THE HOME OF

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THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 8, 1925

EDITORIAL

We Thank You All

At the beginning of the New Year THE FREE PRESS takes the opportunity to express thanks and appreciation to all who have helped in any way to make the paper as satisfactory as it has been during another twelve months. Established in 1875 the year 1925 will be our Jubilee Year, and will see the completion of our fiftieth volume. There are still a fair number of subscribers who have read the paper regularly week by week during nearly five decades, and several who have faithfully sent in the news of their locality through all these years. To subscribers, advertisers, correspondents and patrons generally the FREE PRESS this morning says heartily and sincerely, "Thank you." At the same time a solicitation of the continuance of that hearty support so generously given in the past, is made. With this assistance the old home paper will aim to keep in the front rank for satisfactory service, and an indispensable weekly visitor to every home in its constituency.

"In Honor Preferring One Another"

At the municipal nominations at Burlington, Mayor Harris, of Burlington, who was again proposed, said: "On the platform last year, he had stated that he was seeking re-election for a second term, and he felt it would not be fair if he did not stand aside now if his colleagues had ambitions to step up higher. He did not want to be like Tommy Church, or like mayors in other towns, who stood in the way of others. In conclusion he said: I wish to sincerely thank the ratepayers of Burlington for their confidence and support for the past four years, and previous years served on the Public School Board and Water Commission, and I hope to merit a continuance of that confidence. The Council of 1925, whoever they may be, will have my best wishes; my heart and interests are for the welfare and advancement of Burlington first, last, and always. I hope everyone will have a prosperous New Year, and that there will be unity and co-operation in the coming year for the development of the town and make it the best town in the province."

Bootleggers in Quebec ?

There has been a great deal of discussion of the suggestion put forward by the Hon. Mr. Taschereau at the Cardin banquet that the federal duties on alcohol should be lowered. The present duties are held to be a premium on contraband liquor. Enormous profits are stated to be made by this illicit commerce, with the result that the Government receives no duty whatever on a large amount of alcohol consumed in this country—alcohol which is smuggled into the country illegally or manufactured by means of illicit stills. It is held that the excise tax on liquor manufactured in the country should be reduced $5 per gallon, which would immediately greatly decrease the cost of gin and rye whiskey manufactured in Canada. Thus, in addition to reducing the premium on bootlegging, a lower tax would help keep Canadian money in Canada." And this from Quebec, and the suggestion from no less an authority than of the premier of the province. Isn't this rather significant? Up to the 23rd of October last, it was positively asserted that the bootlegger thrived only in Ontario, and under the Ontario Temperance Act. Quebec has Government Control (?) hasn't it?

Strong Position by Boys' Parliament

It must be a matter of real gratification to those interested in the moral uplift of the rising generation to learn of the strong unaminuous position taken by he Older Boys' Parliament of Ontario on the Temperance question at their annual session in the Parliament Buildings at Toronto last week. The temperance policy of Premier Furguson has the unanimous support of this embryo legislative body. Before prorogation of their chamber the young members discussed the temperance question, gave unstinted applause to references to Premier Ferguson's decision upon the plebiscite, and unanimously passed a resolution favoring total abstinence. When the question was first brought up for discussion, boy speakers expressed the belief that the youth of today needed information upon the positive evils of alcoholism. Lacking such information, it was argued, they readily fell a prey to temptation when it was presented, despite previous good conduct. Here is a significant suggestion for the leaders of social service throughout the province. It should not be ignored nor treated lightly. These observant young men have sounded a felt need. Prompt compliance with the suggestion will give the Social Service Council a fair justification for extensive and continued activities.

A Town Paper with a Worthy Record

The forty-seventh volume of the Forest Free Press commenced with the New Year. For forty-two years of this long period the paper has been owned and edited by H. J. Pettypiece, ex-M. P. P., who has given the best of his business ability, editorial acumen, and wide experience to the production of a home paper worthy of its constituency. Success has attended these efforts and the paper never enjoyed more generous patronage than at present.

Another Local Paper is Discontinued

The Hanover Post has purchased the good-will and subscription list of The Ayton Advance, and starting with this issue The Advance will be incorporated with The Post. Thus another village weekly has succumbed to the high cost of publishing and given up the struggle for existence. Published in a village the size of Ayton, The Advance has held on considerably longer than many papers printed in larger fields. This was due partly to the pluck of its proprietor, Mr. Oscar Widmeyer, and partly to the enterprising spirit exhibited by the business men of Ayton who were loath to see their little paper quit the field. But it is a practical impossibility for a weekly paper to live to-day and meet the competition of other papers unless it is accorded strong support, and this was impossible in a village the size of Ayton. —Hanover Post.

Better Times Looked for Soon

Students of conditions in Canada have expressed the belief that the stagnation of construction in many parts of Canada, consequent on war conditions and after-effects, is nearly at an end." The above statement was made by J. Clark Reilly, Dominion Secretary of the Association of Canadian Building and Construction Industries last week, in announcing the programme for the seventh annual convention of the association, which will be held at Montreal, January 28 to 20. The convention, at which will be delegates from all the principal centres in Canada, is expected to have a far-reaching effect on future construction in Canada. The Dominion Secretary states that it is confidently expected that the convention will strike a note which will stimulate construction activity in 1925, and that the revival of construction which has been experienced in the United States seems due to arrive in Canada in the very near future.

Where Government Control (?) Rules

A dispatch from Montreal on New Years Day says: "Montreal plays host to jovial Americans, roysterers from across the line come to Quebec's metropolis to celebrate. The new year was welcomed here by many thousands, including hundreds of visitors from across the border, in Montreal's hotel's, theatres and restaurants in a manner never before equalled in the annals of local celebrations, and many merrymakers were still "going strong" when the rising sun this morning heralded the first day of 1925. All the leading hotels and restaurants were crowded to such an extent that dancing was practically an impossibility. One hotel reported that it had made reservations for over a thousand Americans, the majority of whom came for the sole purpose of welcoming 1925 in a city where the "wets" reign supreme, and many of these visitors are of the opinion that even in the old days New York's New Year celebrations hardly compared with the festivities with which Montrealers bade the old year adieu." Fine comment this for a Canadian city. This is the brand of "Temperance" comparitively few citizens appreciate. While it is a serious reflection on Canada, it surely is a high compliment to the United States on the effectiveness of its enforcement of prohibition.

EDITORIAL NOTES

France's debts to the United States and Great Britain will be discussed at a convention in the near future, and if possible settled with each country at the same time, it is reported on high authority.

The Fergus-News Record significantly says: "Another question for members of the County Council to answer: "How many have broken the O. T. A. while engaged in county business?" Don't all speak at once." Rather a stiff conundrum for the County of Wellington legislators.

The University of Berlin during the winter will give a course of lectures on "The United States and Canada; their Position in World Economy and World Politics." Germans will then have an opportunity of hearing something of Canada's greatness and her magnificent resources.

The new year, 1925, finds the "economic structure of the world upon more solid foundations than at any time since the war," Secretary Hoover declared in a statement at Washington on New Year's Eve, as he was analyzing the business, industrial and financial situation in the United States and abroad.

While the year's imports of Canada will probably show a decrease of over $00,000,000, it is expected that the exports will show an increase of $45,000,000 over the year 1923. This is encouraging. Canada's prosperity largely depends upon an increasing volume of exports and a reduction of importation of goods.

The beginning of a new year is naturally a time for taking stock and comparing the results achieved during the year. This stock taking activity is showing one of the largest national achievements of this Dominion ever accomplished in the year just closed. This is an improvement in the balance of trade over the previous year of over $150,000,000.

A marked example of the importance of Canada's mineral resources is the report just issued respecting the production of 1924. Our mines had a bountiful year. The total mineral production throughout the Dominion was $205,462,000. The aggregate of gold produced reached the new high level of $31,522,000. Of this large sum more than four-fifths of the production was in the Province of Ontario.

One of the surprises of the municipal nominations was the withdrawal of Reeve Hampshire from Esquesing Council. Reeve Hampshire's name has been frequently mentioned for the Wardenship for 1925, and now he is not to be even a member of this year's County Council. It looks now as if Reeve McIntyre, of Georgetown, will have a walk-over for the Wardenship.—Reformer.

ONE DAY AT HOME

"I tell you," said young Mr. Mortimer, proudly, as he saw his wife bear away their only son on his way to bed, "you don't know how I envy you my dear, the opportunity of being with that youngster every hour of the day and watching his little mind unfold like—like a flower," he concluded tritely, but with undiminished earnestness. If matters had rested there all would have been well. But after some comment by his wife he continued.

"No time!" he observed, with a superior smile. "I often hear you say that, my dear, and I suppose you don't know the curiosity it awakens in my mind." "The curiosity," continued Mr. Mortimer, "as to what you manage to do with your time to fill it up. It is a long day from seven to seven, surely long enough to have an hour for almost everything that might fall within a woman's sphere; yet somehow you seem to miss much."

Mrs. Mortimer said nothing, but in her mind was born a resolution.

The next evening after dinner Mrs. Mortimer approached her husband with a few sheets of paper. "The diary of a day, my dear," she said, as she thrust the papers into his hand. This is what he read:

"Five o'clock. Baby woke up, and would not go to sleep again. I took him down to the library so that his father should not be disturbed at such an early hour, and kept him amused until seven.

"Seven o'clock. Managed to get dressed for breakfast, but was unable to eat it with my husband owing to the fact that baby got badly scratched on a pin, which his father gave him to play with, and had to be soothed.

Eight o'clock. Gave baby his bath and breakfast. At breakfast he upset his bowl of porridge over his clean dress, so he had to be undressed, bathed and dressed all over again.

Nine o'clock. Took baby out in his go-cart to market and for a little airing. Had planned to make a little informal call, but baby grew fretful, and I had to bring him home and put him to sleep.

"Eleven o'clock. Baby woke up and tried to swallow a button. Sent for the doctor, but meantime got the button out of his throat with my finger.

"Twelve o'clock. Baby spilled a bottle of ink all over the library table and the rug under it. Also over himself.

One o'clock. Baby's third bath to-day. Luncheon. Unexpected company.

Three o'clock. Got baby to sleep after an hour's trying.

"Four o'clock. Baby woke up feverish from his throat. Fell and bumped his head badly.

"Four thirty. Baby fell and bumped his head again in the same place. Was naturally irritated and fretful.

"Six o'clock. Dressed baby for the fifth time to-day, so that when his blissful, ignorant father came home he might think a day with a baby a heaven-sent privilege and a woman's time legitimate matter for perennial jest. Sworn to, signed and submitted."

KINDNESS PAYS

Kindness pays.

It pays because the world needs it constantly, as it needs the sunlight and the dew, and men could no more do without it than without food and raiment. It always pays to give the world what it really needs.

It pays because in kindness there is strength. It is not, as many suppose, a sign of weakness. It is a mark of that strength which is truest and best. No man is so strong as he who knows the secret of gentleness.

It pays because it wins the heart. There is no other such wealth as that of friendship, and there is no other such friend as the friend who remembers a kindness.

It pays because there is too little of it abroad in the earth, and what supply there is is always at a premium.

It pays because no one is ever very far from the shining way who carries a loving heart within his breast, whose lips are careful to avoid unkind words, and whose hands are trained to helpful things.

It pays because it knows a greater strength than that of force. It can melt its way through many a place where all the terrors of force cannot drive a path.

It pays because it has never an axe to grind. It wins the world's good opinion by avoiding the very appearance of self-seeking.

It pays because it represents the highest law of human society—the law of altruism.

It always seeks to serve the other fellow, and, when it cannot serve him, it at least manages not to hinder him.

It pays because it is true, and men everywhere are looking for something that is really true. Whatever else it may not be, kindness is sincere and faithful.

It pays because it reacts on one's own character. Each time he remembers to be kind, he makes another reach toward the height of real kindliness. It is thus that kindness never looses its reward.

It pays because it is often returned with interest, and if it is never returned at all, the angels do not forget to give credit.

EARTH-BOUND

If I might take to Heaven in my pocket, the dearest of little things I own, I think that I would take the tiny locket which holds a face that love and I have known. I think that I would take a certain letter—a letter worn, and ribbon tied, and old. Oh, I am sure that Heaven would seem better, if my poor hand might be allowed to hold a few of those dear dreams that made my pleasure—a few of those frail hopes that made life fair. . . If I might take along my meed of treasure, I know that happiness would find me There!

If I might take along the scent of gardens when they are lighted by the silvery moon. The splendid glow of ice that slowly hardens, upon a frosty winter afternoon. The gleam of sunset on a purple mountain—a row of pines, cathedral-like, and still. The rainbow glitter of a slender fountain; a village glimpsed at dusk from some kind hill!

If I might take a dress of silk that shimmers with tints of roses and blue and amethyst. If I might take the candle shine that glimmers across a room that night has gently kissed. I I might take a baby's dimpled fingers, and sunlight slanting down over autumn seas, and that first flush of dawn that throbs and lingers.

Oh, Heaven itself would thrill to some of these;

WHEN FATHER SPEAKS

Mr. Williams has always claimed that it is an easy matter to govern children, and his own success often bears out his theories. He seldom interferes when his wife is at the helm, but once in a while he contributes a few firm words of guidance in response to an appealing glance.

"Now, Bobby," said Mrs. Williams one night, after long temporizing, "now my dear little boy really must take his medicine and jump into bed, as father and I can go down to dinner."

"I don't want to take the medicine," said Bobby, who had a sniffling cold.

Then came the appealing glance.

"Bob," said Mr. Williams, in an ominous tone, "if you don't take that medicine this minute you will be put to bed without taking it at all!"

Then Bobby promptly took the medicine, and all went well.

KEEPING A RESOLUTION

The day I was graduated from the medical school—the only woman in my class—dear old Dr. Philips, who handed me my diploma, said to me, with a smile:

"There it is, my dear. But it will do you no good."

"Why do you say that, doctor?" I asked, much disconcerted.

"Some young fellow will induce you to marry him, and you will have no time to practice a profession which, if practiced properly, will take all your time."

I was young and headstrong. Moreover, I had spent years in preparing my self for my vocation. I grasped the doctor's hand and, raising my other, frantically said:

"I promise you, Dr. Philips, that I will devote my life and will give you this pledge that it shall be impossible for me to go back on my profession."

I shall never forget the kindly smile or the twinkle of the eye with which the good doctor received the vow. I strutted out of the room and as I closed the door behind me shut off part of what he said:

"I'll bet you don't practice three—"

I tried to get a position that would give me hospital work, but, failing in this, hung up my shingle as a general practitioner. I had been practising but a few months when an elderly lady came to my office and said that she would like me to treat her son. From her description of his disease I thought that it was probably melancholia. The young man was up and about and attending to business. I therefore suggested that he call at my office during my consultation hours. But his mother said that it was she who desired the services of a physician for her son and she could only succeed in submitting him to treatment and insisted on my going to the house. Besides, she wished him to see a woman physician, whereas if he went to an office he would probably go to a man.

This argument prevailed, and it was agreed that I was to call the next day after five in the afternoon, when the young man—Dick, his mother called him—had returned from business. I made the call, was received by the lady and introduced to the patient. There was that about him which reminded me of some one else, but I could not tell who the other person was. He did not appear to be ill, but appearances are often deceptive.

I plied him with questions, which he seemed declined to answer, and I succeeded in getting very little out of him. All I could do was to recommend that he take out of door exercises and have what society he relished. His mother was present during the interview, and when I arose to depart, she put her arms about me and said:

"Help us out by giving us your company occasionally as well as your professional services, won't you? Dick won't go out, and I know no young person to invite to the house."

I could give no definite reply to this, of course, and simply bowed assent.

"Oblige me by staying for dinner with us," continued the old lady, and she began quietly to remove my hat and coat. I made but faint resistance, and we were soon enjoying ourselves at the table. For my life I could see no sign of illness in Dick, who was very entertaining, and charmed me with his conversation.

I am not going to give the history of my professional treatment of my patient, Richard Ashley, for mingled with it is a love story, of which he is the hero and I the heroine. He was never ill, though he led me to suppose that there was a nervous weakness about him that did not appear on the surface. I studied his case for months, trying different remedies, which I doubt if he ever took. Finally I found myself deeply in love that I was ready to sacrifice my profession for him. Indeed, the great problem of my life became, not how to cure him, or any one else, for that matter, but to appropriate him to myself. It was I rather than he who suffered from a peculiar disease. If any attractive young woman came near him I was seized with a terrible anxiety lest some other woman should take him away from me.

However, time proved that these fears were groundless, for one evening after one of my visits to him and I had been invited to dinner his mother let us alone together in the library, and what I so desired was clinched by a proposal.

As soon as our engagement was made known to the other members of our respective families congratulations began to come in. "His sisters and his cousins and his aunts" called on me, and they were all not only very gracious to me, but regarded me with an amused curiosity. One day who should come to see me but my old preceptor, Dr. Philips, to whom I had made the pledge not to marry. I could not escape him, so I faced him. He was brimming over with amusement.

"You little humbug!" he said, "I knew you would not be saved for the medical profession, so I resolved to get you into the family. I told my nephew about you and your pledge, suggesting that he make you break it. He has done his work beautifully, though his mother has been of great assistance to him."

"You miserable, mean, good for nothing—"

I threw myself into the dear old man's arms.

SAILING AROUND THE COW

Many a sea-captain has sailed around the world since the adventurous voyage of Captain Cook, but few navigators have tried what the captain of an East India man used to relate as an experience of his own.

He was out on a foggy night, and sounded his fog-horn, as every wise captain should. From the starboard side came the sound of a fog-horn, apparently from a vessel very close, and showing no lights.

"Port your helm!" shouted the captain, and the order was obeyed. Then he blew his horn again. Back from the same relative position, although the ship had altered her course three points, came the sound of that answering fog-horn.

"Hard aport!" roared the captain. That, too, was done, and the signal was tried again. Back from exactly the same position, although his vessel had now changed her course seven points, came the sound of that fog-horn.

The captain, alarmed, was just going to give the order to reverse engines, when one of the officers discovered that the supposed fog-horn was only the cow that was carried on the forward deck to supply fresh milk for the passengers.

KINDNESS

One never knows
How far a word of kindness goes;
One never sees
How far a smile of friendship flees,
Down through the years
The deed forgotten reappears.

One kindly word
The souls of many here has stirred.
Man goes his way
And tells with every passing day,
Until life's end:
"Once unto me he played the friend."

We cannot say
What lips are praising us to-day.
We cannot tell
Whose prayers ask God to guard us well.
But kindness lives
Beyond the memory of him who gives.

—Edgar A. Guest.

AN ALIBI

Lawyer—"In order to fight this case intelligently I must know, in the first place, whether you are guilty or not."

Client—"Well, if you've got to know the truth, I'm guilty."

Lawyer—"Good! Now the affair is simple. All that we have got to do is to establish an alibi."

THE TIE THAT BINDS

"Now, children," said the minister, who was addressing a class of very little girls, "can any of you tell me what binds us together, and makes us better than we are by nature?"

After a brief pause a tiny voice piped out:

"Please, sir, corsets!"

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