The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1924

THE TEST OF A MAN

The test of a man is the fight he makes,
The grit that he daily shows;
The way he stands on his feet and takes
Fate's numerous bumps and blows.
A coward can smile when there's naught to fear,
When nothing his progress bars,
But it takes a man to stand up and cheer
While some other fellow stars.

It isn't victory, after all,
But the fight that a brother makes;
The man, who, driven against the wall,
Still stands up erect and takes
The blow of fate with his head held high,
Bleeding and bruised, and pale,
Is the man who'll win in the by and by,
For he isn't afraid to fail.

It's the bumps you get, and the jolts you get,
And the shock that your courage stands,
The hours of sorrow and vain regret,
The prize that escaped your hands,
That test your mettle and prove your worth;
It isn't the blow you deal,
But the blows you take on the good old earth
That show if your stuff is real.

WRONGLY SUSPECTED

A bright young girl from the timber regions of Ontario related to the writer how it happened that she came to the United States to be educated without any expense to herself.

"I had never been to school," she said, "and had never expected to go, though I often wished I could learn, and know enough at least to teach the children in our lumber-camp. The chance came to me at last in a very strange way.

"One pay-day Mr. Ray, the owner of our pineries, missed a roll of bank-notes from his office desk. It was summer-time, and his family were there, living in the great roomy barracks. My father was one of his men, and I was employed to wait on his invalid mother, and do errands and other light services about the place.

"I made myself useful in many little ways, so that I was sent everywhere; and to she me, and the big dog Bruno, in any part of the premises excited no remark. It was this freedom that made Mr. Ray suspect me, for he could think of no one else who would be so likely to see the money and slip it out of sight.

"He determined to send me and all our family away, but his mother, to whom he was very kind and tender, interceded for me. It was a terrible trial when they both questioned me, and I saw that I could not make him believe I was innocent. But she said to him, 'Don't mention your suspicions, my son, nor punish any one, until you know. Leave the whole matter to the Lord, and expect His righteous judgment.

"I kept my place, but I could not be lighthearted again while the cloud hung over me. I never felt certain whether my mistress really believed me honest, or was kind to me because she pitied my distress. About that time my father bought a new team, but I did not know till afterward how the fact affected Mr. Ray's feeling toward me. The loss of his money was known, but no one but himself and his mother knew that I was mistrusted.

"It was in one of those unhappy days that Max Webber, the overseer or 'boss' of the logging gang, came to headquarters for orders. He had been in the woods since the day the bank-notes were missed; Max Webber was a favorite with every one, and especially with Mr. Ray. The young ladies called him 'the jolly giant,' he was so big and so good-natured. His patient strength had been invaluable to Mr. Ray's invalid mother when she was carried through the forest on a litter to the lumber-camp.

"He inquired after her to-day, as he always did, but the absent look on his usually beaming face showed that he had something on his mind. He stood by Mr. Ray's desk as if hesitating to go, and presently he said:

"'Have you found that lost money?'

"'No, but I'm very certain that I know who took it.'

"'No doubt,' said the tall woodman, hanging his head. 'Ever since that day I've been sure you could look right through me, and see the stolen money in my inside pocket. Here it is, sir.' It rolled off the desk right into my cap, that lay on the floor, and the devil tempted me to pick up the cap and put it on my head. 'You can turn me off, or shut me up, or anything; it don't matter now. I couldn't feel any meaner than I do.'

"Mr. Ray sat astonished. 'You are the last man,' he said, as soon as he found words, 'the very last man I should have guessed, Max! And to think I should have laid it to Tom Nason's poor little girl, who has taken so many steps for us! I don't know what to say to you. Go in and fix it up with my mother.'

"'Oh, anything but that Mr. Ray! Anything but that! She has been so good to me!'

"But he went. I was in the room when he came in, and I shall never forget the talk the dear old lady had with him.

"My father, at the entreaty of the penitent overseer, was promoted to his place, and he insisted on banishing himself to the half-breed gang, to work as a common wood-chopper. But Mr. Ray sent him on a responsible commission into the northern forests.

"'I need a man to go—and to go alone,' he told him. 'It will give you a chance to prove what you'll be from now on. I shall depend on you never to play me false again.'

"When the strain was over I gave out entirely, and lay unconscious with brain fever for seven weeks. Mr. Ray and his family cared for me tenderly, and when I recovered they took me with them to the States. I am going to school, now, and Max Webber pays my expenses. He would have it so."

Somehow, somewhere, the innocent, whom erring human judgment has condemned, will have their recompense. Heaven is righteous, and in the end the real offender and the hasty accuser have the most to bear.

AIMED AT HIM

A tale which comes from the Advertisers' Almanac is declared to be "perfectly true." Whether it is or not, many persons, especially those who live in the South, will be unable to find in it any internal evidence to controvert the statement.

A gentleman who was buying a turkey from old Uncle Ephraim asked him, in making the purchase, if it was a tame turkey.

"Oh, yais, sir; it's a tame tu'key all right."

"Now, Ephraim, are you sure it's a tame turkey?"

"Oh, yais, sir; dere's no so't o' doubt 'bout dat. It's a tame tu'key all right."

He consequently bought the turkey, and a day or two later, when eating it, came across several shot. Later on, when he met old Ephraim on the street, he said, "Well, Ephraim, you told me that was a tame turkey, but I found some shot in it when I was eating it."

"Oh, dat war a tame tu'key all right," was Uncle Ephraim's reiterated rejoinder; "but de fac' is, boss, I'se gwine to tell yer in confidence dat dem 'ere shot was intended for me."

The Old Academy Bell

In the belfry on the terrace, where the mountain breezes blow,
Bearing breath of sweetest flowers, or the blast of drifting snow,
With the valley far below it, where the rushing waters fell,
Where the hillsides caught the echoes, hung the old academy bell.

I can hear it through the valley of the swift receding years,
And its echo is like music sweet to banish care and tears.
When the sun with light up-springing brought the glory of the day,
Then the old bell, slowly swinging, clear and strong began to say:

Hear!
Give ear!
Come one, come all,
Obey my cheerful call;
Send sighing sorrow swift away;
Let life and love laugh light and gay;
Come catch a chord of cheer sweet
Where willing workers wisely meet;
Obey my cheerful call;
Come one, come all.
Give ear!
Hear!

Every heart with joy was beating, willing feet made no delay;
Every lip spoke kindly greeting as we met upon the way;
Every youthful eye was lightened with the purpose of a soul,
And the ancient schoolroom brightened as the master called the roll.

Thus again, as in a vision, come the days of long ago;
Side by side in paths elysian friends of old together go;
And when morning mists are rolling, and the mountain breezes swell,
For away I hear the tolling of the old academy bell.

—John Mervin Hull.

OLD ROCKWOOD ACADEMY

This homely old poem brought back to me with great vividness memories of the old Academy at Rockwood, which had been lying dormant in my mind for years and years. It took me back to the old days when William Wetherald, that fine old Quaker, who had an innate love for young people and their advancement, was inspired with the desirability of establishing a school for higher learning on the highway below Rockwood, just six miles from here.

Mr. Wetherald did great service to his day and generation through the old Rockwood Academy, and through his influence in the village and community. He induced other families of his faith to settle there and their descendants are esteemed and helpful members of the community. The pretty Friends Church stands as a monument to the foundations laid in righteousness in those early days. The Friends Cemetery, a much-needed feature of the community, is located beside the old academy, and many of the residents of the district have family plots there, and interments of deceased loved ones are still frequently made in that sacred God's Acre. Gray's elegy might will have been written there.

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-trees shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

"Oft did the harvest to their sickle
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.

"Hark! how the sacred calm that broods around
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,
In still, small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace."

Well, the old academy was for years a place of learning in which the foundations were laid for many lives of usefulness, power and prominence. For years Mr. Wetherald was the honored and influential principal; but the time came when he was obliged to enter into rest. His successor was the sturdy Donald McCaig, who was of a type different from the founder, but possessed of many rare qualifications as an educationist. His work also left lasting results. Before retiring he took into partnership Alexander McMillan, a young man of fine qualities, and with the teaching instinct well developed. He was a good all round teacher, but he excelled as a commercial master and a teacher of penmanship. To him is due the credit of introducing the Spencerian system of writing by the muscular movement, instead of the previous method of writing with the finger movement only. He was a popular teacher, and had associated with him Peter Miller, a medalist in classics and mathematics.

Rockwood Academy functioned for years as a valuable institution, giving its students a higher education than could be obtained in the common schools of the day. It fitted young men for business, and for professional courses at the university. It antedated the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, and largely covered the subjects now taught in them. But these secondary schools, coming into existence under sanction of the Department of Education of the Province, and operating with the advantage of financial grants from their respective municipalities and from the Government as well, gradually crowded out the proprietary institutions such as Rockwood Academy. High Schools were opened in every town of any importance and naturally the private institutions which were maintained exclusively by the fees of the students, were obliged to close their doors.

Many men throughout Canada and the United States, however, gratefully remember the advantages they derived from attendance at such schools as Rockwood Academy. I have often wondered why more of the young men of this district did not embrace the opportunities for higher education, but I suppose it was due to the fact that the boys in those days were mostly needed when they got through with the Public School, for work on the farms which their fathers were clearing up then.

I remember, however, that James J. Hill, the Canadian boy who became the great railway magnate of America, was a Rockwood Academy boy. I remember also that fifty years ago Donald Campbell, who for years has occupied a high position in Winnipeg, the late James Lamb, who reached a place as superintendent of construction with the Hamilton Bridge Company, before his death, and H. F. Moore, who has been for forty-five years or more editor of our own Free Press, were all Rockwood Academy boys. I had not the privilege of attending myself, but being so close to Rockwood I heard much about the old academy in the early days. I know that the attendance embraced young fellows from all over Upper Canada, and numbers from the United States. They came from Toronto and from other cities and towns. They came from as far south as Virginia, and there was always a good sprinkling of boys from the neighboring farms.

Naturally the academy boys had a quota of pranksters among them, and these often led the more quiet students into scrapes of a more or less innocent nature. The folks of the old academy days still rehearse stories about how these venturesome lads persisted in robbing the orchards of old Mr. Cowan and Mr. Passmore, until they were impelled to erect twelve-foot tight board fences surrounding their gardens. The yarn about the boys taking a calf up into the academy belfry on Hallowe'en, is still told. Also about farmers losing their geese and tracing the culprits who took them to the famous Devil's Well, where they were in the act of roasting them for a midnight feast. The academy boys had their scraps with each other, but when a village boy presumed to quarrel with a student from the academy there was war and every academy boy stood for the boys of the school.

Thus again, as in a vision,
Come the days of long ago;
Side by side in paths elysian
Friends of old together go;
And when morning mists are rolling,
And the summer breezes swell,
Far away I hear the tolling
Of the old academy bell.

The Old Man

A "BARGAIN" IN STEAMER CHAIRS

Driving a bargain in India takes time, if nothing else, for the Hindu, like all Orientals, got entertainment as well as profit out of his chaffering. Richardson and I wanted two deck chairs, says Mr. Alfred C. H. Fletcher in From Job to Job Around the World, and we were determined to get them at a fair price. One evening I dropped into a native shop to look over the stock.

"How much is this steamer chair?" I asked the shopkeeper.

"Twelve rupees."

"How much will you give?" the native called.

"Two rupees," I said emphatically.

"No. I will let you have it for eight."

"Two rupees are all I will give you," I said as I continued to walk toward the door.

"Six rupees."

I took a few steps nearer the door.

"Four rupees," he said reluctantly.

"I will give you only two rupees," I said. "That chair isn't worth an anna more."

"No. Four rupees or no sale."

"I will meet you halfway and give you three rupees," I said.

"No, four rupees."

I finally left the shop, saying that I would come again in the morning. Then I told Richardson that I had worked the native from twelve rupees down to four, and I suggested that he continue to beat down the price from that point.

That evening I waited on the sidewalk while Richardson entered to resume battle with the shopkeeper.

"I will give you three rupees for that chair," he said, pointing to the subject of all the wrangle.

"No. I have a man coming in the morning who is going to buy it for four rupees."

As Richardson came out of the shop I went in. "Well, I have decided that I can't pay more than three rupees for the chair," I said.

"All right, no sale, then."

I walked out, joined Richardson and started up the street. We had not gone half a block when the native came running after us.

"Three rupees, eight annas!" he shouted.

"All right," I said. "I have some heart left. We have beaten the poor chap down far enough," I added to Richardson.

We returned and bought two chairs. Three rupees, eight annas seems a big reduction from twelve rupees, but even this figure was exorbitant.

A DISAPPOINTMENT

The old truth that things are not always what they seem was established anew the other day. In this case the discrepancy between fiction and fact was so great as to be most amusing. Says a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger:

It was noon when he entered the crowded restaurant. He stood fully six feet three inches in height, was built in proportion, and must have weighed at least two hundred and fifty pounds. As he strode down between the rows of tables he looked as if he could eat up the house.

He took a seat beside a diminutive, fussy little man with a bald head and chop whiskers, who was successfully polishing off a sirloin steak with onions. The little fellow, with his napkin tightly wedged under his chin and his mouth full of dinner, looked up in wonder at his gigantic side partner and then down at the frail cane-bottomed chair, which creaked and groaned piteously under its immense weight. But the big fellow took no notice of the lifestone. When the waitress approached him he gave his order.

"Bring me," he said, in a falsetto voice, "a cup of weak tea and a doughnut."

THE ANSWER MARK SENT

When Mark Twain was running his country newspaper he was deluged with all sorts of contributions that would have hurried any one less than a humorist to an early grave. One day he received a poetic effusion all tied up with pink ribbon and entitled, "I Wonder If He'll Miss Me." When Mark had recovered his composure sufficiently to mail back the poem, he did so, with this note attached:

"If he does, he ought never to be trusted with firearms again."

HERE'S A COLD ONE

A lad had been building his own radio set, and had secured a far-reaching scope with it, when he said to his younger brother:

"Well, Jimmie, I got London last night when I opened up my new step."

"Huh," replied his brother, dryly, "that's nothing. When I went to bed last night I just opened my window and got 'Chile.'"

TRIFLING BY COMPARISON

The American who visited Vinus, but who thought his visit was a failure because he "got there just when there was a big freshet," is matched by a Boston man, who, looking at a picture of Venice, exclaimed:

"My! Look at that! Goin' round in boats! And here in Boston we think we're terribly abused if the water's up to our ankles!"

FISHERMEN TELL YOU

Fishermen will tell you that they only go to French River, Nipigon, or Lake-of-the-Woods for the fishing. Not all of them will tell you that they go because Madame insists, these being three of the few districts where one can enjoy the comforts of the average holiday resort, the joy of camp life and the glory of the woods as well as the finest fishing in North America. There are bungalow camps, operated by the Canadian Pacific, in each district.

MR. PEASLEE ON SIGNS

Scanning the heavens anxiously, Lysander Hyne murmured something under his breath. Mr. Peaslee tipped his head slightly.

"What's that you said, Hyne?" he asked.

"I said," Mr. Hyne vouchsafed gloomily, "that 'twas 'bout what I might call'ate my luck would be. I was lottin' on goin' fishin' to-morrow, and it's goin' to pour rain, if I'm any judge, and I guess I be—some."

"It's none of my business," said Caleb mildly, "but why didn't you go fishin' to-day? Wind's southwest and the sky's overcast. I d'know when I've seen a likelier day for fish to bite. And you ain't done a lick of anything but set round, far's I've noticed. What hendered you gyin' to-day?"

Mr. Hyne hesitated a moment. "Sign wa'n't quite right," he said sheepishly.

Caleb looked at Mr. Hyne in amused disbelief. "Sixty-years old, if you're a day," he commented at last, "and you are talking 'bout signs! You put me in mind of Aunt Lyddy Manset and her cherry trees."

Mr. Hyne, glad of a change of subject, responded promptly. "Lyddy Manset?" he said, with a question in his tone.

"She's been dead more'n forty years," Mr. Peaslee remarked absently, "but I guess you've noticed that splendid line of cherry trees along the wall on the Manset place—where Ben Siddall lives now.

"Wal, I set out them cherry trees—a pile of years ago—and she b'lieved in signs, same's you do.

"Aunt Lyddy'd been plaguin' me to set out some cherry trees for her, no end day in the spring I dug up five or six thrifty little trees and wrapped the roots in wet moss so they wouldn't dry up, and lugged 'em over. I was cal'lating to get 'em right out, and have the job off'n my hands that day, but I hadn't reckoned with Aunt Lyddy's signs.

"She let on to be dretful tickled over 'em, but when I begun to hunt round after a pick and shovel, she says, 'You know 's well 's I do that there ain't any surer way of stunting an apple tree or a cherry tree than to plant it when the moon's wanin'. No,' s'she, 'the moon shifts to-morrer, and can't you jest as well put it off a day or two and do it then?' she says, kind of wishful. So I poked a little fun at her and went home 'thout settin' out the trees.

"Three-four days after that I took a pick and shovel from my place and started over there again, and when Aunt Lyddy saw me turn into the yard she came to the door all in a flutter.

"'Ain't possible is it,' s'she, all worked up, 'that you'd think of settin' out them trees to-day?'

"I s'pose my looks must have shown her that I didn't understand, for she spoke out real sharp for her.

"'Why,' s'she, 'it's Friday, and I'd rather not have 'em set out at all than to have it done to-day,' says she, lookin' 'bout ready to cry.

"Wal," Caleb continued, "it didn't make any real diff'rence to me, so I put it off again and went home. Work kind of piled up on me onexpected for a few days after that, and I didn't get a chance to go over again. And then one night she run over, lookin' dretful worried. Seems she had an old-maid cousin over in Amherst that had been took sick with some kind of fever, and Aunt Lyddy held it to be her duty 'o get there as quick as she could to nurse her. But she couldn't go 'thout feelin' that I'd set out them trees. So I promised her I would, and off she plit to nurse her cousin.

"As I told you, my work was crowdin' me by that time, so I didn't have the time I ought to've had; but when I'd get a few minutes I'd run over there and dig a hole and plant a tree and b'fore long I had 'em all in the ground and growin' nice as any trees you ever laid eyes on. Some of 'em was planted on the wane of the moon and some of 'em on Friday, jest as I could ketch time, but I was cardful to plant one or two of 'em when the moon was growin' and not on a Friday.

"Fin'ly Aunt Lyddy's cousin got better and she come home, and when she saw them trees she was tickled 'bout to death. She called me in one day when I was goin' by to ask me 'bout 'em.

"'You're sure 'bout plantin' 'em on a growin' moon, be ye?' she wanted to know.

"'Wal, s's I, takin' hold of one of 'em, 'when I was diggin' the hole to set that tree I happened to glance up and there was the new moon right in front of me—and that was on a Wednesday afternoon,' I says. She was so tickled to find me so positive 'bout it that she never asked me another question—and I was thankful she didn't, for I'd have hated to tell her the whole on't.

"But," concluded Caleb triumphantly, "every one of them trees lived and thrived jest alike, and that's what signs amount to, 'cordin' to my way of thinkin'."

Mr. Hyne protruded his under lip. "Fish signs are diff'rent," he said stubbornly.

A VISITOR FOR LAFAYETTE

In 1825 Gen. Lafayette's second visit to America was marked by many incidents of the conventional and ceremonial kind, but there were many also of the informal sort. The Charleston News tells of a pleasing incident that took place during his stay in Columbia, South Carolina, where he was the guest of the Randolph family.

One day an old negro, neatly dressed, called and essayed to enter the mansion. The armed sentinel at the door denied him admittance at first; but the old man persisted and finally gained his point. He went straight to the room where the distinguished Frenchman was standing and called out:

"Ah come to see Gen.' Lafayette!"

The general turned, looked at the negro and remarked, "An old acquaintance. Don't tell me who he is."

The negro advanced toward the marquis and, bowing, said, "Howdy, Marse Lafayette! How yo' do, sah? Yo' 'member me?"

"Yes," replied the marquis. "Stop; don't tell me your name. Ah, I have it! You are Pompey, belonging to Col. Buchanan, the first servant who waited on me when I first came to America. When I landed at Georgetown, I was taken first to the camp of Col. Buchanan, near there, and Pompey waited on me," he said, as he warmly shook the old negro's hand.

Lafayette called for a glass of champagne, with Pompey, which the latter drank with much dignity. Then the old colored man put out his hand and said:

"Good-by, Marse Lafayette! We am gettin' ol', and we won't meet no mo'. God bless yo', sah!"

They shook hands again; then Pompey went out, mounted his pony, and started for his home near Winnsboro.

THE WORLD MUST NOT KNOW

The great Duke of Wellington, whose watchword was duty to his sovereign and the English nation, was a soldier first, last and all the time. Such, too, he wished to appear. His jealous care of his reputation as a fighting man is amusingly disclosed in Mr. Frederick Goodall's recent book of "Reminiscences," in an anecdote of the duke's later years when, as warden of the Cinque Ports, he lived at Walmer Castle.

His grace commissioned Wilkie to paint "The Chelsea Pensioners," and agreed to pay him twelve hundred guineas. The picture finished, in due course the artist waited upon the soldier, who, to his surprise, began with great deliberation to count out the twelve hundred guineas in notes and gold.

"Your grace, it would save you much trouble if you would write me a check," said Wilkie.

The duke looked up. "What" said he. "Let Coutts's clerk—and thus the rest of the world—know what a fool I've been to spend twelve hundred guineas on a picture?"

He shook his head and resumed his counting.

IT WOULD BE A LITTLE AWKWARD

A rather good-looking young chauffeur applied for a position with a newly rich family that aspired to be considered of great social importance. The mistress of the house "interviewed" him.

"We call all our servants by their last names," she announced. "What is your last name?"

"You had better call me Thomas, ma'am," replied the applicant.

"No; we insist that you shall be called by your last name. Otherwise you won't do at all."

"Oh, I'm willing, ma'am, but I don't think the family would like to use it."

"What is your last name, then?" said his prospective employer, somewhat coldly.

"It's Darling, ma'am."

GOING, GOING, GONE!

In the midst of the auction a man came forward and whispered at some length to the auctioneer. Then he went back and mingled with the crowd. The auctioneer rapped on the table and announced:

"A pocketbook containing two thousand dollars in bills has been lost. If it is returned to me, the owner will pay fifty dollars reward and no questions asked."

There was a moment's silence, and then a voice toward the back of the crowd was heard:

"Fifty-one!"

CHURCHGOING ANIMALS

The family horse, old Whitey, that belonged to a deacon in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, a hundred years ago, went regularly with the family to the meeting-house three miles away. On one occasion says the author of the The Town of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, the deacon was sick and the family remained at home. But at the proper time the pious old horse, seeing others of his kind going by on their way to church, leaped the fence and gravely trotted after them, taking his usual place in the shed, until the service were over, when he gravely trotted home again, an edifying example to nonchurchgoers.

Dogs also seem to have had a prediction for church a hundred years ago for the same book records the selection of a committee (or somewhat unusual work:

"Voted, that Five persons be appointed to Expel Dogs from the Meeting House on Sundays, and that they be authorized to take such measures as they think proper, and that the Town will indemnify them for so doing."

Evidently it was not considered a trivial duty, for of the five who "were appointed Dog Committee and accepted the delicate responsibilities of the office," two were generals and one was a captain.

FUR FROM SASKATCHEWAN

In addition to being the largest grain producing country in the British Empire, the province of Saskatchewan figures in a considerable way in the output of fur. For the twelve months ending June 30, 1923, according to a report of the Chief Game Warden of the province, Saskatchewan fur pelts numbering 1,467,288, valued at $2,242,835 were marketed. The furs taken shows that of the total value of Saskatchewan furs muskrat was responsible for more than fifty per cent. At $1.30 each they numbered 1,253,870 and produced $1,623,444.50, on which royalty of $67,642.50 was paid. Next in order of value were 12,490 coyote pelts, at $10 each, worth $124,900, on which no royalty was payable; then comes 6,204 beaver which produced $99,264 with a royalty of $1 per pelt. During the year the most valuable fur was that of the black fox at $150, but only 295 of those were taken. The total amount of royalty collected was $89,568.

HIS OCCUPATION

A negro was on the witness stand—one of the old-fashioned kind, not impudent, but plain-speaking. The lawyer got along fairly well until he asked the witness what his occupation was.

"I's a carpenter, sir."

"What kind of a carpenter?"

"They calls me a jack-leg carpenter, sah."

"What is a jack-leg capenter?"

"He is a carpenter who is not a first-class carpenter, sah."

"Well, explain fully what you understand a jack-leg carpenter to be," insisted the lawyer.

"Boss, I declar' I dunno how ter 'splain any mo' 'cept to say hit am jes de same diffunce 'twixt you an' er fust-class lawyer."

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CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Silence that is Not Golden
The merchant who fails to "speak up" lets a lot of golden sales slip past his store. This lost business goes either to his competitor down street or, by the mail order route, to the big city stores.
People are often surprised to find that the goods they bought "unsight unseen" from a catalogue can be seen and examined in the local store!
Tell your buying public what you have. Advertising in THE FREE PRESS will invite the whole community to your store. And—
Most Folks Shop Where They Are Invited To Shop
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"FELL IT HEAL"
Mentholatum
JARS 30c. & 60c.—TUBES 30c.—At all Drug Stores