The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1921

THE MAN WITH A SMILE

It isn't the fellow who has a smile,
Because of the smile of others,
But the fellow who counts is the fellow who smiles
In spite of his scowling brothers;
Or whether they smile or whether they don't,
He will keep up smiling through thick and thin!
He will smile for the sake of the right.

The old songs says if you smile for them
The will have a smile for you;
But the man who smiles if they smile not
Is the man who will put things through—
The man who smiles because it's his heart
That brings to his face the glow
Of the peace and the power of doing his part
In the great world's daily show.

To do things just to gain in return
Some gift or some grace of life
Is only a halfway style to win
In the toil and struggle and strife.
For the best old grace is the grace of joy
In doing and serving along
With a smile that is sweet as the smile of a boy
Till your smile makes labor a song.

HOW A YOUNG WIFE CURED HER HUSBAND OF "BRAIN FEVER"

A young wife in Michigan had just got settled in her new home. All seemed fair and promising, for she did not know that her husband was a drunkard. But one night he came home at a very late hour, and much the worse of liquor. When he staggered into the house, the wife, who was greatly shocked, told him he was sick, and to lie down at once; and in a moment or two he was comfortably settled off a sofa in a drunken sleep. His face was reddish purple, his breathing was heavy and altogether he was a pitiable looking object. The doctor was sent for post haste and mustard applied to his feet and hands. When the doctor came and felt his pulse, and examined him, and found that he was only drunk, he said:

"He will be all right in the morning."

But the wife insisted that he was very sick, and that severe remedies must be used.

"You must shave his head and apply blisters," she urged, "or I will send for someone who will."

The husband's head was accordingly shaved close and blisters applied. The patient lay all night in a drunken sleep, and, notwithstanding the blisters were eating into his flesh, it was not till near morning that he began to heat about disturbed by pain.

About daylight he woke up to a most uncomfortable consciousness of blister agonies.

"What does this mean?" he said, putting his hand to his bandaged head.

"Lie still—you mustn't stir," said the wife; "you have been very sick."

"I'm not sick."

"Oh, yes you are; you have the brain fever. We have worked with you all night."

"I should think you had," groaned the poor victim; "what's the matter with my feet?"

"They are all blistered."

"Well, I'm better now; take off the blisters, do," he pleaded piteously.

He was in a most uncomfortable state—his head covered with sores, and his feet and hands were still worse.

"Dear," he groaned, "if I should ever get sick in this way again, don't be alarmed and send for a doctor, and above all don't blister me again."

"Oh, indeed I will—all that saved you were the blisters, and if you should have another such a spell I should be more frightened than ever—for the tendency, I am sure is to apoplexy, and from the next attack you will be likely to die, unless there are the severest measures used."

He made no further defence; suffice to say, he never had another attack.

"BILLIE SUNDAE" AND THE EGG

My little dog, Billie Sundae, is quite a philosopher, and now that she is no longer a lost and starving creature in big New York City, but a contented pet in a Canadian home, she upon occasions takes the initiative and saves a situation.

One cold winter day, I boarded a street car near my home and started down town. Billie in close attendance, for dogs are allowed in cars in Toronto.

On stopping at a corner, a lady warmly dressed walked the length of the car and left it by the front door. From her handsome muff dropped a fine large egg, which went splash! on the floor. Everybody smiled. Eggs were a terrific price, and some friend had evidently presented her with one as a valuable treasure.

Quite unaware of her loss, the lady went on her way, and the grinning passengers kept on staring at the conductor, whose face was a study. He wasn't going to clean up after any passenger—that was one thing sure.

Billie saw the egg, and with a kind of dog smile sauntered toward it, licked it up shell and all, and wagging her tail, surveyed the rows of giggling passengers as if to say, "What a treat—I haven't had an egg for ages!"

The conductor looked as if he could have embraced her, but he contented himself with throwing her a smile as he rang the bell and we went on merrily down the street.—Marshall Saunders.

THRIFT

A man advertised his car for sale. Early the next morning a man who lived across the street came over and said: "Pardon me, but I see by last night's paper you advertised your car for sale."

"Quite so," said the man who advertised the car, "but surely you are not in the market for it?"

"No," was the reply, "but I only live across the street and I also want to sell my car. And there would be no need of my spending my money for an advertisement if after the people were through looking at your car you could just send them across the street to look at my car."

VERY CAUTIOUS

He was a cautious witness, and regarded every question put by the cross-examining solicitor as a trap for the unwary.

"And what," he was asked, "was the complainant shouting when you heard him?"

"He was shouting, 'Tom! Tom!'" replied the witness, after a deep thought; then, fearing to commit himself to such a downright statement he added, hastily: "Or words to that effect!"

KIND OF HAD TO GO

Tony is an Italian laborer employed in the construction of a new building. The other evening he asked his foreman for a vacation during the following two days.

"Tony, you don't want any vacation," remonstrated the foreman. "All you would do would be to spend all the money you have saved up and come back to work all out of luck."

"Well, boss, I sort of have to go," said Tony. "You see, I'm going to be married and I'd kind of like to be there."

This maple sugar season, which is now almost over for 1921, gets me every time the blessed spring comes round. And when I see the farmers coming into town with the cans and jars of maple syrup, and I hear them talk about the good runs and the poor runs on dull and rainy days, it takes me right back to the old sugar bush where we made maple sugar and maple syrup—sugar, more than syrup, though we called syrup molasses in those days—away back, fifty, yes, sixty years ago. And I often look at that old bush to-day. Why it's within sight of town. It was hard work in those days, and the season generally lasted for about six weeks. I remember a neighboring farmer who always had a hiny sugar season. He and his boys tapped two or three hundred trees. When the boys got tired carrying the heavy pails of sap to the sugar camp where the sap was boiled down, and the sugaring off was done, he'd direct their attention to the song of the robins and other spring birds and interpret their notes as a cheering message to the boys in this cheery couplet:

"Cheer-up! Cheer-o!
And carry your sap,
And boil it down
To syr-re-up."

And that made the work go better, and the boys thought of the birds' song instead of the heavy pails of sap.

Say, the sugar bush equipment was somewhat different in those days to the galvanized spiles, and bright tin pails, and evaporating pans with their automatic discharge of syrup when it reaches a certain temperature and satisfies the so-called government standard. Bless me, there were no such new-fangled dickos in my days in the sugar bush. Everything was true to nature and quite original. We made our spiles out of nice straight dry cedar, and our sap buckets were wooden dugouts from twenty-four inch lengths of ten to twelve-inch birch or maple trees, and we boiled down the sap in the old-fashioned kettles. And, my, the syrup in those days had a real sugar bush tang to it. It wasn't filtered and clarified and strained and evaporated as in those days until nearly all the maple flavor is strained out of it, and some mean folks say that the makers increase their output by adding brown sugar and other adulterants. I don't believe that yarn, anyway, with the price of brown sugar the past two or three years it would never pay to try the adulterating scheme.

But, say, in my way-back days we had the Simon pure sugar bush camp syrup and molasses, and the flavor was always right, and those sugaring-off nights when the maple taffy on a lump of granulated snow from an April snow bank, up, um, wasn't it bully, and especially if your best girl and a few other chums were there to enjoy it.

Say, we could afford maple sugar and maple syrup in those days, and the folks in the village could too. Why, many's the gallon Mary and I brought to town in those old-fashioned gallon stone jugs we used to buy at Symon's and Johnny McKee's and Mr. Hill's, which we sold for forty and fifty cents a gallon. Say, when we got a $1.00 for a gallon of maple syrup we thought people were either getting rich or had gone crazy. And for maple sugar, why ten cents a pound was a tip-top price.

Well, the times have changed. Last Saturday a farmer came to town with supply of maple syrup. A citizen, who was brought up on a farm, and had carried thousands of buckets of sap in maple sugar seasons, saw him, and his mouth began watering for maple syrup. He went up to the farmer and said: "Say, Hill, is that maple syrup you've got in those cans, or is that your future supply of stings from Montreal?" "Hello, is that you, Jim? Yes, this is maple syrup, the pure quill. Want a gallon or two?" "Yes, I do. How do you sell it?" "Just $3.00 a gallon, Jim. How much will you have?" "$3.00 a gallon, Hill? Holy smoke, d'ye think you're talking to Rockefeller or Sir Donald Mann? $3.00 a gallon! Why, I've often bought maple syrup right here on this street for a dollar and a half. Is that really what you expect for it, Hill?" "Yes, Jim. $3.00 for every gallon, but I'll throw in the can, seeing it's you." "Not for Joseph, Hill. Your syrup is too rich for the blood." "All right, Jim. I don't think I could spare you any, anyway. I've orders now in town for more than we can spare. Get up, Dick, we must be going."

Say, I came across a funny little story the other day about maple syrup and sugar. You old folks may not care for it, but my friends, the boys and girls, will enjoy it if you don't. Here it is:

THE CANDY TREE

When Steve, who lived far up in Canada, went to visit his uncle in a southern town, he found a great deal to interest him. Most of all he liked the big shops, especially those where he and his little cousin Donald went to buy ice cream or soda. Steve had never tasted soda before, for his home was far away from town, and it amused him to see the salesman turn the spigots and draw anything that was called for.

"Don't you have ice cream soda where you live, Steve?" asked Donald.

Steve shook his head. "Not near enough for me to get any," he said.

"Nor ice cream?" asked Donald.

"No," said Steve. "But I'll tell you what we do have," he said. Then he stopped. "No, I won't, either. I'll wait till you come up to visit me, and then you can have some. I'm pretty sure you've never tasted it before—not the way we have it."

"Is it something to drink?" Donald asked.

Steve nodded. "Yes," he said.

Donald pondered. "Something to drink," he said. "But something that I've never tasted. It can't be water or milk." He looked at glass bowls full of lemons and limes on the counter.

"I suppose it's made from some kind of fruit," he ventured.

But Steve said no; it was nothing like fruit. "Don't guess any more, Don," he said. "I'll show you when the time comes."

But Donald would not give up. "Is it sweet?" he asked.

"It surely is," said Steve. "You're getting warm in your guessing."

"What color is it?" Donald asked, encouraged.

"No color at all."

Donald looked dismayed. "Now I'm getting cold again. Do you take it through a straw, or with a spoon, or straight from a glass?"

"None of these ways," Steve said.

"From a cup, then?"

"Well, from a kind of cup," was Steve's reply.

"A kind of cup?" the little boy echoed. "China? Tin? Aluminum? Silver?"

Steve laughed outright. "You're off the track now," he said. "You're cold as ice. Give it up, Don. Wait till you come to see me; then it will be a surprise for you as your soda was for me."

With that Donald was obliged to be content. But he puzzled over the matter constantly after his cousin had gone home. Every time he wrote to Steve he added a message at the bottom of the letter, "P. S.," it generally ran, "I shall be there in the spring, for that wonderful drink." In late January he added a second postscript: "Don't let anything happen to it before I get there."

To that Steve replied by the next mail: "Something is happening to it fast. You'd better come as quick as you can."

So Donald went, and soon after he arrived he looked Steve square in the eye for a moment or two, and then said, "I'm thirsty."

"Come along, then," said Steve, laughing. "Your surprise is all ready. Bingo and I will show it to you." With Bingo at his heels he led the way through the kitchen into the back yard and over the fence to the grove. The ground was still covered with snow, and the air seemed very cold to the little boy from the south.

In a corner Steve halted before a large tree. Donald stared. Near the foot of the tree was a wooden bucket, and just above the bucket were two little holes so bored in the tree that the spouts sloped downward a little toward the snow-covered ground to a bucket.

Donald noticed that some kind of liquid was dripping from the end of the spouts into the bucket, which was already nearly full.

"Water out of a tree?" he said. "No, siree, I never tasted that, sure enough."

"It's not water," said Steve, smiling. "Wait a minute and I'll show you what it is."

Reaching behind the bucket, he drew a queer-looking dipper and held it up to Don. "Not china, or tin, or aluminum, or silver," he said.

"Not one of them," answered Don. "But what is it?"

"Birch bark," said Steve. "Now," he added, "you can have the surprise drink."

He went over and thrust the dipper into the bucket. It came up dripping, and he held it out to Donald.

"Here, taste it," he said.

Don peered into the dipper; then he looked up rather blankly. "It's water," he said, "and you told me it wouldn't be."

"Taste it," Steve repeated, and Donald put out a wary tongue.

"There!" said Steve. "Is that water?"

Don took a good mouthful. "No it isn't," he replied. "It tastes like candy. What is it, Steve?"

"Hurray! You've guessed almost right," his cousin said. "It is a sort of candy. You've eaten maple sugar, haven't you, Don?" Then as his cousin nodded he went on, "Well, this is maple sap. Every year it rises in the maple trees, and when the time comes to take it out we tap the trees; that is, we bore holes in the trunk and let the sap drain out through those spouts into the buckets. Then we boil the sap till it becomes syrup, and then boil the syrup till it is maple sugar. Now you understand."

Donald gazed up at the trees. "I'd swap all the soda fountains in our town," he said, "for a candy tree in my back yard!"

Sounds pretty good, doesn't it? Well, I hope you've all enjoyed the maple molasses. Next time I'll try and get down to my knitting and give you a little more of my memories of Main Street south.

The Old Man

AN ENEMY OF THE AGE

The drunken motor car driver, the scourge and terror of the streets and highways, epitomizes one of the arguments for prohibition. In this age of machinery, when the safety of scores, of hundreds, even of thousands, may depend upon the brain and nerves of one man, alcohol is an enemy that society must crush in self-defense.

Total abstinence has for many years been enjoined upon railwaymen for the protection of the travelling public. There was and is no soberer class, but there remained always the possibility that some man at the throttle of the switch whose hand had been fuddled by liquor might launch a trainload of human beings into eternity. Hence the absolute necessity of teetotalism for all. Indulgence may not be permitted to the many who would not abuse it, because there are always the minority who will.

To-day the number of persons who drive motor cars exceeds the number who are employed on the railways. The motorist needs a clear head and a steady hand. The drunken driver in the days of the horse might go to sleep on his seat, and the faithful animal would take him safely home. No such liberties may be taken with the motor car. The momentary loss of nerve, the slightest relaxation of vigilance on a city street, may involve loss of life. The driver need not be intoxicated to invite disaster. He simply cannot afford to drink alcohol in any form or in any degree. The motorman on the street car is under the same obligation. Even the pedestrian in these days of rapid traction can take no chances with intoxicants. There are great groups of men whose work demands from them the utmost steadiness and precision in handling mechanical appliances. More and more it is becoming a mechanized world. Less and less can the world tolerate so deadly an enemy of safety and efficiency as the liquor habit.—Globe.

NEW CONCRETE MIXER

The moving element of a new concrete mixer is a heavy metal tub which revolves with it. The tub is supported on a circular ball race. Fixed to the bottom of a large bevel-ring gear which meshes with a bevel pinion attached to the horizontal drive-shaft. A discharge hole through the bottom of the tub is closed by a cover having a cone-shaped top, which, projecting upward on the inside, prevents the mixture from accumulating in the centre of the apparatus. To dump the mixed contents, the cover can be raised by a lever without interrupting the continuous working of the machine. Four stationary scoops, spaced about the interior of the tub, are so arranged that two of them constantly shovel the mixture toward the outside and the other two push it back.

EXTRACTS FROM EXAMINATION PAPERS

"Formerly bears and wolves roamed all over the country, but now they are found only in theological gardens."

"The climate was so cold that the inhabitants were forced to live elsewhere."

"He was seventy-two years old, but he looked twice his age."

"The adversaries were placed at equal distances from each other."

"He screamed in silent rage!"

Picture News from Europe

The Prince of Wales presents Boxing Shield to Jewish Lads' Brigade. Colonel Patterson receiving the medal.

Investure at Buckingham Palace, London. The King conferred the honor of Knighthood on Knights Bachelor designate at Buckingham Palace. Sir Harry and Lady Lauder leaving the palace after the investure.

Easy Walking

Is imperative for the man who passes the greater part of the time on his feet. Shoes built on the proper last, made of good leather that fit the foot should be taken care of. Have us fix up that comfortable old pair.

Our Shoe Repairing renews the life of your shoes, restores their usefulness, and means comfort, economy and satisfaction to you.

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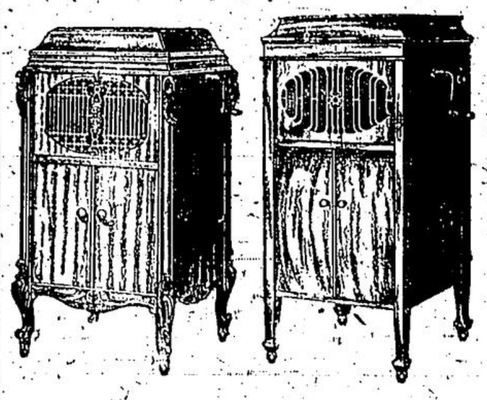

BEFORE YOU BUY A PHONOGRAPH FIND OUT JUST HOW IT PLAYS ALL MAKES OF RECORDS

FRANK KING

The Dealer, Will Demonstrate

MAIN STREET - GEORGETOWN

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

But they are not usually intended as final utterances.

"I wonder if it's loaded. I'll look down the barrel and see."

"Oh, listen! That's the train whistle. Step on the accelerator, and we'll try to get across before it comes."

"They say these things cant possibly explode, no matter how much you throw them around."

"I wonder whether this rope will hold my weight."

"It's no fun swimming round in here. I'm going out beyond the life lines."

"Which one of these is the third rail, anyway?"

"There's only one way to manage a mule. Walk right up behind him and chastise him."

"That firecracker must have gone out. I'll light it again.

"Watch me skate out past the danger signal. I bet I can touch it."

SHAMELESS PARODY

Every one has admired Parthenia's definition of love to Ingomar:

"What love is, if thou would'st be taught,
Thy heart must teach alone—
Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

Some profane cynic, having no fear of Cupid before his eyes, perpetrates the following villainous parody:

"Love is a nightmare with one toss,
Two children with one bun,
Two turnips with a single root,
Two cabbage-heads as one."

GARDEN ADVICE

"What's the best way to grow potatoes?" asked the amateur gardener of his more experienced friend.

"Plant onions above them," was the reply. "The onions will make the potatoes' eyes water, and that'll save you a lot of work with the watering can!"

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BANK OF HAMILTON

GEORGETOWN BRANCH—G. C. MacKay, Manager

Shop Where You are Invited to Shop

Keep Advertising!

Advertising is more than a business tonic; it is a necessity. That is why it is needed all the time. Of all advertising that which carries with it the greatest waste is what is known as the "once in a while kind."

Up until four years ago there was a certain soap that was known around the world. It had been the most persistently advertised article offered in the markets of the world during the previous hundred years. From the day this soap was first put on the market in 1812 it was advertised in a small way, but persistently and continuously.

For the last 50 years it has been one of the best advertised products in the world. Then the directors decided that because the factory was selling to capacity, advertising could be discontinued as a useless expense. In less than one year from that time the business of the firm dropped 35 per cent. in volume.

That soap is again being advertised, and we understand it is necessary to spend $5,000,000 in extra publicity, over previous appropriations to get back to normal. This firm was not a "flier in advertising." Its product had been used for generations and was known in the homes of the world, but it cost its makers $5,000,000 to learn that advertising was as necessary to it as the raw products that enter into its making.

The history of merchandising is filled with stories like this, but only a few found it possible to win back trade foolishly thrown away.

Keep Advertising.—It is the Steady, Constant Pull that takes you Over the hill and Keeps Business at Top-notch Pitch. Let the FREE PRESS help You!