at the door and Miss Griggs was throwing it wide open, tears of surprise growing as she saw face after face that she knew and loved appearing one upon another as the little crowd gathered.

"I just can't believe it of you," she said as she stepped aside for them to crowd in. "I could have believed it of you, Lena, and you, Tom, but if there isn't Judge Newton! Why, Judge it is, scandalous taking a poor lone body by storm in such a wholesale fashion."

"But we like it," said the Judge, shouldering his way in and placing a little package down upon the sewing table.

"And there is more just around the corner. We're only the first division," cried Robert Gaines.

"And we are going to have the loveliest Valentine Party," broke in Lena.

"The biggest and finest ever known," cried Madge as she reached to fasten a lock of dear flustered Miss Griggs' hair that had dropped from its fastening.

"I know I look disreputable, Madge," cried Miss Griggs.

"You look just what you are," said the Reverend Mr. Doolittle, the pastor of the little church where Miss Griggs worshipped. "The most beloved woman in Mt. Honton."

And with the minister was the minister's wife and the members of the Ladies' Aid, and Deacon Balsom from over the Bend, way with his troop of little motherless girls, and the school-teacher, Henrietta Barring, who had once boarded with Miss Griggs.

It seemed to the owner of the home that there was no one in Mt. Honton who was not there. But Miss Griggs was loved and respected by many.

"We are your valentine," Miss Griggs," persisted Robert Gaines. "And we've brought candles and colored hearts to prove it, don't you see?" And he waved to where the girls were already stringing garlands and red hearts over the chintz curtains. While the girls worked, stronger hands built the fire in the front-room fireplace, and soon had every inch of the house warmed and lighted as it had been in other days at the Griggs' on festive occasions.

Little Miss Griggs sat back in her chair, and looked from face to face as she watched the proceeding, and it seemed to her as though her heart could not contain itself for joy.

"If I had known you were coming," she persisted in saying, "I should—"

"Yes. Yes—" the president of the Aid said, slipping her hands over the speaker's lips. "But we've brought everything needed, Lucindy; you are simply to sit still and be our guest." Cakes were cut, coffee made, hams sliced, bread buttered, and jellies and jam jars opened.

When all the good things had been served; and the points of the clock had gone around and around, the minister in his kindly way offered a petition for many more heart-warming times with their beloved neighbor. And then the gathering, which had been indeed "filled with good will" and made fine by gracious neighborliness" broke up. Around her somewhat disarranged room, Miss Griggs stood and looked, surprise still in her eyes—surprise that grew and grew as she went through the house—a big ham in white wax paper down by her sewing table, a bunch of celery beside it, jelly and canned fruit in the pantry, and flour in the bin. "It's wonderful, just wonderful," broke from the little woman's lips time and again.

But it was in the morning the big surprise came. When going down into her little cellar, she found potatoes in sacks, and turnips in baskets, and pumpkins and squashes, a half-keg of maple syrup, a basket of eggs. "I can't manage it all in a year. And to think they raised the cellar doors without my hearing, and got all the stuff in while I sat thinking I was having a hard time."

It was after her breakfast that in the front room, where the big fire of the night still lingered, that Miss Griggs found lying on the stand beside the old family Bible, a legal envelope bearing the postmark, "Gerald, Kansas." The color faded from the little woman's face. "Can it be from John?" The fingers trembled that tore open the flap. A check fell from within, and as she read the signature, "John Clam," she dropped into a chair. "John has met his obligation," she cried. With tears running down her cheeks, the check was laid aside, and the letter accompanying it unfolded.

"I am sorry, Lucindy. I didn't realize it had been so long till the Gaines-Dervey folks jogged my memory with their notice that the note was overdue. Pay up the note, and put me back in your good graces. I didn't mean to be a scoundrel—John."

"I never would have believed so much could have happened in twenty-four hours," said Miss Griggs, rocking to and fro with the check and the letter in her lap. "I'll begin life all over again from this hour. I'm as good as new. And won't I try to pay them all up in kindness and love? We'll see!"

THE BERMUDA OF TO-DAY

By T. D. J. Farmer

(Part Two)

One day, a score or so of years ago, some Bermuda boys were playing ball among the elevated strata scattered about the easterly end of the main island, when one of them saw his ball disappear down a hole that would suggest to us in size the habitation of a fox or a large ground hog. Undismayed by its disappearance the boy followed the ball, squeezing himself head downwards through the small aperture. He never found the ball, but he discovered something more valuable, which, like some great inventions we read of, brought fortune to others, but only an empty measure of fame to the poor discoverer. Some slanting rays of light from a larger and a distant opening in the wild undergrowth above revealed to the astonished boy a veritable fairyland of animal and vegetable formation in amber and white floating as it were among a chain of deep chrystaline lakes.

Thus were discovered in quite an innocent and unintentional way those magnificent caves of stalactite and stagmatite that the enterprising Hopmudian was soon to transform by some slight readjustments and the aid of pontoons and electricity, into those wizard like caverns with all sorts of imaginary beings and figures that are now so attractive to the tourist and so remunerative, not only to their owners, but to the hordes of colored drivers who daily with the opening of a "rake off" from the receipts, convey the visitors to the entrance of one or the other of the two "cave companies" now doing business in the neighborhood of Bailey's Bay. It is a much debated question which of these two caves produces the greatest wonder and delight to the visitor. "The Crystal" has many admirers, as has the "Leamington." The writer, who saw both, was inclined to divide the honors equally and perhaps a third known as "Prosperos" said to be the scene of Shakespeare's "Tempest" is in many ways equal to or better than either of the other two, though not so well patronized, owing, so he informed me, to its owner declining to be a party to the "rake off" plan just referred to.

Bermuda is famous for the great number of its handsome villas with their showy entrances and magnificent grounds and gardens, and as the owners and occupants of these are not, generally speaking, persons of great wealth, the stranger asks himself, how are those mansions built and kept in such a continuous state of excellence and richness of appearance. I found that the occupants of these fine residences were men in receipt of annual incomes ranging around three thousand dollars or less. Yet their homes were some of them veritable palaces that with us would require a yearly outlay of at least $10,000 to live in and keep up.

The explanation of this, however, which may be considered from a five fold view, is not a difficult one.

(a) Material for these buildings, so cheap and always at hand, is the coral rock of which the island is formed. Every here and there are to be seen the great steep quarries from which the blocks have been sawed out that have gone to construct not only the mansions themselves, but the handsome walls and gateways that surround them, and even the roofs that cover them and incidentally gather the only supply of drinking water the inhabitants have. (b) The question of heating, so vexatious and expensive with us, hardly comes in here at all. An occasional grate fire of cedar in the chilly evenings is cheerful, but by no means necessary. And there is no occasion at any time for any outlay for warm clothing. (c) Taxation on real estate here is practically nil, public expenditure being entirely met by imports on food and clothing, a system by the way that militates against the poor, and in favor of the rich. I was astonished when the owner of one of the best corner business blocks in the city of Hamilton told me that his annual taxes were $60. In one of our large Ontario cities, on a block of this kind they would have been more like $6,000. The yearly tax on the best residences is not more than $10 or $15. (d) Growth, both flower and vegetable, is quick and luxuriant here and does not require the artificial care and encouragement that it does with us, and last but not least (e) Labor inside and out is plentiful and does not cost one-half what it does in the north.

A wealthy organization known as the Fairness-Withy Co. has lately created much stir in those usually quiet little sea-girt islands by purchasing large quantities of land in that dullest and most remote part of Bermuda known as Tuckerstown, situated on the south-east corner of the colony. Large and hitherto unheard of prices are being paid for real estate holdings there to-day, acquired either voluntarily or by a process of expropriation, permitted by the legislature under which a jury fixes the compensation.

What is in anticipation on the part of these capitalists is still somewhat "in nubibus," but very great expenditures in the way of an immense hotel, outrivalling anything already here, elaborate golf links, and an electric tramway round the island are among the projects hinted at. This company has already taken over and is now extensively overhauling the fine hotel at St. Georges, and from the rapid manner in which it is acquiring and paying for all the land it can lay its hands on in the Tuckerstown district, it certainly gives the impression that "big things" are in store for Bermuda as a fashionable tourist resort in the very near future.

The first potato crop of the year is now being harvested here, and everywhere one travels along the roads, are to be seen half a dozen or more negroes or Portugese laborers in each field digging the famous Bermuda potatoes, and filling them into barrels for the New York market. There are three crops of this renowned island product, grown here fields of every twelve months, and they are graded as one, two and three, according to size. The first grade are now, I am informed, bringing the farmer $2 per barrel, although they have recently been much higher. The two smaller grades are mostly used for home consumption and food for live stock, etc.

The onion fields are now being planted, the growth of this favorite vegetable is much slower than the potato, only one crop of these in a year being possible. It may interest potatoers to know that, famous as Bermuda is for both potatoes and onions, she cannot mature on her own soil, either onion seed or seed potatoes, but has to look to America for her source of reproduction of both these important articles of her commerce. In recent years the cultivation of lilies here for export has almost died out, but this year there seems to be more of this formerly profitable crop in evidence.

Bermuda boasts this year of many representative people among its visitors. Ex-President Taft of the United States is and has been here for some time. The Hon. J. A. Calder, our Minister of Immigration, is a guest at the Princess Hotel. Mr. Glass, the Dominion member for East Middlesex, was here, but recently left for Ottawa, and Senator Curry of Montreal and his family are occupying their beautiful villa of "Cedar Lodge" across the Bay at Paget.

Hamilton, Bermuda, Jan. 27, 1921.

START WHERE YOU CAN

Will Carleton, the famous poet whose works in the height of his popularity reached a sale of over three hundred thousand copies, was not one of those born with a gold spoon in his mouth. For his school advantages he was obliged to rely on his own earnings, and the device which carried him through one college year is worth considering for more reasons than one. He had written a long political poem which he entitled "Fax," and he was desirous of seeing what effect it would have on the sort of audience to whom it was intended to appeal. He went to a little country town where he was entirely unknown, hired a small room and advertised his reading by making his own posters, using for the purpose a small can of paint and a quantity of wall paper.

There was not a very large audience assembled to hear an unknown poet read from his own works, but the small audience was delighted. And when the poem was finished, those present insisted that they wanted their friends to hear it. Thanks to their interest the next reading was given in a church and a good number were present, so that the young poet cleared several dollars above expenses. The pleasure of those who heard him suggested that he might as well keep on and he did so. And while the returns from the individual readings were very small, he made enough in his Junior vacation to carry him through his last year of college. And what was worth even more he received from his experience the ability to feel at home with an audience, which was to stand him in good stead later.

"The great secret," said Mr. Carleton, commenting on this experience "is to commence where you can." One who has something worth while to offer has only to start just where he is, and he will find those who want what he has to give.

NEW LOCATION FOR TIMBUCTOO

The following "howlers" are taken from a school magazine:

Timbuctoo is a suburb of London.

Doldrums are a series of high rocks near the Equator.

The first books were all written by hand by men call scrimagers.

Calibacy is the name of a great man.

Protractors cannot be used for taking up potatoes.

John Maynard (who was burnt to death) died from the effects of the fire upon his constitution.

The Manchester Ship Canal is very important, because before it was made all ships were unloaded at Liverpool and sent by train to Manchester.

Calcutta is at the mouth of the River Ganges and is sometimes known as the "Black Hole."

When the Armada was first sighted Sir Francis Drake was playing billiards.

THE HARD KNOT

The boy, who, when he comes to a hard knot in the wood he is sawing, throws it back on the pile and looks for an easier piece, is forming the disastrous habit of surrendering to difficulty. If you come to a knot in your piece of cord wood, saw through it. If you come to a difficult problem in the midst of easy ones, let the latter alone and grind away at the hard one, till you master it. In seeming trifles we form the habits that decide life's success or its failure.

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.

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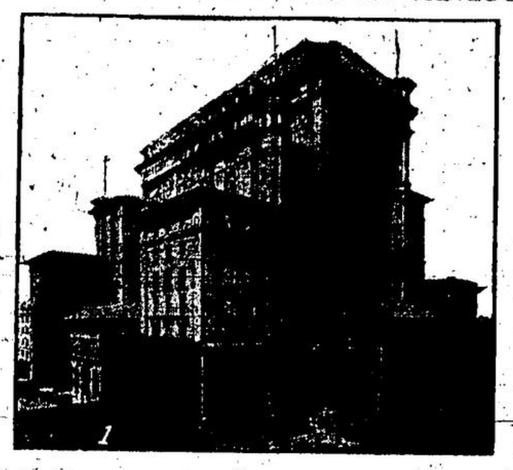
A WINTER DAY IN VANCOUVER



(1) Hotel Vancouver, Vancouver, B.C.
(2) The Siwash River, near Vancouver.
(3) Capilano Canyons.

The balmy air and glorious beauty of a winter day in Vancouver invites to this Paradise of the Pacific where the grass grows green as a June pasture and on the evergreen coast a narrow strip of grey and brown divides the evergreen land from the evergreen sea. Golden, blue, purple and green be the vista of sky, sea, mountain and forest while English Bay stretches, blue, laughing and limpid. The sandy beaches of Kitsilano and Point Grey receive the languid surf as it rolls up the gentle slopes of the shore. The canyons are slashed with purple and all at times are shrouded in great veils of cloud and mist. There is ever the mystery, the massiveness and the infinite variety of tone and color, with always a touch of spring promise in the air, in the almost bursting rosebuds, when the birds break into song, in the tree branches filled with swelling leaf-buds. All give the impression of having been drenched with the sweetness and fragrance of nature in her most riotous spring mood. Well kept roads and endless paths interweef the sylvan woods about the city and, at every turn, the sea comes into view and over it the watery pathway to Victoria and Vancouver Island.

On every side the city is bounded by a variety of natural beauties which can be enjoyed by one-day boat trips, such as a run up Burrard Inlet to Port Moody, chosen in the early days of railway construction, to be the western terminal. The rustic little settlement of shacks had visions of greatness and wealth until the later choice of Vancouver for the meeting of "rail and sail." The North Arm is a fjord that gives the visiting Norwegian a longing for home, blue mist-topped mountains coming down to green, blue and black waters, with "Wigwam Inn" and its sylvan setting at the end.

The industrial and commercial advantages of the Pacific coast climate, are an important element in the building of a great manufacturing province. Navigation by water is never closed by ice, roads are seldom blocked by snow, water-powers are never frozen or dried up, street railways run their cars without an elaborate heating system.—C. O.

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