The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1921

I WILL BE WORTHY OF IT

I may not reach the heights I seek—
My untried strength may fail me;
Oh, halfway up the mountain peak,
Fierce tempests may assail me.
But though that place I never gain,
Herein lies comfort for my pain—
I will be worthy of it.

I may not triumph in success,
Despite my earnest labor;
I may not grasp results that bless
The efforts of my neighbor.
But though my goal I never see,
This thought shall always dwell with me—
I will be worthy of it.

The golden glory of love's light
May never fall upon my way;
My path may always lead through night,
Like some deserted byway;
But though life's dearest joy I miss,
There lies a nameless joy in this—
I will be worthy of it.

—Selected.

PROTECTION OF PLANTS FOR WINTER

A little protection will often bring plants safely through the winter, when, if they are left exposed, they may either be killed outright or badly injured and, in the case of fruit, the crop may be much reduced. Plants are also protected from mice in winter. The plants usually protected from the weather are strawberries, raspberries, grapes and roses.

It has been found by experience that although strawberries will often go safely through the winter without being mulched, there are winters when it pays well to have the plants protected by a light mulch as in such winters if the mulch is not there the plants will be killed. In mulching strawberries the plan is to wait until hard frost or just before winter sets in, and then spread a light covering of loose straw over the plants. All that is necessary in most places is enough to prevent sudden thawing and freezing, or just enough to cover the plants. A thick mulch may do more harm than good. The cleaner the straw the less work there will be in eradicating weeds next summer. Marsh hay, where it can be obtained, is good as it is comparatively free of weed seeds, and it will not lie too compactly over the plants.

Where raspberries are injured in the winter, they will be much protected and will, taking one year with another, come through much better if the canes are bent over just before winter sets in and the tips held down with soil. The snow will cover them sooner than if they are not bent down. Where there is very little snow and the winters are very cold it has been found desirable entirely to cover the canes with soil.

Except in districts where the grape can be grown commercially, it is necessary to protect the vines to ensure a crop. A few days before the ground is expected to freeze up, the vines, having been previously pruned, are bent down and covered with soil, which is left on until the following May as it is spring frosts which may cause the loss of the crop.

Roses must be protected in most places in Canada to help ensure their coming through the winter alive, and protection is not always successful. The most reliable method of protection is to cover the plant with soil. Where this is not easy or possible, the base of the plant can be mounded up with soil to a height of twelve inches or more, and the top bent over and held down with soil. Then if boughs or leaves are thrown over the top to help collect the snow and give great protection it is desirable. In the case of climbing roses, a good plan is to cover them with a box filled with dry leaves, making the top water tight so the leaves will keep dry.

Each winter many trees are injured beyond recovery in Canada by mice. This can be prevented by wrapping the trunks of the trees with building paper just before winter sets in, having the paper come close to the ground and putting a little earth about the lower end of the papers so they will not get at the tree from below. Mice will not usually eat through the paper and, as in most cases they are close to the ground, the paper need not be more than eighteen inches to two feet high. The paper should be tied after wrapping so that it will not come off. —W. T. Macoun, Dominion Horticulturist.

EASY JOBS

I see the farmer milk a cow, and I remark, "Bedrow it, there is no trick to that, I swow, and anyone could do it." But when I try to do the stunt my work's so slow and halting, the cow kicks in my Mardike front and leaves me somersaulting. I see the blacksmith shoe a mule, and you may hear me twitter, "Give me the proper sort of tool, and I could shoe that critter." And when the blacksmith says, "Just try!" I take his nails and hammer, then through the smith roof I fly and raise a doleful clamor. I see the artist paint a fence, and mutter to my neighbor, "Oh, any man of common sense could do that sort of labor." But when I get myself a brush, and paint my cottage portal, the neighbors to my gateway rush, and whoop and jeer and shortle. "Your artwork gives my nerves the jumps," observed the village weaver; "it looks like jaundice and the mumps mixed up with scarlet fever." I watch the poet work his harp, his timbrel and his whistle, and I observe, "The poet sharp requires less brain than gristle; give me a lyre and I will show that making song is easy;" but when some odes I deftly throw, the critics say they're cheesy. I look down from my empty loft upon the toilers under, and all the other jobs look soft, and mine seems hard as thunder.—Walt Mason.

A CANDID ADVERTISER

For Sale—One Hupmobile car with piston ring; two rear wheels, one front spring. Has no fenders, seat or plank, burns lots of gas; hard to crank. Carburetor busted half way through. Engine missing; hits on two. Three years old, four in the spring. Has shock absorbers and everything. Radiator busted, sure does leak. Differential's dry, you can hear it squeak; ten spokes missing. Front all bent. Tires blowed out. Ain't worth a cent. Got lots of speed; will run like the deuce! burns either gas or tobacco juice. Tires all off; been run on the rim. A darn good car for the shape it's in. —Exchange.

MARRIED A NATIVE

They were looking at the kangaroo at the Zoo, when an Irishman said: "Beg pardon, sor, phwat kind of a creature is that?"

"Oh," said the gentleman, "that is a native of Australia."

"Good living!" exclaimed Pat, "an' me sister married wan o' thim."—Boston Transcript.

THE DEACON WAS INTERESTED

"Good morning, parson."

"Good morning deacon. As I was coming along just now I saw a fight between a brindle bull and a mastiff. And, upon my word, deacon, more than fifty men were standing round. How can people take an interest in such things?"

"I dunno parson. Which dawg won?"

Hay, for a change, I've been doing some real thinking the past week. I couldn't get around with any comfort through that foot of light snow, especially as the Council forgot to shovel the crossings, as has been done so well in previous years. And that two days' blow of east winds got into my old bones, and I found that the very best place I could ferret out was at our own fireside with Mary. I tell you I did a lot of thinking and it wasn't about the elections either. My memory revelled in the old days. I fell to studying the powers and pleasures of memory. I concluded that we may never be able to tell which is the more valuable, memory or hope, and debating societies will probably go on discussing the question for all time. But I find myself jibing in very fully with old Thomas Fuller, who quaintly said of memory: "It is the treasure-house of the mind, wherein the monuments thereof are kept and preserved." I am myself astonished every week at what this old memory of mine is capable of bringing up, and I have evidence that you folks who read the rambling recollections of this column often wonder too how this old thinker of mine calls up so many incidents of the days of yore and, how it acts voluntarily going about and collecting again the things that belong to the past.

"Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked in many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo what myriads rise
Each stamps it's image ere the other flies."

We may seem to forget, but we really do not forget what we have really seen or known. I find that memory often touches me with sadness, but as often brings cheer and pleasure.

"Oft in the stilly night
When slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood's years,
The word of love then spoken,
The eyes that shone
Now dimmed and gone.
The cheerful hearts now broken."

Well, [illegible] Hannockburn as I sat last week and just loiled around during that east storm. I thought of the days when Donald Mann, the father of them all, came out from Scotland, oh, let me see, about eighty years ago, or a little more, and settled on the fine farm where Archy and his splendid wife, Mary, live so happily together. I said Donald, "the father of them all" by which I meant the father of this branch of the Mann family here: Alexander, Peter, Hugh and Ronald. I well remember being told, you know, that John—his brother—the father of Peter and Maggie and John and Alex. and Lexie, also came out from the old country before Donald, and settled on the farm across the fourth line from his older brother. I'll likely have something to say about that branch of the family some time later.

When Donald settled down on the well-known farm he wasn't satisfied with one hundred acres for himself and his quarette of husky Highland sons, but secured the fine property running through from the third to the fourth line. Until a few years ago; just two or three by the way, these 200 acres remained in the family. Alexander, the eldest son, got the third line hundred and lived there until his death. His son, Donald, lived there all his lifetime, and when he died a few years ago and his estate was wound up, it then passed into the hands of strangers.

At the death of Donald, the father of the family, Peter was given the homestead, and Hugh got a fifty-acre lot on the fourth line side of the property. Peter and his wife were blessed with a real old-fashioned family of an even dozen—eight sons and four daughters. We old folks remember them all. John, the elder, who is a successful farmer in Erin; James, who didn't like farming and came to town to learn the store-keeping with Charlie Symon. When he had served his apprenticeship and was a full-fledged counter-hopper he went into business for himself. It is rather a strange comment on the vicissitudes of time, that when he built a store for himself, he built it right in the garden where Mrs. Symon had her beautiful flower beds when he was a clerk. And what business do you think is located there now? Why none other than the Dearborn Co-operative. When James Mann sold out I think J. B. Pearson bought the property and improved it. And then Wm. Johnstone moved from the property now occupied by Chas. Parker and kept shop there. And then when he moved to his fine new premises farther up Mill Street, Jakie Baltz the first Jewish merchant in town, moved in; and then Marris Baxe; and following him Noble's Flour and Feed Store was located there.

As I said James went to Guelph and there he died, several years ago.

Well, after James there came Maggie, who was Mrs. James Quantie, then Margery and Donald, and Alexander, who was one of the brightest of the family, but died before he had hardly reached his prime; and then there was Willie, and Peter, and Duncan, and Annie—Mrs. John Moffat—and Lizzie and Archy T. Only three of this popular family of pioneer days now remain—John and Annie and Archy.

Peter Mann was a stalwart citizen of a high type. He was an elder of the Presbyterian Church here for many years, and a highly esteemed citizen. He loved his church and he revered his minister. This was amply proven when he opened his home to the Rev. Donald Cameron, who spent his last days there as a retired minister and author of theological works. In his last illness he was nursed with tenderest care in this home. Everything possible was done for his comfort. Here he closed his eyes in death, and from this homestead his body was conveyed to Fairview Cemetery about a quarter of a century ago, and tenderly laid to rest in that populous city of departed loved ones.

It was a proud day to Peter when his son Archy followed the son of his neighbor, John Gordon, as precentor in Knox Church. William Gordon—or Bill, as we called him—was a worthy successor to such reliable old Scottish precentors as Jimmie Shaw, Robert Hay and others who had learned to strike the tunes among the bonnie banks and braes of old Scotland. Archy led the singing of the congregation fine. He knew his notes and could strike the tunes, with the aid of the old tuning fork, every time. But Archy was not satisfied for long with starting the singing "lilt by" his lonesome. He organized a choir and the help they gave to the congregational singing of the paths selections and hymns was striking and very satisfactory. About this time Rev. James W. Rae became our minister, and he was fond of music. Up to this date the congregation had not lost their prejudice against "a kist o' whistles" in kirk. But Mr. Rae convinced the Sunday School teachers and officers how greatly improved the singing would be in the Sunday School service with an organ. The organ was bought. Mr. Rae had a way with him, and he generally got his way with us. The organ was used in the Sunday School service and then shoved out of sight during the church services. It wasn't many months, however, before the organ found a place in the church service, notwithstanding the strenuous objections of Aunt Janet Anderson and a few others like her. Archy was in his glory then and he made old Knox Church ring with the music of the organ and the singing of the choir. And, mark you, the hymns and psalms sounded just as reverent and worshipful as in the days when we struggled along every-which way, with only a precentor and a tuning fork to lead us.

Well, Archy conducted the choir for years and years, until he got tired and felt he'd done his whole duty and quit. And then we got a paid outside leader for a few years. I am glad to hear that Archy is again at his old post of leadership and is now teaching the members of the Sunday School to sing with a vim the old songs of Zion. Hay, I think this new preacher of ours is in this. He's a man who knows a good thing when he sees it—or hears it, as in this case. Archy never has hidden his talent under a bushel. He's had a place in Harry Gibbons' male quartette for twenty-five or thirty years, and he's played a cornet in Acton Citizens' Band, well, not as long as John Hill, but for more years than I can remember. It seemed to me the right thing too, as I read in the paper a few weeks ago, that he should be the one who had the honor of reading that fine complimentary address to John, when he was presented with the easy chair by the members at the recent band concert.

Yes, the dear old father was always proud that Archy served the church with his musical talent. And if he was here now he'd be proud again to see him back at his old job. But the old man is gone. He passed out full of years, let me see, about twenty-two years ago, if my memory is still right, and Mrs. Mann, his beloved helpmate about ten years later.

Well, now, here I am at the end of my tether, and I haven't said a word about the logging bees, and the maple sugar camp, and the getting of Hannockburn School away from John Gordon's front yard on to the corner of the Peter Mann farm, or of Jim's little sister Annie always having a hankering for store-keeping and how she's in it now head over heels, with her whole family working like beavers to help her, and over so many other things. Well, I can't help it. So long.

The Old Man

CHINESE GAVE JAPAN ITS NAME

The English word "Japan" and the Japanese Nihon or Nippon are alike corruptions of Yih-pen, the Chinese pronunciation of two characters literally meaning "sun-origin," that is, "the place the sun comes from"—a name given to Japan by the Chinese on account of the position of the archipelago to the east of their own country.

From Chinese Yeh-pen the Japanese derived the present name Nihon. It was officially adopted, according to history, in A. D. 670. Before that time the usual native designation of the country was Yamato, properly the name of one of the central provinces. Yamato is the name still preferred in poetry and belles-lettres.

The English name Japan seems to have originated with the Portuguese, who spelled the Chinese Yih-pen, Japon, the letter J being silent or similar to H according to their language. This is the way the Spanish and Portuguese still pronounce Japan. From Japon came the English Japan.

PEOPLE ON FARMS LIVE THE LONGEST

Life on the farm is the healthiest and safest, according to statistics compiled by the United States Bureau of Labor showing the average age at death in various occupations. The farmer and farm laborer live longer than other workers. This does not "seem longer" which, it will be remembered, is the joint in the old joke concerning the longevity of married folk contrasted with bachelors and spinsters—it is longer, and official research records prove it. Farmers live to the average age of 58.5 years, blacksmiths are given three years less of life, and masons and bricklayers die at an average age of 55. The list tapers down to book-keepers and office assistants who are given an average life of no more than 36.5 years.

RIDDLES

Which three letters are of the most use to boys and girls in school?—A Y Z (a wise head.

Why is Buckingham Palace such a cheap place to live in?—It was bought for a crown, and is kept up for a sovereign.

Which is the best side of an apple?—The side which is not eaten.

What animals do you take to bed every night?—Two calves.

Why is a secret like silence?—Because you cannot keep it if you talk about it.

What is it that increases its value by one half when turned upside down?—The figure 6.

GOOD SLEEPER

He was a good worker, but he could not get up in the morning. At last he determined that an hour a week would be the most he would lose.

When he woke on Monday the clock showed 6.30, which was too early; so he turned in again. He next woke at 7.30, and thought he would take another half-hour and get in by nine o'clock.

At the third time of waking he dressed hastily and sprinted to the gates. "Sorry, boss, that I've lost an hour," he exclaimed. "Hour, be blowed!" said the foreman. "Where were you on Monday and Tuesday?"

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THE CHILD IMMIGRANT

A group of pretty children aboard a C. P. R. Liner on the way to Canada.

The flow of child immigrants into Canada has started again, after its complete cessation during the war. The recent arrival at Quebec, on a C. P. R. steamer, of several hundred boys from the Barnardo Homes of London, draws attention anew to this important stream of juvenile immigration.

Few realize that a total of 76,000 child immigrants have entered the Dominion since the first shipload came years ago. It steadily grew in volume until two thousand a year entered the country, the number reaching high water mark in one year with 2,366.

Who are these child immigrants? They come from eleven British institutions of a philanthropic character such as the Barnardo, the Quarrier, the MacPherson and the National Children's Homes, in which, as orphans or semi-orphans they are rescued, cared for and trained for their adult life. Only the best—physically, mentally and morally—are sent to Canada and this only after an thorough preparation as can be given to young boys and girls. The fact that seventy-five per cent. of those who come to Canada follow agricultural pursuits and that over ninety per cent. of the total arrivals make good in their new home, makes them a highly desirable addition to the population. They are not only under close supervision in these Old Country Homes, but the selected parties for overseas are accompanied by trained workers. On landing they are first taken to one of the score or more receiving and distributing homes to be found in the chief cities. This means that the placing of the child immigrants in foster homes is conducted with as much care as their transfer across the Atlantic. It is a remarkable fact in this connection that for every boy and girl thus brought to Canada, there have been a dozen applicants. This demand enables those who are responsible for the children's well-being to allocate them with great care. There follows close inspection and supervision of them for some time after they are placed and this also tends to keep high the average of successful adoption to new conditions in a new land.

It should be remembered that hundreds of these same boys, who came in earlier years, enlisted voluntarily in the war and served with the highest distinction, proving themselves to be as loyal and brave as the best of Canadians.

The 75,000 child immigrants have long since been absorbed into the life of Canada and are playing their part in her development. They have been successful in all ranks of life and are found in all the professions and other lines of work. Some have found their way to legislative halls, some are in the military and a large number are equally successful farmers, stock growers and ranchers. Every province has its quota, and hundreds of testimonials are on file as to the high qualities of these youthful immigrants who are received into the life of the Dominion in their plastic years and who, by kindly care and oversight, are guided into a useful citizenship.

In addition to the class of immigrant children above described many children of excellent British families come to Canada. Some come with their parents while others strike out alone or accompanied for this country in their early youth.—P. Y.

BUSINESS barometers seem to indicate that the period of easy money and high prices is nearing an end.

A dollar saved now in the form of a Savings Bank Deposit will be worth much more in the next couple of years, after the reaction has set in.

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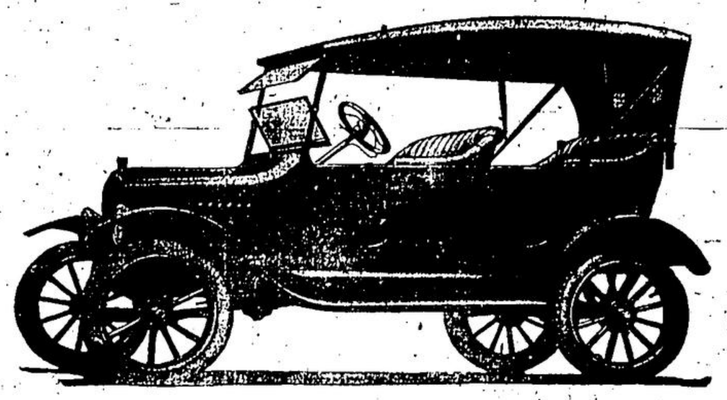

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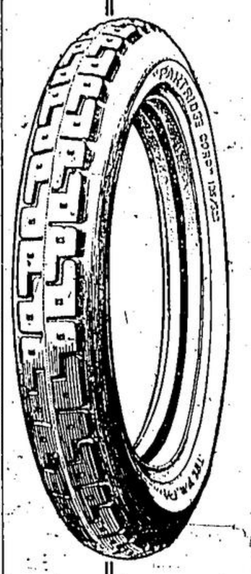

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