The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1922

THE BOOZEY MOTORIST

Lasso him tenderly, chain him in bed,
Reset the driving gear up in his head,
Something is grinding and needs overhauling,
His engine's condition is something appalling.

His control is gone and the steer wheel is crazy,
His lamps and the wind shield are certainly hazy,
Gained over-indulgence in whiskey or wine,
A little trepanning would help a weak spine.

For surely his reason is twisty and crossed,
Who banishes sense when he needs it the most
He knows at the best there is danger in "Lizzie,"
Yet drinks uncontrollable drunken red fuzzy.

We hear that with rye gasoline will not mix,
Don't believe it, they do, with most murderous kick!
They're death's combination, and soon overmaster,
The driver who's flirting with Mistress Disaster.

And woe to pedestrians plodding along,
The innocent suffer when motors go wrong,
"Twould not be so bad if the boozer would shake off
His own mortal coils when old rye put his brake off.

But peaceable folks going to everyday business,
Get run down, and killed, through a motor fool's dizziness;
With measures severe soon must law be amended,
E'er drink driven automobiling is ended.

—A. Sponce.

"BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT"

In a Scottish castle a man murdered a young bridegroom at whose marriage festivities he had just assisted. The assassin took horse and fled through the woods. Next morning he emerged from a thicket and found himself in front of the castle whence he had fled; He was easily captured and condemned to death.

A man who got into trouble through wrong-doing, said he would drown his troubles in drink. Some time afterward he was asked by a friend if he had got rid of his troubles.

"No, curse 'em," said he, "they can swim."

A criminal in a state's prison in a moment of confidence said, "It seems as if everybody and everything is after you when you don't go straight. There's the fellow next to me. He got away with seventeen thousand dollars worth of jewels, but they got him on his own finger prints where he let himself down from the piazza; there's another fellow, Jim, who got a lot of coin but it had been fixed with some chemical that stained his hands and it advertised him in quick time; there's my pal had a hitch in his walk and it snowed and they traced him by his gait. There's always a door to squeak, or a dog to bark or a baby to cry, or a child to come running in from the barn where it has found some stolen goods. Maybe you're right. Maybe the Almighty is determined to get us."

He certainly was convinced of the truth of the text: "Be sure your sin will find you out."

A QUERY

Q.—"Can't the moving picture houses be made to stop ridiculing the "dry" law or at least stop showing bar-room scenes with fixxy bottles forever before the public?"

A.—We know of no law to prevent moving picture managers or vaudeville actors "ridiculing the dry laws." Public sentiment is the only force that will compel the moving picture houses to "cut it out." I have just learned that the management of Keith's Vaudeville Theatres has issued orders that companies or individuals playing the Keith circuit must omit all jokes and take-offs on prohibition. We understand this came about by some friends writing the management, simply stating their objections and the managers considered it and at once issued instructions as above. Let others do likewise.—Vermont Issue.

THE RURAL TEACHER AND AGRICULTURE

For a teacher to be able to cover the subject as a whole even in a most superficial way is not to be thought of after one month of training at a Summer School. Certain teachers may develop certain hobbies such as nature study or the school garden; one may be an amateur botanist and interest the school in collecting weeds and grasses; one may make collections of insects; another may lead the school in making a survey of the crops grown in the school district, or the breeds of live stock. These and other studies are important contributions to the study of agriculture, and may be followed to great advantage as diversions from the regular school courses. —President J. B. Reynolds, O. A. C., Guelph.

AN INDISPENSABLE GIFT

The one who is endowed with the gift of humor should not undervalue his heritage. For there are few more useful accomplishments than the ability to make your associates laugh. There is a tonic power in a laugh. A smiling face invites good fortune.

If one has the gift of humor, he has no need to envy artists. If he can make the sorrowful forget their sorrow, if he can help the tired worker forget his weariness, if he can make this World a sunnier, more cheerful place by means of his gift that has been bestowed upon him it would be ingratitude for him to wish he had been differently endowed. The humorist who appreciates his art, and knows it at its true value, has a right to hold his head high, for he is bestowing on others an indispensable blessing.

HERE AND THERE

Love is blind and marriage is an eye opener.

Success depends upon backbone, not wishbone.

Many a firm has failed because it wasn't firm.

And the bottom of a cup of joy is seldom far from the top.

Edison has found the road to success paved with good inventions.

Afterthoughts are sometimes best. Woman was an afterthought.

Women who cheapen themselves soon learn that men do not care for bargains.

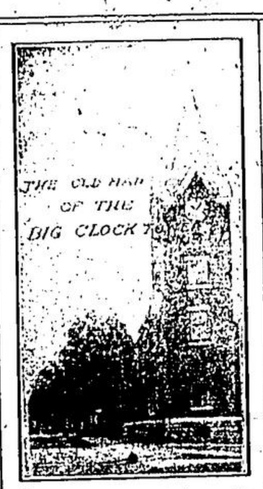
If you have a hair-raising story to tell, spring it on a bald-headed man.

Any good movement will succeed if it is put over before it has a chance to become a political issue.—D. R.

DISCOURAGED

An amateur authoress who had submitted a story to a magazine, after waiting several weeks without hearing from the editor concerning it, finally sent him a note requesting an early decision, as she stated "she had other irons in the fire."

Shortly after came the editor's reply: "Dear Madam—I read your story, and I should advise you to put it with the other irons."



Time brings great and often sudden changes. Little did I think when I was writing about Young Street's history a week ago that before the week was out my friend Allan McDonald, who was so comfortable, with his brother Graham, in their home at the corner of Young and Peel Streets, would be lying silent in death. Allan was a fine man. As a boy in Bannockburn, he made lots of friends. I couldn't help but think how well the old friendships, formed in earlier days, stand the test, when I saw Sandy Gordon and John Warren at the funeral on Friday, to pay their respects to the memory of their boyhood's neighbor. Like both of themselves he was a native of Bannockburn, and, like them, he had his birthplace on his father's farm on the fourth line. These busy city men left their respective businesses and came back to the old home, because a neighbor of their youth had died. My how deeply the roots of friendship of boyhood days reach down.

And this event takes me back to Bannockburn and those early days of half a century or more ago. I see the McDonald boys and girls in the old home, and I remember them going out one by one from the old home nest. Donald to teach school in Erin and then to settle down to married life in Acton; and Anne became the bride of Alex. F. Smith, and Mary and Margaret in turn married Charlie Davidson, each of whom in turn he sorrowfully laid to rest in the family plot at Fairview; and the father and mother left the old home to sleep the sleep of the just; and Lilly was the housekeeper for the lonely brothers, Graham and Allan, neither of whom ever took unto himself a wife, and then Lily passed away, and they were alone. During their last days on the old farm Graham and Allan were fortunate in having a real good housekeeper in Miss Boustaugh, who came to town with them when they retired from farming and made them a comfortable home until now.

Well, now, I believe that poor lonely Graham is the last member of the family, and he is in rather a bad way, having largely lost his eye sight. Say, is it any wonder Graham is lonely, when he thinks of the good old days in the old home on the Bannockburn farm, when mother and father and nine sons and daughters sat around the family board. Time surely does make changes. And finally the McDonald farm was sold, and strangers came.

And then my thoughts wander across the road, and my old memory travels back to the happy Warren homestead, when Mr. and Mrs. John Warren, and Uncle Robert, and Uncle Jimmie and Uncle Sandy were there; and then besides around the table there were Jimmie and Lizzie, and Robert and Barbara, and Jessie, and Jack, and Cameron, all happy in the fine home life which always prevailed on Cedar Creek Farm. And then there began to be the changes there. Uncle Jimmie and Uncle Sandy got married; and Uncle Robert met a tragic death from a shunting car on the G. T. R. tracks near Mill Street crossing. And Robert went teaching and then to Georgetown to make a name for himself; and Lizzie married Mr. Stone, the Bannockburn school teacher, and Jimmie married Maggie Nelson, and father and mother retired and came to live in Acton; and Jessie was called up higher; and then, Jimmie and his family gave up farming and came to Acton; and finally the Warren homestead was sold and strangers came in.

And then my thoughts traversed down to the adjoining farm, Gordon Hall, with its fine old gentleman farmer, John Gordon, and his worthy wife; and I remembered their quiverful of splendid sons and daughters. And this fine family in the course of time scattered; the sons to be business men and preachers, and the daughters teachers and dressmakers and housewives. And Gordon Hall was finally sold, and Mr. Clarridge came over from Chinguacousy and bought this splendid property.

My memory keeps wandering back when the McDonalds, and the Warrens, and the Gordon families were young. I see them in the old Bannockburn school—some in the old and some in the new, though the new one is now about fifty years old. I see them there with the Manns, and the Browns, and the Lawsons, and the Shaws, and the Millers, and the Coles and the Lambs, and the Wardens, and the Swackhamers, and the McLeans, and the Kennedys. I see them with the old folks in old Knox Church, most of them; a few in the old Methodist; a few in the Baptist. I see them fishing in Cedar Creek on Saturday afternoons, and on the twenty-fourth of May. I see them out in the sugar bush, for every one of them made maple sugar and syrup in those good old days. I see the sugaring off, and the taffy parties. I see them at the paring bees, and at the spelling matches, and the singing schools. I see them when they began to attend the temperance societies, and some of them I see at the old-fashioned country dances, but they never went the length they do in these modern days, when the young folks seem to think dancing is the whole thing.

Well, all this passed through my old mind, when the funeral of my friend Allan McDonald was being held last Friday, and as I looked at his peaceful familiar face as he laid at rest in casket.

Do you wonder that my thoughts run back to those good old early days.

Well, I've used up a lot of space in giving rein to my reminiscent mood, but bless you, I could go more help these thoughts about the younger days than I could help getting that painful fall on the slippery pavement on Mill Street last Wednesday, when I nearly ended my career. But Mary's liniments and a day's rest took out most of everything but the black and blue spots.

YOUNG STREET—West from the four brick semi-detached cottages are three detached cottages. In one of them Mrs. Vincent lived after the death of her husband, John Vincent, who was janitor of the public school for many years. I was looking in the old minute book of the School Board the other day and found receipt after receipt from John, with his quaint signature away back fifty to fifty-five years ago. Mrs. Vincent's son, George, one of the best men who ever lived in Acton, made his home with his mother. When he married he took his bride to this home. Here their son, who is now a man still residing in town, and assuming the responsibilities of life, had his birth. Here George and Julia, his wife, both closed their eyes in death.

When Thomas Perryman retired from his farm, next to Tom Lamb's, on the Acton concession, he moved into the brick cottage he had built on Young Street. There for a number of years, he and his wife and their two unmarried daughters, Aggie and Sarah, lived very happily together. He finally sold it and re-built the old Kehoe property on Mill Street, constructing brick offices in front, which were occupied in turn by R. J. McNabb, Dr. Hore, Dr. Ault, A. J. Mackinnon, barrister, and now by H. N. Farmer, barrister and town clerk. The Young Street house, has had numerous tenants since.

The next cottage was known for years as Mrs. Morton's home. She came from Eramosa, a widow with her daughter. When her daughter died, she was heart-broken, and shortly after removed from Acton. Since that time the cottage has been occupied by quite a few citizens.

The John Garstang house on the G. T. R. right of way line has been described with its earlier tenants. Mrs. Lee and her daughters now reside there.

The home of Mrs. Samuel Laird, next to the Garstang property, has quite a history. This house was built adjacent to the G. T. R. pumping house, between fifty and sixty years ago, as a residence for the engineer. Its first occupants were James McLennan, the first engineer of the water system, and his family. This fine citizen of sterling character, was one of the most faithful employees the G. T. R. ever had here. He and his family lived there for years. Here they had their joys and sorrows. Here a number of the members of their family had their birth, and from this home there was carried the body of their first born to the old cemetery. In the course of time Mr. McLennan died and was buried. The home lost a devoted husband and father, and the town a very worthy citizen. Mrs. McLennan and her family removed to Winnipeg, whence one of the sons had gone and secured a good position. The big western city is still her home.

After the McLennan's left this house the railway people could never get any one to go there to live for any time. Being within a few feet from the railway tracks it was jarred by every train, and the noise was sometimes almost unbearable. After standing idle for a number of years the railway authorities offered it for sale and Sam Laird was the purchaser. At the same time Mr. Laird bought a vacant lot on Young Street, put in a foundation and then the difficult matter of moving the house proved a problem. Finally a contract was made with Ed Dynes to put the old house on the new foundation. Ed. agreed to everything—to remove the house without damage, to have it on the foundation within a week and to avoid blocking the railway track so as to hinder a train passing at any time. Of course Ed. agreed to everything and went to work. Things went well at first, and in record time the house was rolled down on the tracks to the Mill Street crossing. It reached the crossing about noon and was ready to be turned to the street. Mr. Holmes, who was even at that early date agent of the road here, went to Ed. and told him he better go on and get the buildings off the tracks and not stop for dinner, or he might hold up the 2.20 passenger train. "Oh," said Ed., "I'm not going without my dinner. I'll have the house out of the way all right; no fasting for me."

Ed. and his men went and had their dinner and hustled back. But as they were turning the house, lo and behold, it stuck on the rails. They jacked, and they pulled, and they said things I daresn't print in these columns, or the editor would scalp me. But the building wouldn't budge. It came two o'clock, and that found Ed. in a sweat. Harry Holmes in a fury and Sam Laird in despair. It came 2.20, and along came the passenger train, and Ed. and his house were still on the main line of tracks. Then there was a howdy-do. The train men were wrathy; the dispatcher blazed his orders over the wires, and things were hot all round. But the train man got to work with Ed. Dynes and an extra team or two were hitched on, and at last the old house moved, and about three o'clock it slid off the tracks and on to Mill Street.

It was a close shave for several folks. Harry Holmes and Sam Laird were afraid of their jobs over the holding up of the train, and Sam threatened Ed. that if it cost him his job he'd never pay for the moving. But the dire results passed over without any aftermath of consequence, and the house was on the foundations a few hours afterwards, and when the house was fixed up a bit it made a very comfortable home for Mr. and Mrs. Laird and family. This fine old Irish gentleman died there several years ago, but the place is still the Laird homestead.

Well, well! here I am again, and Young Street is still unfinished. More to tell you yet. Good-bye for this time.

The Old Man

A GREAT MACHINE

Bothmus Wagog met his chum the other day.

"I say, Bill, I watched a wonderful machine at our shop this morning."

"And how does it work?" asked Bill.

"Well," was the reply, "by means of a pedal attachment, a fulcrumed lever converts a vertical reciprocating motion into a circular movement. The principal part of the machine is a huge disc that revolves in a vertical plane. Power is applied through the axis of the disc, and work is done on the periphery, and the hardest substance, by mere impact, may be reduced to any shape."

"What is this wonderful machine?" asked Bill.

"A grindstone," was the reply.

JOINING WATER PIPES

In joining water or steam pipes that that must be absolutely water tight it is better to use graphite cement than either red or white lead. The reason for this is not so much to make the joints tight in the first place as to make them easy to take apart one day or twenty years later. Practically all piping on the farm has to be taken apart sooner or later and the farmer who will have this to do himself probably will not care to follow the example of the professional steam fitter who seldom expects to take down what he puts up.

FRANCE RESTORES HER FORESTS

Many of the forests of France were badly shot to pieces in the war and others were cut down to provide war material. The people of France in the years since the armistice have boldly attacked there forest problems and are rapidly getting the forests back into shape to again begin to grow timber. In addition to salvaging damaged timber, the work involved removal of barbed wire entanglements, filling in trenches and mine craters, discovery and removal of unexploded shells, and the re-opening of roads. In the case of these forests it will take at least seventy-five years to restore them to the state of productiveness they were in when war broke out.

RAILWAY PROMOTIONS

J. P. BURNS

A. H. CADIEUX

Mr. J. P. Burns is appointed Assistant Chief of the Department of Investigation of the Canadian Pacific Railway, with headquarters at Winnipeg, succeeding Lieut.-Colonel William McLeod, deceased. Mr. Burns entered the service of the Canadian Pacific as chief clerk in the Investigation Department, Montreal, having been connected with it since its inception in January, 1913. He was attached to the Montreal office as assistant to Mr. R. G. Chamberlin, chief of the Investigation Department, prior to which he was from many years private secretary to the late Lilian H. Carpenter, who was then Chief of Detectives of the City of Montreal. Previous to entering police work he was employed in various capacities with the Grand Trunk Railway System, the Boston & Maine Railroad and the Intercolonial Railway.

Mr. A. H. Cadieux is appointed Assistant to Mr. R. G. Chamberlin, chief of the Canadian Pacific Investigation Department, with office at Windsor Street Station, Montreal. Mr. Cadieux joined the service in July, 1913, as investigator in the Investigation Department. In May, 1915, he became inspector, and from this position he goes to fill the vacancy created by the promotion of Mr. J. P. Burns. Previous to entering the Canadian Pacific Railway Mr. Cadieux was connected with the Grand Trunk Railway for a number of years; he was special agent from 1907 to June, 1913, when he severed his connection with that railway to accept a position under Mr. Chamberlin, Chief of the Department of Investigation.

WORDS OF WISE MEN

Harmonize your work. Let sunshine radiate and penetrate.

Honor your employer. There must be a head to everything.

Be fair, and do at least one decent act every day in the year.

Do not be misled by dislikes. Acid ruins the finest fabrics.

Handle the hardest job first each day. Easy ones are pleasures.

Do not have the notion that success means simply money-making.

Be glad and rejoice in the other fellow's success—study his methods.

Opportunity is a sensitive guest—no other likes so well to be expected and made much of.

"Pain should be a secret thing. It is not decent that any one should look upon great agony, least of all one who, seeing, must share it, says a philosopher.

LITTLE HAPPINESSES

When Ibsen makes one of his characters exclaim of the burning of her house, "It was the loss of the dolls that mattered," he touched one of the hard facts of life. It is often easier to bear with fortitude a catastrophe than to endure the loss of things that, though trivial, are intimate. To surround yourself with little happinesses is one of the great secrets of joyous living, and some of the most fruitful happinesses of all cost nothing; a friendly word, a smile, a generous thought, a trifling but kindly deed.

A SMILE OF HAPPY FREEDOM (?)

One often passes women on the street wearing that forced and sickly smile of happy freedom. But way down deep in their hearts there lurks the vain regret over the once deliberately chosen fate that would inevitably deny to her the gift of companionship and motherhood. This age parades a false freedom that promises immunity from drudgery—that "artistic" life that would escape the sweet and holy duties of a home. But after the escape is made one awakes too late to find that the shadows have quickly lengthened. And now they are to sit repining—solitary and alone.—Texas Advocate.

MARRIED MEN'S SIGN

A traveller visiting a large factory made a bet with the manager that he would pick out all the married men among the employees. Accordingly he stationed himself at the door as they came back from dinner, and mentioned all those whom he believed to be married, and in almost every case he was right.

"How do you do it?" asked the manager in amazement.

"Oh, it's quite simple," said the traveller. "The married men all wipe their feet on the mat; the single men don't."

CIGARETTES

Ex-President David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford University, after a long and helpful contact with thousands of young men, says: "Boys who smoke cigarettes are like wormy apples—they drop long before harvest time. They rarely make failures in after life, because they have no after life. The boy who begins smoking before his fifteenth year rarely enters the life of the world. His further progress is blocked. His future lies behind him. When other boys are taking hold on the world's work, he is concerned with the sexton and the undertaker."

A "CASE" FOR HIM

A certain organist was so proud of his degree that he was careful to put "Mus. Doc." after his name on every possible occasion. To him came a small boy:

"Please, sir, aren't you a doctor of music?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Well, Billy has lost his tin trumpet that Santa brought him. Can you put it straight, please?"

MORE FARM BUSINESS

One of the gratifying indications to be seen on every hand is the increased interest in the study of business problems on the farm. Never before has there been such inquiry for suitable record books and sheets. These are being sought not only that growers may have a record of what they have received and expended, but also—and perhaps largely, that they may have facts to use in directing the future policy of their farms. Management is the key to the successful operation of the farm and the first step toward the better management of agricultural land is the keeping of records.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE

A college student once asked his Professor if he could not take a shorter course than the one laid down in the prospectus of the institution.

"That depends," replied the Professor, "upon what you wish to make of yourself. When nature wants to make an oak she works away on the job a hundred years, but if she wants to make a vegetable marrow she needs only a few months."

GEMS OF THOUGHT

This is one of the sad conditions of life, that experience is not transmissible. No man will learn from the suffering of another; he must suffer himself.—Tryon Edwards.

The fine and noble way to destroy a foe, is not to kill him; with kindness you may so change him that he shall cease to be so; then he's slain.—Aleyn.

Levity of behavior is the bane of all that is good and virtuous.—Seneca.

"Every man's task is his life-preservor.—Emerson.

Love is the most terrible, and also the most generous of the passions; it is the only one that includes in its dreams the happiness of someone else. —J. A. Karr.

In my youth I thought of writing a satire on mankind; but now in my age I think I should write an apology for them.—Walpole.

Heaven often smiles in mercy, even when the blow is severest.—Joanna Baillie.

To be a man's fool is bad enough; but the vain man is everybody's.—Penn.

Man is a reasoning rather than a reasonable animal.—Alexander Hamilton.

A fool can no more see his folly than he can see his ears.—Thackerny.

Of all vain things excuses are the vainest.—Buxton.

Judgment is forced upon us by experience.—Johnson.

O sacred hunger of ambitious minds. —Spenser.

CHRISTIAN (?) VS. HEATHEN TREATMENT

"Pussyfoot" Johnson has been touring India, and according to press reports received a royal welcome. "His courage; the persecutions he has endured and the fact that he lost an eye in England while trying to present the advantages of prohibition, have opened many doors to him that otherwise would have been closed. In one of the Indian states he was the guest of the governor. In one, an entire mansion with a full coterie of servants and a carriage with a driver and footmen were assigned to him. At Ahmedabad, the home of Ghandi, he spoke before several hundred students attending the National University. At Delhi, a mass meeting in the city hall was attended by 6,000 persons. It must seem a little strange to him to be mobbed in Christian England and feted in heathen Indian.—Presbyterian Witness.

WHY SALT MELTS SNOW

When Fahrenheit, who gave his name to the thermometer in general use to-day, made his interesting experiments with varying degrees of temperature, he found that the lowest temperature he could obtain was that secured from a mixture of ice and salt. This mixture produces a liquid which is much colder than water at the freezing point, or even of snow.

The addition of coarse salt to snow or broken particles of ice, therefore causes both the snow and the ice to melt, changing the character of both, and producing a liquid which has a much lower freezing point than water.

If salt is applied to snow in extremely cold weather little change is noticeable because the resultant liquid freezes as fast as it is formed. But when the thermometer is around twenty-five or thirty degrees, the snow will disappear rapidly, flowing off in the form of brine.

BILLY'S REASON

Billy, aged five, had been for a long walk, and on his return was speedily put to bed.

Some time later when his mother went to his bedroom, she found Billy had gone off to sleep with his feet resting on the pillows intended for his head.

She woke him up, reversed him, and then asked him for an explanation. Two little chubby fists wiped the sleepiness from two eyes, and then a tired voice replied:

"But, mummie, my head wasn't tired, and my feet were!"

GENEROUS BOY

Dear Beatrice: After taking my best girl to dinner, supper and a taxi home, should I kiss her good night?

Answer: No, you did enough for her.

The Cough Killer is Busy!

Coughs and Colds destroyed by the thousand every day. Instant relief from your suffering, guaranteed by taking

Buckley's Bronchitis Mixture

The remedy which is twenty times stronger than any other on the market.

Money back if it fails to give relief

40 Doses for 75c

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MAKING SPEECH VISIBLE

A wonderful new invention called the Lloretgraph enables one to make accurate tracings upon permanent records of the actual vibrations of sound in articulated speech. The instrument is worked by motor power.

When a vowel sound is uttered the room becomes full of vibrations, and each different sound gives vibrations of a different shape. In the presence of the Lloretgraph a person saying "Ah" would record upon paper a probably symmetrical line. The principle involved is similar to that of the phonograph, but by means of delicate mechanism, the effects of speech are enlarged an enormous number of times.

It is believed that with this new invention, aided by mathematical formulae already in use, it will be possible ultimately to read and translate any foreign or unknown tongue of which these lines are the record.

HIS EVIDENCE

"What I say is perfectly true," said the witness. "The man threw a can over the fence and hit my wife in the face as she was looking through the railings."

"And you pendat in saying that your neighbor seized the can and struck her deliberately?" asked the prosecuting attorney.

"He did."

"And did she give him any provocation?"

"Well, it was like this—"

"Did she or did she not?" snapped the lawyer.

"She gave no provocation whatever, sir. All she gave him was a piece of her mind and a whack on the head with a clothes prop."

HAVE YOU THE COURAGE?

To meet failure and obstacles on every hand?

To meet your enemies with love for hate, good for evil?

To move steadily towards your goal with a serene mind when you know that others ridicule and consider you a failure?

To remain in obscurity to support a parent, or a helpless sister or brother, when you have the consciousness of the ability to do big things?

To bear the blame which belongs to another because you do not want to bring pain to others?

To speak the truth when a lie would help you out of a difficulty?

To forego extravagance so that you may provide for the future welfare of those dependent upon you?

RIDDLES

Why is the crow the bravest bird in the world?

Because it never shows the white feather.

What lock can no burglar pick?

A lock from a bald head.

Why is a dog with a broken leg like a boy at arithmetic?

Because he puts down three and carries one.

What is a waste of time?

The middle of the hourglass.

WHY TEETH DECAY

Dr. Clarence Grieves, chief of the John Hopkins dental staff, has found out why human teeth decay, also, why a rat's teeth are the best of all. The rat eats a balanced diet and human beings do not. He took Mr. Rat and fed him on the average human diet and the rat began to lose his teeth. "People should eat more greens—which contain those vital elements—and more dairy products, such as milk and cheese," he says.

IT'S HIS, THOUGH

"I suppose you get a great deal of pleasure out of your new car?"

"No, I can't say that I do."

"What's the trouble?"

"The car's all right, but Monday is mother's day to drive it; on Tuesday the girls want it; Wednesday I promised to let the boy have it, and Friday and Saturday it has to go for repairs. Sunday, if I am very good they let me drive myself."

MISTOOK HIS OWN

A Hampton Lakes guide one day, while working on a log drive, fell into the water. At last, dizzy and nearly exhausted from his struggle, he managed to grasp a big log and hold on to it. The current was so strong and swift that it swept his body under the log until his feet stuck out on the other side.

Just as a comrade, who had run to his assistance, grasped him by the shoulders, he caught sight of his own feet protruding on the other side of the log.

"I can hold on a bit longer, Jim!" he gasped. "Save the poor fellow that's in head first, if you can."

SOCIETY ITEM

On Friday afternoon of this week Mrs. Judge Willmott assisted by some friends will pour tea on her spacious verandah.

New Lamp Burns 94 per cent. Air

Beats Electricity or Gas

A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light, even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the U. S. Government and 35 leading universities and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise—no pumping up, is simple, clean, safe. Burns 94% air and 6% common kerosene (coal-oil).

The inventor, P. N. Johnson, 246 Craig St. W., Montreal, is offering to send a lamp on 10 days' FREE trial, or even to give one FREE to the first user in each locality who will help him introduce it. Write him to-day for full particulars. Also ask him to explain how you can get the agency, and without experience or money make $250 to $500 per month.

Double action—Goes farther—Try it and you'll be delighted with the results.

EGG-O Baking Powder

ORDER FROM YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD GROCER.

Halton Annual Live Stock Judging Contest

FOLLOWING ARE PLACES AND DATES:

Nassagaweya--February 6th to 10th.
Esquesing--February 13th to 17th.
Trafalgar--February 20th to 24th.
Nelson--February 27th to March 3rd.

Final Judging and Seed Fair Mar. 8

Programme:

MONDAY—BEEF CATTLE
TUESDAY—SHEEP
WEDNESDAY—DAIRY CATTLE
THURSDAY—HEAVY HORSES
FRIDAY—SWINE

Any boy in the County under twenty-six years of age is eligible for the local contest. Boys who previously won registered animal will not be again eligible to win an animal as prize in the Final Contest.

Assemble the First Day at 11 O'clock at the Following Places:

Brookville Hall on the 6th.
Georgetown, Farmers' Club Rooms on the 13th.
Trafalgar, Postville Hall on the 20th.
Nelson, Nelson Hall on the 27th.

Registered animals are offered as a prize similar to previous years. Arrange to attend these valuable courses.

GEORGE L. WOLTZ, Assistant.

R. R. FLEMING, B. S. A., Representative.

ANSWER THIS PUZZLE WIN $1000.00 in "Special" OVERLAND

How Universally Popular Are the Movie Stars?

This is the method by which the Movie Editor of the CANADIAN FARMER is trying to solve. We believe that the Movie Stars are the most popular people in the village and learning immediately of the Decision as to the big cities and just to prove it, our artist has devised this puzzle.

How To Solve The Puzzle

In this picture the artist has depicted the inside of a Movie Theatre. The operator of the Movie machine in this theatre decided to play a joke on his audience so he threw these re-arranged words upon the screen. To solve the puzzle all you have required to do is to rearrange the letters so that they will spell the correct actors' or actresses' names. For example:— No. 16 is Charlie Chaplin. Only you name the winner if you can. First one wins $1,000 in cash or the "Special" Overland Touring Car which would otherwise cost you $1,112. Don't give up too easily if at first you find it a little hard. Try your best and win the best prize. Find the full list below.

WHO ARE THEY?

① WAR IS NO SLOGAN ⑥ BALD MAN OR MEN
② BET LUCY FAK RAT ⑦ MIGITA HANSOME
③ SALA' CHERRY ⑧ IDLE BAY CAR
④ FIND PURE RICE LAKE ⑨ DRY HOG IS HOT
⑤ I PARCK MY FORD ⑩ I PREACH ALL CHIN

The Big Prize List! $2,200.00 in all

1st Prize "Special" $1,112.00 Overland Auto or	$1,000.00
2nd Prize	100.00
3rd "	50.00
4th "	100.00
5th "	50.00
6th "	25.00
7th "	25.00
8th "	20.00
9th "	20.00
10th "	20.00
11th "	15.00
12th "	15.00
13th "	15.00
14th "	15.00
15th "	15.00
16th "	15.00
17th "	10.00
18th "	10.00
19th "	10.00
20th "	10.00
21st "	10.00
22nd "	10.00
23rd "	10.00
24th "	10.00
25th "	10.00

All Ties Receive Duplicate Prizes

Can You Solve this Puzzle?

Anyone living outside of Toronto is privileged to take part.

Put on your thinking-cap and solve the puzzle and send in your answer. Probably you know the names of most of the famous stars, but just to refresh your memory we give below a few of the most popular ones.

Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Charles Ray, Patty Arbuckle, Norma Talmage, Wallace Reid, Beverly Bayne, Thomas Meighen, Mabel Normand, Dorothy Gish, Pauline Frederick, Gloria Swanson, Douglas Fairbanks, Alice Brady, Dustin Farnum, Pearl White, Blanche Sweet, Theda Bara.

Costs Nothing to Try

Wouldn't you be the happiest person in the world if you were the winner of the $1,000 in a contest like this which took only a few minutes of your time? Well I should say you would be happy! And you can do it too. It's just thru such little opportunities as this that hundreds and thousands of common folks have obtained their start and have risen to be the great men of today. You probably know of some such cases yourself if you think. This is the CANADIAN FARMER'S offer to YOU to give you a like chance. And it won't cost you one cent.

Only 125 Points Wins $1,000.00

The answer gaining 125 points (which is the maximum) will win the $1,000 in cash (or the beautiful "Special" Overland). Second highest will receive $500.00 and so on down the list of 25 prizes.

For each Movie Name that you correctly arrange you will receive 10 points, or 100 points in all if you arrange all ten names correctly.

Then you can get 60 more points by "qualifying" your answer. That is, by proving that you have shown a copy of the CANADIAN FARMER to three people during this Big Publicity & Booster Campaign. A qualification blank will be mailed you on receipt of your answer.

The final 25 points will be awarded by three prominent and independent judges on the neatness, style, handwriting and spelling of your answer.

Strike while the iron is hot, and send in your answer today.

Rules of Contest

1. Write all ten Movie Names on one side of a sheet of paper.
2. Write your name and address plainly in the upper right hand corner of the same sheet.
3. If you wish to write anything else, use a separate sheet of paper and sign your name and complete address on it also.
4. Three prominent judges, having no connection with the CANADIAN FARMER, will judge the qualified answers and award the prizes.
5. The answer gaining 125 points, which is the highest number obtainable, wins First Prize. Ten points will be given for each correct name you send, or 100 points if you get all ten names correct. Sixty additional points are gained by qualifying your answer, and 25 points will be given for neatness, style, handwriting and spelling.
6. When the Movie Editor receives your solution, he will send you a letter telling you just exactly how many points your solution earned and also send you a simple copy of the CANADIAN FARMER to help you to "qualifying."
7. The Contest closes on Saturday, March 11, 1922 and announcement of Prize Winners will be made in the CANADIAN FARMER shortly after.

R. T. HAMILTON, Movie Editor, CANADIAN FARMER Cor. Richmond & Sheppard Sts. Toronto, Canada