The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1922

A SIMPLE SERMON

There's only one method of meetin' life's foal;
Just keep on a-strivin' an' hope for the best.
Don't give up the game an' retire in dismay;
'Cause hammers are thrown when you'd like a bouquet.
This world would be tiresome, we'd all get blued,
If all the folks in it held just the same views;
So finish your work; show the best of your skill,
Some folks won't like, but other folks will.
If you're leadin' an army, or buildin' a fence,
Do the most that you can with your own common sense.
One small word of praise in this journey of tears
Outweighs in the balance 'gainst cart-loads of sneers.
The plants that we're passin' as common-place weeds
Oft prove to be just what some sufferer needs.
So keep on a-goin'; don't stay standin' still.
Some people won't like you, but other folks will.

Mr. Pevely's Car

By Anna Brownell

"WHY don't you drink your coffee while it's hot, pa?" inquired Mrs. Pevely. "You are letting it get stone-cold."

With a start Mr. Pevely bestirred himself and the coffee. "Ma," he burst out, ladling in three tablespoonfuls of sugar recklessly. "I have a chance to buy a car."

"Now, Ira—"

But Nan and Estie and the twins—Beulah and Beva—precipitated themselves upon their father in wild delight. "A car!" they cried. "O dad!"

"I thought I'd sleep on it, ma, before I told you," Mr. Pevely went on quickly. "It's a bargain if ever there was one. It belongs to a painter and paper hanger, and he bought himself a new one. It's a Maryland touring car and is in good running order. Not a thing's the matter with it, but a little kick in the engine. He wanted a hundred and thirty-five dollars, but he knocked off ten for quick sale. It's not a bad looker at that. What say, ma?"

"I didn't say anything," replied Mrs. Pevely, meaningly. "Of all the nonsense, owning a car when we have scarcely a roof over our heads! You know how bad I want a home, Ira Pevely."

"And you'll get a home," Mr. Pevely assured her. "I've always wanted a car, and here I've got one—"

"Not yet," interposed his wife grimly.

"Mark my words, ma, you'll get your home. If a body wants anything bad enough, they'll get it. A Liberty bond and that seventy-five dollars we have saved will buy the car. And then the next thing will be a home."

"We ought to buy a home first," objected Mrs. Pevely. "Besides, it takes a lot of money to keep a car."

"This one won't take nothin' scarcely," Mr. Pevely spoke confidently and enthusiastically. "It will be the makin' of us," he declared. "Why, think of the things we can see, ma. We'll take fishin' trips along the river. We'll go somewhere every Sunday afternoon. We'll carry our suppers to the parks and just live in the open. We'll get brown and hearty—"

"I'm hearty enough now," said Mrs. Pevely; but its apparent that she was weakening.

"Look at the children—nothin' but shadders!" Mr. Pevely added quickly. "Cooped up here in the city that a way! Ma, it's a doctor's prescription and a vacation and a holiday rolled into one. The jaunts we'll take! We will drive up to Wellsville and see Cousin Orville Porter—start some Saturday afternoon—"

"Hurray! Hurray!" shouted Estie and the twins.

The riotous joy of the younger children turned the scales in favor of buying the car. Though Mrs. Pevely was dubious, she yielded.

That evening the people of Cora Street were treated to the unusual sight of the Pevelys driving off in splendor in a large red touring car. Even Mrs. Pevely, nodding in the direction of envious neighbors, felt the subtle joy of being in the class of people who own cars. They rolled along majestically to the chug, chug of the engine. Mr. Pevely, having occasionally driven cars for his company, felt thoroughly at home. He drove to various shops and bought tools, a jack and an inner tube.

"See what it's costing already," said Mrs. Pevely after they had run over a chicken that the irate owner had declared was worth forty-eight cents a pound.

"Anything's got an initial cost," replied Mr. Pevely.

Three blocks farther on the car came to a sudden standstill. Mr. Pevely got out and cranked in vain; finally he called to a garage man across the street.

"Battery needs recharging," the mechanic said condescendingly.

"Then do it," said Mr. Pevely grandly, reaching into his pockets.

"Have to lend you one." The grimy representative of the Amalgamated Order of Garage Profiteers eyed his victim pityingly. "You can get yours later." He lifted the cover and with an air of great wisdom probed and pried at the engine.

"What do you think of her?" inquired Mr. Pevely.

"Cost you a hundred and fifty dollars to get her overhauled."

"How much do I have to pay for the battery?" Mr. Pevely asked hastily.

"Two dollars," replied the mechanic.

Mr. Pevely paid the money, and after the exchange they drove on in silence.

"A hundred and fifty did he say, Ira?" Mrs. Pevely asked at last.

"Those garage men," declared Mr. Pevely impressively, "are all alike; they're robbers. One will tell you one thing, and the next will tell you just the opposite. That's all he knew about it."

Though Mr. Pevely's confidence in his car was still unshaken, he drove home after they had gone only a few blocks. "I don't like to drive around after night," he explained.

On the following Sunday afternoon they drove out again; the car purred along in a well-behaved manner, and Mr. Pevely was almost maudlin in his pride. "The best engine made," he boasted.

But at that moment a right-hand tire collapsed. Mr. Pevely labored perspiringly in the hot, dusty road, and Nan stood by with the vulcanising outfit. They had just mended the tire when a sudden shower came up. The rain beat fiercely against the car and thoroughly soaked Mrs. Pevely's best voile, which she had donned specially for the people of Cora Street. Estie and the twins wrapped themselves in newspapers and lay in the bottom of the car.

Mr. Pevely tried vainly to crank it. "Rain's flooded the generator, I reckon," he huffed. "I ought to have covered it."

"What are you going to do?" demanded Mrs. Pevely tartly.

"We'll wait awhile," Mr. Pevely replied, with his usual optimism, "and when the water runs out she'll start."

They waited for an hour, at the expiration of which Mrs. Pevely and Estie went to get help. They splashed through dark and muddy alleys and finally found a man who agreed to tow the car. But on their way back they spied it coming toward them; another car was towing it, and the twins were hanging over the sides. "She's going, ma!" they cried as the car passed their mother.

Mrs. Pevely could only apologize to the man she had routed out; then she and Estie hurried home. As they mounted the steps, wet and bedraggled, she could not help overhearing the remarks from the next porch:

"Who on earth is that?"

"Oh, it's that stuck-up piece next door that owns a car. I 'lowed they'd come home walkin'—"

Mrs. Pevely's ire increased as her neighbors laughed derisively. She strode into the house to find Mr. Pevely and the children round a pitcher of ice water.

"Got a fellow that happened along to tow me in," Mr. Pevely remarked cheerfully. "Nice sort of a bird; only charged me a dollar."

"We've got so many of 'em to fling at birds," Mrs. Pevely said with bitter sarcasm, taking off the younger children's wet clothing.

"Accidents will happen, ma; we'll live and learn. That car's in good running order—"

But Mrs. Pevely had stalked upstairs.

They did not drive out again for a week; Mr. Pevely silenced the clamors of the twins by saying that they must consider the expense of gasoline. "We will picnic on the river," he assured them, "come Saturday afternoon."

On the appointed day they set forth with bulging baskets. It was a gay turnout. Mrs. Pevely decided not to be a wet blanket; the children's delight was contagious.

"She's doing fine," Mr. Pevely said enthusiastically as they purred along one of the business streets. "We'll get there in time to catch a mess of fish for supper."

But he spoke too soon; a car whirred by so suddenly as to startle him into stalling the engine. Climbing out, he tried again and again to crank it, while the traffic policeman glared at him and speeding automobiles went out of their way to get past him. Mr. Pevely sought the aid of a garage man.

"We might as well eat our supper here," observed Mrs. Pevely with resignation; "it seems a garage is as far as we ever get."

"What seems to be the trouble?" inquired Mr. Pevely anxiously.

"Something wrong with your generator; it runs down your batteries. You ought to take her to pieces and find out the trouble."

"How much would it cost?" ventured Mr. Pevely.

"Oh, anywhere from five to fifty dollars." The fellow spoke casually.

"Well, tow us in," said Mr. Pevely briefly.

After the car had been towed for a few yards the engine started to go of its own accord. Mr. Pevely was so overjoyed that he laughed and joked as he paid the man a dollar for his services. "Nothing wrong with that car but a kick in the engine," Mr. Pevely boasted. "Good running order; can't believe half they tell you. But I wouldn't climb no hills with that generator. We'd best eat supper at home—"

A loud clamor rose from the younger Pevelys. "You said we could go to the river—"

"So I did, and so you shall." Mr. Pevely mopped his perspiring brow. "Next Monday's the First of July. What say to an all-day picnic on the Meramec and to taking along Uncle Joe and Aunt Em? We'll have the time of our lives. I'll get a man who knows something to look over this generator."

"Don't stop at the generator," said Mrs. Pevely.

Mr. Pevely laughed genially. "Look on the bright side, ma. See how she's goin' now. I wouldn't be afraid to drive this car clear to Florida."

"I would," snapped Mrs. Pevely.

Nevertheless she was much interested in the idea of the outing on the First of July. The young Pevelys were in a riotous state of anticipation. Uncle Joe and Aunt Em were duly invited. Mr. Pevely with rare insight bought a new casing and another inner tube; and Mrs. Pevely ransacked the ten-cent store for bathing suits for the family.

Since the party was to start early on Monday morning, Mrs. Pevely, though her conscience troubled her, remained home from church on Sunday and "backed up" against the Pevelys appetites. On retiring, Beulah and Beva arranged their garments across the footboard in such order that they could jump into them almost with a single movement. Estie, who was thirteen years old, put up her hair in rags; and with the aid of an old mourning veil Nan made herself an automobile bonnet.

"O dad, do you think it will ever come morning?" cried the twins for the tenth time.

"Let us live in hopes," Mr. Pevely replied, smiling. That was the Pevely creed, living in hopes, and it had earned them the nickname in the neighborhood of the "happy-go-lucky Pevelys."

Notwithstanding her labors on the preceding day Mrs. Pevely rose before the others on Monday morning and baked blueberry turnovers. When the luncheon was finally ready no basket would hold it and Mr. Pevely had to fetch a large packing box. The twins packed combs and towels and Estie tucked in a box of talcum powder. Practical Nan wraped up a huge chunk of ice and hunted for nickel glasses and old spoons.

At last, with Beulah and Beva perched respectively on the packing box and on a three-legged stool to make room for Uncle Joe and Aunt Em, the Pevelys set forth. The car was on its best behavior and with a flourish drew up in front of Uncle Joe's house. Aunt Em, stout and smiling, settled herself with a bulging basket on her knees.

"Great day in the morning," boomed Uncle Joe heartily, climbing in beside Mr. Pevely. "What did you have to pay for your car, Ira?"

"A hundred and twenty-five dollars down," replied Mr. Pevely impressively, implying that there was much more to be paid in monthly installments.

"My veal loaf came out fine," chattered Aunt Em above the chugging of the engine. "What are you stopping for, Ira?"

"I hope it's not a flat tire," cried Nan, with swift foreboding.

"Engine's gone dead," said Mr. Pevely. "We'll get out and give her a shove or two, and she'll go."

They all climbed out and the dwellers along the avenue were regaled with the unwonted sight of the Pevelys and their guests pushing a swerving car downhill. A moment later the engine began to chug, and they all clambered in.

"Saved a dollar that time," exulted Mr. Pevely. "When she gets balky we can do our own towing. You've got to pacify 'em same as you do a woman."

Uncle Joe poked his nephew in the ribs facetiously. "Ain't women the—"

"You've got a flat tire," yelled a passing motorist.

Mr. Pevely got out and beat to the task of mending it, and the family sought cool places along the roadside. It was a bad puncture, and he needed Nan and Uncle Joe to help him. By the time they had finished they were dripping wet with perspiration. Mr. Pevely cranked the engine wearily; it refused to stir. "We'll push her back down a piece," he said hopefully, "and then run her forward. Ready, go!"

They all shoved. Backward and forward they rolled the car, but in vain. With an optimism born of previous triumphs Mr. Pevely spurred them on. "Once more," he encouraged them. "Give her one more trial." But the last trial proved to be disastrous. Aunt Em at the rear tripped over a stone, and before she could regain her balance the hind wheel ran over her foot. She shrieked and fell in the road. "My foot's broke," she lamented.

Mr. Pevely examined it anxiously. "I don't think it's broke," he said cheerfully. "Sort o' sprained like."

"It's liable to be blood poison. Ira Pevely, turn that possessed thing round and take me home."

A cry of disappointment rose from the younger children.

"Well, are you going to do it, or ain't you?" demanded Aunt Em.

"Soon as I can get her running, Aunt Em," replied Mr. Pevely, puffing between efforts to crank the engine.

"Better flag somebody and have them tow you, dad," suggested Nan. "There comes some one now."

It was a young man in a shining roadster; but before Mr. Pevely could put up his hand to detain him he had whirled by in a cloud of dust.

"Maybe it's your crank case," he yelled.

"Crank case is right," said Aunt Em grimly.

At last Mr. Pevely succeeded in stopping a motorist. "Your batteries are dead," the man said, after obligingly examining the engine. "You'd better walk back a mile to that garage we passed and get four new ones."

Mr. Pevely walked the mile. In another hour they were homeward bound. After they had gone five miles without a mishap Mr. Pevely's spirits rose. "That was all that ailed her, the batteries," he boasted. "The best car can't go on a dead battery. Look at her now sailing up the road—"

"It's that same tire again, dad," cried Nan with calm conviction.

"Must be the valve's leaking," said Mr. Pevely.

Everyone except Aunt Em got out, no one spoke; words would have led to an explosion.

By stopping at every filling station and pumping the tires between stops, they covered the next few miles uneventfully. Then when hope once more sprang eternal in Mr. Pevely's breast the car stopped short on a sharp incline. Mr. Pevely examined the engine nervously. "It can't be the batteries again," he said. "I'm blessed if I know—"

Aunt Em, nursing her swollen foot, made one brief observation: "A fool and his money are soon parted."

"What's the matter with her?" inquired Mr. Pevely of a friendly autoist who had obligingly stopped.

"Spark plug's no good," the man said after a brief examination. "Three quarters of a mile back is a garage—"

Mr. Pevely was already on his way to it. When he returned even Aunt Em was beyond words.

In the next three miles the car did pretty well; even the leaking valve behaved well. Mr. Pevely smiled; but within three blocks of Uncle Joe's house they came to a sudden standstill.

"We'll walk those three blocks," declared Aunt Em shortly. "A body'd better hobble on one foot than ride in that hearse."

"There's a garage across the street," said Mr. Pevely. "Just wait till I get a man."

But Aunt Em was firm, and Mr. Pevely and Uncle Joe half led, half carried, her to her home.

Then Mr. Pevely sought the aid of a youthful garage man.

"Carburetor," said the boy briefly.

"Is there any part to that car that ain't been named yet?" inquired Mrs. Pevely with fine sarcasm.

The boy grinned. "You need a new one." He was referring to the carburetor. "Mebbe this one will take you home, and mebbe it won't. I can put in a new one in a couple of hours."

"We'll risk getting home with the old one," Mr. Pevely decided.

With much cranking they finally got started. "What does he know about it, an infant like that?" exclaimed Mr. Pevely.

"Can't we stop at a park and eat, dad?"

"Think of all the lunch!"

"And it's the First of July!"

"Keep still now!" cried Mr. Pevely. "She's not going any too well. Liable to stop on us any minute. Whoa—"

There was a fearful crash, and Mr. Pevely found himself spinning down the road. When he finally struck the ground he looked round dazedly.

"Hurt much?" inquired a strange voice.

"I feel sort orf light-headed. Who's that yellin'?"

The stranger helped Mr. Pevely slowly along the road to where the car lay, a splintered wreck. The twins were screaming, and Mrs. Pevely, Nan and Estie were extricating themselves from the wreckage. A crowd was gathering.

"I guess you're the only one that's hurt, and you're only shaken up," said the stranger. "It's nothing short of a miracle. You see, I ran into you as you swerved round that turn." He led Mr. Pevely aside and spoke briskly. "Let's get this business over before we're all taken to the police station. I'm in a great hurry; I'll settle with you out of court." He whipped out a bill book. "Let's see, your car's a wreck. What make? Oh, I see—it's a Maryland touring car. What's the damage?"

Mr. Pevely swallowed hard. "She was in good running order," he asserted slowly. "Not a thing wrong with her but—but—a kick in the engine."

"I see. Could you replace it for—cars are cheap now—shall we say for five hundred?"

Mr. Pevely was speechless.

"If that suits you—" The stranger peeled off ten yellow bills from a huge roll and then handed Mr. Pevely a paper on which he had scribbled hastily. "Sign here," he said. "It's just a statement that you won't take my number and prosecute. Thanks. So long." And climbing into his long gray touring car, he was off like a shot.

Mr. Pevely gazed after him blankly. "We're all here," announced Mrs. Pevely, who had counted her family for the fourth time. "Thank goodness, we've ridden our last in that car. When I think—"

Mr. Pevely held up the bill gloatingly. "Five hundred's not so bad, ma—what? I knew I was getting a bargain in that car. What did I tell you about getting your home? Here's the first installment—"

"Ira!" breathed Mrs. Pevely scalistically.

"Dad!" cried the younger Pevelys in a jubilant chorus.

Mr. Pevely, beaming, shouldered the box of food and led the way to the nearest street car. "Plumb amazed," he said with a regretful look at the wreck. "And a real car, too!"

"In good running order," added Mrs. Pevely, not without a touch of irony.—Companion.

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Few people realize the value of lemons, which cannot be over-estimated.

Two or three slices of lemon in a cup of hot, strong tea will cure a nervous headache.

A teaspoon of lemon juice in a cup of black coffee will relieve a bilious headache.

The juice of half a lemon in a cup of hot water on awakening in the morning is an excellent corrective.

A dash of lemon juice in plain water makes a cleansing tooth wash.

A lotion of lemon juice and rose water will remove tan and whiten the skin.

Lemon juice with olive oil is considered by many as far superior to vinegar for salad dressing.

Lemon juice and loaf sugar are good for hoarseness.

Outward application of the juice allays irritation caused by insect bites.

A refreshing drink is made by adding a freshly-beaten egg to lemonade, and

The same mixture when frozen makes a delicious ice.

If when boiling sago or rice a teaspoon of lemon juice is added the kernels will be whiter and a delicate flavor is added.

An old-fashioned remedy for croup is lemon juice, honey and alum.

We all know the value of lemon juice and salt for removing rust stains from white goods.

After the juice is extracted the rind dipped in salt cleanses brass beautifully and conveniently.

It also removes unsightly stains from the hands.

For flavoring cookery lemon juice is unexcelled.

After the pulp is removed the skins make dainty receptacles for serving salads, ices, etc.

Tough meat may be made tender by adding a teaspoon of lemon juice to the water in which it is boiled.

Slices of lemon garnish fish of all descriptions.

Tea is greatly improved by the addition of a slice of lemon, either food for summer's use or as Russian tea on a winter's day.

NOTES ON COAL

The price of soft coal suggests that it will be a hard winter.

A dash of winter now and then is relished by the coal yard men.

The coal dealers can't fuel all the people at once.

"What is the best fire preventative?" asks a weekly journal. The price of coal.

You see, coal is high because of the freight rate. And the freight rate is high because locomotives must burn high-priced coal.

The coal operators are only human, and it is so much easier to get it off of the public than to get it out of the mines.

A WONDERFUL IDEA

"May I be as great as my mother thinks me," someone says. Would that not be a wonderful life motto for a boy to choose?

If you could measure up to your mother's standard, to her ideal of you; if you could only keep her model of your possibilities constantly in your mind, what a wonderful difference it would make in your life! What a wonderful country this would be if every boy should make himself what his mother is ambitious to have him make of himself! If he should take the place in the community which she has pictured for him! If we were all ready to make for our own advancement such sacrifices as she has already made and the greater ones she would gladly make to see us as she longs to have us, what a race of giants we would be!

What our mothers think we are and can be—ah, there's the test of our lives, to reach up to their ambition for us!

RAINY TRADITIONS

The English tradition that if it rains on St. Swithin's day rain will fall for forty days and nights has its counterpart in other countries. The French accord a similar influence over the weather to St. Medard, whose festival is on June 8; the Belgians believe their sacred Lady Godelieve, whose day is July 6, influences the weather for a month thereafter; the Germans attribute a like influence to the Seven Sleepers, whose anniversary is July 27; and the Scotch St. Swithin is St. Martin or Bullions, whose festival is celebrated on July 4. The real fact is that weather changes are especially apt to occur in June or July, and people can always twist these changes to prove the truth of these old traditions; hence their persistence in many minds.

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1 only 4 Burner Florence Automatic Oil Stove, with Success Oven. Regularly $38.60. Sale Price, $33.00.

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FRED BLOW

To Holders of Five Year 5½ per cent Canada's Victory Bonds

Issued in 1917 and Maturing 1st December, 1922.

CONVERSION PROPOSALS

THE MINISTER OF FINANCE offers to holders of these bonds who desire to continue their investment in Dominion of Canada securities the privilege of exchanging the maturing bonds for new bonds bearing 5½ per cent interest, payable half yearly, of either of the following classes:—

(a) Five year bonds, dated 1st November, 1922, to mature 1st November, 1927.

(b) Ten year bonds, dated 1st November, 1922, to mature 1st November, 1932.

While the maturing bonds will carry interest to 1st December, 1922, the new bonds will commence to earn interest from 1st November, 1922, GIVING A BONUS OF A FULL MONTH'S INTEREST TO THOSE AVAILING THEMSELVES OF THE CONVERSION PRIVILEGE.

This offer is made to holders of the maturing bonds and is not open to other investors. The bonds to be issued under this proposal will be substantially of the same character as those which are maturing, except that the exemption from taxation does not apply to the new issue.

Holders of the maturing bonds who wish to avail themselves of this conversion privilege should take their bonds AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE, BUT NOT LATER THAN SEPTEMBER 30th, to a Branch of any Chartered Bank in Canada and receive in exchange an official receipt for the bonds surrendered, containing an undertaking to deliver the corresponding bonds of the new issue.

Holders of maturing fully registered bonds, interest payable by cheque from Ottawa, will receive their December 1 interest cheque as usual. Holders of coupon bonds will detach and retain the last unmatured coupon before surrendering the bond itself for conversion purposes.

The surrendered bonds will be forwarded by banks to the Minister of Finance at Ottawa, where they will be exchanged for bonds of the new issue, in fully registered, or coupon registered or coupon bearer form carrying interest payable 1st May and 1st November of each year of the duration of the loan, the first interest payment accruing and payable 1st May, 1923. Bonds of the new issue will be sent to the banks for delivery immediately after the receipt of the surrendered bonds.

The bonds of the maturing issue which are not converted under this proposal will be paid off in cash on the 1st December, 1922.

Dated at Ottawa, 8th August, 1922.

W. S. FIELDING,
Minister of Finance.

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