The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1924

SIGNALS

The frogs are tuning up their little harpings
Down in Swampland; the air round is chill;
If you list, you'll hear a robin join the chorus
From his vantage on the crest of yonder hill.
All the catkins stretch a dainty paw of velvet
To the sunshine in a coaxing sort of way;
As if tending it to stay a little longer,
Just to lengthen out the brightness of the day.
If you search among the dry leaves in the forest,
The pink hood of arbutus you will find;
And the tassels of the aldera wave a greeting,
Stirred to action by the rhythm of the wind.
'Mid the bushes by the roadside saucy sparrows
Bubble over into music loud and clear;
While meadowlarks soar upward softly fluting:
"Spring is here, love—welcome spring is here!"
Every sign is out, and we may go a-raving;
Never mind what March, the blustorew had to say;
When we hear these invitations all around us,
We know Spring, whatome maid, is on her way.

—Helen M. Richardson.

SELMA'S PREFERENCE

The first day Selma came she made gingerbread, and put eleven teaspoonfuls of soda in it.

"You ask me 'leven," she explained to her disappointed mistress as they surveyed together the sickly colored result.

"No, Selma, I said one! Oh, I must have said 'a level teaspoonful.'"

"That's so." Selma agreed, triumphantly.

"She looks so sweet and bright," Mrs. Vankuran confided to her husband that night, "that I can't help giving her credit for more intelligence than she has."

"Oh, I imagine the intelligence is there," he answered. "It takes patience, of course, to teach them, but she comprehended perfectly when I spoke to her."

"Yes; and what did you say 'Good evening?' You'd have a merry time, though, teaching her to cook, with your vocabulary. Your mother told me herself that even your baby talk was in words of three syllables."

"Nonsense!" But he laughed as he said it.

A month had passed when Mrs. Vankuran came smiling into her husband's study.

"I've just had one of my ridiculous encounters with Selma," she said. "I noticed the three layers of her cake spread out in the pantry, and said, 'O Selma, you burned one, didn't you? That's too bad!' To my surprise, she straightened up and answered, 'No.' 'Why, yes,' I told her. 'Don't you see this black edge?' 'Yes,' she said, 'I see burned, but not too bad.' I thought she was being saucy, so I rebuked her, and she got solemn, and I don't know where it might have led if she hadn't happened to say, almost with tears, 'Not two bad—one bad.'"

"There's a lesson for you, though," Mr. Vankuran rejoined, after the laugh. "I'd suggest that you avoid idiomatic expressions."

At that instant Selma appeared in the doorway to say that the Chinese laundryman was there, and wanted to know how soon he must bring back Mr. Vankuran's linen.

"Tell him there's no immediate exigency," the master of the house replied, carelessly, and bent to his writing, while Selma stared.

"No hurry, Selma," Mrs. Vankuran supplemented, but before the door had fairly closed behind the girl, she turned on her husband. "Of all messages to send to a Chinaman by Selma! 'No immediate exigency,'" she quoted merrily. "When you've studied Anglo-Saxon simplicity as long as I have, sir, I'll ask your advice about idioms and things."

It was undeniably her hour of triumph, but her humbled husband would have given much to hear a little dialogue which took place between mistress and maid the next day.

"Mr. Vankuran talk nice English—more nice as Mrs. Vankuran," the girl announced, calmly.

"What makes you think so?"

"Oh, his words sound so high! I like ver' much learn his English."

BEAUTY OUT-OF-DOORS

A recent report to the Park and Outdoor Art Association presents a mass of interesting information regarding the good work which town and village improvement societies are doing. The two hundred and fifty or more societies on whose work the report is based represents the Province of Ontario.

By tree-planting, the use of shrubs and flowers, and in many other ways streets have been beautified. Public bath-houses, drinking-fountains and comelier schoolhouses have come into being. Town parks, sanitary reforms, the marking of historic spots, and a score of other benefits have sprung directly from the efforts of our improvement societies, such as Women's Institutes, I. O. D. E. and Horticultural Societies.

Similar work is being done on an extensive scale in many foreign countries. In one place they have turned to public uses of rest and refreshment a dismal old burial-place and grounds hitherto closed.

It is an interesting fact that the people of the Swedish town of Orsa have employed scientific forestry so wisely that the sale of trees provides for all the public expenses usually met by taxes. The business advantage of improvement work is well worth considering, but that is not the best reason for urging it. Like personal neatness and cleanliness, it is good for its own sake, for the promotion of self-respect, for the cultivation of a proper personal and civic pride, and for the advancement of good citizenship.

The women's clubs of Canada have done more than any other agency for the spread of this influence. It is a public work which women can probably do best, and they may be trusted to carry it into every corner of the land.

DEPTH OF NIAGARA RIVER

At a meeting of the Philosophical Society of Washington Dr. J. W. Spencer presented many new and surprising facts about the Niagara River below the falls. Bounds have been made at points where such work was supposed to be impossible. A self-registering buoy was repeatedly sent over the falls. On one occasion it struck the fallen rocks at a depth of only 72 feet; but lower down the depth was found to be between 84 and 100 feet. In a lateral channel the depth found was 192 feet. A depth of 186 feet was repeatedly found near the cantilever bridge, two miles below the falls. In the whirlpool rapids a sounding of 126 feet was obtained. Below the rapids a narrow channel was discovered, 183 feet in depth, being 181 feet below the level of Lake Ontario. It must have been formed when the lake lay about 180 feet below its present level.

The Free Press' Short Story

THE "PRESTO" DOOR

ROE L. HENDRICK

SINKING hoof-deep into mud at every step, Jerry splashed along through the pouring rain. Behind him trundled the charlotee, shedding water in cascades from its dripping tops. Miss Kate Derby, wrapped in her rain coat, sat on the back seat, Molly occupied the exact centre of the front seat; his hands were thrust into the pockets of his overcoat and he held the lines pinched between his knees.

"Molly," his aunt cried sharply and nervously, "why don't you drive? Here where, Jerry's going!"

"Well, he knows where he wants to go; he can see the best places in the road."

"Yes; and he'll tip us over in this mud, the next we know! Pick up those lines and pull him back into the road!"

With a sigh, Molly withdrew his hands from the dry pockets and, grasping the wet reins, steered the unwilling horse into the middle of the highway.

"I don't see," he grumbled, "why the Ladies' Aid Society had to hold a meeting on such a day as this!"

"They couldn't tell what the weather was going to be any more than you could. Look where that horse is going!"

Molly gave a tug on one of the lines. "Enough of them could tell what it was going to be when they got up this morning so not more than a third of 'em were there; but you would go!"

"Well, I believe in doing my duty; and if I can only bring you up so you'll do yours, I shall be thankful."

"And you would have that carriage-house door shut!" Molly continued, coming at last to the true source of his discontent. "And now I've got to climb out in this driving rain and drag it open!"

"I guess it won't hurt you. One thing is certain: hens won't be perched all over everything inside, as they would be if we'd left it open. If you'd keep your hens in their yard, we shouldn't have to keep every door on the place shut."

The hens were a sore subject, the cause of almost daily admonitions, and therefore Molly chose to ignore his aunt's remarks. "That door sags so," he said, as they turned into the driveway, adding, "that it's all I can do to drag it back and forth in dry weather. In this mud I don't know whether I can get it open or not."

"Your grandfather hung that door, Molly, and it has given good service. Of course it sags some now; but you know that I've been trying to get a carpenter to come and fix it."

"It ain't the right kind of a door, Aunt Kate! A great, big thing like that shouldn't swing—there's too much leverage."

When Jerry had nearly reached the big door in the front of the white carriage house, Molly pulled up on the reins and painfully climbed over the wheel.

"Now, just see what I've got to do!" he complained. "I believe that mud's a foot deep over there in the middle!"

Walking on the tips of his toes, he picked his way gingerly across the quagmire, unfastened the staple and pulled the door back a yard or two. At that point the sagging lower corner began to bite into the mud, and Molly released his hold to scowl at it.

"Can't you see, Aunt Kate, how it acts?" he said. "Now, if it went up, like the new window sashes, a touch would send it to the top, and we could drive right in. There's room, too, for there ain't any loft—"

"Melanethon, open that door! Do you want to stand there till you're soaked to the skin?"

"Ain't I trying to open it?" He gave two or three feeble tugs that moved the door less than six inches. "I've got to splash round like a duck and get all mud from head to foot, when, if it went up as I described—"

"Melanethon Derby, have I got to get out and open that door myself?"

Molly, noting the determination in her voice, gripped the door with both hands and managed to drag it a little further back. Miss Kate seized the lines and wormed Jerry and the charlotee through the opening.

"That's the meanest job on the place," Molly grumbled, wiping his hands on a wisp of hay; "but you would go to the Aid Society!"

"I'll see if I can't get a carpenter."

"You've just sopping, Molly. The idea of your standing there in the rain and arguing!"

"Arguing!" said Molly. "I guess if you'd nearly pulled your arms off and waddled round in that mud, you'd call it something else besides arguing!"

After a warm supper, Molly sat with his slippered feet resting on the shelf below the oven of the kitchen range. He was feeling comfortable and serene, but his thoughts still ran on the door of the carriage house.

He rose presently, and walking across to one of the windows, released the catch and began to work the lower sash up and down.

"Molly," his aunt cried, "don't you see how you're letting in the wind and rain? You'll have that shade spoiled and the lamp blown out!"

Shutting the window, Molly stopped back and pointed a hen forefinger at it. "Don't you see how it works?" he demanded. "It's all in the counterweight. Now, if that door had a counterweight, with ropes going over pulleys, it would go up and down just like that sash. We could drive into the yard on a rainy day, reach out and touch a lever—and up would go the door and we could drive in without getting out of the carriage."

"Humph!" his aunt exclaimed. "Why not say, 'Presto, change, fly away and begone!' and not have any door there at all?"

"Well, the kind I'm telling you about would be pretty near a 'presto' door. You've got to keep up with the times, Aunt Kate."

"I'll hire a carpenter; and his work will be near enough up with the times to suit me."

Miss Kate certainly did her best during the next fortnight to engage a carpenter as she had promised. She spoke to three different men, but not one of them appeared on the date that she mentioned, or, indeed, on any subsequent date. Perhaps they regarded the job as trifling, although none of them ventured to say so much to Miss Kate.

Meanwhile, Molly, who had been studying the situation, had laid plans of his own. He found two boards with which he could widen the door by about a foot; he collected a quantity of rope and unearthed two old single pulleys and one double pulley; and he got a couple of "two-by-fours" to support the door on the inside and to form the grove in which it would slide up and down. What he now needed was a counterweight of at least one hundred and fifty pounds to raise the heavy door.

For some time he discovered nothing suitable, but, at last, at his Uncle Jim's, he found a discarded milk can. He pounced upon it with delight and carried it home on his back.

Now he was ready for business, but he wanted a clear field in which to work. If Aunt Kate were present, she would be sure to raise all sorts of objections—she had no sympathy whatever with inventions or innovations.

Then the Ladies' Aid Society, which had met so inopportunely before, retrieved itself in Molly's estimation by holding another prolonged session, to which Aunt Kate went with Mrs. Armitage. They set off early on foot, for the meeting was to be held at the Ford home, less than a mile away; but Molly was to call for them before supper. He was to use the milk wagon instead of the charlotee, because Miss Kate wanted him to stop at the grocery store for some sacks of flour.

He had been working feverishly at the barn since breakfast, arranging all of the preliminaries, so as to be ready for quick action as soon as his aunt had departed. The moment she disappeared down the road, he began to saw a square hole through the floor of the carriage house at the right of the doorway. He made it large enough for the milk can to pass through it. After unscrewing the hinges from the door and lowering it flat upon the ground, he nailed boards to its sides to broaden it. Then, by means of rollers, he trundled it inside, endwise, shifted it about, and pried it up until it stood erect against the frame.

First he set up the two-by-fours to hold it in place and to form the groove; then he fastened two ropes to the door—one at each upper corner. To rafters directly above the corners he hooked the two single pulleys. Through those he passed the two ropes and then ran them through the double pulley, which he had attached to a rafter above the hole in the floor. From there the ropes ran down to the milk can, which he provided with a bail.

"I need heavy stuff to fill the can!" he muttered, after he had tied the ropes to the bail. "Well, there are two ploughpoints and a lot of old solder in the shop, and part of a keg of nails."

He hurried away, and returned with as many heavy articles as he could find, all of which he dumped into the can. As it was still not heavy enough, he added a crowbar, thrust in endwise, a vise and several discarded horseshoes. The can was now too heavy for him to lift, so he had to shove it over the hole.

After pausing a moment, before the final test, he pushed the can into the hole. The door staggered and jiggled endwise—it did not fit the groove perfectly and the strain on the two ropes was not equal—but it went up! The can sank to the bottom of the cellar. Then Molly threw his weight on the door and brought the can back.

"I've got a few pounds too much in there," he said to himself, puffing from his violent exertion. "And, I'll have to shorten the ropes, for I want to set the can up on a shelf from which I can release it."

He removed two thirds of the weight, lifted the can to the top of an up-ended box close beside the hole, and readjusted the ropes. Next he made a small shelf, hinged so that it would turn down, and fastened it to the wall of the building directly over the hole.

Into a quarter-inch hole that he bored through the side of the house directly under the shelf, he thrust a large bolt. That bolt held up the shelf, but a cord attached the head of it and tied to a convenient tree beside the driveway would enable him to draw out the bolt. The counterweight, dropping through into the cellar, would raise the door.

He smiled delightedly, reweighted the can, swung it over upon the shelf, and going round outside through the small door next to the barn, pulled on the cord. At the second jerk the bolt came out and the door went up. The experiment was not completely successful, for the door stopped when two or three feet short of the top; but a little smoothing here and there would make it run evenly.

At that moment the kitchen clock was striking four. Molly had not paused to eat, scarcely to breathe, since his aunt had left hours before; and he was to call for her at the Fords' at five o'clock.

Hurriedly running out the milk wagon, he dragged down the door, replaced the bolt under the shelf, and rushed to harness Jerry. After eating three doughnuts and giving his clothes a few perfunctory brushes with his hands, he drove away in great good humor with the world and with himself.

Scarcely had he found a precarious seat between the two ladies and started on the homeward trip, when his aunt turned a disapproving glance upon him.

"What have you been doing this afternoon, Molly?" she asked. "You're not looking very tidy."

Molly's smile was mysterious. "Never mind now," he replied. "I've got a surprise for you."

"O dear!" said his aunt; but she did not press the subject until Mrs. Armitage had alighted.

"Now, what have you been doing?" she demanded.

"You'll see in a minute. Get up, Jerry!"

"O dear!" Aunt Kate repeated, fearing the worst. "You haven't been doing something to that door, have you?"

"Just you wait. Go on, Jerry!"

They turned into the yard and halted before the carriage-house door. Leaning to one side, Molly jerked upon the cord. The response was more prompt than before, and the door, in spite of a few joggles and jerks, moved upward like a stage curtain.

Aunt Kate's mouth opened with astonishment not unmixed with admiration. Jerry lunged back, and then, seeing the way open before him, dashed ahead. At that moment Aunt Kate screamed and Molly's complacent smile froze upon his face.

The door, having gone up like a rocket, was coming down like the stick!

It had gone up so fast that when it stopped, the strain on the overweighted ropes was terrific. They were old, and weakened by time and exposure. Both broke; and then, of course, there was nothing to support the heavy door.

Molly saw it start when Jerry's hips were directly under it. "Get up!" he yelled, slashing furiously with the lines. The door was a yard lower when above their laps; it just grazed their heads as Molly shrieked "Get up!" again. A second later it descended upon the floor behind them with a resounding smash and the plop! of bursting sacks.

By this time Jerry was going like a race horse. The hind wheels, catching the bottom of the door, dragged the splintering wreck behind them until the rear wall of the carriage house stopped the old horse's impetuous flight.

Leaping from the collapsed vehicle, Miss Kate clutched for support at the side of the charlotee, close at hand.

"It's a mercy, Melanethon Derby," she gasped, "that you haven't killed us both this time!"

"It's those old ropes!" Molly cried indignantly. "I never have anything decent to work with!"

Miss Kate surveyed the demolished milk wagon and the scattered flour, and after that the conversation was very much one-sided—it consisted almost wholly of a spirited monologue on her part. The next morning, still in no mood for contradiction by anyone, she got a carpenter almost by physical force, and set him to building a track door.

Still subdued, Molly watched the progress of the work with great interest; and as time passed, his spirits rose perceptibly, while his aunt's anger cooled.

That evening he was himself again. "There are a lot of odds and ends that Mr. Ferguson left, Aunt Kate," he said, "and the front of that milk wagon is all right. I can make it over into a sort of sulky, and it'll be more useful than it ever was."

"O Molly," Miss Kate cried, sighing and laughing in the same breath, "I give you up! You're plainly a hopeless case!"

THE BEST PHILOSOPHER

"Children and fools," we say, "tell the truth." But while the fool speaks the truth through accident or ignorance, the child often speaks it by virtue of his instinctive reading of character. The five-year-old boy may be a better practical psychologist than his mother.

A feminine caller regaled Jack's mother with the village gossip, and interspersed it with rather acid comments on the minister, the teacher, the church soprano and the family cook. One and all were found wanting in her judgment. As she talked, Jack listened. At last she noticed him, standing before her, his eyes fastened upon her gloomy face.

"Jack," said she, "I don't like little boys who stare!"

He gravely continued to look at her, and replied, after due consideration: "You don't seem to like much of anything!"

So the child's instinct pricked the bubble of the woman's critical ill nature.

"Why don't you go to play at Willie Morgan's house?" asked a friend of the small Donald.

"Well," he said, meditatively, "my mamma likes noise; but Willie's mamma only pretends to like it when he has company—and sometimes she forgets she's pretending."

It is evidently not worth while to "pretend" with this penetrating child.

Two small brothers were invited—happy pair!—to take tea with a large-hearted and lonely spinster. On their return they were questioned.

"Were you good boys, Russell?"

"Yes, mother, we were."

"Were you polite?"

"Yes, we were, sure! We hugged her a good deal and kissed her a good deal, and ate up all her supper!"

What could be more gracious politeness than this? And where should we look for more wholesome truth-telling or keener human knowledge than may be found in him whom Wordsworth wisely called, "Thou Best Philosopher, Thou little Child"?

RUSSIAN THISTLE CONTROL

Russian thistle is only an annual, and its seed is not of long vitality in the soil, so by all the rules of the game it ought to be easily controlled; but this does not by any means always result. Indeed there are large areas in the Prairie Provinces, and a few small areas elsewhere in Canada, where it has the farmer worrying. These are almost without exception areas of dry, more or less sandy, and especially drifting soils. In south-western Manitoba and the dry belt of the Provinces to the west, the succession of dry years has given Russian thistle ideal conditions for increase. In adjoining areas equally exposed to infestation for almost equally extended periods of years, it occurs chiefly on railway sidings, and may never be an aggressive farm weed, for the simple reason that it has not the ability to compete with the vegetation of these soils. However, let these soils become run down, so that they support only indifferent crops, and they too may be invaded, if at all inclined to become loose and thin.

The offensive against Russian thistle may be launched in the spring. If a summer-fallow is considered necessary and good practice in the locality on other grounds, it will give the best opportunity to fight this pest; if thoroughly carried out, one season can very largely do the work. A cultivated crop is also useful, and a rotation which includes a cultivated crop every few years, as is possible on a stock farm, can control the weed under most conditions. When grain is the crop to occupy the land, the seed-bed should be prepared early and well, and be sown only when moisture, tilth and warmth are favorable for prompt germination of the grain. A stroke or two of the harrow when the grain is young to destroy the weed seedlings, and if the crop has been sown not too thinly, it will take more good than harm from the operation. Once the grain is well under way, any Russian thistle plants present are forced to lie low until the crop is harvested, but as soon as they are uncovered they push up rapidly, and soon become a dense mat of stems, or a coarse tangle of branches, depending on how thickly they stand. Before they become too large and prickly to be easily handled they should be plowed under; in fact a disking immediately after the binder, to be followed by plowing later is even better, provided in either case that seeds are not allowed to mature.

Other suggestions that might be made are to replace some of the spring grains with fall rye, in which the Russian thistles starting will be killed by winter's frost, and no congenial seed-bed will be made in the spring for further seeds to start. Or by pasturing sheep or cattle on rye, or any other crop containing the weed, it will be readily eaten down and turned to good account in the process. Some farmers are even considering whether they cannot make the best of a bad job by utilizing Russian thistle as a silage crop, which suggestion of course is only to be entertained as a last resort, since sunflowers and even excellent corn can be grown in most places troubled by this weed; and no amount of taming will ever rob it of its prolific seeding, and pernicious roving habits.—H. Groh, Botanist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.

A STEADY JOB

The origin of "graft" is probably in the discovery that something easy brings in a large reward. The only problem, then, is to find the easy thing. Tastes differ.

An expert golfer had the misfortune to play a particularly vigorous stroke at the moment that a seeder wayfarer skulked across the edge of the course. The ball struck the trespasser and rendered him insensible for a brief time. When he recovered, a five-dollar bill was pressed into his hand by the regretful golfer.

"Thanky, sir," said the injured man, after a kindling glance at the money. "An' when will you be playin' again, sir?"

For years Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has ranked as a reliable worm preparation and it always maintains its reputation.

WHAT THE WARNING MEANT

Emerson's dictum that "the wise man is everywhere at home" is entertainingly illustrated by the Washington Star's story of an American's cool acceptance of local conditions in Colombo, Ceylon. Two travellers in the East started out one evening to pay a visit to a friend who at that time was living in Colombo. They finally drew up in front of an ancient gateway in the angle of a partly ruined wall. Opposite there was an old temple. Above spread a huge banian-tree, deepening the gloom.

"We stepped out of the rickshaws," says the man who vouches for the story, "and looked somewhat doubtfully at the sombre gateway. Within all was dark and silent as the grave.

"All that could be distinguished was a dim, impalpable depth of foliage and the faint sheen of a pebbly footpath which seemed to lead directly into it. Close under the wall, however, there was a stretch of open lawn which we thought might lead to the house. So we pushed the gate open and were about to enter, when the rickshaw men sprang forward with a word of warning.

"'What's the matter?' asked my companion.

"'No, no, no!' said the coolies.

"We paused, perplexed. 'Why not?'

"'No, no!' This negative appeared to be the extent of their English vocabulary.

"'I suppose,' said my companion, 'that it is not considered good form to enter unannounced. All nonsense! I know this chap well enough to go in and rouse him out. Come ahead!'

"Pushing the coolies aside, we entered and begun to skirt the wall. Before we had taken ten steps, however, one of the men shouted something in the vernacular, and a moment later there came an answering cry from somewhere in the murky distance. Then a voice from the house called in English:

"'Hello! Who's that?'

"'Hello, Jim!' called my companion. 'It is Dick and a friend. What's the row about, anyway? We've come to call on you.'

"The words were followed by a howl of astonishment and delight which was quickly followed by an anxious 'Where are you?'

"'Over here by the wall.' 'By the wall? Stand still! Stand still! Do you hear? Stand stock-still! Don't move hand or foot, for your life!'

"Then the meaning of all the uproar flashed over me in a sickening wave of understanding.

"'Cobras!' I whispered to my friend.

"'Look!' he whispered.

"Not six feet in front of him the shimmer of the dew-laden grass was broken by a long dark band, which even as we watched moved slowly toward the wall and disappeared.

"We waited in silence, with damp faces and the hair bristling at the back of our necks. Presently lights began to flash through the shrubbery, and we heard soft cries and the pitter-patter of long bamboos striking the turf. Two native servants with lanterns and bamboo poles were proceeding slowly along the edge of the wall toward us, and behind them walked our host with a lantern and a dog-whip.

"'If a snake comes toward you, don't move!' he called. 'He will crawl past without bothering you.'

"We would not have moved if a Bengal tiger had been coming toward us. In fact, we moved stiffly even after we had been coaxed to the bungalow, which had been built close to an ancient ruin surrounded by extensive grounds.

"'Nice place you've got here,' observed Lou.

"'Oh, the snakes?' said our host. 'Why, they're nothing as long as you let them alone. That's their reservation over by the wall. I should no more think of walking there in the dark than I would of going into the snake cake at the zoo. But they never trouble us.

"'I'll confess that at first I didn't like them very well myself, but I soon found that it was a case of mutual toleration. We respect each others' privacy and confine ourselves strictly to our own parts of the premises. There is one old chap who calls upon me on the verandah at rare intervals.

"The following day we had breakfast with Jim, and he showed us about his place, which was fascinating by daylight. He had electric fans, running water, a piano-player and a talking-machine; but he had also the cobras, and we did not envy him the tropical garden of paradise to which he had transplanted himself."

THE LAND OF THE FREE

"There's eight nations represented in this ward of ours," said Mr. Halloran, to his wife, on his return from a political meeting. He began to count them off on his fingers.

"There's Irish, Frinch, Eyetalians, Poles, Germans, Roosians, Greeks—an' ain't it queer I disremember theither wans? There's Irish, Frinch—"

"Mayba 'twas Americans," suggested Mrs. Halloran.

"Sure, that's it," said her husband. "I couldn't think."

AIRCRAFT FOR FORESTS

With a view to giving greater protection to Ontario's vast forest areas, thirteen hydroplanes of Class A, HS 2-L type, have been purchased by the Provincial Government of Ontario, according to a press despatch and will be put into service on May 1 next. It is hoped thus to renew the confidence of those investing large sums of money in the organization and operation of pulp and paper industries and saw mills. When the present plans are completed and the air force organized for operation, Ontario probably will have the largest commercial aircraft system in the world.

Of the sum of $1,100,000 spent during the year 1923 to fight fires in the Province, a large percentage was paid in wages, and, with the exception of $86,000 spent for aircraft for patrol work, the remainder was expended in the upkeep of an organized land patrol. The Department believed that, even with so great an expenditure, only a small portion of the northern area of forest land was properly patrolled, and, with the adoption of aircraft, it is intended to divide the northern forest areas into districts.

In addition to giving adequate patrol service and protection of an area several times as large as that now patrolled, it is estimated that the Province will save by the use of aircraft, at least $250,000 per annum.

LOOKING FORWARD

A five-year-old boy had fallen and cut his lip so badly that it was necessary for the doctor to stitch it.

The youngster bravely bore the pain, and then turned round to his sorrowing mother, who was making a great fuss about the operation.

"Never mind," the lad bravely shouted, "my moustache will hide it."

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Every day brings us more proof.

Try it consistently. Pick out some attractive staple bargains. Offer them by Long Distance to six prosperous farming families a day, for a week. Judge the results by the percentage of sales.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station.

He Don't Read 'em

The man who says he never reads advertisements will often be discovered in the act of insisting upon a well-advertised brand of something he needs. He does read advertisements, though he may not make a business of it. So do you. Because your eyes are as quick as light, and more sensitive than the camera film. But let the advertisements in this paper, put here in good faith by worth-while concerns, have the honor of conscious attention from you---not a mere glance as you turn the pages.

You say, "I don't reads Ads,"---What are you doing now?