The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1922.

POVERTY AND WEALTH

Count not the man, whate'er his station, poor,
Whose life with fruits of faith and love is blest,
Who to his Lord has opened wide his door,
And has the King of Glory as his guest;
Nay, he is rich beyond all dreams, for he
Possesses time and heirs eternity.

Count not the man rich though his lands and gold
Rank him among the Kings of Earth in power,
If he for things material has sold
His life, and lives for fickle Fortune's dower;
Outward conditions make not lives nor souls
Success and failure of the Spirit are.

—Charles L. Patterson.

COULD NOT COMMIT MURDER

It is so unusual for man who has a chance to shoot a deer to return to camp with a clear conscience that it is a pleasure to quote this story. Two jack-hunters had gone out one night on a fork of the Flambeau River. They were using a clumsy flat-bottomed boat which one of them propelled with a pole. At ten o'clock they saw a buck, by the light of their powerful carbide lamp, just as he was leaping to the bank. An hour later they rounded a bend and found a doe startling in full view.

She was not more than twenty yards distant. She threw up her head, and stared at the light as soon as it came within range. The wind was blowing from her to the hunters, so that she could get no scent. The man who was poling dropped the long stick, sat down and took up the paddle. The deer stood still as the boat continued to advance. It crept on foot by foot, but she showed no nervousness. Now and then she thrust her nose far upward, turned her head to one side, and expanded her nostrils in the effort to get the scent of the strange thing which was approaching, but getting no scent, flight did not occur to her.

The boat got within twenty feet of her, then within ten feet. Another stroke of the paddle, and it would have been upon her. Then she turned toward the bank and walked slowly away. Twice she stopped and looked back at the light; once she stopped, gathered a mouthful of watergrass and chewed it. Still at a walk, never hurrying even into a slow trot, she went up the bank and disappeared.

All this time there had been a man sitting with a high-power rifle just behind the light. He wanted deer meat, and could, of course, have blown a hole through the animal if he had been so minded. In fact, he could have knocked it down with the guide's pole, which lay in the bottom of the boat. He said afterward:

"I could not shoot. She was in prime condition. A very beautiful animal, standing relieved in the strong light so that every muscles showed. She looked straight at me with her lustrous, large eyes, that were not frightened, but merely inquisitive, peering into the great lamp to see if it contained anything harmful or useful to her. She could not see me, of course, as I was in the black shadow behind the light, but I could hardly persuade myself that I was unseen. Killing that deer would have been simple murder."

SAW HIS MISTAKE

It had long been almost a proverb in the village that Jedediah Perkins "didn't know a chance when he saw one." The public discussion of this failing had often come to Uncle Jed's ears, and had sounded loudly in them. Worst of all, he had to admit that he was, in the language of his neighbors, "easy." He paid the most for what he bought and got the least for what he sold of any man within a dozen miles.

But Uncle Jed saw a chance at last. A railway runs close to his house, and in the middle of winter during a tremendous snow storm, a passenger train was stalled in the cut through his south pasture, and was unable to go forward or back.

After it had been there about half a day Uncle Jed saw his chance. There were a hundred or two hungry passengers, eager to buy food. He had a large store of ham and bacon. He would have Aunt Sarah make it up into sandwiches, and they would clear a small fortune.

"So that's what we done," said Uncle Jed, telling of it afterward. "We made up every bit of ham in the house into sandwiches, and I took 'em down these and offered 'em for sale for a quarter apiece.

"Now I cal'lated a man 's hungry 's them folks would be willing to pay a quarter for a good big home-made sandwich, but they held back. They was plenty would pay a dime. I could 'a' sold out twicet over at a dime each—but I only sold five at a quarter.

"'I'll wait till they git hungrier,' s'e I. I went outside and set on a snow pile, and watched them fellers shovelling out that train. Seemed to me they could like to git the train out before next summer, so I didn't hurry about going aboard again with them sandwiches. Jes' as I made up my mind it was time, though, along in front come one of them rotating whirligig plows they sent up from the other way, and before you could say 'Jack Robinson' away went the train behind it through the rut it made.

"Well, sir, as I sat there watching that train hadn't gone more'n two hundred yards before I see I had made a great mistake not to sell them sandwiches fer ten cents. I see it plain as could be. An' I am seeing it yet, for Aunt Sarah an' me has been livin' on ham sandwiches for three weeks, and they ain't half used up."

IT MAY BE CHEAPER TO GO AROUND

Some young people when once they have started a project, insist on doing it their own way, even if that way is clearly not the best. It is no discredit to turn aside for an obstacle provided you keep right on going toward your destination. Sometimes the railway company finds it cheaper to go around the base of a mountain than to tunnel through, and you will find the same true in your own case, time and again. If you disagree with some one, it is not always necessary to argue the question to a finish. If you feel that you are not getting the square deal from your employer, it does not follow that you must insist on an immediate raise of salary, with your resignation as the alternative. Many times we reach our goal more quickly by going around a difficulty than by hammering our way through.

GREEN TEA IN GREAT DEMAND

Twenty-five years ago, Green Tea was more popular than Black, but due to the heavy importation of poor quality Japan and China Green Teas, the demand fell off. Ceylon and India started producing Green Tea on a large scale only in recent years. They were of such fine quality and delicious flavor that Green Tea drinkers immediately recognized their superiority and demanded them in ever increasing quantities. Salada Tea Company is practically the sole importer of Ceylon and India Green Teas in Canada.

Granny's Kitchen

My Granny's gay old kitchen
Was a pleasant place to know,
In the lilac-scented mornings
Of the spring of long ago.

With the merry curtains blowing,
And the wide vine-haunted door,
And the never-ending shimmer
Of the shadows on the floor.

With the tiny fire crackling,
And the table set for two,
Crusty loaf and brown wild honey,
Steaming pots and cups o' blue.

Springtime brought to Granny's kitchen
Orchard voices sweet and wild,
But her words were sweeter music
To a wistful-hearted child.

Sweeter as the stormy rapids
Of the years more darkly flow,
Bearing him forever farther
From the spring of long ago.

—Harry Lee.

OLD DAYS AT LIMEHOUSE

Say, I firmly believe Lachlan Grant has just as good a memory as I have, and he has equal pleasure in recalling events of the early days and printing them for the edification of the readers of to-day. Last week he wrote an interesting letter of reminiscences of Limehouse. His history of the founding of that hamlet is very interesting, but I confess some of his recollections of persons, dates and incidents do not quite jibe with my recollection of them.

This is what the Major says in his article in the Herald last week:

"I was asked the other day if I knew anything about Limehouse, and its early history, and I said I would brush up my old thinker and records and here's what I'm giving you. Previous to 1840 the land where Limehouse stands was owned by Hall & Meredith. That year one, Glendenning, bought the land and the saw mill and called the place "Fountain Green." In 1850 John Newton, Sr., built a mill for making "water lime," and during the building of the G. T. R. he furnished them with nearly all they required. This mill was fitted up in 1862 for a woollen mill, and was carried on as such until it was burned down, about forty years ago.

During the time the G. T. R. was building its line the place was called "the Rock," and up to 1857 it was known as such, but in that year a post office was established, and it was called Limehouse, with the late John Newton, Sr., as postmaster. It got the name Limehouse from the fact that the lime works was at the time the principal industry. The first to engage in the lime business was Beecoby & Worthington, and next was Lindsay & Farquhar. In 1857 Gowdy & Moore bought the Beecoby plant, and Farquhar bought out Lindsay; later they were all merged into one company, known as the Toronto Lime Co. From 1852 to 1856, while the G. T. R. was building this was a very busy place. The cut through the rock was one of the largest and most expensive undertakings that the G. T. R. put through, when you take into account the appliances they had for doing such work in those days, and I think the rock was about double the height that it is now. The cutting was completed in 1854 and the late James Nickell (our Dr.' Nickell's father) drove a newly married couple through in a sleigh as he said he was driver, fireman and conductor of the first passenger train. We used to talk about that event, for it was an "event."

John McPherson kept a store there. His sister was married in the real old "Highland" manner; music and dancing, eating and drinking; the dancing was done in Newton's mill, and was kept up all night (no beds for so many). John Smith and my father were the fiddlers, and Angus Fletcher, of Hallinafad, the piper. Angus would insist on playing when many of them would sooner talk and drink; so to put a stop to Angus, some one put a knife in the bag and let the wind out. In the afternoon they began to start for home, some were "fu'," but John Smith was "glorious," and it was said that old Andrew Scott saw John making his way up the new railway, and he hailed him: "Say John, where hae ye been?" "I'm no sure, I think it was a wedding, but it was a grand success whatever."

Your humble servant did not think so, as far as he was concerned, for he was put to bed in the bunk with old Grannie McPherson, and, though it is about 70 years since, I can well remember how I cried, and my mother had to take me in hand (for peace and good order.)

At that time, and for many years after, the place was called "The Rock," even yet I hear it referred to as "The Rock." I will give you an instance. In 1878, the Rev. John Pringle was called as a minister to Georgetown and Limehouse, by the Presbyterians. I will quote from a letter, written by him on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the church here, and dated Sidney, October 20, 1910. "It was about his first sermon:

"I can see the smile on the old well-remembered faces at "The Rock" Church when I read the 23rd paraphrase, verse 14, 'And let the tenants of the rock with accents wide rejoice,' I did not see it until I saw the smile here and there in the church."

The following were the people who lived in and about Limehouse in 1850 to 1860:

Jas. Lindsay, Sr., Jas. Lindsay, Jr., I. A. Fraser, Wm. Shanks, WP Goodman, Andrew Scott, Jr., Jas. McKee, Fyfe Somerville, Geo. Cook, Dan. Wright, C. Meredith, J. Snyder, James Dobbie, Wm. Scott, Alex. Kennedy, Henry Ross, Charles Kilpatrick, Nillan Lindsay, John Lindsay, John Nickell, Jas. Scott, Andrew Scott, Sr., W. Sharp, T. Somerville, J. Somerville, J. Russell, John Russell, Wm. Snyder, John Newton, Sr., Thos. Lane, Paul Kennedy, Jas. Nickell, John Gillies, A. Durno.

I hope I have not found too much for you about "The Rock." If so, give one at me and I will do as I did in the bunk—lie down and keep quiet. It is time for me to find one to-night."

Some of us older chaps can remember quite well much of what Lachlan has written about the early days at "The Rock." Of the thirty-four names recorded in his list above, only three or four now survive.

The Old Man

THE DOG NURSED THE CAT

The following interesting incident of the establishment of friendly relations between a cat and a dog occurred just as it is related. There are a number of credible witnesses, still living, who can vouch for its authenticity.

Several years ago in a small village in central Ohio lived a widow and her family of three small children. Among the few possessions of this family were a small dog and a cat. The dog was a general favorite in the neighborhood, but the cat was as generally disliked, especially by the older people, because of her fondness for young chickens. Frequent and earnest were the threats of vengeance for her depredations.

The dog, whose name was Spry, shared in full measure the dislike of the neighbors for the cat, and every meal-time was battle-time as well between him and his fellow lodger. They could never be taught to eat together or at the same time without fighting, until at length misfortune overtook pussy.

One night, when she was out on one of her forays, she got one of her legs fast in a steel trap. The bone was broken, so that when she returned home the next day the leg was hanging limp and useless. The cat betook herself to her favorite retreat under the house, which she reached through a hole in the foundation.

At noontime, when Spry was fed, pussy came out for her portion, and since she was unable to defend herself with her accustomed vigor, Spry easily seized her by the nape of the neck and carried her back under the house. He then returned to his plate, and choosing some of the daintiest pieces, and those which he himself no doubt liked best, he carried them under the house and gave them to the cat, until pussy's appetite was satisfied. Spry then came back and ate the remainder himself.

This performance was repeated three times a day till the cat recovered, except that after two or three days puss ceased to come out, although Spry never forgot to feed her on the best food he had.

After the recovery of puss the two never again quarrelled, but to the day of his death Spry would not permit another cat to stay round the house.

"FINDETH NO GOOD"

A woman will go into a drygoods store packed to the roof with goods of every style and value, and come out with a five cent paper of pins. That is what she went in for and she got what she wanted. We usually find what we are hunting for. We have known people to go to church and come away with some grammatical mistake made by the preacher when they could not even recollect the text. When you find a man always turning up the bad side of everything, you have got a gutter snipe. No man will go nosing around back lanes and into garbage barrels who doesn't like the smell of refuse and love the taste of carrion. Put that down. The fellow who is a libertine will tell you that every man is immoral and that every woman immodest; the confirmed liar will tell you that you can't trust anybody these days; the crooked business man will tell you that you can't be in business today and be a constant church member, cynic is the polite name for the man whose own evil experience leads him to think that there is no such thing as sincerity or brotherly kindness in the world. Guard against this disposition to sneer and scoff at good. Take a square look within when you find yourself souring on men and things. "He that hath a forward heart findeth no good." Are you finding good or evil?—Solomon, in Shoe and Leather Journal.

FLOWER GEMS IN GLASS

Marvelous artificial blooms that resemble nature's finest specimens in every respect, even scent, are being made by expert glass-blowers.

Every part of the plant or flower is faithfully reproduced, from the long delicate stems and colored petals to the almost invisible pollen.

The first thing which the maker of these wonderful blooms does is to blow the petals from glass as thin and fragile as tissue paper. The glass petals are then shaped and colored exactly like the natural ones.

Some of the rarer plants cannot be easily reproduced, and often several experiments have to be carried out with different colors before a really good imitation is obtained.

These glass flowers are used extensively in museums, both to show details of plant or flower formation and as backgrounds for displaying specimens of birds and insects. So far has this branch of scientific glass-blowing been developed that it is practically impossible to distinguish the artificial blossoms from the real.

SEVERE TEST FOR STAINLESS KNIVES

One of the striking features of the big fair in England is the increase in the exhibits of silversmiths. One firm has an exhibit of stainless knives which have had an adventurous voyage through the North Sea. The knives were placed in a perforated tin canister and attached to a cable accompanying a Grimsby trawler on a voyage of 500 miles.

They were tossed and buffeted in the North Sea for 189 hours and when taken out of the canister the knives were found to be without stain.

There is a superstition among the fishermen that their luck will be out if they carried white-hafted knives on board. These knives were fitted with white ivory handles and throughout the voyage, as if to confirm the superstition the "catch" was disappointing.

"The skipper told me the crew wanted to cut the cable attached to the canister," the manager of the firm said.

THE BASIS FOR THE NEW DISH

An English resident in China having made a good dinner from a tasty but unrecognized dish, called his cook, Wun Hoo, and congratulated him on the meal.

"I hope you didn't kill one of those dogs to provide the soup?" jestingly remarked the daughter, referring, of course, to the pariah which haunt Chinese streets.

Wun Hoo made a solemn gesture of dissent.

"No kilee dawg, missie," he explained, "Him alleddy dead when I picked up!"

MAY MARRIAGES

The idea that it is unlucky to be married in May is not so prevalent as it was formerly, but the superstition still lingers.

We got it from the Romans, who apparently got it from the Greeks and brought it with them to Britain. It shows how to train a superstitious thought once set going will persist through the ages.

The curious thing about this superstition is that it should ever have originated, for the month of May in ancient times was dedicated to the goddess Maia, the mother of Mercury and the goddess of growth and increase.

THE TOY CANOE

The Toymaker and His Carving Is a Plant of Village Growth.

When at Christmas time we turn into a toy store or in a larger department store toward the toy counter, we are apt to see in our minds' eye only the toy and the child. Some of us see and feel, ourselves. And in spirit go back to the days when toys were to us, as they are to children, the embodiment of the imagination. The tangible form of our dreams! Night of the toys, the touch of them, is a magic wand restoring our lost childhood. And so we really end in buying the thing that we like, the thing that takes our fancy. That is, if we have a choice, and are not forced by circumstances of limited stock or limited means to take what we can get.

But the toy reaches further back than this. Behind each is the toymaker. The man or woman whose deft fingers shade the thing of art and life out of unpromising and wholly unsuggestive raw material. Thus Canada has men, art-craftsmen, who see in the forest-log latent figures of saints, windmills, weather-vanes, miniature canoes, legends of Mother Hubbard.

Take the part-French, part-Indian maker of the toy-canoe that so delights the hearts of little boys even when for lack of lake, river or sea in their neighborhood they are forced to sail it in the bath-tub, or just carry it to bed clasped in chubby arms, at night, as a sort of galleon whereon to sail away to the land of dreams, is there not in the canoe, a spirit of race? The French trait of "sculpteur," as the wood-carver calls himself down in Quebec, and the elemental knowledge and association of the canoe that in the Indian reaches back to prehistoric days in this great stretch of country that is Canada.

It would be difficult to say which side of him aids the other more, but it is true that incombination, he is something more of an artist than the United States or Mexico to the south, without such combination, can boast. A born toy-maker. Someone who gets into the toy that prescient something which is of the spirit and of life, and which makes it art-products rather than a mere thing of wood. So fine in its lines that it is no mere substitute but a miniature of the larger canoe . . . the boat of a race. No less than the Viking ship or the gondola is the boat of a race and a people.

Did we see the artistry and human interest, not to speak of the nationality, the true Canadianism in such toys, we would select them and put them more in the hands of children than we do. Even in giving the purely mechanical toy to the child the youngster not having arrived at the age of mechanics preclude to see the suggestion, the romance, the story, the association. As to wit the "chu-chu" train, rather than the mechanism, the parts, which are far too small to interest the mind at that stage.

And, when you happen upon the canoe-carver at work out-of-doors in one of those many quaint and historic villages along the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Quebec, his own child seated on the logs, one of the rough canoes in his little hand, how envious it makes you feel for the city child! For the toymaker and his carving is a plant of village growth. The big log still, as it were, touches the forest. And all those things, too, are in the tiny canoe over which the mind of childhood dreams.—Victoria Hayward.

TAKING THE FLAVOR OUT

When Cousin Juliet went to spend the winter with the Burtons, the young people of Canterbury welcomed her with double cordiality, half upon the Burtons' account and half upon her own. Juliet was pretty and clever and fond of gaiety, and at first was extremely popular.

As the months passed a change began to be noticed in the way people spoke of her. One day a girl explained it in a sentence.

"Juliet Burton is pretty and bright, I know," she said, "but somehow she takes the flavor out of the things you have or do; you go away from a talk with her feeling so poor."

How did she do it? In such unconscious ways. When little Mrs. Bates, for instance, proud over her new achievement, showed her the first basket she had made, Juliet said that the "lazy squaw stitch was such a comfort because anybody could pick it up."

Delicate Amy Eliot, who had been ordered to live in the open air as much as possible, began to study birds. One day she told Juliet delightedly that she had seen a cardinal. Juliet answered that the cardinal was one of the commonest birds in that part of the country.

She did not mean to be inconsiderate; she would have said that she was merely stating facts. But there are so many different ways of stating facts!

"There's folks that are smart and folks that are entertaining, and folks that are just as pretty to look at as pictures," an old countrywoman once said, "but give me every time the kind that heartens you up."

It is too good a word to grow old-fashioned, and happily the kind itself is never obsolete. If there are Juliets who dishearten—take the flavor out—there are always others whose lovely mission it is to dispel the creeping mists, and make us see our small kingdoms bright and full of promise before us, and send us on our way "heartened up."

GOING TOO FAST MEANS A BREAKDOWN

The speed of the automobile is in many places regulated by law. Often an autoist will see the warning "Not over fifteen miles an hour," or perhaps the limit is made even lower. Many of the fatalities, which shock us, even when we did not know the victims, are the result of disregarding the speed laws. When a machine is going at fifty miles an hour, a very slight accident may mean death.

There are other speed laws written in our physical constitutions which many young people disregard. The pace of the high school student is often a terrific strain on health. It is not the hard study so much as the unnecessarily late hours, the social affairs as likely to occur on Monday as Friday evening, and the varied interests which crowd the day and make inroads on the time that should be reserved for sleep. Nature's laws insist on a very strict speed limit. Go too fast and you are likely to have a breakdown in health and vigor.

If we feel listless rather than alert, if we are irritable for no reason that we know of, and depressed as unaccountably; if when we go to bed tired we find it hard to sleep, and if we are troubled by distressing dreams, then we may be sure we are disregarding the speed laws, and that we shall pay the penalty.

A platitude is a great truth slightly shopworn.

HOW THE KING WORKS—AN HOUR WITH HIS MAJESTY

King George, since he came to the throne, has surprised those about him with the rapidity with which he works and the quickness with which he can make himself the master of any document or state paper that is put in front of him. The late King was rather slow and deliberate in his methods, and liked to consider every point with the greatest care. The present King, on the other hand, takes everything at top speed; but there is nothing that misses his eye, says Modern Society. He is naturally a rapid thinker, and possesses a wonderfully retentive memory.

He is a very early riser, and, whether he is staying at York Cottage, Windsor Castle, or Buckingham Palace, his cup of coffee, and roll and butter are taken to his room a little before seven. By eight o'clock His Majesty is seated at his desk, and is going through the papers that have accumulated from the previous day. He reads carefully every letter that reaches him, no matter how humble the source; and when he has finished it he pencils a few instructions upon it and places it in one of the red morocco leather despatch boxes that stand in front of him. Every one of these boxes belongs to one of the officials of his household, and the name of the owner is plainly marked upon it, so that when his private secretary and others are ready to begin their day's work they find their boxes well filled and ready to their hands.

There are many papers, of course, that cannot be dealt with by the King in a moment or two, and these are placed on one side for more careful consideration. Between ten and eleven in the forenoon communications from the Prime Minister and the heads of the various departments of the state reach the King, and by this time his two most trusted advisers are at his elbow ready to advise him. The King does not maintain that regular and voluminous correspondence with the heads of foreign powers that King Edward did during his reign, but his letter bag, day by day, is of very considerable dimensions.

If he is in town and the Premier desires an audience, this is granted about noon.

By this time His Majesty has completed the routine work for the day, and is able to give undivided attention to all that is placed before him. He makes it a rule that no member of his household is present at these interviews, so that the Minister may speak in the fullest confidence. If there is anything that the King particularly desires to remember, he jots it down on a writing pad in front of him, and transfers it to his diary events, late in the day.

Practically the whole of the King's work is done in the morning, and he contrives to keep his afternoons free for recreation of one form or another. The evening, however, finds him back at work again, glancing through the matters that have been submitted for his consideration during the day, as he likes to have everything clear before he retires for the night.

MOTHER DIDN'T SEE IT

A schoolmaster wrote the following criticism on the edge of a boy's report card:

"A good worker, but talks too much."

When the father signed the report and sent it back the card bore in addition to his signature this report: "You should hear his mother."—Greater Flint.

A LOOP HOLE

Theodore had been a very naughty boy, and his mother had told him that he must pray to be made better. So, after praying for the various members of the family as usual, the small voice humbly said: "And make me a better boy." Then, after a second's hesitation, he added in his best imitation of the grown-up manner: "Nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done."

A MOVING HERO

He who treads the path of metaphor follows a beautiful but dangerous way. The Chicago Journal quotes some sentences from a modern novel, which are sound enough metaphors, taken singly, but in conjunction make rather an acrobatic effect.

"His countenance fell."
"His voice broke."
"His heart sank."
"His hope leaped."
"His eyes blazed."
"His words burned."
"His blood froze."

And so on. After reading this one is puzzled to know whether the hero was a plumber, a bankrupt or a thermometer.

EVIDENCE OF IT

The young man of fashion approached his prospective father-in-law.

"I say," he said, "your daughter has promised to marry me. But one has to be careful these days. I'd like to know— just to be sure— is there any insanity in your family?"

The old gentleman looked the young man up and down. "There must be," he said.

POTATO SETS

The average of five years' results in testing potato sets of different sizes at the Ontario Agricultural College shows that the size of the piece of potato planted has a very marked influence on the yield produced. There was an increase in the yield of potatoes per acre as the size of the potato sets increased in weight. Planting two ounce with comparison with one ounce pieces an additional 20.6 bushels of seed potatoes were required, and and additional yield of 25.5 bushels of potatoes were harvested.

A SMILE

Husband: "You accuse me of reckless extravagance. When did I ever make a useless purchase?"

Wife: "Why, there's that fire extinguisher you bought a year ago. We have never used it once!"—Tit-Bits.

She: "I suppose you know the Barber of Seville."

He: "Nope; I do my own shaving."—Upper Iowa Collegian.

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