The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1921

OLD JASPER

It was a summer evening
Old Jasper's work was done
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother, Peterkin,
Pick something from the ground
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there had found.
He came to ask her Uncle Jasp
What 'twas he had within his grasp.

Old Jasper took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by,
And then the old man shook his head,
And heaved a heavy sigh:
It is a corkscrew, son, quoth he;
But what good can it be to me?

I find them in the garden
For there's many hereabout,
And often when I'm fussing round
I take the darned things out:
A useful tool they used to be,
But what good are they now to me?

Now tell me what 'twas all about,
Young Peterkin he cried;
And little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes.
Yes, tell us, Grandpop, we implore,
What did folks use such weapons for?

It was the prohibs, Jasper cried,
That put the wets to rout,
But what they went and did it for,
I could not well make out;
But all the phoibes, said, quoth he,
That 'twas a famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight
Before the bars went dry,
And motor cars went home that night
With cases piled up high.
But that was long ago, quoth he,
And now I'm dry as I can be.

And lots of people praised the drys,
Who this great fight did win,
But what good came of it at last?
Quoth little Peterkin.
Why that I cannot tell, quoth he,
I got so full I couldn't see.

"Will Nae Break His Word"

By Mabel Pinkerton

"Ye might just sign me the bit pledge, Terence, laddie."

Terence O'Donahue, late of the A. E. F., now member in good standing of the Barton's Quarrymen's Union, stood looking down with a teasing smile at the little woman whose shining head almost reached his shoulder, and at the white pledge card in her hand.

"Pledge, is it? With prohibition ruling the land? For why—as we said it in France?"

"Because, Terry, the white-ribbon lady that 'was here tellt me that by and by 'twill be election, and before that the liquor folk will like to be making out that prohibition's no a success; so they'll paddle about the whusky, and teach men tae mak their ain strong drink, and discredit the law a' the many ways they ken. She said the white ribbon women in Barton are making a pledge campaign, so men will be fortified against that time."

"And who was this white ribboner?" asked Terry, not unwilling to change the subject.

"It was Mrs. Barton, Terry—the same name as the town."

"Yes—she's the wife of the man that owns the quarries, and the bank, and lots more. And did you talk the English to her, Jeanie, or the Scotch?"

The little woman, flying about now in her kitchen like a bird busy and happy in her nest-building, at the mischievous question and flushed and dropped her eyes.

"I made a wee slip I' the English, Terry, and the lady tellt me then that she kenned the Scotch—her mither was a Shetland woman—so I tellt her I was fairt come frae Edinbury, and we had a fine claver."

"Did ye tell her your man Terry was drunk wanst in France?" Terry loved to exaggerate his usually slight brogue, when in his teasing mood. He was splashing water over his face, thereby almost hiding the twinkle in his eyes, but Jean could hear it in his voice.

"I tellt her I married the bravest soldier in a' the American army," was the ready response and wise Jean made no further attempt at serious talk until the supper was finished.

But, the dishes once more shining on their shelves, and Terry ensconced in his favorite chair before the fire in the tiny living room, she returned to the attack—as Terry well knew that she would.

"Has I been a guid wife tae ye, thus far, Terence?"

Terry's big hand came across the arms of both chairs and stopped the flying needles.

"It was wan good turn the Hun did me when he shot over that gas that landed me at last in Scotland on furlough, Jeanie, me girl. 'You're my bonnie, blue-eyed Scotch lassie, Jean,' as the old song says."

To the little woman so "far frae hame," in this new and strange America, it was sweet music that her Terry had chosen a line from a Scotch song, and the lilt of his voice repeating the old words brought tears to her eyes, But she was not to be turned from her purpose.

"Ye ken, it's my birthday to-morrow, laddie. Ye'd please me much if ye'd sign the pledge by way of a birthday present."

But Terry in his way was as stubborn as his wife, and the teasing light was in his eyes again as he answered slowly:

"I'll tell ye what' I'll do, Jean. It's almost a year till next Christmas. 'Twixt now and then, if any man offers me a drink, or shows me how I can get a drink, I'll tell him 'No,' and I'll put the price of that drink in a safe place, and I'll bring ye the sum of it for a Christmas present. How's that? Ye're always wishing I'd be more saving."

And with that Jean knew she would have to be content. So she began to talk of other matters.

"The white ribbon lady," she told her husband, "is on a committee—they call it an Americanization Committee—for her union. They're trying to make things pleasanter for a' the newcomers here i' Barton frae ither land, and help them to understand American ways; and they let her visit the Scotch, because she's half Scotch her ain sel'. She's taking me next week to call on anither Scotch war bride, two streets ower. She's ill, puir body."

"Yes," Terry responded, "that'll be Harry Gray's wife. He was in my company, and brought a wife from Scotland the same as I did. There's lad now—if your white ribbon lady could make him sign the pledge, and keep it, she'd be after doing some good. He's a chap that can't let the drink alone if it's to be had."

Little Mrs. O'Donahue was disappointed not to have her husband's pledge card to return with her own when Mrs. Barton called for her the next week as she had promised. She told the white ribboner of Terry's promise, adding gravely, "The O'Donahue will nae break his word." Mrs. Barton hid a smile—that last was so patently a quotation from Terry.

As the weeks went on, with Barton he evidently and wholly "dry," Terry was wont to tease his wife a bit now and then over the emptiness of his "pledge-Christmas bank." But as election time drew near, he found, to his surprise, that Mrs. Barton's predictions had come true, and from time to time opportunities to drink came his way. He was as good as his word, but others were not of his mind, and gradually there began to appear some shadow of reason in the comment, so industriously passed about, that "it would be far better to replace this bone-dry farce with a law that could be enforced—a law that would let a man have his harmless wine and beer, and put a stop to all his home-brew poison—all the wearisomely old "bunk" that every temperance worker knows by heart and loathes even as the evil sources of it.

Sometimes in those autumn evenings Terence came home with a grave face, but to his pale-faced girl wife he did not reveal how often temptation came his way, nor how near he had sometimes come to yielding—he, Terence O'Donahue, who had passed his word, and that to the dearest soul on earth, had almost broken that word. But only almost. Always he remembered in time.

Not so Harry Gray. Harry had signed the pledge at Mrs. Barton's request, partly because it was easier for him to sign than to say "No." He was among the first to resume the old ways; and in the cottage "two streets over" from the O'Donahues, Harry Gray's generous weekly pay envelope no longer came home with enough in it to provide comfort for his blue-eyed lassie and their babe.

Terry kept the state of affairs from Jean as long as he could but she went to call on Mrs. Gray at last and was greatly shocked at what she learned. His made inroads upon her savings to provide needed things for the "wee bairnie" at the Gray's, and prayed night and day that her Terry might not stumble in the path to which he had set his feet.

Election day came and went, and the white ribboners rejoiced over the result. Gradually the forces of John Barleycorn realized their defeat, and sullenly they withdrew.

Came Christmas Day, which Terence O'Donahue spent, or as much of it as he was permitted, before a door in Barton Hospital. In the evening a smiling nurse led him, clumping awkwardly in his effort to be quiet, to a white bed from which his Jean looked up at him, in her face a glory before which he dropped to his knees.

Presently their broken murmurs resolved into coherent words. "I've brought ye the gift I promised Jeanie, darlint," Terry said at last, and put into her hand two gold pieces and a folded paper.

"I could not find that pledge card, so I made out a bit of paper meself."

"Read it, Terry."

"It says: 'I, Terence O'Donahue, do solemnly swear that I have not touched strong drink since the day I promised my wife I would not, and never will I take another drink of the evil stuff again, so help me, God.' And there it is, Jeanie, with my name signed to it."

Jean's eyes were overflowing, and the nurse came hovering near.

"It's the golden gift, Terence, laddie. I'll just keep the gowd, and gie the bit document to the bairnie," she whispered, clasping the paper in her hand and letting the gold pieces slip down upon the coverlet.

Under the gold pieces a form stirred and a murmur sounded.

"It's you that brought me the golden gift, acushla," answered Terry, an awkward finger caressing the wee shining head that nestled beside his Jean.

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY

Man demonstrates that he has faith when he still has a desire to live after his mother-in-law discovers his shortcomings.

Hope is a w-o-n-d-e-r-f-u-l thing, one little nibble will keep a man fishing all day; while charity is giving one's honest-to-goodness advice without charge.

Brother if you are still dodging, and have your fingers crossed, take my advice, and pick an orphan. If this kind advice had been handed to me early, there would have been no story like the following to tell.

Saturday, July 16, promised everything one could wish in a summer's day. It also promised a half-holiday; and knowing that if I went home at noon I would be elected a committee of one to take my mother-in-law, (my wife's mother was visiting us, no that is not the word; she was staying with us;) to the park, to the library or on one of those d-e-l-i-g-h-t-f-u-l trips with a bunch of flowers to the cemetery.

At 10.30 I phoned my wife that the boss was going fishing at noon; wanted me to go with him; would not take no for an answer, and that I had better go if I wanted to stand in for a raise.

Now what could she say? I went, and with the exception of my tackle-box, and a lunch kit for a regular he-man I went alone.

Why mention that the wind was in the wrong direction, or that the water was rough; but come out flatfooted and say that owing to no faults of yours, or your system the fishing was rotten.

When walking along the docks to the car for home, I noticed some fishermen unloading their day's catch, among which were some fine walleyes; fifty cents looked as good as a seven pound fish to the man in charge so we made a trade at once.

On the way home I concocted a story of the awful fight that fish gave me; of the many times it nearly got away, and that if I had not used head work I would have lost out.

Arriving home I placed my creel on the kitchen table, and after relating my experience as per story above, I went upstairs to wash.

The window of our bathroom is situated directly over our side-door, and as the window was open I overheard the following conversation between my wife, my mother-in-law, and our neighbor's little boy:

"I know what yer goin' ter have for supper, Mrs. Jones," said the boy, "yer goin' ter have fish."

"Your right, Percival; how did you know?" asked my wife.

"Why me ma took me down ter the beach this afternoon and I saw Mr. Jones buy it at the dock."

What my wife said to me and what my mother-in-law added, is not necessary here.—Rod and Gun.

SOME POLITE AND PRACTICAL RESOLVES

Always to speak kindly and politely to everybody as I would have them speak to me.

To tell of my own faults, not those of my brothers, sister, or friends.

To shut doors carefully, not slam them.

Never to call to persons upstairs or in the next room. If I wish to speak to them to go where they are.

Never to go to the table with soiled hands or untidy hair.

Never to interrupt a conversation, but wait patiently my turn to speak.

To clean the mud or snow off my shoes before going into the house.

Not to reserve my good manners for company, but be equally polite at home or abroad.

Day-dreaming may be very pleasant and more or less necessary, but the boy who sits by the fire dreaming while his father carries in the wood and coal and his mother runs the errands has hold of the idea of greatness at the wrong end.

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CELERY CULTURE

Apart from the delicate flavor of celery, it has certain medicinal properties and its consumption should be encouraged. There seems to be a general impression that remarkable skill is required to grow this excellent vegetable, but although it cannot be grown with the same ease as carrots and many others, attention to a few details makes its culture possible in any garden without an undue amount of work.

Any rich garden soil will grow good celery, which must have an abundance of fertility to draw upon, if tender, well-developed stalks are to be obtained. If the soil becomes dried out even with an abundance of plant food, succulent stalks are not likely to develop. Plant food and moisture are both essential. If growth is to go on uninterruptedly. Celery grows best in the fall or early spring, because the soil is damper and cooler. The aim should be to furnish these conditions and, as hot dry soils can be made cool and moist by watering or mulching, it is not a very hard task to keep a small area of celery moist during the dry periods.

When preparing for your vegetable garden, set aside some well-rotted stable manure for a row of celery. Dig or plow out a space about sixteen inches wide and about six inches deep and into this scatter the manure about four inches deep; then work in your soil, thoroughly mixing it with the manure. If the garden is one which has been well manured for years, scatter a coating of manure broadcast and work it into the soil. A good commercial fertilizer scattered broadcast at the rate of two thousand pounds per acre and well mixed with the soil to a depth of five or six inches will grow good celery without manure if moisture is right.

Do not set the plants on ridges. It is not necessary to set in a trench, but it facilitates watering if the ground along the row is slightly below the soil level. After planting see that the ground between the rows is kept loose with the cultivator or hoe and the surface soil around the plants kept stirred, so that less watering will be necessary. If watering is done, this tends to compact the surface soil around the plants, and as soon as dry enough this should be broken by very shallow hoeing. Deep hoeing close to the plant should be avoided, as the roots are shallow feeders and should not be disturbed. A mulch of horse manure may be placed along the row, which may do away with hoeing entirely, thus saving moisture and keeping the soil cool.

Blanching may be started when the plants are six inches tall, by placing boards at each side of the row and holding them in place with stakes, or earth may be pressed up to the plant after first gathering the stalks together so that soil will not get into the crown. It is not necessary to blanch all at once and a little handling of the plants by working some soil up to it will tend to an upright rather than spreading growth until blanching is desired. Drain tile set over a plant is excellent for blanching. Any material that eliminates light from the plant will serve the purpose and in two or three weeks under such treatment White Plume or Paris Golden will blanch if active growth is being made.

If sucker growths develop, these should be removed before blanching in order to get even heads with good stalks. Celery rust, which sometimes is troublesome, is overcome by using Bordeaux mixture, the plants being kept covered by spraying every ten days.

It is unnecessary to have more than three inches of soil for starting or growing plants. The plants may be cut out with a square of soil, thus avoiding injury because of the soil being removed from the roots, as is necessary if plants are not first transplanted into flats. The plants should be set in rows three and a half feet apart and six inches apart in the row.—W. S. Blair, Superintendent, Kentville, N. S., in Experimental Farm Notes.

UNITED STATES MUST JOIN LEAGUE

A visit of Premier Vivani, of France, to the United States on a mission that is "purely a matter of courtesy," has been announced. At least that is what the Petit Parisien says about his mission. That paper also says that "if President Harding should question him concerning the League of Nations he will set forth that France cannot conceive of any future agreement that does not take the Versailles treaty as its base and the pact of the League of Nations, which is inseparable from it." The Petit Parisien says that France will give friendly attention to any modifications that may be proposed by our government. That paper asserts that France's very existence depends on the Versailles Treaty, a part of which is the League of Nations, and that the United States can properly take her place in the affairs of the world "in only one way—by ratifying with reservations she judges to be necessary, the treaty of Versailles with the pact of the League of Nations." We could not expect France to be less insistent in her demands. And there are many—possibly a majority—in the United States who still expect to see this country take its place, with reservations, in the League of Nations.—Nashville Advocate.

THE ARAB'S BEST FRIEND

Many Americans know just about three facts concerning the camel: He has a remarkable hump on his back; he is used as a beast of burden, and he can go without drinking longer than most animals.

To the Arab, the camel means far more; not only can he carry his master and most of his master's worldly goods, but he can supply, when necessary, nearly all the fundamental essentials of life.

The camel's flesh is decidedly edible. When young it tastes like veal, and the "hump" Arabs may buy the flavor of beef. The milk is excellent and nutritious, though it supplies no butter.

Food and drink are worth much, but this wonderful beast goes farther. He supplies much of the natives' clothing. Every summer the long hair is shorn and woven into a variety of articles—chiefly clothing and tent coverings. It was in camel's-hair garments that John the Baptist appeared as a preacher. The thick hide of the camel makes good leather. Food, drink, shelter, clothing, draft service, docility, and reliability—surely this is a great deal from one animal.—L. H. Eubanks.

THE LAST NICKEL FOUNDED HIS FORTUNE

The American Magazine gives the account of how a man succeeded in making a great fortune after he was forty years of age, and how its foundation was laid upon the gift to religious work of the last nickel he possessed.

Some twenty years ago a rascally partner beat J. O. H. Johnstone, then of Faribault, Minn., out of all he had. After years of habitual comfort, at the age of forty-one and in hard times he faced the world with practically nothing but his hands. He went to Minneapolis and tramped the streets for work in vain. At last he had but five cents between him and beggary or starvation.

Walking along the street, uncertain whether to try again or give up the battle altogether, he was asked by a Salvation Army girl for a nickel for the poor. Moved perhaps by the unconscious irony of the request, he gave her his last nickel and told her it was his last cent.

"The Lord won't forget," she said and went on.

Almost convinced that the Lord had forgotten him, Johnstone watched her at her work. The next thirteen men who accosted gave her nothing. The fourteenth gave her a dollar. He remembered that he had asked for work several times and had always been refused. He made up his mind to ask again, up to fourteen times. He got the job.

That was the end of his distress. He saved his wages and a year or two later bought a little mill out in the woods. His business prospered steadily. In ten years the commercial agencies were rating his wealth at nearly seven figures. He was always utterly convinced that should he let a Salvationary Army collector pass unheeded his prosperity would end.

Superstition?

Do you say that the giving of that last nickel had nothing to do with the man's later success? If you do, then you know little about the real forces that rule in this life.

The human mind is like a chemist's crucible—many chemicals go in and from the combination there may result a new one, bearing no resemblance whatever to any of its ingredients. Two bitter poisons may come out of a substance as sweet and nourishing as honey.

Out of conflicting emotions and impulsive resolve was suddenly created, and thereafter there was a new force in the man.

Who can deny that the prediction of the Salvation Army girl was literally fulfilled? Human wisdom would have dictated the expenditure of the nickel for some necessity, but given to the cause of God it proved seed sown in fertile soil which returned a bountiful harvest of many thousandfold in the means with which to relieve temporary necessity, and doubtless in spiritual grace as well, as we learn he was a liberal supporter of worthy causes.

It pays to take God into our planning and put him to the test. He has promised to bless beyond our capacity to receive when we properly meet the conditions. Let us prove him.—Exchange.

A GOOD STORY

The following anecdote is related of Mr. Bheaf, a grocer, in Portsmouth, N. H.:

It appears that a man had purchased some wool of him, which had been weighed and paid for, and Mr. Bheaf had gone to the desk to get change for a note. Happening to turn his head while there, he saw in a glass which swung so as to reflect the shop, a stout arm reach up and take from the shelf a quantity of cheese. Instead of upbraiding suddenly and rebuking him for the theft, as another would, and thereby losing his custom forever, the crafty old gentleman gave the thief his change as if nothing had happened, and then under the pretence of lifting the bag to lay it on his horse for him, took hold of it, and exclaimed:

"Why bless me, I must have reckoned the weight wrong."

"Oh, no," said the other, "you may be sure you have not, for I counted with you."

"Well, well, we won't dispute the matter, it is easily tried," said Mr. B., putting the bag into the scales again. "There," said he, "I told you so—I knew I was right—I made a mistake of nearly twenty pounds; however, if you don't want the whole you needn't have it—I'll take part of it out."

"No, no!" said the other, staying the hands of Mr. B. on their way to the strings of the bag; "I guess I'll take the whole," and this he did, paying for his honesty by receiving the skim-milk cheese at the rate of forty-four cents a pound, the price of the wool.

RUSSIAN MONEY

The Bolshevist official, who had succeeded in fleeing the land of the Soviet with 100,000,000 rubles, landed in San Francisco.

His precious satchel of money clamped tightly to his bosom he entered the largest bank in the city specializing in foreign exchange.

"Change this into American money for me," he demanded of one of the tellers, squeezing the satchel under the lattice work of his window.

A half-hour passed. Then the teller reappeared.

"Here you are, sir," he said, politely. "You gave me 100,000,000 rubles, didn't you? Here it is in American money."

He shoved the currency toward the Bolshevist.

It was $1.03.

WHY WE BLUSH

Any shock or emotion which makes the heart pump an extra supply of blood into the arteries and veins which supply the face will give rise to blushing. The emotion, of course, must be one of the variety which causes the heart to beat faster than usual. Excitement, embarrassment, or anger will cause this, while fear, which retards the action of the heart, will produce a pale white look. Because the shock of emotion must be one to which we are not accustomed, some persons blush far more readily than others. A person who is not in the habit of listening to certain language will blush from embarrassment when he hears it the first few times, but if the experience is continued he will become hardened and lose the ability to blush—which is the reason that blushing is considered to be one of the attributes of innocence.

The most obstinate corns fail to resist Holloway's Corn Remover. Try it.

WEARY WILLIES

Some people, if they had their way, would not lift their hands to their mouths to feed themselves. They would install automatic feeders with an attachment to wipe their mouths when they were through. They remind me of Hi Harker's dog, which was so chronically tired that he had to lean against the fence to bark. Do you know we are all being spoiled by those modern inventions to save time and effort. The street cars have put many a man in the cemetery, and the quick lunch has devastated many a home. I am not a grouser, but I often wonder how much the world has gained by what we are pleased to call "modern progress." It looked for a while during the war as though we were going to get back to the days when everybody worked, including "father," and people were not ashamed to have and work an old-fashioned garden, or walk a mile or two to business or the railroad station. But we are gradually slipping back to the same old gait and yawning as we murmur "Let George do it."—Shoe and Leather Journal.

Not outward traits of religion are more commendable than self-denial and benevolence.

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Fertilizers:
(1) pay your money back with big interest.
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(3) improve quality.
(4) hasten ripening.
(5) eliminate to a large extent crop failures.
(6) help banish weeds.
(7) cut down labor costs.

Last summer $1 invested in fertilizer for potatoes growing near London returned in one case $89.0½ and in another $4.68.

Figure your needs, and place your orders at once so that you can receive fertilizers in time for seeding.

The Soil and Crop Improvement Bureau
of the Canadian Fertilizer Association
Henry G. Bull, B.S.A., Director, 14 Manning Arcade, Toronto, Ont.
19

Shall the importation and the bringing of intoxicating liquors into the Province be forbidden? NO

Shall the importation and the bringing of intoxicating liquors into the Province be forbidden? YES X

Your Vote Will Decide

You Voted against the SALE—
—Vote Now against the IMPORTATION

THE people on April 18th decide by the ballot reproduced above whether liquor for beverage purposes shall be allowed to come in, or whether the door shall be shut.

Earnestly we ask you to vote—vote to clinch your former vote.

By your last vote against the Sale of liquor you made Ontario safe from within.

Now vote against Importation, to make Ontario safe from without.

Prohibition should apply to all alike.

Take nothing for granted. Every temperance vote is needed. Every temperance vote must be cast.

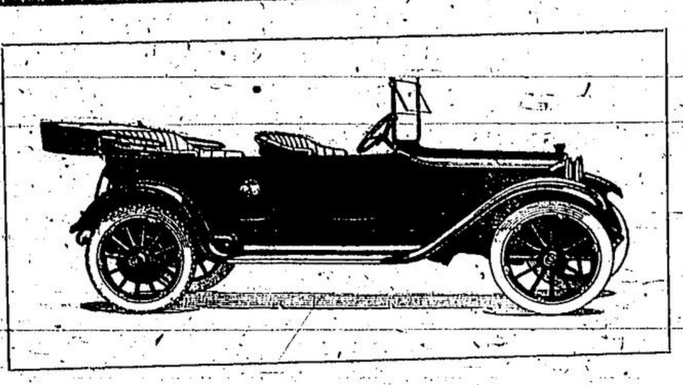
See that your wife and every member of your household, with a right to vote, gets to the polls.

Let us roll up a decisive majority today and settle this question.

Get Out The VOTE

Mark your ballot with an "X" and an "X" only after the word YES

Ontario Referendum Committee
14



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Skeleton Door Mats—14x24, $1.40; 17x28, $2.00; 18x30, $2.60; 20x32, $3.25; 22x36, $3.75.

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