The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1924

HARVEST TIME IN TOWN

Way, here it is September,
An' the leaves are tinkin' brown;
It's jus' about eleven months
Since we moved into town.
I didn't think 'twus so late,
My, how the time hes flown,
The harvest must be finished now
An' the fall heat a'most sown.

I'm fifty-eight years old next month,
An' since I was so high,
A'working in the harvest field,
My summers have gone by.
But this here summer, fur the first,
The summer's just away,
An' I never saw a stock of wheat
Or smelt the new-mown-hay.

In town the hull thing's different,
They have no crickets here,
No roosters crow at thornin',
No Bob White's whistle clear,
An' it seems as if the lightnin' hore
Could do a man no harm,
Don't seem to strike so wicked,
As it used to on the farm.

But here it's fall already,
They're threshing now out there,
An' the folks 're gettin' ready
To come in to the Fair.
But I hardly kin believe it
When I see the yellow leaves,
To think there's been a harvest
And I've never seen the sheaves.
—Duncan McKellar.

GIVING OUT NOTICES

"The congregation will noo be seated an' gi'e their undivided attention tae the followin' intimations. Some o' them are maist as important as the sermon," said the Rev. Tammas MacPherson, as he finished "addressin' the throne o' grace." He was in his eightieth year, and had worn out five Bibles in beating the dust out of the pulpit desk of Auchterbirnie Kirk during fifty-five years.

His parishioners worshipped the ground on which he walked; and though he was practically penniless—for he gave most of his large income to the poor—they saw to it that the minister lacked for nothing. The old man reads the announcements in the guid auld mither Scotch, and then says:

"I hear that Widdy Tamson is in destitute circumstances. This maunna be. Name o' God's heritage maun suffer in the midst o' the guid folks o' Auchterbirnie. Think o' this on the way tae yer hames. We have it in Holy Writ, that nivver fails, that he that giveth tae the puir lendeth tae the Lord. There is a blessed privilege.

"Think o' the farmers o' Auchterbirnie bein' lenders, an' hain" the Lord for a customer. An nae need tae foreclose tae get back paymen'; for it'll be returned twenty, thirty, fifty, and a hunnerfold. Noo ye can a' raise fine craps o' wheat an' corn an' tatties, as I can weel testify, for the Lord has moved yer bowels o' compassion, and ye hae been unco generous tae me.

"Then see if ye can raise guid craps o' britherly compassion, and bring the first fruits o' that harvest tae puir Widdy Tamson. Sanders Grant'll send her a load o' fire-wud. Fine dae I ken that; I see't in Sanders's generous e'e. A' fine kentin he keeps tae, as I weel ken; for I'm bursin' some o' 't myse'f, thanks tae Sanders's kindness."

Sanders, sitting in his pew, the observed of all observers, was by this time completely won over by the never-failing compliment, and would gladly have given Widdy Tamson the earth and the fullness thereof, had he owned it, at that minute.

"An' Peter Michie'll send her a pickle (little) tea. Oh, but it'll no be sair missed oot o' Peter's abundant store. Peter is behauden tae the Lord fur mony things, and is a livin' example o' the nivver-failin' truth o' Holy Writ: 'The han' o' the diligent maketh rich.' Peter's a hard-workin' chiel, as we can a' testify."

Peter, too, fell in line.

"Jimmy Grant wis tellin' me the ither day," continues the reverend Tammas, "that he was millin' some fine meal noo. I quite believe it. He is the only miller in Auchterbirnie, an' there's no' a miller frae Maiden Kirk tae John o' Groat's can compare wi' him. Better send a pickle tae the widdy, Jimmy, an' keep up yer account wi' the Maister."

And after so powerful an advertisement how could Jimmy refuse?

"Beaton Scott'll send the widdy some o' the fine tatties I saw in his barn last Tuesday. I needna ask Beaton, for I ken fu' weel he wudna be backward in daein' a kind act tae a deservin' widdy in Auchterbirnie.

'An' oor guid frien Wull Chapman, wha by the looks o' him can scarcely keep his seat, sae anxious is he tae dae somethin', can thraw the neck o' a chicken an' a rabbit tae fill the widdy's pat. Nae fear o' the widdy starvin' when the Lord has put the saut o' the earth in the parish kirk o' Auchterbirnie.

The Lord has promised to be a husband tae the widdy. He wants ye a' tae be brithers-in-law; an' glad ye respond sae hobly. Ye're a gallant lookin' lot o' Christians, an' yer hearts are a big as yer bodies. The Lord'll reward yer work o' love. Noo let's praise his name for raisin' up in Auchterbirnie sae mony wha honor the faith."

And Tammas once more approached the throne o' grace.—Independent.

PURE-SPEECH CLUBS

Possibilities of entertainment, as well as progress in knowledge and cultivation, lie in the plan of a little group of people who have formed a society to encourage the correct speaking of our language.

Why should not such societies exist in every town? No single characteristic creates a more favorable impression than the use of good English, well enunciated in an agreeable voice; but no characteristic is rarer. In familiar speech, more than in almost any other thing, it is easy to be careless and slipshod. We say "ye'r" and "yep" and "uh-huh" a dozen times to once that we say yes; and after dodging "naw" and "nope" and "nit" all day, it is easy to believe there is something besides morality in the old advice to "learn to say 'no.'"

There is no need that correct speaking, should lead to pedantry and "bookishness." It tends rather in the opposite direction—toward clearness and simplicity and dignity. The advantage of cultivating it in a club or society lies in the opportunity of being corrected by a fellow member without malice, and of correcting him in a chastening spirit.

The speech peculiar to different sections of the country offers interesting material for study and comparison.

Differences in pronunciation may frequently be traced across the water to the homes of the original settlers; and in one community or another one constantly finds words still hale and working every day, which have long been looked upon as dead in the place from which they came. Such everyday matters as the pronunciation of "laugh" and "grass" and "bath," and why some persons still say "gertse" and "proven," may afford both fun and information.

One organization, at least, should be a part of the pure-speech movement. That is the family. Whatever the children may learn from books at school, it is in the home and from the parents and each other that they acquire the manner of speech which they make their own, and which sticks to them through life. They ought at least to have good models.

The Free Press' Short Story

A Venturesome Ride

ROE L. HENDRICK

A MILE and a half east of our farm was a small, nameless brook that almost from its source to its mouth was lined, and indeed filled, with watercress. An English family that formerly lived on the Bolton place was said to have introduced the plant there, and that may have been true, for I know of no other stream in our neighborhood in which watercress could be found. Very few Eastern people cared for the pungent little creeper, but mother liked it, and whenever I had leisure I used to go over to the creek and get a mess for her.

At dinner one Saturday in May she complained that nothing on the table appealed to her appetite, and added that she believed she could eat a watercress salad. I said nothing at the time, for we were very busy just then; but about three o'clock I put up the team with which I had been plowing, got a ten-quart pail from the kitchen, and started toward the lane that led over the hills to the Nickerson road.

Dora and Henry Furnsworth, cousins from the West, were visiting us that spring. Dora saw me as I crossed the road, and asked where I was going.

"To a little creek over there, to get watercress," I answered, pointing to the east.

"Oh, I never saw any except at a greengrocer's!" she exclaimed. "Come on, Henry!"

"But," I protested a little ungraciously, for I had planned to make a quick trip and be back before supper, "it's a mile and a half, across country, and three miles by the road."

"Well, what of it?" she said, with a laugh. "I guess we can stand it if you can."

"Don't worry about Do," said Henry; "she can outwalk either of us."

I had hoped that we should not have to go farther than the pasture of the Bolton farm, through which the creek ran; but we found that the cattle had trampled the plant. Indeed, we had to ascend almost to the source of the brook before we found any watercress in good condition. There we soon filled the pail, and then went south to Nickerson's Corners.

"Shall we go round the square, or back the way we came?" I asked, when we reached the road.

"It's almost sunset now," said Henry, "so we'd better go down to your slashing, and then cut across to the lane."

"It would be nearer yet to take to the fields right here, wouldn't it?" Dora asked, pointing to the northwest, where a corner of our barn could be seen through an opening in the hills. "It looks from here as if we should save half a mile."

"Just about that," I replied; "but—" Without completing the sentence, I climbed to the top of the fence and carefully inspected the intervening fields. Young Tom Worthey was driving his father's cattle toward the milking shed; the big hill pasture seemed empty.

"All right," I said. "Give me your hand, Dora, and I'll help you over."

"What were you hesitating about?" she asked when we reached the other side.

"I was trying to see what stock was running in Worthey's pasture."

"Does he still own the Jersey that he bought two years ago when we were here?" Henry inquired. "I remember that it was pretty ugly."

"Yes; but Tom is driving the cattle home now. I can't see anything in the pasture."

We skirted a wheat field, passed through a meadow and came to the high fence that bordered the Worthey farm; there I again surveyed the forty acres of broken ground ahead of us. I could not see all of the pasture from the fence top, but the only living creatures in sight were three or four yearlings near the entrance to the lane, where they had just been separated from the remainder of the herd.

"I'm not afraid of cattle," Dora protested; "we've got more on our ranch than I've seen in this county. You needn't be so particular on my account."

Henry winked at me from behind her. "Ed's timid, Do," he said.

Once over the fence, we started diagonally across the field, aiming for the point where our farm touched Mr. Worthey's. We at last reached the summit of the long hill, and looked down the farther slope, which was shorter and more abrupt than the one we had just ascended. It was out by a number of ravines, and we presently had to make a detour to avoid one of them.

As we passed round the head of the little gulch, which was fringed with bushes, I glanced down at the spring at the bottom, and halted involuntarily. Standing knee-deep in the water and staring up at us with a malignant expression, was Worthey's Jersey bull!

Henry saw the beast at the same time. "Well," he began, "that—"

He never finished the sentence; at that moment the bull, rumbling angrily, came charging up the side of the ravine.

"Why," Dora cried in surprise, "it looks really savage!"

We gave her no time for further remarks, but, catching hold of her hands, ran back toward the highest point of the hill, where a widespreading black-walnut tree afforded the nearest available refuge.

Fortunately the sides of the ravine were very steep, especially near its head, and the animal took a full minute to scramble to the top. By that time we had covered the hundred yards to the tree and were lifting Dora into the low branches. Henry followed, but I stopped to hand up my pail of watercress, and the bull nearly gored me before I had climbed beyond its reach. Bellowing and glaring at us, the beast raged about under the tree.

"We're in a fine scrape!" said Henry, in disgust. "I supposed they always took him up with the other cattle."

"They did till last week; I've seen them driving him home several times. Climb a little higher, Henry, and see if Tom's still in sight."

Henry climbed up to the topmost bough, while I helped Dora to a more comfortable seat with her back against the tree trunk.

"There's no sign of him, or of anyone else!" Henry called down. "Hold on; there's a tea mover on the Nickerson road. Shall I yell?"

"You might try," I replied; "but I doubt if you can make yourself heard."

Henry shouted lustily, but the only result was to increase the anger of the bull, which now began to tear up the turf in its rage.

Henry finally descended from the tree top and joined us in the low branches. "Evidently that bull has made up its mind to stay right under this tree," he said. "It will be dark in an hour, and Do can't stay here all night. Did your mother, or anyone else know where you were going?"

"No; and I don't think they saw you leave with me, either. Of course they'll be worried over us, about but they won't have any idea where to look for us."

"Let's cut a couple of good, thick sticks, and see if we can't club the beast away."

We cut two good-sized limbs, and, descending as near the ground as we could get, thumped the bull lustily. It speedily tired of vainly charging in our direction, and retreated beyond our reach.

A moment later the pail of watercress fell from the tree and the bull battered and trampled it into a shapeless mass. The sight drove away any thoughts of our facing the creature on the ground with our clubs.

"I'm sure we can conquer the brute," Henry declared, climbing farther out upon the limb on which he was perched. "I never saw an animal that could not be. Don't hit it hard, Ed, but stir it up with the end of your club, so it'll come this way."

"What are you going to do?"

"Give it the fright of its life. Poke it up!"

Thinking that Henry meant to belabor the bull unmercifully when the animal got beneath him, I began to tap the creature on the nose with my club. A minute of that treatment was enough to goad it into rushing toward me. As it charged I heard Dora cry out.

"Henry Furnsworth!" she called. "Don't you do anything so foolish! Henry!"

Her cry was so shrill that the bull wheeled about to face her, and in doing so came directly under Henry. At that moment, to my astonishment and dismay, Henry dropped astride its back and, flinging his arms forward, clutched the creature's horns.

The bull's bellow of surprise and rage almost drowned Dora's scream. Out of the corner of one eye I saw the animal going in circles down the hillside; then I whirled to grasp Dora, who was on the point of leaping to the ground. As there was no stopping her, I helped her to descend in a less reckless manner, after which we both ran to the crest of the hill to see what had become of the Jersey and its rider.

There were signs that the animal had crashed into the fence at the bottom of the slope; after that, it had turned to the south, and was now racing toward the farthest edge of the pasture. Through the gathering twilight we could see the bull plunging ahead as fast as it could go, with Henry belaboring its sides with his heels.

"Don't worry," I said to Dora. "See how well he stays on, and the worst is over."

"Yes; but how is he going to get off?"

"We'll help him when it comes to that."

At the south line the bull turned up the slope, but soon wheeled back and lumbered along parallel with the fence toward the north. Twice it tried to turn aside into the ravines; but Henry thumped it on the nose with the flat of his hand and turned it back.

"Let's get to the north fence ahead of them!" I cried, and we ran along the brow of the hill, abreast of the wearied charger below. When we reached that barrier, the bull had turned up the hill toward us! but even Henry's forcible kicks could not force the creature into a run. Its tongue was hanging out and its sides heaved as it stumbled forward.

"Get over the fence, Dora," I directed, "and I'll thump the beast while Henry gets off." Then I called, "Jump, Henry!"

"Wait till I get to the top," he answered.

Dora sat on the fence, anxiously watching what took place. As Henry swung to one side and sprang for the ground, I rushed at the bull, brandishing my club.

The Jersey seemed astonished to be relieved of Henry's weight, for it stopped and shook itself. At the same instant it saw me coming. Evidently it still had some fight left in it, for it lowered its head and lunged forward viciously. The quickness of the movement took me by surprise, but I dodged and managed to give the beast a heavy blow with the club on the end of its nose. At the same instant Henry, who had landed safely on the ground, picked up a heavy stone and threw it at the bull with all his might. It struck just below the Jersey's ear and ended the fight. The big bull wheeled and fled down the hill.

"I've ridden better mounts in my time," said Henry, clinging to the fence and panting almost as loudly as the Jersey; "but it certainly broke easily. Why, a child could ride it now."

I am sure that no child ever tried to ride the bull; but in one sense it really was broken, for during the years that Mr. Worthey kept the animal it never again attacked anyone.

HE WAS THE EXCEPTION

"The talkative barbers aren't all in the funny papers," mused Uncle Ass Plunkett; "in real life you some up with them once in a while. Last week I rode into Lancaster with Si Howell to look at a second-hand reaper I'd seen advertised, and I thought, I might as well get my hair cut while I was there. To tell the truth I was sort of tired and cross. In the first place, I was late for my appointment on account of Si's car being—well, you know, the kind that don't have to slow up a mite when its comes to the speed-limit signs on the edge of town. Then the reaper turned out to be no good, in spite of all the advertising. So, take it all together, I didn't feel like conversing when I sat down in the chair.

"But the barber, he was one of those chirpy, well-informed young sprigs, and he started right into be entertaining. I let him settle the war and the Mexican situation and the President without paying any attention. Pretty soon he began to remark about my having such a growth of hair in my ears, and said that in his experience he had noticed that that indicated very acute hearing. I didn't peep.

"'I presume,' says he with an inquiring smile, 'that your hearing is very acute?' I smiled back, responsive, but sort of blank, and says I, mildly:

"'What was it you said?'

"'Why, according to my theory, such a growth of hair in the ear means unusually acute hearing. I suppose, sir, that you have a very quick ear?'

"I began to look real interested then, and, winking in the glass at a couple of waiting victims, I says:

"'Eh? How's that?'

"'Oh, go to thunder!' says the barber; and after that I could have taken a nap, it was so nice and quiet!"

WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

"What do you think? That young Freddie Smith asked me to sit on his lap last night!"

"Did? What did you do?"

"Why, I sat on him hard!"

NOTES ON EXPORT CATTLE SHIPMENTS

During the past three years the Dominion Experimental Farms have been making experimental shipments of store and fat cattle and chilled beef to Great Britain.

In a shipment made in May, 1924, consisting of 140 head of store cattle of different ages and weights, from the Experimental Stations at Lethbridge, Alta., Scott and Rosthern, Sask., and Lennoxville, Que., some interesting facts are shown.

Total Cost of Shipment to Manchester, per Steer

From Lethbridge, $42.60; from Scott, $39.96; from Rosthern, $42.13; from Lennoxville, $28.95.

Shrinkage in Rail and Ocean Shipment

—Fat or short keep (average 1309 lbs.) from Lethbridge, Alta., shrunk 7.5%. Steers, not so well finished, (average 1,255 lbs.) from the same farm, lost at the rate of 5.8%. Cattle from Scott, Sask., shrunk, 8.1%; in the case of yearlings, (average 990 lbs.) and with two year olds (average 1,268 lbs.) 8.8%. While 1,148 lb. Angus feeders from Rosthern lost 7.7%, and 1322 lb. butcher steers shrunk 9.0%.

Deductions—1.—It was apparent that care in rail shipping from the West has much to do with minimizing shrinkage. Overcrowding is responsible for heavy loss and cattle arrive at port of loading in a more or less exhausted, shrunken condition. Several hours rest is advisable at feeding points where the exercise and opportunity to relax is possibly more important than the feeding.

2.—Fat cattle lose more than those in a less forward condition.

3.—Ocean shrinkage is comparatively light (under fair conditions as to weather and attendance).

Which Pays Better—Sale in Canada or Export?

It is frequently stated that it pays just as well to sell in Canada as to export. In a general way this is true. It should be remembered distinctly, however, that for the classes of cattle required by Great Britain, the export trade has established or stabilized Canadian prices. In other words the British market has pulled up Canadian prices to the same level, costs of shipping considered. This has been proven in two shipments made by the Dominion Experimental Farms during this season. In a lot sent from Maritime Farms local prices were increased through the fact that steers were exported from the locality. In shipments from Saskatchewan and Alberta maximum appraised values at point of shipment, were, with the exception of one lot of yearlings, increased by from 2 to 52 cents per cwt. Quebec cattle of rather indifferent quality, on export exactly equaled prices received at the Farm for cattle of like quality. If the price of cattle in Canada is equal to net export prices, this benefit is directly due to the removal of the embargo.

Brief Deductions from this Experiment

1.—Uniformity of groups is a most important factor in successful sale. The man who can breed or buy for export steers of uniform color gets the proverbial benefit of the buyers' first impressions. The low set, blocky type of steer gets the feeder's eye.

2.—The British feeder likes best a bullock that is young enough and spare enough to grow and fatten at the same time. The yearling or two year old steer that has been wintered economically on home grown feeds and with cheap housing, and that is shipped off grass in the fall, is a good proposition for both buyer and seller. For the former he grows and fattens, for the latter he represents a sale of a strictly home produced article.

3.—The lighter spring shipped feeder steer may go forward from February to April, to finish off grass in August and September. During April, May and June the "short keeps" or cattle forward in condition, will find a market provided they will develop, not more than an 800 pound carcass when subject to a "short keep" following period. It must be remembered that the short keep, fat, or choice butcher steer, when exported, represents a heavier investment, (a greater feed cost), to the shipper and is frequently a riskier proposition. Shipping the feeder steer that has been developed largely on grass and home roughage with little concentrates, involves minimum risk on the part of the shipper and allows the British feeder to do the gambling.

4.—The time of shipment, therefore, has much to do with the weight and age of steer to ship. The young light weight steer, (if well selected, is very popular as indicated by this experiment. Unless prices are markedly advanced for the 800 pound steer, however, the economy of shipping him is doubtful. Speaking generally the butcher or retail type of steer commands the highest price when fat. The British dealers like the handy weight butcher steer, just as in Canada. Shippers would do well, therefore, in selecting steers that would land in England weighing not greatly in excess of 1,250 lbs.

5.—Horned cattle are at a distinct disadvantage.

6.—Branding on the ribs is decidedly objectionable.

7.—Finally, it may once more be pointed out that Great Britain need not be considered as a profitable outlet for the common butcher steer, of which there is too great a percentage on our markets. Breeding herds of beef cattle in Canada cannot be allowed to deteriorate, if we are to cater to and make a name for ourselves on the British market.

Further particulars regarding these shipments may be obtained from the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

LIARS MAKE LIARS

The man who is untrue himself is always willing to listen to untruths about others. A liar breeds liars. The man who encourages falsehood will beget a following of liars. What folly for a man to look for verity in those about him when his whole life is a tissue of fraud and deception. You might as well expect barley from thistles as honest clerks, from a crooked proprietor or faithful servants fom a deceitful master. When the head of an establishment puts a premium on falsehood, he should not be surprised when his till is tapped. "If a ruler hearkeneth to falsehood, all his servants are wicked." An honest employer makes an honest employee. There are cases, of course, where dishonesty in help crops up in spite of the influence a square man may exert, but these are the exception rather than the rule. Looseness in morals at the head of an institution is a calamity.—Walk carefully before your help.—Solomon, in Shoe and Leather Journal.

EFFECT OF CIVILIZATION

The serious problem of the civilization of the red man sometimes develops an amusing side. "Hob-tail Coyote" was sent to a government school from his reservation in the West clad in buckskin, and speaking only his mother tongue.

He remained during the stipulated time, gradually becoming a white man to all intents and purposes. But no greater transformation was manifested, when he returned to his people, than that of his name, which had evolved from the savage "Hob-tail Coyote" to that which appeared on his neatly engraved visiting card:

ROBERT T. WOLF.

THE VISIT OF CANADIAN JOURNALISTS

The party of Canadian journalists who visited Cardiff certainly found much to interest them in the life of a port which now occupies the proud position of first in the United Kingdom in respect of the shipping cleared annually to foreign countries and British possessions, and first in the whole world for the shipment of coal. Doubtless their first impression was that Cardiff is a sort of Coalopolis enveloped in smoke and grime, and that its existence is absolutely dependent on the mining industry. They have found it necessary, however, to revise this impression after their brief survey. They have learned that although the coal industry is the chief, Cardiff is rapidly developing into a port for general cargoes, that is possesses immense potentialities as a centre for the distribution of food import, that it is equipped with warehouses for the storage of grain, provisions, etc., and ample accommodation of the most modern description for cold storage, and that adjacent to the wharves in the deepest water docks, with railways leading into them, are cattle lairs, slaughter-houses, and chill rooms capable of dealing with a vast extension of the importation of cattle. They also discovered that Cardiff is a beautiful city, with many striking buildings, bearing testimony to the determination of the city authorities to make it as attractive as possible. During the war it enjoyed a popularity second to no other British centre with the American naval contingents, and doubtless the warm appreciation of the the latter has been heard across the border in Canada, and has raised expectations that will not be disappointed on the present occasion. In their visit to Swansea and district the visitors again came into direct contact with many industries which are developing a considerable trade in Canada, and with firms which are already established there, and again they were impressed not only with the intense activity and enterprise of Welsh industrialists, but with the still greater possibilities of Anglo-Canadian trade in the near future. The mission of the distinguished visitors was not confined to an investigation of trade prospects, but was primarily concerned with the promotion of Imperial sentiment, with the development of a closer understanding between the Mother Country and the great Dominion. And beyond question in this latter sphere the Press of Canada has a great responsibility—a responsibility which it has thus far discharged with rare distinction, and which it is anxious, we believe, to enlarge in face of the new problems of the immediate future. Owing to the proximity of the United States, and the flooding of Canada daily with literature and newspapers from across the border, there is a real danger of a weakening of the Imperial tie, not from desire that it exists, but from sheer force of circumstances. From what we know of the Dominion, we should say that it neither desires Americanization nor Anglicization, but to retain and develop its own distinctive character and qualities as a nation; and undoubtedly the duty of keeping powerful external forces in due restraint, and giving the people of Canada an opportunity to live their own life in their own way, devolves very largely on the Press. So far as the Mother Country and her people are concerned there is nothing but affection and a desire to help the realization of this worthy ambition. British Imperialism is essentially liberty loving. It does not aspire, save in rare aberrations, to hold the Dominions in leading strings, or to impose its laws and culture on them; but prefers the role of a wise parent who recognizes that a time has come when his authority amongst his children must depend on the reciprocity of love and service. To ensure the dominance of this sentiment, to keep both parent and offspring fully alive to their moral obligations to one another, and to inculcate that the British tradition, and its place in the Empire, is a priceless possession more worthy on its intrinsic merits than any rival claim whatsoever—these are the hopes and convictions that we cherish and would respectfully commend to the Press of Canada.—South Wales News, Cardiff.

THE MOTHER AGE

Two little girls were talking one day.

"How old is your mother?" the blue-eyed one asked.

"Why, she's just the age all mothers are," replied the brown-eyed one.

Blue-eyes was full of scorn.

"They aren't all one age, goosey! There's your mother and mine; but there's old Mrs. Ray, and she's Miss Althea's mother, and she's awful old."

Brown-eyes meditated upon this.

"No," she replied, "you couldn't go to her and tell her things the way you can to real ones. The mother has all gone out of her. She's just an old lady."

Poor old Mrs. Ray, who had lost her motherhood somewhere down the years! For the child was right. The mother had gone out of her. She had grown querulous, exacting, self-centred, indifferent to the pulsing life about her. And when one reaches that place, no matter what glory her past has held, she has lost it; she is no longer a mother in the great and splendid fullness of the word.

But there is another side to it. The child was speaking deeper truth than she could know. True motherhood is ageless, because its essence is love, and love is eternal; once a mother, always a mother, to those who have the mother heart. The hair may grow white and thin and the figure bent and frail, but the children, know, and, careless of outward appearance, go straight to the heart of the matter. So do many others—all the little neighborhood, whatever it may be. She has her finger upon its pulse—joys with its joys, sorrows with its sorrows, holds them all in her heart. There is no age for such as these.

The truth goes deeper still. There are mothers in the world—many of them—who never have known the touch of children of their own; so they mother others. They are "old maids," some of them—born too early to know the freedom of a generation that has discarded the label; they are women whose lives have put duty before the woman dream; women imprisoned by hard circumstance. Yet, if they carry a mother heart, they always come to their own, because the world needs them so much. There never are mothers enough to "go round." All, from the "little mother" of the tenements to the oldest and frailest, are so terribly needed! They meet hardships, sorrows, perplexities, but always, too, they meet great joy; and, as the child said, they have nothing to do with age. Years, cannot touch those who understand because they love.

RURAL POPULATION INCREASE

The number of farms occupied in Canada has increased from 511,075 in 1901 to 711,080 in 1921, according to the agricultural census bulletin just issued by the Department of Trade and Commerce. The acreage of occupied farms has increased from 63,422,338 in 1901 and 108,968,715 in 1911 to 140,387,988 acres in 1921. Rural population has increased from slightly more than three millions in 1901 to 4,425,073 in 1921. During the same period urban population has grown from 2,005,080 in 1901 to 4,350,816 in 1921. The area of improved land in Canada in 1921 was 70,296,548 acres.

In 1921 there were 67,602 more farms of more than 200 acres than in 1911, or an increase of 47.99 per cent. There were 28,701 more farms occupied in 1921 than in 1911, an increase of 4.22 per cent.

HE GOT HIS FARE

For hours they had been together on the front porch. The moon cast its tender gleam down on the young and handsome couple who sat so far apart.

He sighed. She sighed. Finally, "I wish I had money," he said, "I'd travel."

Impulsively she slipped her hand in his, then rising swiftly, she sped into the house.

Aghast, he looked at his hand. In the palm lay a nickel.

"HELPFUL HOUSEHOLD HINT"

It would take more than common courage to follow a suggestion that appears in a certain English book of recipes: To make stockings wear well and keep their color—before wearing steep for ten minutes in boiling water colored with washing blue.

Personally, remarks Punch, we shall let our stockings take their chance.

After You Have Used

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