The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1931

THAT WAS FATHER'S WAY

Rough and hard he seemed to be;
Blustered round a lot;
Tried to hide, it deemed to me,
The tender, loving spot.
But, as mother used to say,
"That is father's way."

Worked from early dawn till night;
Never had much time
To laugh and play; and yet the light
Of love deep and sublime
For him, is mine to-day;
I know 'twas father's way.

Rough his hands had grown with toil;
His face was tan;
His heart was true, no spot of soil;
He was a man!
That, too, I'm glad to say,
That too, was father's way!

Brave his soul and unafraid;
Fain always to the light;
A simple, wholesome life he made,
And then came to the night.
An eye to smile, a lip to pray;
And that was father's way!

—Christian Advocate.

ON THE FLOOD TIDE

By Frederick E. Burnham

"I'll tank you mak' one beeg moccituke, you no wedge heem pine tree, Meestah Neechols," remarked Antoine Bouchneau, looking up at the tree which Bradley Nichols was felling.

"I chopped down trees afore ye was born, Frenchy," growled Nichols. "This tree is goin' to fall jest whar I want it to, an' it won't take no wedge to do it."

"Maybe, Meestah Neechols, but Ah tank she lodge, unless you wedge heem."

Presently the big pine fell, and sure enough it lodged in the crotch of an oak. Nichols turned with an exclamation of disgust, turned in time to see a satisfied grin on the Frenchman's face.

"Ye're fired!" roared Nichols, fairly beside himself with rage "Go down to the shipyard an' get your pay."

It was in vain that Bradley, Nichols' foreman pleaded with the shipbuilder in behalf of Antoine.

"Thar don't no grinnin' French Canuck work for me, once I tell him to go!" howled Nichols in reply. "Maybe I did figger wrong 'bout that tree, but that's no reason why he should stand thar an' grin like a Cheesy cat. He's fired, an' thar's an end on't!"

It was a lean winter that Antoine put in that year. He secured occasional jobs about the water-front, overhauling small boats, making them seaworthy, but before spring, he knew what it meant to go to bed hungry.

Antoine's shack was located a quarter of a mile below Nichols' shipyard, on a little point of land which made out a short distance into Bill River, an arm of the sea which ended at the shipyard.

In front of Antoine's cabin stood a pine tree of considerable size. It was one of the landmarks to be seen when coming up the river. It was an oddly shaped tree, more branches on the land side than toward the water, and rather inclined to lean shoreward. Antoine prized the tree highly. He liked to hear the wind soughing through the boughs. Somehow it seemed to carry him back to Canada, to the great forests of the North.

One morning early in the spring, a launch laden with a dozen barrels of turpentine and a considerable quantity of oakum, was slowly making its way up Bill River. Two men and a boy comprised the crew. Two miles from the shipyard the oakum caught fire, presumably from a carelessly dropped match, or a spark from a pipe. Then things began to happen, and happen fast.

Finding that they were powerless to put out the fire, the crew promptly jumped overboard and swam ashore, leaving the launch to drift upstream with the tide.

Antoine chanced to be looking downriver when the launch burst into flames, and was quick to realize the danger which threatened the shipyard. On the stocks was a splendid schooner about ready to be launched, while two other vessels were well along toward completion. Toward these vessels the blazing craft was drifting, and sooner or later it was almost sure to set afire to one or more of them, for the tide was swiftly carrying the fiery menace thither.

Antoine hastened into his shack, and, picking up his axe, returned to the base of the pine tree.

"Ah tank Ah stop heem when she go by," he muttered, throwing off his coat and driving the axe into the butt of the tree.

For ten minutes the chips flew. From time to time Antoine glanced toward the flaming boat. The time came that he realized that his was a useless endeavor, unless he put on a burst of speed, for the boat was fast nearing the point where he was at work. Then it was that he opened up. Every blow of the axe was a telling one.

Bradley Nichols had learned of the danger which threatened his property, and while Antoine was at work felling the pine, he was hastening down river with a chain, hoping to throw it across the river in time to intercept the craft. This he tried to do just below where Antoine was at work with his axe.

"Maybe Neechols do it," muttered Antoine, "but Ah tank he mak' a bungle."

Nichols did make a "bungle" of it. The chain proved to be too short and the burning boat drifted by.

Antoine had cut more than halfway through the butt of the tree on the side toward the water, and had made a deep scarf on the other side of the pine. As already noted, the tree leaned shoreward somewhat, and the time came that Antoine drove in his wedge. A half-dozen blows with the axe and the tree would fall. But where?

Nichols finding himself powerless to arrest the progress of the burning boat, sat in his dory, his eyes fastened upon the trembling pine. He realized that the Frenchman was planning to fell the tree upon the craft, but doubted his ability to swing the pine out over the water.

"He can't do it!" he cried to the men who were with him. "No livin' man can throw that tree over without falls and tackle."

Antoine heard, but heeded not. The burning boat was within fifty feet of the spot where he had planned to fell the tree. The wind was fanning the flames toward him, and the heat from the flaming barrels of turpentine was terrific, but he stood his ground. He glanced up at the tree and an instant later drove the wedge in a bit farther. The great tree was trembling. He swung his axe and drove it deep into the heart of the trunk. Slowly the pine began to list. The boat was within ten feet of the spot he had planned on. Once more did he swing his axe, and the pine fell. An instant later it crashed fairly across the centre of the burning boat.

"He done it!" yelled the shipbuilder. "I wouldn't have believed it if I had not seen it with my own eyes."

Bradley Nichols rowed in to the shore and shortly reached Antoine's side.

"Antoine, ye're a woodsman!" he claimed, gripping the Frenchman's hand. "Ye have done that which seemed impossible. Ye wedged it right, an' ye timed the fall jest to the dot."

"Ah do my best 'cause Ah no want you laff at me, Meestah Neechols," replied Antoine, a curious light in his eyes.

"I wouldn't have laughed if you had failed, Antoine, now I'm tellin' ye!" exclaimed Nichols very soberly. "If ye hadn't connected, I'd be a ruined man. That's no insurance on thet vessel I'm to launch come the first o' the week, an' I'd surely have lost her but for ye, Antoine."

"Ah glad Ah figger heem out jus' right whar she fall," remarked the Frenchman, "but Ah goin' to miss heem when the Wind don't no more blow through her. Ah like to hear the wind sing. It mak' me tank Ah back in Canada."

Presently Nichols sent his men back to the shipyard and after they had gone he turned to Antoine.

"Antoine," said he, "Antoine, I want ye to take a walk with me. I want ye to see a timber-lot I bought a short time ago."

An hour later the shipbuilder led the way into a big timber-lot of virgin pine three miles from the village.

"Antoine, I want ye to go to work for me," declared Nichols, placing his hand on the Frenchman's shoulder. "I want a man here that I can trust, one who knows how to fell a tree jest right. That's work here for ye for a year or more. When this is down thar'll be plenty o' work for ye, for I'm buying standin' timber right 'long. I've got jest one stipperlation to make—thet ye don't stick no axe into these ha'f-dozen pines whar we're standin'. Here is whar I'm goin' to build a cabin for ye, an' I'm goin' to give ye a deed to the cabin, the land it sets on, an' these did pines."

"Ah don't know what to say, Meestah Neechols; you mak' my heart no beeg she mos' choke me!" cried Antoine, his eyes filling.

"Don't ye say nothin', Antoine," replied the shipbuilder, "jest chop the wood."

THE FARMERS' PLATFORM

The platform on which the United Farmers of Alberta met with sweeping victory included the following planks:

Proportional representation and a preferential ballot in single-member constituencies;

Endorsation of the principle of the initiative, referendum and recall;

No government to be considered defeated except by a direct vote of want of confidence;

Economy in administration, consistent with efficiency;

Abolition of the patronage system;

Creation of a highway commission;

Extended and improved educational facilities;

Maintenance of prohibition of sale of liquor, under such conditions as the people may sanction by referendum;

Return to the province of its natural resources;

Co-operative marketing of farm products to be encouraged, along lines calculated to reduce cost of production and distribution.

This platform is submitted by a special committee of the U. F. A. to the provincial constituencies as a "suggested platform." It is accompanied by a "declaration of principles" which reads as follows:

"Believing that the present unsettled conditions in Canada politically are due in large measure to dissatisfaction with the party system of government; and

"Believing that present day political institutions fail to measure up to the requirements of present day conditions, in that the present system has failed to develop a sufficiently close connection between the representative and the elector, and that the people desire a greater measure of self-government;

"Recognizing the rights of all citizens, believing that it is the duty of every citizen to exercise his rights of citizenship in the most efficient manner and in the best interest of social progress, and believing that individual citizenship can only be made efficient and effective through the vehicle of systematically organized groups;

"We, the United Farmers of Alberta, base our hope of developing a social influence and a progressive force on becoming a stabilized, efficient organization. We, therefore, place primary emphasis on organization.

"Our organization is continuously in authority, and while through it we formulate declarations of principle, or a so-called platform, these are at all times subject to change by the organization.

"We are groups of citizens going into political action as an organization. Our elected representatives are at all times answerable to the organization. Each elected representative is answerable directly to the organization in the constituency that elected him.

"We aim to develop through the study of social and economic problems, an intelligent, responsible citizenship.

"Thus organized citizenship becomes the vehicle not only of intelligent voting but also of intelligent guidance of elected representatives."

WOMEN AND INSINCERITY

"Good-bye, darling! Do come again, soon." So the insincere woman speeds her parting guest, and then when the door has closed behind her, remarks: "I do dislike Mrs. X. I hope she won't think of paying me another visit for a long time."

Of course, there is no reason why the insincere woman should not dislike Mrs. X.; but why should she be so effusive to that lady? Why should she bestow endearing epithets upon her, and express sentiments she does not feel? So many women "dear" and "darling" each other with no friendly feeling behind the terms. It is such a pity, and cheapens affection. A woman should try to be sincere. If she does not care for another woman she can be polite to her without going to the extreme of effusiveness. It is such a simple thing, and sincerity is always appreciated.

HOME MADE MAXIMS

Never trust a boastful man, when the fighting is on the ground, he will be up a tree.

Slander, like a stone, gathers more mud, the farther it rolls. Never help to roll it.

If you wish to give a man a push, do it on the up grade; the other grade is easy.

Do not keep your eyes too steadfastly fixed on the stumbling steps of your neighbor; you may fail to see the block before your own feet.

Do not think the world would come to a standstill without you. It was moving for thousands of years before you entered it, and it will still move on, when you have gone.

A SIMILARITY

The yarn of the man who, when asked how he came to fall on the ice, said that he didn't come to fall but came to skate, brings to mind a clerk in the Mechanical Department who was asked how he liked his first attempt at skating. "Well" he drawled, "an engine isn't the only thing I know of that has a tender behind it."

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Just enough green tea to make the blend delicious.

GREEN TEA
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A PLEASURE TRIP

In the privacy of her own room Doris stamped her foot indignantly. "I don't care," she cried; "I just won't stand it any longer; I've been engaged to Phil for over a month and all he has done is to rave about Anita Fisher—the way she does her hair and the hats she wears and everything. It's perfectly safe and harmless, I suppose, but I'm sick to death of hearing about her. Why didn't he marry her himself if he thinks her so perfect?"

Doris spent a long time considering the situation for she had fully decided that she was not going to bear so much of Anita from that day forth forevermore. Then the next thing she did was to write a sweet little note to Mrs. George Fisher and invite her and her husband to spend the following week-end with Phil and herself at her mother's bungalow, some miles out of town. They accepted promptly, and Friday afternoon they drove down to the lake where the bungalow stood and deposited themselves, bag and baggage.

After they had all admired the view, Doris showed Anita to her room and, slipping on a thin summer gown, went down to the kitchen to prepare the dinner. They had all agreed to the camping-out plan and every one was to help with the cooking. But when the meal was ready, an hour later, Anita had not yet appeared below stairs. When she came she was a vision in flame-colored satin which fairly dazzled the eyes of others.

Phil was charmed and after dinner he undertook to show her the grounds, while George and Doris washed the dishes. It was almost twelve when they came back to the porch, and Doris had been pinching herself to keep awake for the last two hours.

"Breakfast at nine," said Doris sweetly, as she started upstairs a few moments later, without remembering to kiss Phil good-night.

About 10.30 the next day Anita appeared in a lavender georgette creation that would turn any man's head. Then she threw herself in a low chair and ordered her husband to bring her rolls and coffee.

"Phil will do it," Doris assured her. "George is just off to play a little tennis with me. Perhaps you two won't mind starting lunch if we are a little late."

They returned about three and found no signs of food of any kind, so ransacked the larder for cold meat to sustain them till dinner at least.

Phil, who had had no exercise all day, was crying for a long walk in the woods and insisted that every one should go. So Anita squeezed her feet into high-heeled oxfords and put on a fetching costume, which took her exactly ninety minutes to arrange. It was after five o'clock when they set out.

"Luckily it stays light fairly late still," said Phil as he looked at his watch. "Come on, Anita, we'll lead the way."

They were soon overtaken by Doris and George, however, and Phil found that politeness was forcing him to creep along at a snail's pace, far behind the others, at the side of Anita. Doris knew every path in the woods, for she had been brought up in this part of the country and she had always loved the woods about the bungalow. But after a time the sky became dark and there was a distant rumbling in the hills that bespoke a storm.

"It's going to rain in a few minutes—one of those sudden, heavy showers we have up here sometimes; we must find a place to stay."

"Is there no shelter about?" demanded Anita, whose feet were hurting her.

"No, we'll have to get under that clump of trees over there; as long as the thunder and lightning doesn't come this way, we'll be perfectly safe there."

"How dreadful!" exclaimed Anita, as she touched her dying marcel wave with a groan of despair.

"Take my sweater, Doris," begged Phil, trying to wrap it about her.

"I don't need it, really. Anita has fewer clothes on and she looks cold; you'd better give it to her."

A little reluctantly he did as he was told.

"This is a lark!" cried Doris as she leaned against a broad tree-trunk.

"I must say you have a quiet idea of amusement," put in her guest, whose hair was beginning to hang in straight wisps about her face. "I fail to see anything funny about it."

"Neither do I," agreed Phil, whose disposition was being affected by the chills which his gallantry was costing him. "Are you sure there is no way out?"

"It's a good four miles to the first place where we could meet the road, and at least three miles back the way we came. It's getting dark, too, and I'm afraid we won't be able to make it at all. There's no moon to-night and you don't follow these trails without even a bright-lit. We are probably here for the night."

"Don't joke," retorted Phil. "This is really serious."

"I realize it as well as you do," returned the girl quietly. "I know these woods and how easy it is to get lost in them. We haven't even a match—am I right?"

Phil was unawed at the calm poise of his fiancee; he hardly knew her.

"It's an outrage!" screamed Anita, stamping her foot vehemently.

"Come, come, Anita," her husband put in mildly. "You'd never be able to walk another mile to-night; and you can't expect Phil to carry your ten pounds for old time's sake, can you? There's a limit to everything."

"Shut your mouth!" flashed his wife angrily. "Can't you do something, Phil?"

He did not seem encouraging, so she walked abruptly away. Doris was the only one of the party who was not excited by their unexpected plight. She hunted herself finding a cool spot where they could camp for the night and after a time George caught something of her spirit and endeavored to help her a little. She even produced some small cakes of chocolate which she had stored in her pocket, and which proved a great boon to her very hungry companions.

"I must go to bed now," said Doris, when she had finished.

"Can't you stay and talk to me?" Phil almost pleaded, as she went over toward the bed that she had prepared for herself beside Anita.

"Not when I'm so in need of my beauty sleep," she told him sweetly.

"Hang your beauty sleep!"

"And I thought you loved beauty," she laughed. "Call me at seven—good-night."

Phil started to kiss her, but she was gone.

Doris had a short but refreshing sleep and was up at five, making a tour of inspection of the surrounding country.

Very early they staggered back to the bungalow and immediately the Fishers disappeared to their own apartments to make up a little of the sleep which they had lost. Doris took a cold bath, slipped on a fresh dress and went down to the lake. For a long time she lay there dreaming happily. All of a sudden some one came up behind her and covered her eyes with his hands. Doris put up her hands and drew his arms about her.

"Oh, Phil, isn't it perfect?" Phil sat down beside her and drew her close.

"You are perfect," he told her. "I never realized how wonderful you were till last night—I'm not worth your little finger."

"I think so," whispered Doris.

"What a lucky dog I am," he went on, after a little while. "When I look at other men I realize it more and more. Only think of that poor boob of a George—I pity him from the depths of my heart. Imagine being married to a woman with a disposition like Anita's—oh boy!"

"Anita is really a very attractive woman," his fiancee insisted, kindly.

"Not to my way of thinking; that will have to be one of the few things where we disagree."

THE WAY HOME

The question, How do birds find their way? is answered by many ingenious and speculative theories. Many have decided that birds possess a sense of direction, which is often very incorrectly called orientation. Biologically, this term does not imply any connection with the East, but is simply used to describe the power of finding the way back to a certain base, or of returning home. In The Migration of Birds Mr. T. A. Coward quotes from Mr. John Burroughs' Way of Nature a striking instance of this faculty.

Mr. Burroughs' son brought a drake home in a bag from a farm two miles away and shut it up in a barn with two ducks for a day and a night. As soon as it was released it turned its head homeward, but for three or four days its efforts were frustrated. Then Mr. Burroughs decided to see what the bird would do, and he set it free.

The homesick mallard started up through the currant patch, then through the highway, which he had never seen, and Mr. Burroughs followed fifty yards behind. A dog scared the bird and turned it up a lane, but after a detour it reached the road again; it stopped to bathe in a roadside pool, then started off refreshed. A lane leading in the right direction off the main road puzzled it, and it took a wrong turning, but, discovering its mistake, made for the road again, but not by actually retracing its steps. The false move seemed to put it out, for, after hesitating at the next and right turning, it actually overshot the mark. Mr. Burroughs, unable to spare time to continue the experiment, then headed it back, and when it reached the turning again it raced home with evident signs of joy.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

If the present plans are carried out, this nation on Armistice Day will follow the example of England and France and bury with appropriate ceremonies the body of an unidentified private soldier. Thus through him it will do honor to the millions of young American citizens who cheerfully and courageously took their places in the ranks to which their country called them, and especially to the hundred thousand who gave up their lives for the cause for which we fought. The occasion will be impressive; it cannot but touch the heart and uplift the spirit of everyone who has affection for America and for the things for which America stands in the world. It will be particularly interesting if, as seems probable, Marshall Foch shall be the nation's guest. He more than any other one man typifies the tenacity, the high courage and the moral strength that in the end brought victory to the Allied arms. We shall be proud to have him stand with us at the grave of our unknown soldier.

We are less fortunate than England, in that we have no great historic national shrine like Westminster Abbey in which to lay our honored dead. Nor have we, like France, such a monument to past military glory as the Arc de Triomphe, beneath which the French poilu was burned. Perhaps there is no other place in the United States so appropriate as the great National Cemetery at Arlington, Virginia. That at least is the opinion of those—who are planning for the ceremony. There the soldier slain on the fields of France will lie in the presence of nearly twenty thousand men who fell in the service of their country in the great Civil War or in the war with Spain. More than four thousand of them are, like himself, unknown. Among the others are men from every rank. Generals who commanded armies lie side by side with subalterns and privates. The unknown soldier will be at home among them. Like them he gave everything at the nation's call. Like them he helped to cement with his blood the foundations of the Independence, the unity, the moral power of America. His tomb will have exceptional significance, because it will symbolize the gratitude and affection of his countrymen not for himself alone but for the thousands of others who taught the world the dignity and the unity and the strength of our nation, compound as it is, of so many diverse elements. In the years to come that tomb will be one of the most frequently visited and one of the most sacred spots in the country.—Youth's Companion.

HUSBANDS ARE INEXPENSIVE IN BELGIUM

A Belgian woman who lost her husband in a railway accident received from the company $2,000 by way of compensation. Shortly afterwards, says the Boston Transcript, she read of a traveller's getting twice as much for the loss of a leg. She went to the company and protested that the difference was unfair.

"Madam," said the official, "the two awards, are perfectly fair. Four thousand dollars won't provide the man with a new leg, but with $2,000 you can easily get a new husband."

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COMMON MISTAKES

Judge McCormick, of San Francisco, says these are the thirteen commonest mistakes in life:

To attempt to set up your own standards of right and wrong.

To try to measure the enjoyment of others by your own.

To expect uniformity of opinions in this world.

To fail to make allowances for inexperience.

To endeavor to mold all dispositions alike.

Not to yield to unimportant trifles.

To look for perfection in our own actions.

To worry ourselves and others about what cannot be remedied.

To consider a thing impossible that we cannot ourselves perform.

Failing to help everybody, wherever, however, and whenever we can.

To believe only what our minds can grasp.

Not to make allowances for the weakness of others.

To estimate by some outside quality when it is that within which makes the man.

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AUGUST 10, and AUGUST 22.	From Stations South and West of Toronto to and including Hamilton and Windsor, Ont. from Owen Sound, Wiarton, Orangeville, Teeswater, More, Listowel, Goderich, St. Mary's, Port Burwell, and St. Thomas Branches. From Stations Toronto and North to Bolton, inclusive.

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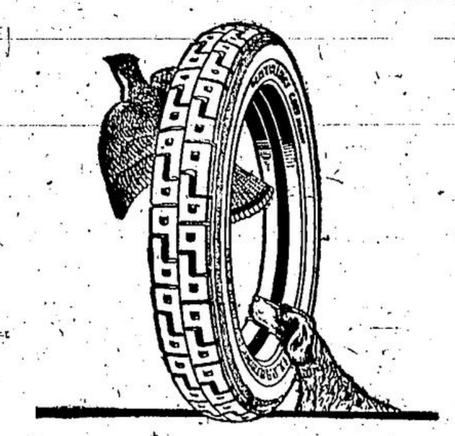

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