The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1921

WHAT DO WE PLANT?

What do we plant when we plant a tree?
We plant a ship which will cross the sea.
We plant a mast to carry the sails;
We plant the beams to withstand the gales—
A keel, a keelson, and prow and knee;
We plant a ship when we plant a tree.

What do we plant when we plant a tree?
We plant the houses for you and me,
We plant the pillars, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the laths, the doors,
The rafters and roof, all parts that be;
We plant a home when we plant a tree.

What do we plant when we plant a tree?
A thousand booms that we daily see;
We plant a spire to out-climb the crag,
We plant a staff for our country's flag,
We plant a shade, from the fierce sun free;
We plant all wealth when we plant a tree!

—Henry Abbey.

FALLING FROM GRACE

By Richard S. Bond

One frisky salmon has tugged on my line; the black bass of the Susquehanna and I have engaged in many a tug-of-war; the lordly kingfish of the sea has caused my reel to sing and my line to hum many and many a time; hideous skates, flopping flounders, crafty crabs, slimy eels, balloon fish, cat fish—fish fit to eat and unfit to eat, both fresh and salt water varieties have fought with me either to escape or to die before my eyes.

And yet, never had I had the real sport—or should I say reel sport—as that furnished by the Nova Scotian trout years ago when a boy.

For years I have thought of the rivers and mountain brooks in Nova Scotia that I used to know so well. Many a time while whipping a stream in Pennsylvania or New York—with very unprofitable results—have I wished that I was again standing knee deep in River Philip, the Macean, or one of the smaller streams nearby where a man could get a bite without waiting all day for it. "Why," I would muse, "I used to fish until I had four dozen when I had only a two-cent line, half a dozen hooks, an alder bush for a rod, and a can of worms. What could I do now with this modern outfit and this box of lures that would make a Nova Scotian trout develop such an appetite that he would hook himself almost instantaneously?"

This summer in company with my son, who had never experienced Nova Scotian trout fighing, I visited those old scenes of my childhood.

"The Macean has been fished out for years," remarked a friend, "and River Philip is worse. You won't get a dozen in either of those rivers if you spend all day there."

This was disconcerting. Of course I knew a dozen so-called good fishing streams in Pennsylvania that I frequently visited and felt perfectly satisfied with my day if I caught nine or ten speckled beauties. But up here where trout so greatly outnumbered the fishermen, it took more than that to satisfy me. Furthermore, I had a boy to fish with me—a boy who for years had heard Dad speak of "How he knew where fishing was fishing." The boy must be taken somewhere where there were still trout in abundance.

"How about Barney's, Brook?" I asked my friend. "Do you remember the time we caught twelve dozen between us in four hours?"

He did.

"I haven't been fishing for fifteen years, Dick," he answered. "But I don't hear many of the youngsters say a word about Barney's Brook. Here and there one of the old fellows sneaks off and spends a day there, and I reckon as how he does right smart. We don't say much about Barney's to the youngsters," he added meaningly. "The town's grown so that they'd soon fish it out if they knew how to get there."

"Same old road?" I inquired.

He nodded.

"And you'll have to straddle a horse or a wheel to make it, just like we used to do," he remarked. "The good old wheel's the best of all. You can ride fourteen miles of the way, and carry the wheel over the fallen trees—even where you'd have trouble with the horse. The old road is fairly well grown up, but there's a centre path I'm told that the sheep and cows use. An old timer like you should be able to pedal through without much trouble."

Next morning we started. Jacob, the friend I have been quoting, was on hand to see us off. Proudly, I showed him through my tackle box, and even took time to put my best rod together so he could feel the goodness of it. He looked everything over half dubiously.

"Got no worms?" he asked.

"I should say not."

"Better take 'em. There ain't no educated trout in that brook. They feed on worms and bugs. Better take a can anyhow."

He held out to me a little red can similar to dozens we had used in our boyhood days. Formerly, it had contained baking powder. It now contained dozens of squirming little garden worms, properly bleached, properly fed, properly prepared for both brook trout and it's pink bellied friend.

I scorned them though. After fifteen years of fly fishing and live bait fishing and artificial bait fishing and casting, and trolling I could not go back to the old days of a two-cent line, an alder bush and a can or worms.

"Better take 'em," he repeated, but again I refused.

I had a rented wheel. My boy, who for years had refused to be separated from his, had brought it across the line, and it stood shining and oiled, ready for still another trip.

"Take the west road when you pass Rodney," suggested Jacob. "Here kid." The last words were addressed to my boy while I was endeavoring to insert a number nine toe into a clip evidently made for a lady's shoe. I paid no attention to them.

A fourteen or fifteen mile ride though the hills and vales of Nova Scotia, on a clear June morning, astride of well-oiled bicycles is something that even an old timer like myself can enjoy. In spite of the fact that the automobile has become so common, there is a pleasure in getting the much needed exercise and in realizing that you can ride without your hands just like you used to do. On the level stretches, we raced; on the steeper hills, I occasionally walked.

"Not because I have to," I took care to explain to my son, "but because I'm heavy and might break the chain or something."

Being a dutiful son, Robert tried to keep me from seeing the little smile with which youth always accepts the apologies of middle age, not yet far enough advanced toward old age to admit it. He delighted to try every hill, and to my surprise and of course pride, managed to defeat Thunder Mount, one that I had mastered only when I was a year or two his senior.

Barney's Brook lies at the foot of one of the Cobequid Mountains in Cumberland County. Some call it by that name, some by others. I have heard it called by several. Not over twenty feet wide at any place, and generally less than half that, it ripples, clear and cool, through miles of birch and maple and later through other miles of pasture land and field.

It swirls and whirls and turns and twists in its frantic efforts to reach the sea, each twist producing a wonderful little hole for trout.

We left our wheels beneath a fallen log when we had traversed the wood road for at least a mile and a half. Beyond that, nothing but shank's mare would carry us. For another mile we walked, then strung our lines.

"Fish her slowly to where we left the wheels," I cautioned, "and we won't need any more fishing to-day."

For half an hour we fished. I had two small ones in my basket. The boy had one. I'd tried every fly I had that looked anything like its northen counterpart. I'd even tried an artificial cricket and also a grasshopper. The boy had tried everything he had, whether it was meant for Florida fishing or for fishing in the north—at least I figured he had tried everything he had, judging from the number of times I had seen him exploring his bait box.

"The only one I caught was on a real grasshopper," he grumbled, "and I haven't seen another one to-day. I thought you said there were fish here."

"There are," I replied. "I've seen hundreds." And then I admitted that I had jigged one of the two I had in my basket. "They'll begin biting soon," I promised. "I've seen them lay off for an hour or two before, a day like this."

As far as Robert was concerned, my prophecy was soon fulfilled. Less than five minutes after I had promised him they would begin to bite, I rounded a bend in the stream just in time to hear his whirling reel and to see a pounder, some struggling from the water to find temporary home in his basket.

"Biz," he shouted gleefully as he caught sight of me. "Five of 'em from this pool since I left you. Gee, dad, there sure are fish in this old brook of yours. Come on and catch 'em."

I clambered over a fallen poplar to the other side of the stream.

"We can both whip the hole from where we are," I remarked. "Let's see who catches the most from it." Oh, how many times I had used this old gag in my boyhood as sufficient reason for taking a fling into my mate's fishing pool.

"Come on then, dad, I'm a 'sport,'" replied my young hopeful.

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth than his reel whirled savagely and another beauty was soon secure.

He threw his line again. I watched it, wondering what bait he was using. It looked heavy and bulky around the hook. The hook had barely touched the water when two dark heads seemed to collide in their effort to catch that succulent bait. One speckled monster succeeded and for five minutes I watched the prettiest battle between a two-pounder from Nova Scotia and a seventy-five pounder from Pennsylvania that I had ever seen.

"You got him," I breathed at last—ungrammatically. "That's the way to do it. But have a heart, kid. What bait are you using?"

He looked across at me banteringly.

"Worms," he shouted. "Old Jacob stuck his can in my pocket and told me I'd better keep them until I saw whether new fangled bait was any good or not. I just thought of them a few minutes ago. Gee! These fish sure know all about worms, don't they?"

"Worms!" I shouted across at him disgustedly. "That isn't fishing."

"I hate to disagree with you, dad," he replied, stepping back from the edge of the pool to unhook his ninth trout. "But do you call what you are doing fishing? If you do, I'm going to keep right on with what I'm doing no matter what it is. I had enough fishing for to-day—up to half an hour ago."

It was no use arguing when ignorant trout were insisting on worms so I delved into my hackle compartment and tried half a dozen one after the other, finishing with the grouse dollard and ginger hackles. Apparently the trout in that particular brook took the hooks for floating bits of bark. Not a strike did I obtain.

The boy was unhooking his fifteenth fish when I took off the ginger hackle. "Why don't you try a Jersey mosquito or a banana bug," he laughed. "You have just as much chance. Gee, dad! you showed great bait judgment when you were a boy, but you've—oh, boy, look at this one, come out of here you beauty! Get away from that root! Here you come. Hey, dad, look—"

But casting ethics to the winds I had leaped the brook in three jumps, seized his little red bait-box and scrambled over rocks and roots to another pool a few yards away.

"When you want another worm, come down and get it," I shouted. "I'm going to show you how to fish. You might have a couple of dozen more or less than the old man, but the day is young. I'll show you how to catch Nova Scotian trout."

And I must confess I did. It does not do to let young jackanapes beat you too often. When I stopped to use worms I had as good a bait as Robert, but in addition, I had knowledge of the stream, a knowledge of the haunts and habits of those speckled northerners and so much stream fishing lore stored up from past experiences that I knew enough to whip the holes always a few yards ahead. As a consequence, most of the big ones fell to my lot and before long I was ahead in size and numbers.

Then like a dutiful dad, I slacked up and fished with the boy until it was time to take the homeward road, getting a dozen opportunities to show just how and when and where and why those little tricks in trout fishing come in handy.

How many did we get?

No reader would believe it. If you ever wish to form an estimate, take the International Railway or the Canadian Pacific to a certain station in Nova Scotia, look up some of the old timers, and if they are the proper ones and will tell, you'll find Barney's Brook and have the greatest day's sport of your life—if you use worms.

WORDS OF WISE MEN

You may have the ability to start but you're a failure if you can't finish.

Successful men owe most of their success to the opposition they meet with.

Some one has likened a prudent man unto a pin—straight in all his doings and prevented from going too far by his head.

How many of the future dangers and difficulties would vanish away if there would only come into the hearts of every one of us an earnest and sincere desire for our neighbor's good that would help us to appreciate and understand him, and unite earnestly with him in the great task of building up the world in peace and goodness!

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TOPICS IN SEASON

To exterminate thistles, simply mow them when in bloom.

A barrel which has had kraut in it can be cleaned with salt. Rub dry salt on the inside of the barrel, leave it a while and then wash it off. Or you can fill the barrel with salt brine and leave it in a day or two.

To treat binder twine so that grasshoppers and crickets will not eat it, dip the "twine" in a mixture of three parts of kerosene and one part of machine oil. Kerosene alone will do, but twine thus treated will be likely to catch and break when running through the binder.

There is no best silo, for any silo rightly made is good. But the most expensive silo, poorly constructed, is worse than none.

I made a toy windmill, placed it on a pole, set it in the garden with the pole about a foot deep. The vibrations and noise keep the moles out.

Never set young plants immediately after a heavy rain. The sun will scald and wilt them. Wait a few hours.

For every dollar's worth of honey which bees bring to their owners, it is safe to say that they bring $15 in increased apple crops to the owners of orchards.

When tips of shoots on pear trees turn black and leaves wither, blight is the cause. The disease is carried down the branches to the tree by the sap. Hence, the way to check trouble is to cut out the tips as soon as possible. To prevent spreading the disease, disinfect the tools after each cut with corrosive sublimate. This should be kept in a bottle out of the reach of children and should be labelled "poison" in large letters. In cutting out, cut a little distance below the diseased part, and burn all portions removed.

Ashes or road-dust will kill pear-slugs. The minute dry dust gets on them, they will start to dry up.

The largest grapes in the world are grown under glass in England. Grapes of the Giant Gross variety often measure between four and five inches around, and clusters weigh twenty or thirty pounds each.

I had a neighbor who put a little salt in every hole where she set a cabbage plant, to keep away the cutworms. I reasoned, "Why not salt the whole garden?" The next spring, before breaking up the garden soil, I sowed salt about as thick as I would broadcast turnip seed. I have practised this for fifteen years, and have not been troubled with cutworms since.

Scattering boric acid on the greenhouse walks the last thing at night kills many cockroaches that are out to destroy plants growing in the house.

Fighting the cutworm: The growers around here always use paper bands to protect newly set plants from cutworms. It would be quite a lot of work and useless expense to hold these bands together with cotton string. Here is a way to hold these bands together. Take tough paper, long enough to make the band, and about six or eight inches wide. Fold this together lengthwise in the middle, shove one end of this into the fold of the other end about an inch and there you are. In using, make a little trench around the plant with the finger so to get the band about an inch in the ground. Draw a little loose ground around the outside to hold the band in place.

"MY EDUCATION IS NOT MY OWN"

The Christian Advocate (New York) tells of the faith and faithfulness of a Chinese Christian. Mr. Chi spent seven years in school in this country, taking A. B., B. D., and Ph.D. degrees. After finishing last summer at Columbia he sought employment to make money enough to return to China. He went to a chemical company. On learning how efficient he was in chemistry, the company offered him $8,000 a year to begin with if he would promise to stay with them for fifteen years. His answer was, "My education is not my own. It belongs to God and the church. I have a very important work to do in China." He earned the money elsewhere and returned to China. A few months ago he was appointed by Bishop Keeney, director of religious education and social service in two districts in the Foochow Province, at thirty dollars a month. The Bishop says: "He started away happy for his work. He was seized, bound and beaten on the way; but I secured his release last Sunday." Mr. Chih is the kind of man God can use in China, in America, or anywhere else in the world. If the reading of this story affects our readers as it has affected us, it will cause a deep sense of humility and an earnest heart searching.—Nashville Advocate.

BERRY-PICKERS START DESTRUCTIVE FIRES

"Destruction of magnificent timber in a six-mile area, mountain slopes now blackened wastes, and thousands of dollars expended in wages to fire-fighters, are some of the results of Lynn Valley's greatest forest blaze. And all due to the carelessness of a few berry-pickers."—Vancouver Province.

In New Brunswick last year 60,000 acres of Crown lands were burned over. During the season 2,410 permits were issued for slash burning, and of these only 19 got beyond control. There were 67 convictions for infractions of the forest fire law.

British Columbia had 389,846 acres burned over, in 1920, the result of 1,351 fires, of which 246 were chargeable to campers and travellers.

In the Prairie Provinces, 1,313 fires burned over 5,491,315 acres. Campers and travellers were responsible for 152 of the fires.

Berry-pickers and camping parties, hunters and others who visit the woods for any purpose whatsoever, have a great responsibility for the care of the forests. The city resident looks forward to the time when he can get away to the woods, but he seldom gives a thought to the fact that only the strictest precautions in connection with the camp fire can preserve the forest which has such a fascination for him.

SUBJECT EXEMPLIFIED

Mother—Why were you whipped at school to-day, Sammy?

Sammy—Cos teacher told us to write an essay on the "Results of Laziness," and I sent up a blank sheet of paper.

ONE WAY OF SEEING IT

It is one of the tragic things of our age that we seem to live so intensely that we shall leave no record behind us of having lived at all. If one could think himself forward, say a thousand years or so, and dig away the debris which by that time will probably have covered an ordinary Ontario City, there would be comparatively few things unearthed which would mark the first quarter of this century as distinctly productive of permanent value to the world. For example, there would be no great common contribution to the life and culture of our city in the matter of some building of unique architecture, some painting of universal worth, or some sculptured group at a fountain or in a public place, which would suggest the refinement and culture of the inhabitants.

However slightingly we may speak of the dark ages, it is worthy of consideration that in the first quarter of the thirteenth century there rose to completion the five great cathedrals of France, and perhaps five hundred others in Europe. At the sound of the mid-day bell in those days prince and peasant, rich and poor, left their daily tasks to work for a brief period in the common country's task, of leaving some permanent record of disinterested devotion to a high ideal. The war put a stop to many a projected scheme for the betterment of this community, but surely it is time for a city almost two hundred and fifty years old, to leave something, more, worth while, as a ministry for the ages that are to follow, than a new trunk sewer, or an athletic field, or even a court house or a church. May it not be worth while to suggest, that it is time we gave the youth of our city a chance to view some beautiful productions of creative art, and encouraged them in the doctrine that not money, but the life a community provides, is its real worth. —Kingston Whig.

Its Quality Sells It.—The fact that so many thousands of intelligent people continue to use Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil speaks volumes for its healing efficiency. Ever since it was first introduced it has grown steadily in public favor, owing entirely to its manifold usefulness in relieving and healing sickness. As a specific for cuts, burns, scalds, and various inflammatory pains its record is beyond reproach.

THE GIRL WHO NEVER WENT HALFWAY

All last summer I was rather closely associated with a girl who never went halfway; and the thought that you yourself may know her double in your town has prompted me to tell you about her. She had all those possessions which so many girls long for—wealth, a beautiful home, culture, education. She was bright, attractive, and lovable to the few who knew her, but she had few friends. The girls in her town who saw her ride past on her well-groomed horse or who met her walking by herself, said with some reason that she was "snobbish"; and yet that was not true. She was not snobbish; she was simply unwilling to make advances, to go halfway toward those who wanted to be her friends for herself alone. And because of that trait, she was really poor.

I used to watch her during the summer. If she was thrown with a number of persons, she was uniformly pleasant and courteous, but no more; if there was a picnic, she did her share of the work, apparently enjoyed the fun and was always agreeable to those about her. But further than that she did not go, and those who sought her friendship found themselves repelled by a certain lack of interest which they could not overlook. She was certainly not a "good mixer," they said among themselves and ceased to try to gain her friendship.

"If they would only come to me," she said to me once after I had spoken to her quite frankly about what girls called her "offishness." "I'd be glad to make friends, only I simply don't know how to go halfway, you see. Besides," she added thoughtfully, "I don't know that I care about having friends. I have my books and my family, and I rather like being by myself."

And then because I really could not help it, I told her there was quite another side to the question besides her own comfort. I told her that her attitude was a selfish one; that it was unfair to shut up within herself those qualities which might give something to others; that she had no right to deprive of her friendship girls who really wanted it, really needed it perhaps. She was not being true to the trust committed to her if she was not willing to share those things which had been given to her. She was like the man in the parable who had hidden his one talent in the earth, though unlike him she had been entrusted with a full five.

"I never thought of it in that way before," she said. "I thought I had the right to make friends or not, just as I chose. Do you really think making friends is a duty like that?"

I certainly did think that, I told her, as I am now telling you, in case you also find it difficult to go halfway toward those who are waiting for your friendship and help. God did not give us a certain capacity for friendship unless he meant that we should have friends; nor has he entrusted us with a storehouse of sympathy unless he intends that we shall share it with those who are in need.

Are you waiting for people to come three-quarters of the way to you, or are you ready to go halfway to meet them, carrying whatever you have to give? If you have not gone halfway before, why not begin now, together with that other girl of whom I have spoken to you? For she writes me that she has decided to take the half-way road that always leads to friendship, and that holds so many blessings along its way.—Classmate.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

An elderly man whose opinion is considered worth something in the community was asked the other day what he thought were proper attributes of "the people next door."

And he said: "I've been living here for nearly forty years. Folks on each side of us have come and gone. The people I like best for neighbors are those who do these things: They keep the place neat and clean, favor repainting once in a while; hang out a washing every Monday morning; Tuesday is ironing day. They'll lend their lawn mower if you'll bring it back. They'll do the same with a pinch of salt or an egg or a cup of flour. They will go out of their way to do a favor. They keep the garbage can covered and keep the chickens in their yard and not in ours. They are not too curious about who comes and goes at our house. They mind their own business, an excellent trait. What the grocer brings in or the laundryman carries out doesn't interest them. They are not snoopy. If, once in a while, there's a good deal of noise at our house, they don't telephone that they are about to call the police. They are appreciative, kindly, companionable, neighborly. They live as nearly by the Golden Rule as is humanly possible, I guess. And that being so, we do the same. It is a good plan; don't stone your neighbor's dog; it reduces the likelihood that he will stone yours."

Seems as if the wise old gentleman preached a pretty good-sized sermon and in not so many words, either.—Tauton Gazette.

AN INTERESTING PUBLICATION

The University of Toronto has just issued a bulletin which will be of especial interest to students in the Collegiate Institutes, High Schools, and Continuation Schools, who are planning their university courses. Prepared by the staff in science of the Faculty of Arts, this booklet outlines first the objects of the courses in each of the sciences and then explains to what vocations these courses lead, that is, in each case a list is given of positions which a graduate in any course could hope to obtain after he leaves the University. This bulletin should help to solve, for the boy or girl, the problem of vocational guidance; it should also be useful to parents who are called upon to advise their children as to the choice of a life-work. The Provincial University is alive to the necessity not only of providing the very best of instruction but also of supplying advice and guidance to parents and children in educational matters. This bulletin is supplied, free on application.

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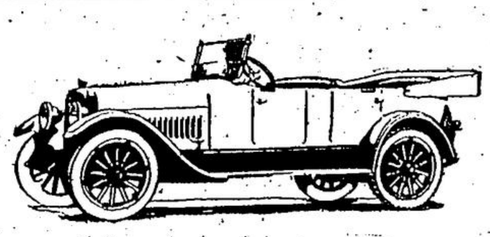

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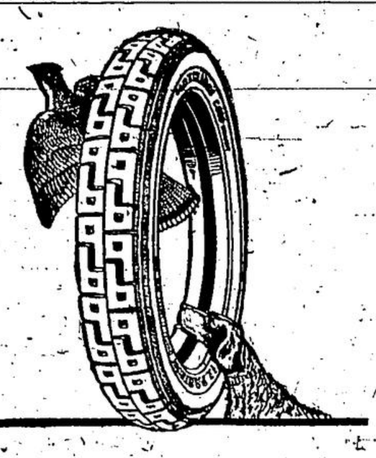

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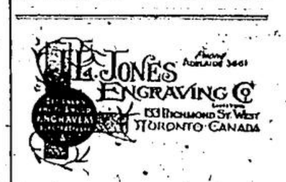

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