The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1924

AN AUTUMN WOOING

A timid little lover of a bird
 Sat, singing, on his perch, toward eventime:
"Oh, list and fly with me to some fair clime
Where never wintry wail or blast is heard!
Dear lady wren, by my true love be stirred."
 She chippered low: "I have not reached my prime;
 I am too young to love; the summer's chime
Is still too sweet for me to heed your word."

That night a spirit touched each leaf and flower,
 And cast a gloom through all the autumn wood;
And, early in the frosty morning hour,
 Two shivering birdies on a bare branch stood—
I heard her give consent to leave her bower
 And fly with him, as any wise bird should.

—Mary A. Poynter.

PERSIAN STORIES

With the Persians the writing of poetry and beautiful and witty sayings is described as the "threading of pearls." The student of the Persian language finds stories, many of them as old as the world, but clever and instinct with character. In the St. James Gazette, a student gives the following from the literature of the land of "The Lion and the Sun."

One day a certain tyrannical king came alone without the city walls, and saw a man sitting under a tree.

The king asked, "The ruler of this kingdom, is he a tyrant or a just man."

The stranger replied, "A very great tyrant."

The king said to the stranger, "Do you know me?"

He said, "No."

"I am the sultan of this kingdom," replied the king.

The man was overcome with fear, and asked, "Do you know me?"

The king said, "No."

He replied, "I am the son of a merchant, and every month I suffer three days' madness. This unfortunately happens to be the first of the three days."

The king laughed, and had nothing at all to say.

There is a story of a certain poet who came before a great man and praised him very ornately. The rich man was pleased, and said, "Ready money I have not; nevertheless there is in my granaries very much corn. If you come to-morrow I will give you some."

The poet went to his own house, and on the morrow presented himself to his patron.

The rich man asked him, "Why have you come?"

He said, "Yesterday you promised to give me corn. For this reason am I come."

The rich man said, "A most wonderful fool thou art. What you said to me gave me pleasure. What I have said to you equally pleased you. Why, then, should I give you corn?"

The poet was covered with shame, and departed.

A TRIBUTE TO THE FARM

Farm life is coming into its own, though, in a rather unexpected way. Farmers themselves, struggling to see through the economic fog that has settled on their industry since the end of the war, have not been loud in the praises of farm life. We have been a little prone to forget, in making comparisons with urban professions, that there are other than material standards, more to life than dollars and cents. And, strangely enough, the people who are paying a tribute to the sanity, to the high moral qualities of the farm life, are those who are studying the problem of making useful citizens out of the criminal offscourings of city civilisation. Criminologists have discovered that to herd men together within prison walls does not reform them, but turns out hardened, embittered criminals fit for any desperate business. So they have established prison farms, where men whose minds and souls have become warped may have an opportunity of working in the sunlight and fresh air, not the slave of some huge machine in a noisy factory, but doing the necessary work of tilling and cultivating the soil and harvesting the crops that have been the mainstay of life in the past and will continue to be so in the future.

There is something elemental about the farm life that makes for a saner viewpoint than is developed in the artificial civilisation of the large city, amid surroundings that are often unhealthy for the mind and body. The criminologists are recognising this fact, perhaps unconsciously. If some of our economists and politicians would recognize it, too, they might be more prone to harken to opinion from the farm, where thinking should be more clearer and safer because life is more genuine and wholesome.—Farmer's Sun.

WHITE COLLAR JOBS

Prejudice against manual labor is leading many young people to train themselves for the cleaner, so-called "intellectual pursuits." The results is that manual jobs are better paid and less crowded than professional jobs. The world will always need skilled laborers in far greater numbers than clerks.

France has begun a movement to lead the young people back to the manual arts. It is endeavoring to increase the respect for these arts by giving courses in schools which shall train in them. It conducts bureaus assisting children in choosing the manual profession they are best fitted for. It has made better laws of apprenticeship, and it has arranged that teachers in the school shall study the children to discover their especial aptitudes. Local expositions are held and prizes given for the best results in manual arts.

All this is a move in the right direction. It will be well if mothers will take a hint from it and bring up the daughters to have more respect for cooking and homekeeping and the sweet and necessary household arts. Home Economics is going far to elevate the home life of our nation and to make women more intelligent workers and better content with that finest of arts—housekeeping.

PAT ON BAPTISM

Pat, who was noted for quick tongue, was digging potatoes when the parish priest came by. By way of a pleasant salutation the priest said:

"Good mornin' to ye, Pat, and what kind of p'ratoes are ye digging?"

"Raw ones, your riv'rance."

"Och, ye're so smart. I'll just give you a question on the catechism. What is baptism?"

"It used to be four shillin's afore ye came, but now it's twenty shillin's."

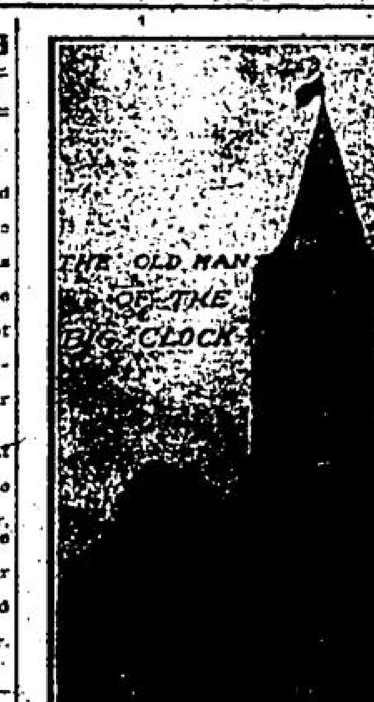
NORAH FIXED THEM

"Did you mail those two letters I gave you, Norah?"

"Yes'm, at the post office. But I noticed that you'd put the two-cent stamp on the foreign letter and the five cent stamp on the city one."

"Oh dear, what a blunder!"

"But I fixed it, all right ma'am. I just changed the addresses on the envelope."



The Old Brindle Cow

Of all the old memories that cluster round my heart,
 With their root in my boyhood days,
The quaintest is linked to the old brindle cow
 With sly and mysterious ways.
She'd linger round the lot near the old potato patch
 A sentinel by night and by day,
Watching for the hour when all eyes were asleep,
 To start on her predatory way.

The old brush fence she would scorn in her course,
 With turnips and cabbages just beyond,
And the corn that was blooming through the halo of the night—
 What a banquet so choice and so fond!
But when the stars of morn were paling in the sky
 The old brindle cow would take the cue,
And dressing up her line would retreat beyond the fence,
 For the old cow knew just what to do.

What breed did you say? Why the very best blood
 That could flow in a democrat cow;
No herd-book could tell of the glory in her horns
 Or whence came her pedigree or how;
She was Jersey in her milk and Durham in her build,
 And Ayrshire when she happened in a row,
But when it came to storming the old 'slash' fence
 She was simply the old brindle cow.

It seems but a day since I drove her to the gate
 To yield up her rich and creamy prize;
For her thefts at midnight hour she would yield a double dower,
 With peace of conscience lurking in her eyes.
But she's gone—disappeared with the ripened years of time,
 Whose memories my heart enthrall e'en now;
And I never hear a bell tinkling through the forest dell
 But I think of that old brindle cow.

FROM THE CONCESSIONS OF OLD ONTARIO

Say, I am proud of the folks in the country towns and villages; of those out in the country itself; and along the side lines, when any great moral issue is up for an expression of opinion. I said so after the Plebiscite vote on October 23, and I say so now again.

In my long experience I have observed two things which stand out boldly in life's experiences. 1st.—The country folks, generally speaking, are usually on the right side of things which affect life's successes; and, 2nd.—The large proportion of the leaders in all the great movements in the cities are men who were born and brought up in the country. When they left home and gravitated to the city, they gradually forged into positions of usefulness, and trust, and responsibility, and made their mark among their fellows.

And I can give you examples of this, right from among our own rural boys who have made good. Who was the man who organized the great Plebiscite campaign for Ontario, and carried it through to the successful outcome achieved? Just a little red-headed urchin who ran about Acton's streets, barefooted, sixty years ago, and whom I knew when in the days of his boyhood and young manhood, right here at home. He went to the city and won high positions in his church, and in the city work undertaken by the church under his direction. And he's now known as Rev. Dr. Moore. Where did Mayor Hiltz get the foundations for his successful administration of the affairs of the city of Toronto, in the chair of that city's chief executive? Why! right out here to the north of us, five miles, on the old farm at Ballinafad. And there's Wesley Warne, the great Missionary Bishop of India. He had his birth upon the fourth line of Erin, four or five miles away from Acton. And he has millions of people under his episcopal care. And there's our own Charlie Matthews, in Toronto, who is rapidly forging ahead as a successful business man of the city. Why, I've known him since he was knee-high to a grasshopper, when he toddled about his father's store, and his grandfather's post office. And Hon. Ed. Holmes, of Utah: why, he was a kid in knee pants just a few years ago about this good old town.

Say, I believe I could mention a column full of our country boys and girls, from just around home here, who have gone out and made good in the big centres of population.

I came across something pretty good only yesterday, which illustrates very well how the country folks keep us safe and make us proud of them.

I don't often get a chance to read the Christian Guardian, the paper our Methody friends prize so highly. It takes me all my leisure time, when I'm on to religious reading, to get through the Presbyterian Witness and the Monthly Record. But a copy of the Guardian came my way—I guess, now that the United Church of Canada is in the offing, somebody must have been putting a copy of this paper where I could get a chance to read it—and, well, to tell you the truth, I did read it. And I found one article which suits me to a T., and here it is. It was written by Vera Bowles Griffith, whoever she is, and I think it's a mighty good piece of writing:

FROM THE CONCESSIONS OF OLD ONTARIO

"Then came from the villages and concessions of Old Ontario the vote of the farm folk." This epic sentence in a Toronto daily, greatly moved me. The country folks keep us safe; they won us the vote against a tidal wave of city "wets." Country minds are not changed in a hurry. Sane living appeals to them above all other things, no matter how long it takes to achieve. I have to record that it is this conservative spirit of theirs, which has so often peeved me. "Why won't they take up quickly with a new idea? You can't budge them an inch until you have worked years!" How many such futile phrases have I flung out? And it is this cautious, sane spirit which won the 23rd for us.

When the countryman and the countrywoman in their car or behind old Dobbin, drove along "the concessions" to the polling booths, they thought of the difference in certain neighbor's homes since the O. T. A. came into force. Was their community worse or better for it? They knew, and no amount of spurious literature and nefarious argument could change the fact.

The farmer sees behind the splash of color on the hilltop. The painting of the leaves is a picture of glory for him as well as for the artist, but he finds a message there, and forthwith gets in his potatoes and corn, as his fathers did before him. Great things are never won in a hot minute by a big noise. The farmer does not buy his apples by the peck at the corner grocery store. He deals in orchards, and in long summer days, and years of pruning and waiting. That is why country folks have little concern for small issues—for things by the peck. Their outlook is not blocked by their neighbor's brick walls; it is the view of great broad fields and far-stretching uplands. The tree at the road gate is not the only thing of beauty within their vision. You may praise that tree and point out unseen beauties, with the skill of an artist, and probably the farmer agrees with you, but all the time edged with trees as beautiful—aye, he knows there are fields of his has he not a whole woods of them on the back-fifty, whose beauty he may see in the white light of winter as well as in the scarlet of October. It is all very nice to enthuse over one tree, but follow the farmer up and down his fields day after day, and there is a something comes to you regarding Truth, which you never had before. It is the restful experience of unexpressed beauty, the comforting sense of the Infinite. You will not be quite so proud of your glib remarks. They sound hollow to you, and as your respect for your former enthusiasm falls, so will rise your admiration of the "farm folk," who live so close to beauty all their days, that they become silent partners rather than a garrulous audience.

This is why the countryman's words are few. This is why he never fusses. When he acts, he acts. 'Tis like the mighty wind which now and again sweeps his hillsides; when it blows something is sure to happen. And when the men and women come from "the concessions of Old Ontario" to vote, all the cities in the province can not stand up against them.

Yes, thank God for the slow-speaking and the-not-to-be-easily-aroused, sane-living country folks. Because of them we sing our paean:

"For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
 Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
 Comes silent, flooding in the main."

Say, folks, that's pretty good stuff, I think. Don't you? I'm going to leave it with you anyway, and stop right here.

The Old Man

GREATER THAN ORATORY

In his delightful reminiscences, Mr. J. T. Towbridge gives an account of Emerson as an orator. The account is especially interesting just now, for the twenty-fifth of this month is the centenary of Emerson's birth.

Emerson was no orator. He had not the brilliancy and finish of Everett. He was not witty and familiar like Beecher, he did not speak with inspired passions like Kossuth, and he lacked the splendid variety of Wendell Phillips. But he had a fine baritone voice, broad and cultivated, just right for his grave and epigrammatic wisdom.

Prof. Lewis Monroe, the teacher of elocution, said to Mr. Towbridge, as they walked away together from one of Emerson's lectures:

"Those tones cannot be taught; they are possible only to him who can fill them with the same energy of spirit; it is the soul that creates the voice."

That was it. The spirit made the great speaker, even though he lacked the histrionic skill of the orator. In the expression of ethical thought, in downright moral vehemence, Mr. Towbridge says that Emerson was unequaled.

Mr. Towbridge recalls a night when Emerson thrilled an immense audience in Tremont Temple in Boston. It was in the days of the Kansas Free State War. Rufus Choate, with his brilliant and cynical analysis, had brushed away the principles of the Declaration of Independence, which he spoke of contemptuously as "glittering generalities."

Emerson quoted the phrase. Then, after a moment's pause, hurled to the remotest benches these words, like ringing javelins:

"They do glitter! They have a right to glitter!"

The concentrated power of that no orator could have surpassed.

APT QUOTATION

The old Tate and Brady version of the Psalms used to be as familiar to a former generation as was the Catechism. A good story was told not long ago of two noted Englishmen, Lord Palmerston and Bishop Wilberforce, in which the once popular Psalm-book plays an important part:

There two eminent personages were visiting at a country-house. On the morning of departure they were told that carriages were ready to take the departing guests to the railway station. Palmerston settled to go in one of these carriages, as he feared there would be rain; but the bishop, who was a great pedestrian, preferred to walk.

Before he had proceeded half way to the station a heavy shower of rain came on; yet the good bishop struggled on, when the carriage containing Lord Palmerston overtook him, and his lordship called out from its windows a part of the first verse of the Tate and Brady version of the First Psalm:

How blest is he who ne'er consents
 By ill advice to walk.

But Bishop Wilberforce, with the usual twinkle in his eye, replied with the rest of the verse:

Nor stands in sinners' way, nor sits
 Where men profanely talk.

And the bishop drew to one side, and proceeded to walk on.

WITH A GRAIN OF SALT

Tales of gastronomical prowess abound in Mr. George H. Ellwanger's recent book, "The Pleasures of the Table." One in particular makes the feat of the growing boy look small indeed.

A drummer in the French army was noted for his tremendous appetite. His captain wagered that the man could eat a whole calf, and the drummer, proud of his distinction, promised to do honor to the captain's compliment.

Accordingly a calf was prepared in various appetizing ways. The drummer was disposing of it. When he had finally consumed about three-quarters of the repast he paused, and placing his knife and fork on his plate, said to his superior officer:

"You had better have the calf brought on, had you not, sir? All these little kickshaws will end by taking up room."

Neighborhood News--Town and Country

ROCKWOOD

Russell Patterson, who was operated on for appendicitis at Guelph Hospital several weeks ago, has returned home and is convalescing nicely.

Miss Clark, Principal of our school, who was obliged to vacate her position for several weeks, owing to a serious attack of appendicitis, has resumed her duties.

The news was received here last week of the death, at Savanah, Georgia, of Mrs. William Lundy, formerly of this village.

Mrs. Watson and her daughter, of Winnipeg, are visiting Mrs. Wilder, Mrs. Watson's mother.

Mrs. Nickell and her sister, Miss C. Campbell, received the news last week that their brother, Mr. Peter Campbell, of Sand Point, Idaho, had been killed by the bomb on the train which killed Peter Veregin, the Doukabour leader, and which was intended for the latter.

The annual thank-offering service of the Boys' Crusader Mission Band was held in the Presbyterian Church on Tuesday evening, November 4. The boys were addressed by Dr. Schofield, of the O. A. C., whose splendid talk was both interesting and profitable, after which a social lunch was served by the boys. The success of this active organization is largely due to the untiring efforts of their faithful leader, Mrs. Frank Moore.

MILTON

Mr. W. F. Dewar motored to Huntsville this week to assist the Huntsville Band.

Mrs. Wm. Panton, who has not been well since last spring, left for Toronto on Saturday, to stay during the winter.

Mrs. S. R. Bews was on the Reception Committee in the W. M. S. booth at Massey Hall last week for the Centenary, celebrating 100 years of missionary effort.

Milton hunters went north to the French River District to shoot deer the first of the month. One party consisted of David Menzies, Chester Earl, Charlie Lecocq and Oscar Downs; the other included James Houston and James Turner, who joined a Brampton party before journeying north.—Reformer.

The Town Council met on Tuesday evening when the principal business was the passing of accounts, one of which was $294 for 300 feet of rubber hose for the fire brigade.

At Tuesday's meeting of the County Council the recommendation of the Domininion Board of Railway Commissioners that the knoll on the north side of the Anderson crossing, at which the Messrs. Terrill, father and son, were killed in July, be cut down and the earth removed be used to grade the road on the north side of the crossing to a higher level, was approved.—Champion.

OAKVILLE

The Misses Kemp have given the contract to rebuild their residence on Church Street, making it into a double house.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Bath left last week on a somewhat extended visit to family friends in England. They will also tour the battlefields.

The annual Guy Fawkes night banquet was held on Wednesday evening, when a goodly number of Orangemen and their friends gathered about heavily laden and gaily decorated tables in the Orange Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hager, of Palermo, announce the engagement of their daughter, Anna Claire, to Dr. Harold D. Morris, son of Mrs. and the late Joseph E. Morris, Orillia, the marriage to take place the last of November.

As a result of representations the train service between Oakville and Toronto stands to be materially increased by the addition of a motor car leaving for the city at 9.15 each morning, and by an evening train leaving the city at 5.12, and the motor car at 5.32.

On Monday evening the Kirk Club of Knox Church held an opening meeting when an interesting address was given by Mr. Grey, of the Knox College Students' Missionary Society. The address was illustrated with many fine lanterns views, some of them taken by Mr. Grey himself, illustrating his work in mission fields in Alberta and British Columbia.

Oakville's High School students have developed a strong rugby team this year, and have become quite expert exponents of the grilling game. They have played other schools and several Toronto teams and several creditable wins have been chalked up for them. —Star.

GEORGETOWN

Town nominations for Mayor and Reeve and Councillors will be held on Monday, November 24.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Richardson, of Washington, visited with Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Fleck last week.

There was a capacity gathering in the auditorium of the Public Library last evening to hear Prof. Coleman deliver his lecture on "The Ice Age."

A concert will be given by the Baptist Mission Band in the church on Friday evening, November 14.

Mr. W. A. Bailey is going back into the harness-making business again. He has purchased the stock of Mr. Latimer.

There are some very large turnips grown in this vicinity this year. Mr. J. L. Ross presented the Herald with one weighing 30 pounds. Mr. John Devereaux goes him one better with a twenty-two pound turnip.

The members of Ashgrove Epworth League, and friends of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith, about sixty in number, gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Hulls, Ashgrove, on Monday evening, to tender the newly married couple a miscellaneous shower.

Mrs. E. C. Adams, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who has been visiting with her sister, Mrs. L. E. Fleck, returned home last week. Miss Mildred Fleck accompanied her and will spend a couple of months visiting in the United States.

Many friends in town will regret the removal of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Cowles to Toronto last week. Mr. Cowles was the courteous and obliging agent at the Suburban Railway station here since the opening up to a few weeks ago.

The Council has been asked to submit a by-law to the property owners to guarantee the bonds of H. Corke & Co., for $33,000, with which to wipe out the present liabilities of the firm and provide a working capital to carry on the business.

Last Friday morning three valuable young Shorthorn cattle, two bulls and a heifer, belonging to R. C. McCullough, were killed by a C. N. R. train at the 7th line crossing. It is said the animals got out of the field through a defective piece of fencing left by the highway construction men. They were pure bred Shorthorns and valued at $350.

The Georgetown Creamery Co. have purchased the Toronto Dairy Products Co. and are moving the plant to Georgetown. Already a large portion of the machinery is installed here. All kinds of dairy products will be manufactured and it is anticipated that before long some 30 or 40 hands will be employed. Much credit is due Mr. Saxe for acquiring this industry for Georgetown.—Herald.

MR. PEASLEE HEARS A CONFESSION

Although he tried hard not to show it, Mr. Nudd limped a little, and finally, when a quickly turning stone wrenched his body, he gave voice to an unmistakable groan and clapped his hand to his side. Mr. Peaslee thought the time had arrived when he was entitled to know the reason.

"I d'know's it's any of my business, Nudd," he remarked, "but you act 'sif you was about used up this mornin', and if you be you needn't try to help me with this cordwood. I guess I can make out to load it alone. What you been doin' gettin' a h'ist some way, to lame you?"

Mr. Nudd scowled and rubbed his side again tenderly. Now that his secret was out he groaned at each movement, but he did not seem ready to offer any explanation.

"What is it, rheumatiz?" said Mr. Peaslee.

Mr. Nudd shook his head. "No, it ain't!" he replied. "It ain't anything but my own temper, that I ought to be old 'nough to take care of—only I don't seem to be. It serves me just right to be all lamed up this mornin'. By rights I ought not to be able to move a j'int of me; my wife says the same thing, too!"

Mr. Peaslee showed his surprise. "Well, well!" he said soothingly, and then after a moment he added, "Feel like tellin' a feller what happened? Not that I want to pry, you understand."

Mr. Nudd leaned against the pile of cordwood to ease his aching side and looked at Mr. Peaslee with an expression in which shame and a sense of the ridiculous were mingled. He cleared his throat as if uncertain how to begin.

"Well, Kellup," he said at last, "I ought to be 'shamed to tell anyone how I come to be lamed up this way, but seein' you've asked me, I'm goin' to make a clean breast of it to you—only I'd take it as a favor if you don't spread it round town more'n you have to. But my wife's likely to tell yourn about it, so you might's well hear it from me in the fust place.

"It all happened," he went on, grunting as he shifted his position, "on 'count of that cosset lamb I give my wife a year ago. When he wa'n't bigger'n a rabbit his mother died and my wife took him to the house and managed to save him, so I give him to her, seein' he'd have died if it hadn't been for her.

"It was all well 'nough while he was little, except he was always round underfoot where a man was li'ble to trip over him; but after he grew big he got to be a reg'lar nuisance—buttin' open doors and such things—so fin'ly I told my wife she'd have to let me put him down with the other sheep, where he'd be out of the way. She found some fault with lettin' him go—he'd got so he was as much of a pet as a kitten to her—but fin'ly I told her I wa'n't goin' to be bothered with that sheep round the barn all the time, so she give in.

"But," complained Mr. Nudd dejectedly, "the sheep didn't give in so easy. Fust place, I had to fairly drag him down to the sheep pen, with him saggin' back so hard he all but pulled the hoffs off'n himself. And when I got him there and come off and left him, I don't b'lieve 'twas twenty minutes 'fore he was back to the house again. He seemed p'sessed to get out, and my wife helped him, I'll always believe!

"Fin'ly, the other day he got out, or she let him out, I d'know which, and he come up by the back door and managed to upset two pails of paint I had there, and that started my temper, and I took'n told her that the very next time that sheep was ketched by me round the house he'd get hurt.

"Well, last night—" Mr. Nudd grew red in the face and seemed to find words difficult—"I come home from the post office jest after the beginnin' of dusk, and when I rounded the end of the shed there was the sheep by the back door. I didn't waste no words on him, but I started for him, cal'latin' to kick and cuff him back into the pen.

"I hadn't fetched him more'n one cuff 'fore he turned on me, Kellup," confessed Mr. Nudd. "It was kind of icy there and the ground's a mite shelvin', so I couldn't get good footin'; and to make the story short, 'fore I could get away he'd knocked me down and butted me halfway to the barn, one tunk comin' on top of another. And I ain't puttin' it a mite too strong when I say that to-day I ain't got a bone nor a j'int that ain't sore. He like to've stove me all to pieces!"

"My sakes!" said Mr. Peaslee. "Had he ever acted like that before, fur's you know?"

"That's where the only joke of the whole thing comes in," Mr. Nudd replied, trying to grin. "Come to find out, 'twasn't my wife's cosset sheep at all; 'twas that new ram that Jed Piper's bought, that weighs more'n fifty pounds more'n my sheep. I thought he looked big when I tackled him. He'd got out someway and strayed over to my place. He's so ugly that Jed's scared of him himself.

"But to my wife," he added, "it's jest a moral and a lesson. She p'ints out that if I'd kep' my temper I wouldn't have tackled any sheep, and wouldn't got hurt. And lookin' at it that way," he concluded with a wry face, "I d'know but she's right."

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY LUXURIES?

When some young people speak of luxuries, they have in mind silk underwear and so much rich food that at forty their digestive systems will be wrecks. Although some luxuries are silly and harmful, there are others you should claim as a right. All of you should have access to the best books, and luckily all of you can. The best sellers are sometimes hard to get hold of, if you do not have the money to buy them, but those of you who wish to read the masters of literature should have no trouble in securing them.

Good music is a little harder to enjoy, but thanks to the player piano, Victrola, and radio, it is no longer out of anyone's reach. The family on an isolated farm can hear Paderewski play his Minuet, or Kreisler render the Humoresque, not once in a lifetime, but every evening. Friendly intercourse is a superlative luxury. If you have friends to whom you may open your heart, talking of matters too sacred to discuss with every chance comer, you should count yourself rich. However, such friendships are possible to all.

People are sadly limited if the word luxuries suggests to them nothing more than stuffing their stomachs and adorning their bodies. This sort it was that spelled the doom of ancient Rome. On the other hand, the luxury of good books, good music, and good friends are your inalienable right, and instead of weakening your fibre, they make you finer and stronger, more worth-while to yourself and to others.

IN THE SCHOOL GARDENS

School gardens—not merely ornamental grounds round the schoolhouse but gardens in which the pupils study gardening and raise successive crops have become one of the most welcome features of school life, both to teachers and pupils, wherever they have been established.

Especially are they valuable in the most crowded quarters of cities, where the children's ignorance of the commonest facts of nature, of plant growth and of cultivation is complete, and their wonder at each new miracle of seed, sprout and blossom a delight to behold.

"I am going to plant vegetables and flowers so that I can have a boiled dinner and flowers on the table every day," recorded one child in her garden diary, with an equal appreciation of the edible and the esthetic. She was hopefully inclined. A boy of more anxious mind noted a fact that older gardeners have often contemplated with perturbation.

"Every seed I have in the world," he wrote, "is at the mercy of a dog."

A little Jewish girl from the tenement district, diligently weeding her eight-by-four bed, sown with radishes, lettuce and marigold, discovered buds upon the marigold, although still so tiny that they were no more than little green buttons, and eagerly asked the superintendent, "What color are my flowers going to be? I never saw a marigold."

"They will be yellow—sunshine color," was the answer.

She resumed her weeding and fell into a happy silence, talking neither to her teacher nor to her companions. Ten minutes later she straightened her back, breathed deeply, surveyed her small domain with an eye of rapture, and murmured ecstatically:

"I've been just imagining to myself how those marigolds are going to look!"

It was the same morning that an Italian child, a "little mother," carrying the baby and shepherding two tots, hung over the railing and ventured confidentially:

"To see this always makes me sad."

"Because you would like a garden too?" she was asked. She nodded soberly.

"Perhaps you could manage to have a window-box at home," it was suggested, and her face brightened instantly.

"I have two starch boxes on our fire-escape," she declared with pride; "and I have tomatoes and morning-glories and a geranium and a fuschia—and they grow—how they grow! Only I would like a real garden; a garden in the ground."

A TIP TO THE BRIDE

If the man you married has never "pottered" around a house and been one to mend and fix things, you had better become familiar with a few ordinary tools that are necessary in a home, because you will find it much easier to do little things yourself than to nag at hubby to do them.

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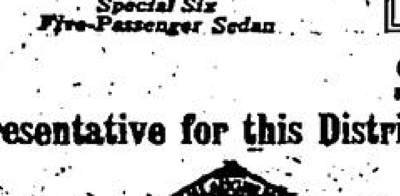

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S. V. KING

Representative for this District — **Georgetown, Ont.**

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK

The Time to Advertise

There is nothing so mysteriously funny as a newspaper advertisement. The prime, first, last and all the time, object of an advertisement is to draw custom. It is not, was not, and never will be designed for any other human purpose. So the merchant waits until the busy season comes and his store is so full of customers that he can't get his hat off, and then he rushes to the newspapers and puts in his advertisement. When the dull season gets along and there is no trade and he wants to pay his rent, he takes out his advertisement. That is, some of them do, but occasionally a level-headed merchant puts in a bigger one and scoops in all the business while his neighbors are worrying to pay the bills.

There are times when you couldn't stop people from buying everything in the store if you planted a cannon behind the door, and that's the time the advertisement is sent out on its holy mission. It makes light work for the advertisement for a chalk sign on the sidewalk could do all that was needed and have a half-holiday six days in the week, but who wants to favor an advertisement? They are built to do hard work, and should be sent out in dull days when a customer has to be knocked down with cold hard facts and kicked insensible with bankrupt reductions and dragged in with irresistible slaughter of prices before he will spend a cent.

Write this down where you'll fall over it every day. The time to draw business is when you want business and not when you have more business than you can attend to already.

The Time to Advertise Is All the Time