The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1923

I DUNNO!

Where are the boys of the old brigade
What knowed a monkey wrench from a spade,
An' tended the cattle down in the glade?
I dunno!

Where are the girls - they all knew how
To weed a garden and milk a cow,
Where are their red-headed maidens now?
I dunno!

Where are the boys that once we had
When you was a girl and I was a lad,
Up in the mornin' to help ole dad?
I dunno!

Many's the night I lie awake
Askin' myself for heaven's sake,
Where are the girls who could cook and bake?
I dunno!

No buddy works this side of Toronto,
Plenty of work but they don't want to,
And as to the girls—where've they gone to?
I dunno!

No more you hear the happy hum of us,
It looks like the Home of Refuge for some of us.
You ask me mister, what'll become of us?
I dunno!

Matt and Mariah are married complete,
They are both looking smooth and neat,
But—where and on what and when do they eat?
I dunno!

THE FARM WATER SUPPLY

In locating the farm home the first essential is a sufficient supply of pure water easily accessible. The origin of fresh water in the earth is usually traceable to the rainfall upon the surface. The earth's crust consists of many layers of varying thickness. These, when considered in connection with water supply, are divided into two classes; porous, or those that will allow water to percolate or flow; and impervious, or those that prevent the movement of water.

When a porous stratum overlies an impervious one there is the collection of the local rainfall from the immediate surrounding drainage basin. When a porous stratum underlies an impervious formation the water will be collected at the outcrop of the former, which may be at a great distance from the well. Should that point be at a higher elevation than the location of well, artesian or flowing water would be secured. This overflow might have sufficient head to elevate the water into homes and barns. In the course of time underground streamlets and streams have formed and fortunate is the person that locates one of these when digging for water. These streams usually flow along the surface of an impervious earth layer and frequently terminate in a spring on a hillside.

The source of our farm water supply is usually a well that penetrates the ordinary ground-water level or that taps an underground stream. Some are fortunate in locating near a spring, and others get their supply from a stream that flows through the farm. These sources are all good, provided that they are free from contamination. There are three types of wells in common use: the dug well for shallow depths; the driven well for earth formation; and the drilled well where the water bearing stratum is overlaid by rock or hardpan.

These wells should be protected from polluted surface water. For this reason the well should be located on rising ground, so that the surface water will flow away from it. Dug wells should be walled with water-tight material. If stone or brick is used, cement mortar should be used to seal the interspaces. Concrete makes a good tight wall. Wells driven through clay are usually safe. Drilled wells should be lined with wrought-iron casing extending to the rock and driven into it to form a water-tight joint.

There are three methods in common use in conveying the water from the source of supply to the farm buildings. First, by gravity, when the source is higher than the buildings; second, by the use of an hydraulic ram, when there is an abundant supply of running water to operate it; third, by the use of a pump. In installing these last mentioned, galvanized iron pipe of sufficient size to meet the farm requirements should be used.

There are many types of pump on the market. For shallow wells the cistern pump with cylinder in the barrel may be used. For deeper wells the suction pump may be used if the cylinder is placed within 25 feet of the low water mark in the well. The single and double action pumps, with or without power, can be used to elevate water to the desired height.

When water has to be elevated the wind-mill is a cheap source of power. A gasoline engine will do the work at a very low cost, and pumping can be done while the engine is at other work.

Water from limestone formations is hard and not satisfactory for washing. Rainwater, which is always soft, can be collected from the roofs and stored in cisterns for washing purposes.

The home and barns on every farm need water on tap wherever required, much more than does the city home; because the farm requires more water per capita and the people on the farm have less time to carry water. It is estimated that the average farm family of 5, with 4 horses, 23 head of cattle, 50 sheep and 10 pigs, requires over 600 gallons of water per day.

In conclusion, then, the farm water supply should be adequate to meet the maximum requirements every day; it should be reasonable in cost, simple in construction, durable and easy to operate; it should be fresh, pure and cold at the taps and it should be available for fire protection.—J. A. Clarke, Superintendent, Dominion Experimental Station, Prince Edward Island.

Fall Fair Time Approaching

The Fairs In Which Our Readers Generally are Interested

The following are the dates of the Fall Fairs of 1923 in which exhibitors and visitors of this section are interested:

Acton	October 2-3
Aberfoyle	October 3
Alliston	October 4-5
Arthur	September 18-19
Ancaster	September 25-26
Brampton	September 21-28
Bolton	September 18-19
Burlington	September 18-19
Caledon	September 26-27
Collingwood	September 11-14
Cookstown	October 2-3
Cooksville	October 2-3
Erin	October 12
Freelton	October 1
Fergus	September 20-21
Galt	September 21-22
Georgetown	October 5-6
Grand Valley	September 27-28
London (Western Fair	September 8-15
Markham	October 4-6
Milton	September 28-29
Oakville	September 13-15
Orangeville	September 13-14
Ottawa (Central Canada)	Sept. 7-17
Newmarket	September 27-29
Rockwood	September 25-26
Rockton	October 2-10
Shelburne	September 18-19
Stratford	September 18-22
Toronto (Can. Nat.)	Aug. 25-Sept. 8
Weston	September 28-29

The Free Press' Short Story

LE LOUP NOIR

CHARLES BOARDMAN HAWES

HIGH on the bluff above the Abol River, beside the ruins of the old lumber camp, where thistle and grass grow rank and tall, a man is buried. His grave is marked by a wooden cross weathered to a silver-gray. His name is almost forgotten. His fellows of the camp and drive have long since left forever the white water and the ice-grooved roads. His is a story of great heroism—a tragedy, if you will, but a tragedy that stands for human achievement in the face of overwhelming danger, a story of the triumph of manhood and the sacrifice than which there is no greater.

Years and years ago the man came to work on the Abol River. He was tall and lean and dark. He was silent and uncompanionable. His face was grimly stern and touched with a half-bitter, incomprehensible sadness. He called himself Andre and said that he came from the Miramichi country, where all his life he had been a farmer; but the men in the camps named him Le Loup Noir on account of his fierce eyes and dark skin and said that he came from no man's land and that his past would bear no scrutiny.

When the spring drive was awaiting for the highest water he came to the mountain stream that is the beginning of the Abol, and for weeks he handled logs on the uppermost of all the landings far back in the heart of the great pine forest. One night when the men were seated round a great fire little Joe McGrachlin leaned across to Andre and touched his sleeve. The leaping flames lighted Joe's broad, jolly face and twinkling eyes; they revealed the fierce sternness, the sinister darkness, of Andre. The fire snapped and danced, and huge rolling clouds of smoke billowed through the tree tops. The men, seated in a great circle, watched Joe and Andre, and listened to the rumbling roar of the spring-fed river swelled to a freshet pitch by the melting snows. "Loup Noir," cried Joe in a merry voice, "tell of the place you came from and about when you were a boy. You are the only man in all this crew that isn't an old friend. Come, tell us about yourself."

The men drew closer and leaned forward to listen. In the old days on the Abol such a question was not impertinent. The men in the crews worked together year after year; some of them owned farms; some had wives and children; they were all good friends to one another, bunk mates in the camp, comrades on the drive and loyal woodsmen when there was an enemy to be met or trouble to be banished. Joe McGrachlin was seeking only to draw the stranger into the circle of their friendship.

In the dancing firelight where all the men could see his act, Andre only drew back from Joe's extended hand. First he seemed to shrink into himself; then, straightening like a bow when the string is cut, he leaped to his feet, and his thin dark face was contorted with anger. For a long time no words came from his lips; then suddenly he poured forth a torrent of speech, half French, half broken English. While all the men stared he drew back and back, shaking his fist fiercely at the startled Joe McGrachlin and talking so fast that no one could understand him. He said rash, hard things that sprang from an evil temper, and his voice rose higher and higher till in conclusion it reached a climax of frenzy. "Sacre bleu!" he shrieked. "You ask that of me! Me! Me!"

All at once he seemed to realize the meaning of his words. He sat down on a log and hurled his face in his hands. Half an hour later when the men rolled into the blankets he took his place with the rest. He seemed to forget entirely his wild outburst and once more was the taciturn, noncommunicative stranger—Andre, Le Loup Noir.

The men did not forget the incident. They shunned him and left him to himself.

Down Abol swept the great drive. The pines were tumbled into the splashing river. The men trailed along the shores and rode the bumping midstream logs. In the forefront of all the drive rode Joe McGrachlin with a smile on his lips, for he took pleasure in the rush of the current and the cool spring air and the wet smell of the freshet-covered lowlands. Joe McGrachlin had three small boys of whom he was proud, and who, he bragged, would become great river-men in their day. All the men liked Joe, and every year when the drive was over they sent presents to his boys.

Le Loup Noir came down with the rear of the drive. His silence had woven round him a web of mystery, and the men left him quite to himself. He showed that he was an old hand on the logs, for he could ride the straight pine like an amphibian centaur; he handled the pike pole with the knack of long experience, and no man on the river was quicker with the peavey. But he was left to the doubtful consolation of his own society.

From the far landing the men came to the long rapids in the shadow of Russell Mountain, where they met the west-branch men and came down the river mile after mile, gathering up many logs, here, there and everywhere. They passed the old camps of Evan, the Lone Pine, the Sentinel Rock and Caucomgomoo Ridge. At last the drive swept into the gorge of Abol. Purplish logs hurried along in the brown water, jostling, tumbling, bumping, crashing, rushing in droves and shoals and schools, like huge sea fishes at play. Along the banks and up and down the stream darted red and blue shirts that broke the monotony of sombred evergreens and the feathery masses of green-gold cloud that now and again appeared along the shore where alder and willow and poplar buds were swelling in the spring sun.

In the heart of the Abol Gorge, where the river foamed in the narrow canon between fifty-foot walls, a huge pine was caught in a whirling eddy, thrown into the air and wedged squarely across the channel. The logs came on, ten and twenty and thirty together. They thundered down on the crossed pine, and it splintered, but the two pieces were wedged into the ledges, and behind them rose the drive tier on tier until it presented a sheer twenty-foot wall of tangled timbers.

Up the river came the men who had gone on before, and down the river came the men of the rear. On the very brink of the high rocks above the gorge stood the boss, silhouetted against the blue sky.

Joe McGrachlin, who stood on a dancing log under the ledges across the river, looked up and saw him standing there, saw him wave his hand in a gesture of command, heard him roar in a deep voice: "McGrachlin—O Joe! Take an axe! Cross under the jam ready to cut out the crossed pine! We'll lower a rope that you can make fast to your waist, and when you've cut the pine we'll lift you clear!"

Joe ran out, leaped from log to log and stood at last on a little point of ledge midway in the white water, fairly beneath the jutting wall of the criss-crossed jam. There he stood, axe in hand, and waited with a smile on his lips, for Joe McGrachlin was a stout-hearted little man who had no fear of the river or of the logs or of anything else. He looked up and saw high above him all the men standing on the brink of the gorge, at one side and the other. He saw a rope thrown across to the farther bank, where Jacques Favreau caught it. Joe knew that that was so they could lift him straight up without danger of his swinging against the rock walls of the canon. He saw on the high rock Le Loup Noir looking down into the gorge at him, and Joe, standing there under the jam, grinned cheerfully, for he harbored no ill thoughts.

The massive jam creaked and strained, and his heart leaped. It might be that the strength of the river would clear the jam by its own power! He knew that, for the time being there was no escape for the gorge, that he must wait for the rope to come down to him, and he thought of his three small boys and their dark-haired mother who were waiting in the cabin by the river far below until the drive should be over, and Joe McGrachlin should come home to work his farm. Behind him now was only the dark deep river, for all the logs except those in the jam had been carried far away. He looked down and saw the white foam licking at his calked shoes. He looked up and saw high above his head the towering logs with the full force of the Abol River behind them. Down came the great loop of rope lowered by men on either side, and Joe McGrachlin raised his hand to catch it.

As all the men looked down at him and saw his hand held high in air they heard a booming crash and knew that more logs had thundered into the rear of the jam. They heard a whining, creaking note that began so gently as hardly to be audible and became little by little louder and more strident until it seemed to pervade the entire mass of timbers. They saw the great mass of logs stir, move, change!

Down in the heart of the gorge Joe McGrachlin heard the sound and realized far better than anyone else the meaning of it. He dropped his axe and leaped into the air to grasp the rope that was being lowered. Even then the jam lunged a yard forward, and a sweeping tree trunk, striking his legs, sent him spinning in the air. He fell and lay on the rock, inert and motionless.

The rope was lowered till it brushed his back; it was lowered till it lay across his blue shirt and dipped into the water on either side of him, but he did not move. The men above gave shrill yells of warning; they begged him, implored him to take hold of the rope, but Joe McGrachlin lay on the little rock that rose above the foaming current of the Abol and did not move.

A thousand logs strained and creaked. Suddenly under the terrific pressure of the heaped-up logs and the dammed river half of the broken pine snapped into the air as if it were a toothpick and, circling in a great arc, fell into the current. The jam began very slowly to move down on Joe McGrachlin, and still he did not move.

A huge pine that would have crushed him bodily had it gone six inches to the right brushed his knee in its wild plunge. Strong men grew white and weak and reeled back from the that moment a terrible, unfamiliar edge of the gorge, sick at heart. A voice burst on the calm air: "Come quick! Quick! Else hoes garcons, they have no dad!"

A hundred men heard the impassioned appeal, and their startled eyes saw a sight never to be forgotten as long as they lived. Straight to the edge of the gorge rushed a lean long man with a dark sinister face. "Sacre!" he shrieked. "Come you, quick! Idiols! Cowards!"

The boss shrank back from the dizzy depths; a score of men thought of their wives and children and covered their eyes with their hands, but like a wolf in very fact Le Loup Noir sprang to the brink of Abol Gorge, to the straight sheer drop of fifty feet where the river foamed on jagged ledges. He threw back his head so that his hair fell away from his forehead. A fierce glad light was in his eyes, and his thin features were transformed. Men who were young at the time told for fifty years to come of that face and its gleam of joy.

With a terrible cry Le Loup Noir hurled himself into space. It seemed that he had taken his own life, that there could be only one ending to his mad, mad feat, but all at once the gasp of the crowd swelled to a cheer. He had caught the rope close where it passed over the edge of the cliff and with straddling legs was sliding down to the foam-flecked surface of the river—to the black rock where lay the inert form of Joe McGrachlin. Straight down into the face of death he slid, for the great jam was breaking, and there was not a second to spare. He was throwing his life away for Joe McGrachlin and Joe's little family.

On the rock Le Loup Noir's knife flashed out and cut the rope. He placed the end of it under Joe McGrachlin's arms and tied it round his body. He plunged into the swift water with Joe on his shoulder and carried him to the foot of the cliff, holding his footing against the force of the river, swaying in the eddies and stumbling over hidden rocks.

Le Loup Noir, standing in the swift water of the Abol, threatened by the trembling jam, threw back his head. "Pull—a-way!" he shouted to the men above.

"Got hol' the rope!" they screamed back at him. "We can pull up two as easy as one!"

"Pull away!" cried Le Loup Noir in an angry voice.

"Take hol' the rope!" they cried again.

Le Loup Noir, looking up, had seen what the men above could not see—that the rope had almost worn through high above his head. It surely would hold one; it might hold two—but the risk was great.

Again the jam stirred. For a moment Le Loup Noir hesitated. Into his dark eyes darted a fleeting look of appeal, a flash of old memories and old lost hopes. He raised his hand as if to take hold of the rope; then he saw again the worn place and knew that what was safety for one might be death for two. He turned from the foot of the gorge, left Joe McGrachlin hanging at the rope end and threw himself back toward the middle of the river.

The men pulled Joe's unconscious form up the face of the ledge and out of Abol Gorge. They raised him barely in the nick of time, for a huge log leaped forward and brushed his legs. With trembling hands they tried to throw back to Le Loup Noir the rope that should bring him to safety, but it was too late. With a sound like thunder the jam broke, and the logs were borne down the dark centre of the stream.

There was no quitery, no sound of farewell. Le Loup Noir disappeared in the heaving mass of mighty pines. He died there in the Abol, and on the bluff above the gorge strong men choked and called out in voices that were strange.

Perhaps it was not right for Le Loup Noir to throw away his life; perhaps had he taken the chance of the frayed rope he too might have been saved. But after all it may be that it was best so.

Joe McGrachlin recovered in good season and went home to his wife and his three garcons. Because his wife wished it he never again worked on the river, but the three boys grew to be great rivermen, and upheld the family name for fifty years.

In the fall a man came up to the camps and told a long, ill-sounding story about Andre, or Le Loup Noir, that he had lived a shameful life and that he had good reason for not revealing his past. The stranger said that the man's name was not Andre at all but a different, sinister name which stood in the minds of all his listeners for infamous deeds.

The man on Abol looked that man in the eye and told him he lied; they told him that on the Abol river Andre's name, whatever it might be, stood for an act of the greatest heroism; they forced him to swallow his words and sent him forth, an outcast among rivermen.

If "nothing in his life became him like the leaving it," Le Loup Noir died a hero, and year after year whenever owing to storm or time there has been need the hands of the men have renewed the wooden cross that marks his grave on the bluff above the Abol.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

Mad wars destroy in one year the works of many years of peace.—Franklin.

Depression is an enemy of power, cheerfulness is its tested ally.

The professional shoplifter isn't necessarily a strong person.

Beauty is only skin deep—and the same may be said of freckles.

Sincerity we find to be the measure of worth.—Carlyle.

Orators without judgment are horses without bridles.

Genius is only a superior power of seeing.—Ruskin.

He well repents that will not sin, yet cap.—N. Lee.

Whoever has lost his honor has lost his all.

A fool at forty is a fool indeed.—Young.

When there is no recreation or business for thee abroad, thou mayst then have a company of honest old fellows, in leathern jackets, in the study, which may find thee excellent divertisement at home.—Fuller.

As the print of the seal on the wax is the express image of the seal itself, so Christ is the express image—the perfect representation of God.—Ambrose.

As to people saying a few idle words about us, we must not mind that, any more than the old church steeple minds the rooks cawing about it.—George Eliot.

Every one stamps his own value on himself. The price we challenge for ourselves is given us. Man is made great or little by his own will.—Schiller.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

He who speaks the truth should stand with one foot in the stirrup.—Spanish Proverb.

Difficulties are stone out of which God's houses are built.

My library was dukedom large enough.—Shakespeare.

THE STORAGE OF FRUIT AND VEGETABLES

The storage of fruit and vegetables for home and market must receive greater attention than it has hitherto been accorded. The amount of waste annually is very great. As a first step towards eliminating this, every farmer or household with sufficient land to grow vegetables, and perhaps fruit trees, should understand more about storing the crop. Some crops keep best in an atmosphere that has a high moisture content, whereas others require a low percentage of humidity. So it will be seen that there cannot be a condition to suit all vegetables and fruits in the same cellar or storage building. Apples, pears, potatoes, carrots, cabbage, soon deteriorate in very dry storage; while on the other hand winter squash, pumpkins, marrows and other such crops like a dry atmosphere. Moulds and rots soon destroy them.

If you know your cellar is a very dry one and you wish to keep apples, etc., in it make provision for adding more moisture to the air by introducing wet sacks spread out or by sprinkling the floor, the idea being that a large surface must be wet and evaporation quick. The atmospheric humidity can be tested with a wet and dry bulb thermometer. Take the readings and check up on the chart which is supplied with it. A humidity ranging from 75 to 85 is satisfactory.

In case of squash and pumpkins, etc., any frost proof place which is dry is suitable—the top shelf of the pantry for instance, or shelves in the passage. Quality is often lowered by poor ventilation. Where crops are stored in large quantities ventilators should be open as much as possible to carry off gases and heat coming from a large bulk of any crop. When severe weather occurs close up the ventilators. Do not store a large volume of any crop while it is warm from the field unless you know that you can reduce the heat by proper ventilation. More attention must be paid to this when commercial storage is being done in the fall and our growers must help when asked to do so.—R. H. Helmer, Superintendent, Experimental Station, Summerland, B. C.

O WONDERFUL HORSE!

"O horse, you are a wonderful thing; no buttons to push, no horn to honk; you start yourself, no clutch to slip; no spark to miss, no gears to strip; no license-buying every year, with plates to screw on front and rear; no gas bills climbing up each day, stealing the joy of life away; no speed cops chugging in your rear, yelling summons in your ear. Your inner tubes are all O. K., and thank the Lord they stay that way; your spark plugs never miss and fuss; your motor never makes us cuss. Your frame is good for many a mile; your body never changes style. Your wants are few and easy to meet; you've something on the auto yet."

EXPLAIN MISUNDERSTANDINGS

"Misunderstandings are responsible for hundreds of broken friendships and many a heartache. Always go to the friend whom you think you may have misunderstood and ask for an explanation."

COMMANDMENTS FOR HUSBANDS

I.

I am thy wife; thou shalt have no other but me, whom thou hast promised to love, cherish and protect as long as thy Maker giveth thee power: for have I not given up all my old sweethearts for thee, made thy people my people, and saved thee from the terror of buttonless shirts and of boarding-house "hash?"

II.

Thou shalt never, never love any other lady. Thou mayest make thyself agreeable to them if thrown in their society, yea, may even express thy admiration for their good qualities; but thy whole heart must be mine, for I, thy wife, am a jealous wife, visiting the sins of my husband upon his head until the last chair and broom handle are demolished.

III.

Thou shalt not make fun of thy wife's feelings, but hold them sacred as thine own. Neither shalt thou preach her short-comings unto her neighbors, but on the contrary tell her kindly of them in private, so she will correct them because it is thy wish and for her own welfare.

IV.

Thou shalt not destroy the life of thy wife's pet poodle or contemplate the demise of her favorite cat, if these animals are her style. Nor deny her candy, new music, bright ribbons, new books, etc., unless her love for these outweighs that for her husband's mercantile honor, in which case, say kindly, but firmly, "Not for Joe," and in the end they will respect thee the more for it.

V.

Thou shalt not meddle with thy wife's household affairs, for that is "woman's kingdom." Should thou transgress on her domain, she will probably term thee Betty, and inform thee if thou art going to run that part of the establishment, she, to make connections, will have to don hat and cloak and go attend to thy affairs.

VI.

Thou shalt not encourage these women's rights critters and other masculine women. For their rights are to let all things pertaining to pantaloons alone, except the owner thereof. Neither shalt thou be always talking of expenses and other disagreeable subjects, when thou spendeth far more on base ball, bowling on the green, and cigarettes.

VII.

Thou shalt honor all thy wife's family, for although thy wife should never allow thee to be imposed upon by her relatives, still if it occurs, thee should be patient and complain not, remembering "he who governs his temper is greater than he who riteth a city."

VIII.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife even though she should be handsomer and more stylish than thine own, for thou knowest full well thine own fricth oysters nicer, maketh better plum puddings, and is altogether more congenial to thy taste than the one in question. Neither shalt thou covet thy neighbor's good clothes and motor cars, but if thou desirest similar things go to work, using the brains and strength thy Maker has given thee, so thou might say thy all came to me through my own exertions.

IX.

Thou shalt remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and devote to thy business, but the seventh is thy God's and thy wife's.

X.

Last but not least

Thou shalt not always attend places of amusement alone, or with other men, but occasionally in company with thy wife, so she also may be "au fait" as to what is going on in the world. Neither shalt thou neglect extending to her those little courtesies which are always due a lady, and which thou wert fond of airing for her admiration before marriage. Under all circumstances treat her as you would wish to be treated were you a woman. Remembering that sympathy and love are always the "open sesame" to a woman's heart—without them life being worthless. Then if death overtaketh her first, thee can feel that thou has done all in thy power to make her happy. She will die, blessing thee, with a recommendation to the prettiest widow of thy acquaintance, with directions as to how John liked his salads dressed.—St. Louis Republican.

BABIES

Did you ever stop to think how many different kinds of babies there are in the world?

There are human babies, first, of course, but babyhood does not stop there. There are baby birds, and baby kittens, and puppies, and chickens, ducks, calves, colts—oh, so many different kinds. And the funny part of it is that, they all act much the same. They whimper when they are cold, yell when they are hungry, sleep when they are comfy. They are fed and washed and scolded and caressed by their mothers; yes, and fought for. There is no animal so ferocious as a mother defending her young, and they will attack fearlessly a creature many times their size.

A friend told us of watching a mother mouse running along a beam in their summer cottage and carrying a baby mouse in her mouth. Our friend caught her, and took the baby from her, whereupon the wee mother glared viciously at her, a desperate expression in her beadlike eyes. Then the lady gently restored the baby to her, and let her go. She seized it with a wild grab, and darted along the beam to safety.

When the dark curtain of night drops down on the world, and the Sandman goes on his rounds, and the stars come out, did you ever stop to think of all the babies in cribs, and nests and stables, and hollow trees, even jungle caves, where the savage beasts cuddle their cubs—all the babies snuggled close to their mothers' warm breasts, mothers that sleep with senses alert to the slightest sound, the light mother-sleep, always on guard.

So we must be very careful not to hurt the feelings of any creature that is a mother, for mothers are mothers, whether furred, feathered, or human, and they grieve over their lost babies, unless one is left to comfort. Never take even one baby bird from a nest, for birds are very lovely, useful things, and eat the insects that destroy the plants.

STATIONARY, BUT NO STATION

Old Colored Mammy—I'se wants a ticket fo' Florence.

Ticket Agent (after ten minutes of weary thumbing over railroad guides) —Where is Florence?

Old Colored Mammy—Settin' over dar on de bench.

PLUMPER LINES

The "watch-your-weight" agony is passing from fashion, and Dame Grundy is more favorably disposed to us starch-lovers and the folks minus the regulation amount of pituitary ooze. In unsophisticated language, we are going to be allowed to be reasonably fat. Lines are growing broader, the bean-pole silhouette is losing an iota of its popularity, and even the movie stars are permitted to round out a bit. Thank heaven! Please pass the chocolates!

MISTAKEN AGAIN

Gatekeeper: "Can't you see the notice, 'No Fishing Here?'"

Angler: "I think you must be mistaken. I'm getting quite a lot."

RIDDLES

What is the greatest of all riddles? Life; because we must all give it up.

Why can venison never be cheap? Because it is always deer. (dear).

When is a regiment like a painter? When it shows its colors.

What letter of the alphabet is necessary to a bootmaker? X, because it fits the foot.

Why is a boy with a sore throat like a pony? Because he has a little hoarse.

Which is the left side of a cake? The side which is not eaten.

Every 10c Packet of WILSON'S FLY PADS WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN $8.00 WORTH OF ANY STICKY FLY CATCHER

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

50,000 Harvesters Wanted

"Fare Going"—$15 to WINNIPEG. ½ cent per mile Winnipeg to destination.

"Fare Returning"—$20 from WINNIPEG. ½ cent per mile starting point to Winnipeg.

GOING DATES	TERRITORY
AUGUST 13 and AUGUST 22	From Stations in Ontario, Smith's Falls to and including Toronto on Lake Ontario Shore Line and Havelock-Peterboro Line. From all Stations Kingston to Renfrew Junction, inclusive. From all Stations on Toronto-Sudbury direct line. From all Stations Dracon to Port McNicoll and Barkston, to Bobcaygeon, inclusive.
AUGUST 15 and AUGUST 24	From all Stations South and West of Toronto to and including Hamilton and Windsor, Ont. From all Stations on Owen Sound, Walkerton, Orangeville, Tamworth, Elora, Listowel, Goderich, St. Mary's, Port Burwell, and St. Thomas Branches. From all Stations Toronto and North to Bolton, inclusive.

SPECIAL TRAINS FROM TORONTO

LUNCH COUNTER CARS—Food and Refreshments at reasonable prices.

Full particulars from Canadian Pacific Ticket Agents. W. FULTON, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

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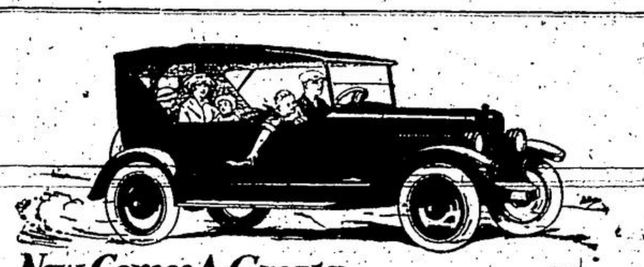

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With Long Lines, High Hood, Low Seats

Touring Car $710

Sedan $1195
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Above Prices f.o.b. Factory
Taxes Extra

NO other car anywhere near Overland's price offers the manifold advantages of this new model.

It is outstanding in appearance and appointments. Its body lines are long and graceful, with high hood and imposing radiator. Drum head-lights set off to advantage the full-crowned fenders—fenders such as you find only in higher-priced cars. Its body is all-steel, with baked-enamel finish.

Low seats add to the buoyant riding ease ensured by its Triplex Springs, an exclusive Overland feature.

Important mechanical features to be found in no other low-priced car contribute to the dependability of the new 91, as for instance, the new floating type rear axle with shaft of special nickel steel and removable without tearing apart the housing.

A Rear Axle Shaft 27% heavier than in any other car in the Overland price or weight class

J. N. O'NEILL & SON
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Here's the Point!

Until a firm has won prestige, its success can hardly be considered as thoroughly established. Prestige is the goal to be sought, as it represents not merely fine goods and excellent service---these alone are not prestige---but it represents the world's recognition of them. Prestige is thus the high mark on quality and the highest stamp and assurance of real success.

Here's the point: However fine your goods or service, if the fact be hidden and not made well known, recognition, success and prestige will not be won. But it must be made known in the right way. Poor advertising or cheap printing will hardly do. The real kind of advertising and printing is the best connecting link between your fine goods and service---and prestige.---Norman T. A. Munder.

The Acton Free Press will serve you with the best and most attractive, both in printing and in advertising

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MILLER'S WORM POWDERS

CONTAIN NO NARCOTICS. SAFE, YET SURE, QUICKLY AND THOROUGHLY CLEANSE EVEN THE MOST DELICATE SYSTEM. AS SWEET AS SUGAR