The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1926

QLD MELODIES

Her thin white fingers wandered
among the yellowing keys,
Now with a weary slowness, now with
the old-time ease;
The tunes were quaint and tender, like
ancient tales oft told,
For they were songs of bygone years,
and she was growing old.

The children flocked about her; they
loved to hear her play;
For all was new and sweet to them,
and every song was gay.
They were her heart's companions, for
they could understand;
The dear old music spoke to them be-
neath her trembling hand.

But we, no longer children, between
her day and their,
Had danced to other measures, and
thrilled to newer airs;
We heard with smiles indulgent, but
we were slow to praise
The simple tunes that brought to her
the joy of distant days.

They brought the scent of spring-time,
the tap of dancing feet,
The dream that blossomed in her heart
when youth and love were sweet;
Each cadence had its story, each soft,
plaintive refrain
Awoke the chimes of memory, the call
of bliss or pain.

So with her thin white fingers she
touched the yellowing keys,
And pleased the listening children with
old-time melodies;
And we, who smiled to hear them, re-
member now with tears
The tones that will not sound again
through all the silent years.

—Marion Couthouy Smith.

WELL UNDER

Bad as it is to be in a rut, it is better than to wabble all over the road. There are times when it is possible to get too much of a good thing, even in the matter of denominational breadth. Such a case is mentioned by a writer in the Bellman. At the close of a revival service, the minister went down the church aisle, according to his custom, to greet the strangers in his congregation.

"I dont think you are a member of our church," he said to one, as he warmly shook his hand.

"No, sir," replied the stranger.

"Well, you will not think me unduly curious if I ask you to what denomination you belong?" asked the minister.

I suppose," responded the other, with a twinkle in his eye, "that I am really what you might call a submerged Presbyterian."

"A submerged Presbyterian!" exclaimed the minister. "I should be glad if you would explain."

"Well, I was brought up a Presbyterian, my wife is a Methodist, my eldest daughter is a Baptist, my son is the organist of a Unitarian church, my second daughter sings in an Episcopal choir, and my youngest daughter goes to a Congregational Sunday School."

"But," said the minister, aghast, "you contribute, doubtless, to some church?"

"Yes," was the answer, "I contribute to all of them, and that's what keeps me submerged."

RELUCTANT OBEDIENCE

A wise puppy being told to lie down in a certain place, will obey meekly at the moment, and then, waiting until his master's attention is diverted, will slip slowly away from his post. His reluctance to stay where he is told to stay is not based on a dislike for the spot, for he will often select it for himself—but purely on his prejudice against obedience as such.

So the child loves to assert his freedom by doing what he would consider a serious hardship if he were compelled to do it. A keen zest is added to play if it is close to the edge of the forbidden.

Like many of the naughtinesses of humankind, desire for the unpermitted underlies the great advances of the race. Erect a barrier, and the child and the man long to climb over it. The impassible mountain, the unsailed ocean, the mysterious law of nature, the infinitely distant star—these are so many irresistible magnets to the pioneer, and they lead him, through what we may truly call an audacious disobedience, to view new worlds and new triumphs of mind over matter.

"Why are the cows always getting out of the pasture?" asked the schoolmistress of the old farmer. "Wal, I suppose it's because they want to be where they ain't!" A glorious impulse, which climbs from brute to man—and so on, to the heights of future development! "The puppy, the cow, the child, the pioneer, the man of science alike may glory in their reluctant and temporary obedience to the voice which says, "Stay here!"

IN DEFENSE OF CABBAGE

Reputations may be ruined in various ways, but poor cooking has been responsible for damaging the reputation of the cabbage. Because cabbage is such a valuable source of certain necessary minerals and vitamins it deserves to be in the graces of every table. The yellow, strong-smelling mass that many of us have known as cabbage is enough to discourage anyone. Quite different is cabbage properly cooked. Dropped into a kettle of gently boiling water, and cooked uncovered until tender but not a bit longer, it is succulent and delicious. The secret lies in cooking it until it is just done—longer cooking brings out the strong flavor and makes it unattractive to look at and to eat. If cooked the right length of time, cabbage is excellent if it is simply seasoned and served with melted butter or a medium of white sauce; or it may be scalloped or stuffed. Raw cabbage, also, has many possibilities as cold slaw, or combined with other vegetables, fruits or nuts, to make a variety of salads. Inexpensive and obtainable the year round, with proper treatment it will establish a bigger reputation.

BACK TO THE OLD RATIONS

"I suppose you were fed off the fat of the land," said Mrs. Saunders, very plaintively, as she set a plate of griddle cakes before Mr. Saunders the morning after his return from Toronto. "With Niece Margaret's means, they must have everything there is going."

"I presumo to say there's no lack o' wherewithal," said her husband, as he began to pour maple syrup with a lavish hand, "but for breakfast they had the worst lot of truck ever I saw. 'Twasn't cooked, or a thing done to it. I expect that hired girl o' theirs that I used to hear failing down-stairs about seven o'clock didn't want the trouble of starting her fire in a hurry. But I tell you when you've had a different kind o' straw filling served to yo for seven days hand running, griddle cakes comes just at the right time. Don't take awhy that serrup jug yet awhile; it hasn't soaked in yet all it's a-going to. And set the doughnuts and the pie and the biscuits where I can keep an eye on 'em, but you can remove that glass o' water as far as you see fit. I've been starvin' healthy about as long as I can stan' it."

DIGNITY OF LABOR

We work with God in planting a tree
Or in hoeing a field of corn.

—A. J. Patterson

The Free Press' Short Story

THE MERRITT MAPLE SYRUP

BY IRA RICH KENT

IN the early winter of 1892-93 Addison Phelps was working fifteen hours a day in the store at Gregson's Corner. The year before, he had "bought his time" from his father, and the debt was not yet paid up. He was not getting $3 a week and his board. Accustomed as he was to farm work and constant living in the open air, the long confinement in the close, smoky little store was making him ill. His tanned skin had bleached to an unhealthy pallor; his muscles had grown soft. Gregson's high-pitched voice was growing daily more nagging and unendurable; and the young fellow saw no prospects of working his way up to better wages.

Those reasons were enough to make him accept with a good deal of eagerness an offer of a dollar and seventy-five cents a day and board for "maple sugaring" on the Merritt farm. He would perhaps have preferred another employer, for the energetic farmer-folk of the neighborhood held Silas Merritt in tolerant scorn. Though he had scarcely turned his forty-fifth year, they always spoke of him as Old Merritt. His life had known many misfortunes of greater or less degree, and he had not had the force to overcome their influence. He was discouraged, inclined to shiftlessness and prematurely aged.

His farm gave unmistakable evidence of its owner's condition. His sugar place, one of about three hundred trees, was of sound, flourishing maples on a southerly slope, but for several years it had not been operated at all, except when another farmer "took it on shares." This year, however, under his wife's mild urgings, Merritt had decided to work it himself. Lind, the stolid Swede who was his all-the-year-round man, was to attend to the chores, while Merritt and Addison worked in the woods.

When the store loungers heard that Addison was going to work for Old Merritt they were inclined to chaff the boy; and Gregson, angry at losing such a good and inexpensive clerk, was more disagreeable than ever. When the 18th of March came Addison was glad enough to leave. He found enough to do at the Merritt sugar place. The snow still was deep, and it was no easy task to break a road into the woods. The sugar-house was dilapidated. The arch needed a few new bricks, and the tin sap buckets, the long evaporating pan and the big wooden holders called for a very thorough cleaning.

As Addison was sorting a tub of broken and twisted sap spouts on the third day of his new job, his employer came out to the sugar-house. He seemed greatly pleased at finding so much done, and there was an air of unusual animation about his stooping figure.

"D'ye know, Ad'son," he said eagerly, "that Boston man, Sherman, that buys most all the maple syrup out of these parts, has sent up word that he will pay a dollar a pound for the first hundred pounds or more that he c'n get? He's sent out a kind of printed letter to ev'rybody that ever sold him any, and Gregson's got a notice to put up down to the store. I s'pose John Wheeler'll get some made first of anybody round here; he always does. But I don't believe his place is a mite earlier'n mine—nota mite."

"No, Mr. Merritt," said Addison, "it ain't a minute earlier, and I don't know any reason why you shouldn't get your syrup in just as quick as he does."

"I hain't ever done it, Ad'son. I can't seem to get started as prompt as he does. Seems as if I used to miss the first run about every year when I sugared."

Addison was interested. He knew that Merritt, if left to himself, would probably get no syrup to market until two or three days after his neighbors had done so. He felt genuinely sorry for the man who had so early lost his energy and ambition. It occurred to him that if Merritt could win that prize it would do the man a world of good. To be first in the market would would be something to be proud of—and it would give him a reputation to sustain.

"Well, Mr. Merritt," he answered after a moment's thought, "our tools are all in shape, and we're ready to tap any time. The quicker we can get some syrup made the better price it'll bring, and I think we can sugar off as soon as Wheeler can. We can scatter the sap buckets before supper if we hurry, and if I don't miss my guess we shall want to hang them tomorrow morning. That flurry we had last night came nighty near being a regular sugar snow. It thawed a good deal to-day, and it's going to be cold to-night. If it is, the sap will start in good shape to-morrow. I don't know any reason why Merritt agrup ain't standing just as good a show as any."

There was a great deal of work done in the next few hours. The next morning Addison found the weather as he had expected. After a cold night the sun came warm out of a cloudless sky and the blood of the maples stirred and surged. Merritt, the Swede and Addison began early with tapping bit and hammer, and before noon a steady tinkle drip could be heard everywhere through the woods. The season had come with a rush and caught not a few unprepared. Wheeler, the nearest neighbor, however, and three or four others were ready, and their tubs were filling as quickly as those in the Merritt woods. All were anxious to blow the first sugaring-off horn as well as to get Sherman's high price.

Addison watched his employer with astonishment. Merritt had caught the fire of competition, and the chance of success, however remote, set him at his work with such an energy as he had not known for years. He could scarcely stop for meals, and the oxen puffed complainingly as he hurried them through the drifts. Mrs. Merritt observed her husband with bewilderment.

"I don't know what's come over Silas," she whispered to Addision that night. "I never saw him fly round so since little George died. You don't suppose there's anything the matter with his head, do you?"

Addison laughed. "No, Mis' Merritt, don't you worry. He's feeling like himself again, that's all. But," he said to himself as he went upstairs to bed, "I don't know what'll happen if he should get beat on the sugar."

Friday morning they built the fire in the big arch. Merritt kept it roaring while Addison and Lind, gathered the sap. Many of the buckets were half full, and even Addison began to look hopefully toward the first sugaring-off. Merritt's excitement and high spirits increased. He had been too busy to say anything to others about his hopes, but in the woods he talked incessantly. At last Addison, fearing the result of too much confidence, took him out to the edge of the woods and pointed out three other clouds of steam that were rising from arches near by.

"And we don't know how many more there are in the county," said the boy.

For a while his old dejection came upon Merritt with double force; but once back in his own sugar-house, which reeked with the sweet, heavy steam, his courage returned, and he kept the fire going more fiercely than ever.

By half-past five they had drawn off two cans of maple syrup, but they would need fully as much more in order to make up the hundred pounds of sugar. The holders were running over with sap—enough to keep the evaporator full all night.

Leaving Addison and Lind to keep the fire, Merritt went home to his supper. He stopped at the store for his mail, and there heard John Wheeler's boy say that his father's syrup would be ready to ship on the train at ten minutes to ten the next morning. That was six hours earlier than Merritt had hoped to have his own sap ready. In despair he hurried back to the sugar-house.

"See here, Mr. Merritt," Addison said slowly when the man had related the discouraging news, "how bad do you want to get Sherman's price?"

"How bad, Ad'son? Why, boy, it seems as if I never wanted anything so bad for a good many years. I've just kind of kept along, and folks have got to callin' me shiftless and lazy—and I hain't cared much up to now. But if I could get this thing and let 'em see I've got some gumption left, why—why, I know I could get along so much better. If I could come out top just once—"

"Well, I think we've got just one chance. You know the night express don't stop here, but it does stop at Leamington at half past four. I came down from Montreal on it once. Now, I tell you what I think we can do. If we can keep the 'vaporator going like this till half past "leven or twelve, we'll have syrup enough to make up the hundred pounds. You and Lind go home and eat your supper and get some sleep. There's enough in the dinner pail for me, I'll tend to the boiling, and you can come out 'bout twelve o'clock with the pails and we can sugar it off pretty quick. Bring Dick and the pung, and you can drive to Leamington in three quarters of an hour. And if we get our sugar on that train John Wheeler or anybody else can't beat us." As Addison unfolded his plan, Merritt's eyes lighted with new hope. He was eager to stay at the sugar-house, but the boy persuaded him to go back to the house and get some sleep. So, after putting the small arch and the sugaring-off pan in readiness, Merritt and the Swede took the oxen and went home.

Addison, left to himself, looked carefully to the automatic feeders and drew off a small amount of syrup that was ready in the last compartment of the evaporator. As there was lots of wood to last for an hour or more, he sat down on an overturned bucket and ate the cold fragments that proved all too little to satisfy his hearty appetite. Then he stretched himself out on a blanket in front of the arch and, with one eye on the fire and one on some stray leaves of old magazines, settled down for a long evening.

When the split wood was finally all used up, Addison climbed up on the low pile of slabs and small stuff used for kindling, and from that, with the help of a beam and a projecting stick, scrambled to the top of the high hardwood pile that filled the end of the sugar-house in front of the arch. He threw down a number of the longest sticks and then swung himself down the way he had come. Just as he was about to step down upon the slab pile, his left foot slipped and went down under the heavy horizontal beam that formed the sill of the building.

The bruising blow upon the ankle made him give a cry of pain, and he stepped forward quickly to pull his foot out of the hole. It did not stir, and the boy nearly fainted with sudden agony. For a minute he leaned against the higher pile, and when he was a little recovered he was able to turn enough to see the sort of trap into which he had fallen.

A long, heavy stick, which had been thrown aside in some previous season as too knotty for convenient splitting, had been rolled against the side of the house, and one end of it was securely fastened by the pile of hard wood. Between that and the beam his foot had slipped; from the knee down, his leg was fastened as in an immovable vice. The ankle had been bruised and wrenched, and, tightly held as it was, every movement was torture. For a few minutes the boy struggled to release himself; but the beam and the log were both hopelessly fixed, and his efforts resulted only in acute pain. At last he gave up the attempt and, propping himself up in the corner of the pile, prepared to make himself as comfortable as possible.

Then, for the first time, the significance of his predicament came over him in a sickening wave. He could not keep the fire up; in half an hour the wreathing steam would cease to rise; in an hour there would be only a bed of cooling embers under the big evaporator; Merritt and Lind would return at twelve o'clock to find the sap cold. There would be no chance of getting the syrup on the express at half-past four—and Silas Merritt would lose the "success" he so much wanted.

The boy gave one last impatient wrench to his imprisoned foot. Almost maddened by the pain, he grasped a stout piece of slab wood that lay under his hand and hurled it at the arch. There was a sudden belching of flame. When Addison climbed the pile he had left on the ground the sheet of iron that served as a door, and now the stick had landed in the midst of the blazing fuel.

The boy gave a little gasp of surprise and hope. Could he, from where he stood trapped, still feed the fire? Picking up another stick, he poised himself carefully on his free right foot and tossed it. The wood struck the edge of the bricks, but glanced and fell inside.

The pile of small wood on which he stood was three or four feet high and about twelve feet from the front of the arch. His position was perhaps a foot above the fire-box door and a little to the left of it. The course of the slabs was thus to the right and slightly downward. The opening of the fire-box made a target only a little more than two feet in width and less than that in height.

Addison tried the toss again, but this time the twinge in his ankle made him miss his aim. But, refusing to be disheartened, he went at his task again. Each attempt cost him severe pain, and the free leg soon began to complain at its undue share of work.

Every few minutes he was forced to stop and sink down into the corner to rest. By careful adjustment he was able to make himself quite comfortable. Once he did not get up again for some time. It was so much easier to rest there and wait for the man to come! But the sight of the dying fire and the remembrance of Merritt's face, lighted with hope, roused all his sturdy courage.

The boy's strength had been severely taxed by his work in the store; and he had had long hours of toil that day with insufficient food. As the hours dragged on, his weariness became terrible. Many of the sticks went wide. The lowering pile on which he stood made his position more and more painful. The small sticks, most of them soft wood, did not make a very hot fire, yet burned so rapidly that there could be no stay of work. And the brands were displaced and scattered by the striking of new fuel. In one respect the slow fire was an advantage: the thickening syrup in the rear compartment ran a smaller risk of burning.

Fortunately, the automatic feeder was dependable in its workings and there was plenty of sap in the holders, so that the keeping of the fire was enough. The skimming would have to go undone. The tossing of the heavier sticks took the last ounce of his strength, and he could not always find small ones within reach. But he kept the fire going. Twice he fainted outright from the pain and exhaustion; each time as he fell he struck his head against the wood, and that brought him back to consciousness.

Addison fainted for the third time just as he heard Merritt's voice outside and saw the rickety door pushed back. Merrit threw a dash of cold sap into his face, and that revived him.

That was all there was to it. Addison refused to be touched until the fire had been lighted under the deep pan full of syrup. And then they had to tear down the entire end of the woodpile to release him.

By three o'clock twelve full ten-pound pails stood in a row on the snow bank outside the door. Twenty minutes later they were cool enough to be moved, and Merritt started with the pung for Leamington. The Merritt syrup was the only shipment on that early express.

Four days later Silas Merritt bowed his grizzled head in thankfulness over a slip of paper. His eyes were filled with joyful tears.

"I shan't forget this, Ad'son," he said.

He did not give the check to Addison. It never occurred to him to do so, and Addison never thought of it. But when the next season the Merritt sugar was again first in the market the people talked of the changed condition and new prosperity of the farm, Addison, bossing a big logging gang over on the Connecticut, heard the news and felt well repaid.

ACTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE DINNER

How Our Acton Friends in England Keep Their Organization Lively

Instead of the usual budget of interesting news from Acton, England, we publish this week the proceedings of the Acton Chamber of Commerce, as reported by the Acton Express. This will give the members of the Chamber of Commerce of Acton, Ontario, an intelligent idea of the comprehensive activities of the members of this fine organization across the sea.

The King, Empire Trade, and Acton Trade were the toasts of allied interest proposed at the seventeenth annual dinner of the Acton Chamber of Commerce, which, held in the Clarendon Restaurant, on Wednesday evening, was attended by a company well representative of the civic, social and commercial interests of the borough. The guests were received at the outset by Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Davenport, the acting president and his wife, and a little later by Sir Harry Brittain. The arrangements for the dinner were, as usual, ably made by Mr. J. Taylor, the Chamber's "live" secretary. Sir Harry Brittain aroused great interest by proposing a local Empire shopping week at the time of the Imperial Conference, with a visit from a Colonial Premier, whom he promised to bring.

Sir Harry Brittain, who, as Honorary President, took the chair at the dinner, was accompanied at the crosstable by Lady Brittain, Mr. S. Wallrock, president of the Incorporated Society of Auctioneers and Landed Property Agents, and the chief guest of the evening, the Mayor and Mayoress, Mr. W. T. Davenport, president, and Mrs. Davenport, Mr. R. N. N. Carpenter, of the Gas, Light and Coke Co., Ald. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. C. Britton, Mr. J. Morgan, deputy town clerk, Mrs. Morgan, Mr and Mrs. Clifford Evans and Mr. E. Monson. The vice-chairs were occupied by Messrs. W. T. Bygrave, A. T. Overall, C. J. Dadds, F. Turner and E. H. Smith. The company numbered upwards of 170.

A Jazz orchestra played during the dinner, introducing Irish airs from time to time in honor of St. Patrick's Day. As coffee and dessert were being served, dainty colored feather fans were distributed, with the compliments of Mr. W. T. Davenport, amongst the ladies, a graceful attention which they much appreciated. After the loyal toast, the solo in the National Anthem was sung by Mr. A. Tomes, himself being a member of the Chamber.

The chairman introduced an impromptu special toast in honor of St. Patrick's Day, viz., "United Ireland," which was cordially received.

The Mayor, whose toast was "The Trade and Commerce of Acton," was loudly cheered as he rose fanning himself with a fragile fan. He mentioned that he was the first Mayor-Tradesman actually in business to hold office, and he wished to thank his fellow-traders for the loyal support they had already given him. He good-humoredly threatened the ladies who were waiting for a dance with a sixty-minute speech! (Laughter). His subject, indeed, was a big one, but he would content himself with congratulating their globe-trotting member on the success of his Empire trip, during which he had kept the needs of Acton, as an industrial centre supplying the Empire with many useful commodities, well to the front (applause). He coupled Sir Harry's name with the toast.

Sir Harry Brittain, who was received with musical honors, was equally humorous in response, at once "getting at" his friend, John Taylor, their indefatigable secretary, who had promised them on the back of the programme, in spite of the presence of magistrates, "No sleep till morn!" (loud laughter). Turning, amidst loud applause, to the question of keeping the independent buses on the roads, he mentioned that he had the privilege of introducing the petitions on the subject to the House of Commons that day. They all admired the efforts the independent bus proprietors were putting forth, and though they had a strenuous representative committee against them, they hoped to do something to preserve existing travelling facilities in London, and he promised to do his best in that direction (applause). He regretted the absence of Senator Marconi, who had, unfortunately, to go into a hospital for an operation.

Acton and Empire.

Dealing with the subject of the toast, Sir Harry said that three out of every four persons in these islands were entirely dependent for their means of living on countries outside our own. At "Windy Corner" an orator had asked what Sir Harry Brittain meant by neglecting the interests of his constituency by taking a tour round the Empire, but he maintained that he had well served those local interests in that tour, for Acton people no more than those of any other English community, could live by talking in each others washing (laughter and applause). They could only live by fructifying the trade of the Empire, and as the representative of the greatest industrial division of the south of England, he suggested to his trading friends of Acton that they should arrange a local Empire Shopping Week to synchronise with the Imperial Conference to be held in the autumn. If they did so, he promised them that he would bring one of his friends amongst the Colonial Premiers to Acton that week in order to let him see how well they could organize an Empire Shopping Week in his constituency (loud applause). Closely associated with this linking up of the Empire was the question of our air services, and he promised their president a good supply of copies of his recent speech on that subject for local friends who would like to read it (applause). There were great openings in the countries "down under" for young Britishers of "grit," and he held, from his knowledge of the Empire in general as amplified by his recent voyage, that it was the high and responsible task of the British Empire to take the leading part in moulding the future destiny of humanity (loud applause).

Mr. S. Wallrock, in proposing "The Acton Chamber of Commerce," said that all his life he had longed to "auction" a Chamber of Commerce, but he had found from his inquires that the Acton Chamber of Commerce was too sound a thing ever to be sold up. For 10s. 6d. a year that Chamber was ready to kick up a row with any local authorities which interfered with the roads, to collect debts, to organize charabanc rides, whist drives, and dances. In fact, it was a perfect communal Utopia in itself, and it was no wonder that, thanks to its fostering care, Acton was becoming the most important residential and industrial centres of Greater London (laughter and applause). It had neglected one thing only—to visit him at Stanmore. In fact, their chamber's glowing annual report made him long to live in Acton. He coupled with the toast the name of their president, Mr. W. T. Davenport, who had never missed a chance of promoting the interests of the Chamber, and consequently, of Acton (applause).

Mr. W. T. Davenport, who had an enthusiastic reception, said he would be delighted to find Mr. Wallrock a house in Acton (renewed laughter). His response to the toast had been made easier by the summary of their annual report in "The Acton Gazette," to the proprietors of which they were obliged for interesting reports of the Chamber's activities. Their membership, which now totalled 435, had increased by 384 in only ten years. Their "Shop in Acton" campaign had good results, and they had succeeded in inducing the Town Council always to ask the local tradesmen to tender for any good required by the borough, without expecting them to buy it locally if they could get goods at lower prices elsewhere, as the rates were one of the top expenses of local business concerns. They had also played their part in the "Buy British Goods" campaign, as it was their duty to help bind the British Empire together by mutual interests, and he assured Sir Harry that they would do their best to adopt his idea of an Imperial shopping week (loud applause). The "pirate" buses and their right to the roads was another question much to the front, and he knew from the recent conference at which the Chamber had been represented under the chairmanship of Sir Harry Brittain that that question was many-sided, and not so easy to solve as most people imagined. Their report showed many successes, and only two failures—the failure to get the Parish Church clock illuminated ("a bee in his bonnet" which had left a sting with their secretary), and the ignoring of the petition with 1,600 signatures for the better lighting of the main road. With better light the Town Council would never have exceeded its own building line (laughter). This was his "swan song," and the rule limiting the presidency of each individual to two years was a wise one; he should regret vacating an interesting position. He thanked the committee and members for great assistance and many kindnesses; he especially thanked their very able and worthy secretary, Mr John Taylor, the most capable secretary the Chamber had ever had, who had lightened his labors and made his work a pleasure (loud applause). He would do his best to help his successor, and to promote the continued success of the Chamber (loud applause).

At the request of the Chairman for a few words on the clock, Mr. J. Taylor prophesied that it would be illuminated in time (applause). A body which was capable of passing three contradictory resolutions on the subject in one week would probably pass a fourth—and the right one—next time the question came before them (loud laughter).

Songs were rendered by Miss Bessie Tomes and Mr. A. Tomes, who both remembered the claims of St. Patrick's Day, and Miss Iris Joy gave child character sketches in Cockney dialect. Mr. Dudley Chalk was accompanist.

—Hospital doctors are one kind of ward healers.

PAST HIS FIRST YOUTH

The swan is said to be excellent eating when young; but as it is one of the longest-lived of all creatures, it is well to learn if possible how old your bird is before you cook it.

A gentleman in Lincolnshire, England, sent a dead swan to the Athenaeum Club, addressed to the secretary. A special dinner was to secure that week, and the committee, without question turned the bird over to the cook.

At the dinner the swan, resting on a great silver dish, was a delight to the eye; but when it came to carving and eating the bird, no knife seemed to be sharp enough to cut it, and of course eating it was out of the question.

A few days later the donor met the secretary and said, "I hope you got my swan all right."

"That was a nice joke you played on us," returned the secretary.

"Joke? What do you mean?"

"Why, we had the thing boiled for thirteen hours, and even then we might as well have tried to cut into the Rock of Gibraltar."

"You don't mean to say you had the swan cooked?"

"Why, of course."

"Man alive! I sent it to be stuffed and preserved as a curiosity in the club. That swan has been in my family for two hundred and eighty years. It was one of the identical birds fed by the children of Charles I.—you've seen the picture of it. My ancestors held the post of 'masters of the swans and keeper of the king's cygnets.' Well, I have no doubt that it was a bit tough."

NOT SO GOOD

There are many reasons for a girl's giving up office work, but one mentioned by a writer in Brooklyn Life in the following story is perhaps the most effective that could be invented.

"Miss Smith is going away," said one of the stenographers to another.

"Is she leaving for good?"

"No, not for good. For better or for worse."

Good for You

Buy MORE Cheese. Cheese and bread contain all the necessary ingredients to nourish the brain, the bones and the muscles of the body. Make it a rule to eat deliciously appetizing Kraft Cheese in some form EVERY day.

KRAFT CHEESE

Skinny Men
Run Down Men
Nervous Men

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You're behind the times if you don't know that Cod Liver Oil Extract is one of the greatest flesh producers in the world.

Because it contains more vitalizing vitamines than any food you can get.

You'll be glad to know that McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets come in sugar coated form now, so if you really want to put 10 or 20 pounds of solid, healthy flesh on your bones and feel well and strong and have a complexion that people will admire—ask any druggist for a box of McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets.

Only 60 cents for 60 tablets and if you don't gain five pounds in 30 days your druggist is authorized to hand you back the money you paid for them.

It isn't anything unusual for a person to gain 10 pounds in 30 days, and for old people with feebleness overtaking them they work wonders.

The Delicious Flavor
drawn from the leaves of
"SALADA"
GREEN TEA
has won it millions of users. Finer than any Japan, Gunpowder or Young Hyson. Ask for SALADA.

Dependable Flour

In following receipts from cook books of repute you must be provided with dependable flour in order to be successful in your bread, cake and pastry baking. To be sure you have the right kind use KING'S CHOICE flour. We carry the quality kind that never fails to give entire satisfaction because it is always uniform.

Norval Flour Mills
W. B. Browne & Co., Prop., Norval

KING'S CHOICE Bread Flour — NATIONAL Pastry — NORVAL Blend

Bell 90 r 2—PHONES—Municipal 327 r 3

White Man's Opportunity

(By Woodyard Sapling)

Take up the ACTON FREE PRESS
Read all the local news;
Its hoard of information
You can't afford to lose.
Two dollars buys it yearly---
It beats sixteen to one,
And as for advertisements,
Its never been undone.

It just sets out to tell you
The things you want to know---
There's snap and ginger in it,
And lots of push and go.
You can't afford to stop it
When once you've started in,
And if you've never had it
You'd better now begin.

It lifts the White Man's Burden,
And beats the Philippines,
And what it don't provide you
'S not worth a hill of beans---
(As viewed from local standpoints,
Perhaps we'd best explain
Lest new-caught old subscribers
Thrust out their tongues amain.)

Then search your t'other trousers---
Go find two hundred cents---
The regular weekly issue
Waits on your move-mi-ents.
We'd send them through the summer---
You'll get them in the fall;
They'll moderate the winter
When blizzards have the call.

Take up the wise man's paper---
Don't borrow from a friend;
'Tis but a five-cent weekly---
A bagatelle to spend---
And when you've read our copy,
"Eds.," "Ads.," and items through,
You'll know a heap sight more then
Than men less wise than you,

So hasten in your orders---
Fill out your checks and stubs;
Though printing near two thousand,
We're not afraid of clubs.
Once enrolled upon our list
You're handed down to fame,
But---lest you forget---send on
Two dollars all the same.

(With Apologies to the Bowmanville Statesman)