The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1923

HELP A FELLOW FORWARD

Help a fellow forward, man!
Help him all you can:
When he's out of step and slow,
Courage gone and can't say, "no,"
When despair comes sneakin' in,
When he feels he cannot win, a little bit
More of that and he must quit.

Will you heedless of his plight,
Forge ahead with all your might?
Will you take the lead nor mind,
This poor struggler left behind?
Nay, I am sure you'll stop awhile,
Stop to help him with a smile;
Stop to lend a hand to him
Who is up against the grim
Problem we all must face—
Somewhere in life's eager race.

Help a fellow forward! say
Something cheerful, something gay,
Something that will stir his soul;
Still his will and self control.
Bravest hearts will sometimes fail,
Strongest spirits sometimes quail;
And a friendly word of cheer,
Oft' transforms a whole career.
Have you not yourself been stirred,
In times past, by some kind word
To stronger efforts still?

THE UNDERMINING OF ENGLAND

According to an English paper, England, Scotland, and Wales together have produced some 8,500,000,000 tons of coal. Small wonder then that these countries are full of huge holes caused by the abstraction of this mass of mineral.

Indeed, so many holes are there, and so much is the land falling in, that in the West Riding of Yorkshire the local council is seeking power from Parliament to make mine and royalty owners pay something towards draining the sunken districts.

Doncaster coalfield is of comparatively recent date, but so badly has this district been affected by the mining operations that experts say that Doncaster will stand on a morass in ten years' time. Even now a large area of land has been marked off as quite unfit for building purposes.

From Wakefield to Goole, practically along the whole course of the Don, the country is more or less flooded, and what might be fruitful land simply goes to waste. Roads, too, in this part frequently suffer—and they cost something like $17,000 a mile to resurface. Naturally, the Black Country has suffered a great deal from subterranean workings. They have often caused whole districts to sink, and a few years ago the High Street of Cradley Heath dropped suddenly five feet.

The solution of the problem rests in adequate draining of the subsided areas. Mining is proceeding all the time—drainage ought to follow to counteract the bad effects of boring and blasting.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

I call education, not that which smothers a woman with accomplishments, but that which tends to consolidate a firm and regular system of character. That which tends to form a friend, a compahion, and a wife.—Hannah Moore.

An old writer says, those that seldom take lawful pleasure will take unlawful, and by lacing themselves too hard grow awry on one side.—William Mathews.

The block of granite which was an obstacle in the path of the weak, becomes a stepping stone in the way of the strong.—Carlyle.

The strange things which are done in the world (which are some millions daily) are just what keep the world alive.—Kingsley.

The greatest obstacle to being heroic is the doubt whether one may not be going to prove one's self a fool.—Hawthorne.

I hate cynicism a great deal worse than I do the devil; unless, perhaps, the two were the same thing.—R. L. Stevenson.

Conscious guilt unnerves the arm that lifts the sword against the innocent.—J. Warren.

To think without reading is difficult; to read without thinking is ridiculous.

Some men pose as the under dog for the purpose of exciting sympathy.

A man who knows no foreign language knows nothing of his own.—Goethe.

An ear for music is a very different thing from a taste for music.

If Europe shall ever be ruined it will be by its warriors.—Montesquieu.

Don't bite off more than you can chew.—Chinese proverb.

Most people's gratitude is a wish for favors to come.

EVEN GYPSIES CHANGING

To defend her race from the charge that they are "ugly, dirty, half idiotic," Venella Smith, a gypsy princess, has written the first genuine Romany letter to appear in the English newspapers. She is a gifted woman, deeply versed in Borrow gypsy lore, and claiming descent from the Petulengro family, mentioned in Borrow's books, which to gypsies is what Norman blood is to the aristocratic English families. "Princess" Smith contends that real gypsies are handsome, clean, as clever as their critics, and gives evidence that the mysterious vagabond race is changing its traditional habits under the influence of the modern thirst for knowledge. Nowadays in gypsy camps here, her letter continues, it is not unusual to find the mother squatting beside her caravan, teaching the swarthy brood of children to read and write.

WHY NINE LIVES

The saying that a cat has nine lives is a tribute to that animal's wonderful knack of escaping early death. Its body, flexible as steel, gives it remarkable agility, and its padded paws enable it to land safely after a fall that might kill a dog. Its spine is tougher than most animals', while its loosely fitting skin enables it to take many a nip with no injury to the actual body. The cat tribe, too, has a better balanced muscular system than most creatures, and so perfectly is its body under control that even when thrown from a height, a cat will generally manage to fall safely on those padded paws. The saying "nine lives," however, is only derived from the old superstition which regarded 9 and 7 as numbers having mystical significance. So they used to say it took nine tailors to make a man.

CALISTHENICS AND HOUSEWORK

"Physical culture is awfully interesting!" cried the eager girl who had just come back from boarding school for a vacation.

"Look, papa, to develop the arms I grasp this rod in this way and then move it slowly from right to left. Do you see?"

"Wonderful!" replied her father in admiration. "What extraordinary things teachers have discovered! If you had a bundle of straw at the end of that rod you'd be sweeping."

The Free Press' Short Story

Julia Wide-Awake

AGNES MILLER

"PIERMONT COLLEGE is going to lose its most brilliant girl!"

"Julia Archer will be a tradition!"

"No wonder everybody called her Julia Wide-Awake! She never seemed to study at all these whole four years, and she's graduating with marks above average."

"Professors simply couldn't catch her napping! Do you remember that oral test in Roman history when she hadn't opened the book the whole term and Dr. Greer asked her: 'What was the principal occupation of the inhabitants of the Po basin during the reign of Tiberius?' She instantly said, 'Agriculture,' and when he kept at her to name crops she said, 'Grain' and then 'Olives' without hesitating."

"And do you remember the day she headed off Dr. Jenkins from calling on her in English by volunteering an answer to a general question about Tennyson's dramas, which she'd never read? He asked why they were better read than performed, and she instantly said, 'Because they have so little action!' What wonderful 'intelligent questions' Julia used to ask, and those poor professors never suspected her!"

"And what a wonderful position she's going to! Research work for a new encyclopædia!"

Julia Archer at her desk in the office of Mr. Hartley, the editor of the encyclopædia, smiled dreamily as she seemed to hear again those voices of a month before on the flowering June campus. Especially clear were the tinkling accents of little Amy Wood, her most devoted admirer among the large number whom Julia's fine looks, warm manners and ready tongue had won her at Piermont College. A passing frown of perplexity clouded the bright, intelligent face, which just missed perfect charm by missing perfect openness, as Julia wondered why she had not heard from Amy since commencement. The little sophomore, who quoted Julia constantly and imitated her as faithfully as a sweet, perhaps rather dull, girl could imitate a dashing, sparkling one, had promised more than once to write just as soon as she reached her summer home in the mountains. Yet four weeks had gone without a letter.

But Julia had little time to dream or to wonder, for the manuscript of the first section of the encyclopædia was almost ready to be revised, and she was completing her last contribution to it, a piece of French biographical translation, which Miss Rawles, typewriter, was expecting to copy before luncheon. Julia, of course, did not typewrite her own manuscript. Research workers were destined for higher things.

It seemed to her as she worked that she had made the best possible preparation for her career. Literary work was her chief interest, yet she was so full of vitality that everything interested her. Her broad course of study in languages, history, science and literature seemed an excellent foundation for a compiler of brief articles for a new popular encyclopædia. Julia thoroughly enjoyed searching for her material through piles of reference books and combining her choice of facts into striking paragraphs. Her keenness and good memory for general information, which had made her so able to foil inquisitive professors, seemed also to be winning her favor with Mr. Hartley, an experienced elderly man, who highly appreciated well-educated, well-bred assistants. Julia wondered how he endured with such apparent equanimity Miss Rawlee's bright silk business dress and her extensive slang.

Mr. Hartley, returning from an early luncheon, entered the office just as Julia put the final period on her translation. "I've finished my assignment, Mr. Hartley," she announced enthusiastically. "Shall I give it to Miss Rawles now?"

"Yes, she's nearly finished what she's doing; she's a confirmed speeder," replied Mr. Hartley pleasantly. "No difficulties yet, I suppose, Miss Archer?"

"No," replied Julia, smiling. She never had difficulties.

"Then the first section of the work is completed! Very well, go and have luncheon."

Julia put on her hat and carried her pile of manuscript into the stenographic department. Miss Rawles, a sharp-eyed girl a little younger than Julia, glanced up as Julia approached her desk. "Hello, girlie!" she said. "You're just the person I want to see. Listen! Did you leave out something here?"

She pointed to the sheet of paper set in the carriage of her typewriter, and Julia, concealing her annoyance at the unduly familiar form of address, read the following sentence: "Out of the prodigious cataclysm ensuing—a catastrophe in which empires were torn asunder and thrones overturned—a new star of hope of the first magnitude appeared on the horizon to rule the shattered destinies of mankind."

"What seems to be wrong, please?" inquired Julia, coldly civil.

"I didn't know just what it was all about," admitted Miss Rawles. "Sometimes the research workers leave out something by mistake, and I just speak to them if I notice it."

"It is I connecting paragraph in that historical article you are typewriting of course," said Julia with restrained superiority. "Perhaps Mr. Hartley will understand it."

"All right," said Miss Rawles, quite unperturbed.

Loudly and cheerfully she resumed the description of the star of hope while Julia went to enjoy her dainty luncheon, which was marred only by a moment or two of recurring worry over Amy Wood's failure to write. What in the world could ail her?

Julia returned to her desk in her customary good spirits. A new assignment relating to an article on the American shoe trade was lying there. "Write census figures only, for the following decades," said a note in Mr. Hartley's hand. Julia was rather astonished. Copying statistics was usually the task of some humbler member of the staff. However, she promptly started work as directed, careful not to disturb her chief, who at his desk opposite seemed deeply engrossed in a pile of typewritten manuscripts. The statistics were distressingly dry, and Julia was relieved when he addressed her:

"Miss Archer, did you ever hear of General San Martin?"

"I think not," replied Julia, smiling. "But you seem to have heard of Bolivar?"

"Oh, are you reading my geographical article on Venezuela? Yes, I certainly have heard of Bolivar."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Hartley, with his first hint of irony, "that accounts for this item in your article: 'Only one military commander, Bolivar the Liberator, was able to scale the almost inaccessible summits of the Andes with an army—a feat that was accomplished in 1819.'"

"I think the date is correct," said Julia.

"It is. So is the fact that Bolivar passed the Andes with an army. Did you look either of those facts up?"

"Why, no. I knew them."

"And you know Bolivar was the only general who ever performed that exploit?"

"Why—"

"You certainly did not know that, Miss Archer, for it is not so." Mr. Hartley regarded the girl calmly. "In 1817 General San Martin, the national hero of Argentina, led an army across the Andes into Chile with strategy so extraordinary that I believe it is still studied in military schools. I am not blaming you, however, for never having heard of him; his personality was not spectacular. I could criticize you, however, for making an off-hand statement without even trying to verify it. Had you done so you would at once have found references to the Argentine general, for he and Bolivar were closely connected."

"I'm sorry I made a slight mistake," Julia's tone was wounded and even a little defiant.

Mr. Hartley looked at her hard, though not unkindly. "Some of your statement is correct," he said at last. "In college you would be graded C on it, possibly B."

Julia flushed with anger.

Mr. Hartley again referred to the manuscript and, turning to the French biographical sketch that she had translated that morning, inquired: "You found no difficulties in this translation?"

"No; French is an easy language."

"Indeed I feel quite at home with it myself; my father was vice-consul in a French city during my boyhood," said Mr. Hartley pleasantly. "Listen, please, Miss Archer, to this sentence that catches my eye: 'The vessel, commanded by the merchant captain Vidal, was proceeding upstream after having taken on a cargo from Saindoux.' Now this idiomatic expression that you have translated 'upstream,' do you recall it?"

Julia gave it correctly with a little air of triumph.

"You didn't look that up!"

"Why, no, Mr. Hartley. I knew it!"

"Yes, that time you were right. How about this expression 'merchant captain'?"

"Capitaine au long cours!" Julia quoted vivaciously. "Why, literally that would be 'long-voyage captain,' so I decided 'merchant captain' was as good English as any. I could think of."

"It will pass. That time you guessed pretty close to the mark." Now, Miss Archer, I see that this vessel was proceeding up the Loire River. There's a large map of France in that atlas yonder. Will you please turn to it and find Saindoux."

Several minutes passed during which Julia's pencil traced the length of the Loire nervously and in vain. "It isn't here. Perhaps this map's not detailed enough," she suggested finally, and her face was red with annoyance.

"Try looking up the word in the dictionary," directed Mr. Hartley, whose expression showed that he was by no means enjoying his assistant's distress.

Julia did so, gave one glance at the English equivalent, closed the book and sat down.

"Saindoux is the French word for lard, isn't it? I think the vessel had taken on a cargo of lard," said Mr. Hartley with astonishing mildness. "Why did you suppose it was the name of a place?"

"It looks something like a French proper name. I thought it was just misprinted without a capital," replied Julia.

"Why didn't you find out? Is that the way you studied? I guess it's the way you didn't study," said Mr. Hartley shrewdly. "I'm afraid you have that American ideal which is decidedly not one of our best—the ideal of 'getting by.'"

Julia felt remarkably foolish. She was just persuading herself that anyway she had made no more errors when Mr. Hartley burst forth again, this time vigorously: "What in the name of sense is all this about ensuing cataclysms and hope of the first magnitude? A connecting paragraph, eh? Were you ever ordered to leave out facts from connecting paragraphs? These are just showy, meaningless phrases! People aren't going to pay ten dollars to read about shattered destinies. Miss Archer, you'll have to give up this work."

Julia looked so utterly bewildered that Mr. Hartley was sorry for her, though he continued to shake his head firmly. "I am very sorry, Miss Archer," he said, "the more so because you seemed full of promise. But I've suspected for some time that you were not dependable. See here, I'm going to tell you why. You refuse to think honestly. You won't make a return for what is expected of you. You want to write an encyclopædia, but you won't look up a word in a dictionary. Is that fair? You need to wake up and stop bluffing. Mentally honest people don't want merely to 'get by'; they want to enter in triumph. Well, you may stay until the end of next week and copy figures; that will give you time to look for another position."

What a week had dawned for Julia. Though no one mentioned her failure or her coming departure to her, she felt as if she, the pride of Piermont College, had been publicly humiliated. Her first reaction was wounded vanity; her second was angry disbelief in Mr. Hartley's criticism. Acting under them, she determined to go where she would be better appreciated. Literary work was not the only career in which she could shine. "I'll write to the dean," she decided. "She knows what a leader I was at college, and that I'm good socially and at games. I shall ask her for a letter of recommendation to Community House, where lots of Piermont girls have worked. I could do club work very well."

Julia dispatched to Miss Trumbull, the dean of Piermont, a most polite and skillfully worded note and after sending it somewhat recovered her spirits; she copied the detestable census figures with less rancor and hinted to her associates that she had more desirable work than their own in view. Her renewed cheerfulness reached its climax one morning when she found on her desk the long-looked-for letter in Amy Wood's handwriting. Picking it up eagerly, she was astonished to see the familiar postmark. How strange that Amy should be at Piermont! Julia tore the letter open, read it, reread it and then as nine o'clock struck just managed to draw out those ever-accusing census reports and pretend to be working on them. But one paragraph of the letter danced between her eyes and the figures:

"I didn't write before, Julia, because I was ashamed to. Will you ever respect me again? I tried to get by without studying last term the way you always did so brilliantly. I guess only clever people can do it. I flunked chemistry and Spanish, and I'm taking them over in summer school here. Will you go on liking me a little if I pass this time?

Poor Julia! Her eyes were open now. She had terribly misled a weaker girl whom she really cared for and who loved her so blindly that she still trusted her. The bitterness of self-reproach was almost unendurable. Her one hope was that the dean's reply would bring her another chance to save her own reputation. The letter came on Saturday afternoon when Mr. Hartley had taken a half holiday. The only sound that broke the stillness as she feverishly opened the envelope was the click of Miss Rawles's typewriter. Julia read:

My dear Miss Archer: I always take the greatest interest in the careers chosen by Piermont girls, but I cannot conscientiously grant your request to recommend you for club work at Community House. Frankly, you are not yet fit for the leadership of young folks because you make your way by devices rather than by honest work. The faculty here, although obliged to pass you because of your marks, were never satisfied with your influence. Please believe that I tell you the truth, because I am sure that, if you determine to overcome your undisciplined mental habits, you can become a distinguished woman.

Faithfully yours,
Harriet Trumbull

"Girlie, what's the matter?"

The sobs that Julia had thought so carefully suppressed broke forth in a wild rush.

"Oh," sobbed Julia in an agony of remorse and disappointment, "you wouldn't understand!"

"Give me credit for something," said Miss Rawles crisply, and with the economic sense born of five years of business out of twenty years of life added shrewdly, "You haven't found another job!"

"No, and I don't know what I'm going to do! But that's not the worst!"

"Then let's hear the worst right off."

The next minute Julia was confiding to a girl whom she had always rather despised the story of her catastrophe—her inaccurate work, her injury to a friend, the dean's rebuff and her own bitter discovery that in no relationship, business or social, was she thoroughly acceptable. Miss Rawles heard her out with a womanly sympathy that was both consoling and bracing.

"Now, listen to me," she said as Julia ended. "The world's not coming to an end because you've lost your first job, but you must make up your mind to think straight hereafter. Now I've a plan. You're fixed well enough to get through the summer? Well, then, the first of September we're going to hire a lot of new typewriters to rush the copy. I know because I'm going to boss them."

Julia looked profoundly respectful.

"I'm clear-headed and know how to work; that's why Mr. Hartley chose me for the place," explained Miss Rawles naively. "Here's the plan. You start right in going to the business school where I went—it's awfully strict!—and learn typewriting. You're so quick, Miss Archer, you can learn it soon, and it'll head you right—no bluffs go on a typewriter! Then September first you come here and pass the typewriting test, and I'll get you a position. Mr. Hartley won't want you? He will too if you can really satisfy the requirements. He'll respect you if you start doing your best and keep it up. Everybody will!"

"Then I could still help a tiny bit on the encyclopædia," said Julia. "I just hate to be pushed out of here as a failure."

"That's the girl! Go straight, and with your fine ability you'll rise high yet."

"How kind you are, and how, how much you know!" said Julia. "Well, 'we fall to rise'!"

"Poetry?" inquired Miss Rawles. "I love it! Say some more!"

"'We fall to rise,'" said Julia, smiling like an April sun through her last teardrops, "'are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake!'"

UNFAILING MEMORIES

There are some things that you forget which you have earnestly tried to remember. Some historical facts and dates which you have spent many an hour memorizing grow vague in course of time, and perhaps slip away from you altogether. You often embarrass yourself by forgetting the name of some acquaintance and when the time comes to introduce her, you are unable to recall it.

But there are sometimes you will never be able to forget. When you deliberately wound the heart of the one that loves you, when you wreak your fretfulness and irritation on those who accept it without protest, because of the love they bear for you, then you have made for yourself an unfailing memory. You will forget the things you learned at school. The pleasures that once meant so much to you will grow so vague and dim that you will find it impossible to recall just what it was for which you cared so much. But the memory of the cruel words that hurt a tender heart will burn on in your life. Beware how you mortgage your future by those bitter memories.

DON'T DODGE MOTOR CARS

The Ontario Safety League gives the following hints to pedestrians:

Act normally when a vehicle approaches you. Trying to dodge confuses the driver and makes him more likely to hit you.

Cross the street at the cross walk. If inclined to be absent-minded, wake up when crossing a street, and keep out of the hospital.

Wait until a car stops before getting on or off.

Give a driver sufficient space in which to pass you, remember you cannot tell what he is going to do.

Be aware of traffic dangers; familiarity and contempt of them invites accidents.

Remember: Haste, Recklessness, Thoughtlessness and Carelessness cause most accidents.

Do as you would be done by.

SO SUDDEN

The ardent youth had taken the girl of his heart out to tea.

"I say, who is that young man who has just come in?" he asked his companion. "I see he nodded to you. Do you know him?"

"Yes," answered the maiden, "I know him well."

"Shall I ask him to join us?" said the young man, after a pause.

"Oh, dear," murmured the girl in confusion. "This is so sudden."

"Eh, what do you mean?" he asked in surprise.

"Why, Jack," she replied, "he's our minister."

THE DEBT COLLECTOR

A Japanese who obtained a situation with an English firm was asked to write to a customer who had owed some money for a long time.

"Write briefly," said the cashier, "but let him understand distinctly that we expect him to pay without further delay."

The letter was written, and on the following day came a cheque for the amount due.

The letter ran thus: "Dear sir—If you do not send at once the money you owe, we shall be obliged to take steps which will cause you the utmost astonishment.—Respectfully yours——"

MR. PEASLEE ON CARELESS CHARITY

Hearing an unwonted barking and snarling in Caleb Peaslee's yard, Deacon Hyne made as much haste toward it as an elderly man with a rheumatic knee can make. He found Mr. Peaslee surrounded and harrassed by a multitude of dogs, at least, to the deacon's peace-loving eyes it looked like a multitude. "What on airth, Kellup—"

"On account of the rats," Caleb interrupted him sharply. "It's got to the point where either we've got to move out or else the rats have. They are increasin' like rabbits, seems to me, and traps don't thin 'em out any. So I advertised that I'd give five dollars for a rat-catchin' dog. I stuck up a notice down in the post office day before yes'day, and this is what comes of it!"

The deacon looked at the surging mass of dogs. "I don't see many amongst 'em that I'd pick to be rutters," he remarked disparagingly. "That brindled one over there looks big enough and able enough to pull down an ox; and that black-and-white one that just run betwixt your feet and like to have throwed you is as big as a colt. Seems to me the folks that reads your notice didn't show any great judgment in answerin' it. Those dogs are all too big for ratters."

Mr. Peaslee nodded ruefully. "But they showed as much judgment as I did," he admitted with a crestfallen air. "I'd ought to have known it would be like this if I advertised. The ordinary person thinks anything'll do when you advertise; you jest notice sometime."

"How many of 'em do you make the count to be?" asked the deacon.

"There's fourteen of 'em here in the yard," Caleb replied. "It looks more like forty, I know, but that's on account of their shifting round so likely. And there's another one tied in the barn; that makes fifteen."

"I'm as good at figgers as that myself," said the deacon.

"It kind of puts me in mind," said Caleb, ignoring the deacon's irony, "of one time the minister give out in church a des'tute family over Bank's Holler way. There was a bedrid father and the mother and seven daughters, so the minister said, and, while they could make out to git 'bout 'nough to eat, they hadn't anything to wear and couldn't afford to buy.

"Now," says he, 'I'm makin' this appeal to the men members of the congregation; the women have been called on enough in the way of donation parties, and most of the work in charity falls on them anyway. Let the men come forward and do their best to relieve this needy family, bearing in mind that winter is approachin' and that they must be clothed in some way.'

"He talked on for a spell mighty movin' and told what he knew about the condition of the family, talkin' all the time to the men; and I'm free to say that I for one was about ready to give away anything I owned in the way of clothes, and that my wife didn't forbid me givin'. I figgered I'd pick up some few things what times I could ketch her out of the house, and say nothin' to her about it; there'd be less argument over what I could spare, and what I couldn't.

"The minister had got the comin' Thursday for us all to meet at the house in Bank's Holler and lay our offerin's out in the shed; so when I drove up to the back door I wa'n't surprised to see eight or ten hosses hitched round the place and about as many men gathered round the yard; and whilst I was makin' my hoss fast to a cherry tree I noticed that the gatherin' seemed consid'rable tickled over something. However, I thought nothin' much about it and went round to the tail of the wagon and began to haul out the truck I'd fetched. The first thing I got hold of was a heavy blue overcoat that I'd worn for mebbe five years; and when I hauled that out in sight Cyrus Ladd, that was standin' right handy to me, snickered right out and turned to Salem Osgood. 'What'd I tell you, Salem?' he says. And Salem begun to laugh, too, though I didn't see anything yet to laugh over.

"But when I got my arms full of clothes and got to the shed door I could see plain enough, and was ready to laugh too. I didn't need what Cyrus had to say to make things plain to me. 'I venture to say, Caleb,' says he, 'that you didn't consult your wife over what you should bring, now, did yet?' And I had to own up I hadn't.

"'Well,' he says, 'it was the same way with the rest of us, leavin' out Amos Baker; we all figured this was a man's donation party, and we took no counsel, each coming to the same conclusion sep'rate. And the net result,' he says, lookin' at a slip of paper he had in his hand, 'is that we've got twenty-two men's overcoats, fifteen pairs of overalls, thirty-four coats and about the same of vests, and over forty pairs of pants; and one dress and one cloak, which Amos Baker fetched on account of his wife advisin' him to take something a woman would wear. She pointed out with some degree of reason,' Cyrus went on to say, 'that a man bedfast wouldn't have any great use for an overcoat and that women wouldn't have any more use than he would. And if we'd all done as Amos did,' Cyrus says, lookin' stiddy at us and reddenin' up some, 'we'd have showed more sense.'

"Whilst Cyrus was talkin' I'd done some thinkin', and by the time he'd got through I'd got into my pocket and fetched out my calfskin—and got a five-dollar bill out; and when the rest of 'em saw that in my hand there was a gen'ral pullin' out of wallets, and Cyrus pulled off his hat and went round the circle. And when he dumped the hat onto the shed floor there was risin' seventy dollars in the heap.

"There!' says he, wipin' his face and gathering the money up. 'I'm willin' and thankful to pay my part of that to realize how little judgment I've got in some things and how much I'm dependent on my wife's sense.

"'Now,' he says, 'we'll load these things back into our wagons and take 'em back home; and I'll hand this money to the minister and let him give it over to the women-folks of this fam'ly to buy women's clothes with—not men's.

"'But,' he says, kind of grinnin', 'before he totches a cent of this he's got to answer me one question man fashion: whether he figgered out beforehand how we'd act in pickin' out fittin' things, and if he figgered we'd be willing to pay money to have nothin' said about it?'

"And it turned out afterwards," said Caleb, "that the minister grinned and owned up handsome. He was an awful smart minister," Caleb added thoughtfully.

Every 10c Packet of WILSON'S FLY PADS will kill more flies than $8 worth of any sticky fly catcher

Clean to handle. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and General Stores

TWENTY USES FOR LEMONS

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 cleans brass beautifully and conveniently.

It also removes unsightly stains from the hand.

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 kinds.

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

HAD HUMBLE START

It is not a matter of general knowledge that His Lordship Justice Riddell at one time tended cows. The scholarly judge will admit it, doubtless with honest pride, to anyone who does not believe it. He recalled those days himself, in open court and with due dignity, in the progress of a case he was trying about fifteen years ago.

A railway train had slaughtered a dozen or more cows being driven across the tracks by a ten-year-old boy. The responsibility was at issue and the learned judge demonstrated the grasp he had of such matters by becoming reminiscent and digging up the happy days of long ago, when he roamed his father's farm in the neighborhood of Cobourg. One who was present at the trial relates that his lordship cut out all the unwieldly whereases and inasmuches and stated simply:

"When I was a boy on the farm driving cows I am sure I did better by myself than when I had my brother with me."

He didn't want anybody to monkey with his cows. He had his own ideas of driving cows just as he has as a presiding judge and he applied the knowledge of his boyhood to the case.

At the time of that trial the judge wore whiskers of the mutton-chop variety but even then it seemed rather hard to imagine him the little chap in overalls tickling the lazy moo-moos with a long stick forked at the end while he drove them up the green lane to the milkers, but anybody who is acquainted with him will gumble that he made a thorough job of it.

HE THOUGHT IT MIGHT DO

When Dennis received an order he followed it implicity as far as he could—sometimes even farther than his Celtic brain realized.

"He wants a pane o' windy-glass, tin inches by fourteen," said Dennis one day as he entered a shop where his employer, a master carpenter, traded.

In the shop was a young clerk, who never missed a chance for a little joke at the Irishman's expense.

"If we haven't any ten-by-fourteens," he said, "I may have to give you a fourteen-by-ten."

Dennis rubbed his head reflectively. Then he stood pondering for a moment, and at last remarked:

"He's in a great roosh for it, and there's no other place near to get it. Give me wan o' thim fourteen-by-tins and if he turns it sideways and oppsidd down there's not a sowl' would know the difference."

GIVE LOVE A CHANCE

How the sunlight seems to watch for a chance to get through the smallest opening in the clouds! Love, which forgives because it is love, and which waits for every opportunity to manifest kindness, is not going to wait to be asked to forgive. Ignore the wrongs you receive, and think over the good that has been or yet may be, and the evils will dwindle into nothingness.—Register.

Pure Green Tea—

is guaranteed the finest when it bears the name

"SALADA"

Famous for its Flavor—Just try a sample.

IRISHMAN ALWAYS THERE

Three men, an Irishman, a Swede and a Hebrew, were brought to court. The Hebrew was arrested for stealing a cow, the Swede for stealing a horse, and the Irishman for stealing a wagon.

"Well," said the Judge, turning to the Hebrew, "where did you get the cow?"

"I have had it since it was a calf," was the reply.

"Where did you get the horse?" he asked the Swede.

"I've had it since it was a colt," was the reply of the Swede.

"And Patrick, where did you get the wagon?" asked the Judge of the thief.

"Oh, your Honor, I've had it since it was a wheelburrow."

Drives Asthma Like Magic.—The immediate help from Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy seems like magic. Nevertheless it is only a natural remedy used in a natural way. The smoke or vapor, reaching the most remote passage of the affected tubes, brushes aside the trouble and opens a way for fresh air to enter. It is sold by dealers throughout the land.

EVIL HEREDITY

On the other side of the ocean, just before I left home last September, a mother suddenly came into a room, where three wait a little boy six or seven years old, and found that little boy trying to kill a baby two years old with the scissors, and she said to the child: "What are you doing?" and he said, "I want to kill him."

It frightened the mother and she talked to the father about it, and the father took him to a doctor, and he took him to a specialist who was my friend.

He examined the child thoroughly and said to him: "Why do you want to kill the baby; it does not hurt you? And the boy replied: "I want to kill somebody all the time."

And the doctor turned to the father and said, "Are you a drinking man?" The father said, "Well, I do drink, it is true, but I don't often drink to excess." The doctor replied, "Well, you drink. That boy will kill somebody some day. It is in his blood and your drinking habit is the cause of it." You reap what you sow. Don't forget it.—Gypsy Smith.

MILLER'S WORM POWDERS

RELIEVE THE RESTLESS CONDITION BROUGHT ON BY THE PRESENCE OF WORMS AND RESTORE THE CHILD TO NORMAL HEALTH.

NO NARCOTICS—PLEASANT AS SUGAR

Is Your Corn Crop Infested?

The European Corn Borer leaves no question of doubt as to its presence in a field of corn. Guard carefully against the infestation of your crop.

Beware of These Signs

The first easily observed sign of the infestation is the breaking over of the corn tassels.

Later the feeding of the "worms" begins to show on the stalks, which, being greatly weakened, break over.

Finally the cobs and shanks become infested and the entire stalk collapses to the ground.

The borer then seals itself for the winter in corn stubble or corn stalks, which must either be burnt up or ploughed under before June 1st of the year following.

Write for Pamphlet on the control of this Insect

Dominion Department of Agriculture
Arthur Gibson—Dominion Entomologist

(Note: Address enquiries to the Dominion Entomologist, Entomological Branch, Ottawa. Send specimens for identification to Dominion Entomological Field Laboratory, Strathroy, Ontario, or Provincial Entomological Laboratory, Port Stanley, Ont.)

Division of Field Crop and Garden Insects, Entomological Branch, Ottawa, Ont.

Failure To Advertise Resulted in Collapse

Day & Martin, the famous English manufacturers of shoe blacking, who have been in operation one hundred and fifty years, are being sold out.

The manager explains that up to 1912 the firm held the leadership in this trade through advertising. Its failure to advertise since resulted in collapse. The firm that quits advertising soon learns that the public has a very short memory.

Don't Let the Public Forget You--Keep in the Limelight by Advertising