The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1926

OUT FISHIN'

A feller isn't thinkin' mean,
Out fishin';
His thoughts are mostly good an' clean
Out fishin';
He doesn't knock his fellow men,
Or harbor any grudges then;
A feller's at his finest when
Out fishin'.

The rich are comrades to the poor
Out fishin';
All brothers of a common lure,
Out fishin';
The urchin with the pin an' string
Can chum with millionaire an' king;
Vain pride is a forgotten thing,
Out fishin'.

A feller gits a chance to dream,
Out fishin';
He learns the beauties of a stream,
Out fishin';
An' he can wash his soul in air
That isn't foul with selfish care,
An' relish plain an' simple fare,
Out fishin'.

A feller has no time to hate,
Out fishin';
He isn't eager to be great,
Out fishin';
He isn't thinkin' thoughts of pelf,
Or goods stacked high upon a shelf,
But he is always just himself,
Out fishin'.

A feller's glad to be a friend,
Out fishin';
A helpin' hand he'll always lend,
Out fishin';
The brotherhood of rod an' line
An' sky an' stream is always fine;
Men come real close to God's design,
Out fishin'.

A feller isn't plotting schemes,
Out fishin';
He's only busy with his dreams,
Out fishin';
His livery is a coat of tan;
His creed: to do the best he can;
A feller's always mostly man,
Out fishin'.

— B. K., in Herald and Presbyter.

DOING OTHERS' WORK

The world could hardly get on without those who do the work of others as well as their own. How many men and women are there, whose shoulders are bent with their own burdens, who yet have to take on a daily load of what belongs to others and get no thanks and no credit for it? How many make a good showing and are praised and petted and advanced, who yet really depend upon the silent watchfulness of some one that stands ready to fill the little gaps and smooth the rough edges?

Vicarious labor of that order is not to be blamed or criticized by anyone. But there is a disposition to do others' work that is less commendable. We all know the ordinary meddler, who neglects his own task in life, if he has any, to watch his neighbors, to comment, to find fault, to tell how this should be done or why that should be undone, without any proper knowledge of the conditions of labor, or the means of accomplishment, or the object to be achieved. Sometimes persons of that sort even kindly volunteer to do the work themselves and do it better—with results that we all know and do not care to dwell upon.

There is, however, a much more subtle form of the tendency to do other's work than this mere uncalled-for meddling, a tendency that is really more harmful precisely because it springs from the desire to help and from a sense of responsibility for what is actually done. It is seen especially in people who have, or ought to have, an immense deal of work done by subordinates. The mark of a good executive, whether in the household or in the nation, is the readiness to trust others, to select the right head and hands for a certain task, lay out the general outline of it, and then leave the head and hands to get it done in their own way. For some people, even for some who have other important elements of leadership, that is impossible. They not only plan a general scheme of what they want done; they must be daily, hourly, superintending it, giving a hint here, a suggestion there, criticizing and commenting, not in an unkindly spirit, but with an intense desire that every detail should be carried out just as they would carry it out themselves. Meanwhile the larger functions, which they should properly perform, are likely to be neglected.

Usually, the best way to do our own work is to let others do theirs.

IN OTHER WORDS, PAY IN ADVANCE

Automobile tourists are likely to meet with amusing experiences in their travels round the country. The Morris family drove into a small Western town some time ago, dog tired.

"Let's go to a hotel to-night," said Billy, "I'm too tired to get this tent off and set it up!"

"All right," Mr. Morris replied.

Accordingly the party sought out the one hotel in the town. "Can you give us two adjoining rooms?" Mr. Morris said to the proprietor.

"Yeah, I guess I can," was the reply. "They'll be two dollars apiece or four dollars for the two."

A minute later, laden with baggage, Mr. Morris and Billy re-entered the hotel, followed by Mrs. Morris and Alice, the little girl.

"Show us to our rooms now, will you?" said Mr. Morris.

"Yes, sir. They'll be two dollars apiece or four dollars for the two of them," the proprietor replied.

"Sure, I know," Mr. Morris agreed. "I've got my hands full now; I'll pay you in the morning."

"All right," the proprietor answered nonchalantly. "I'll show you to your rooms in the morning, then."

ALWAYS MISFITS

All of us would be misfits if put in certain places. A man may be a big success as a photographer who would be a dismal failure as Premier of Canada. Some of us are misfits simply because we are not in the right work; but there are others who seem misfits everywhere. They do not get on with their own family. They do not enjoy anything the other members do. At school they are misfits. They are always having trouble with their teachers and their classmates. When they get out of school and go to work they are always losing a job and hunting for another. They are misfits, not occasionally, but always.

The girl with a distinct talent for music does not need to worry because she would be a misfit as a bookkeeper. There is no reason why she should try to change herself; but one who is a misfit everywhere needs to lose no time in learning adaptability.

GUARD YOUR BABY'S EYES

Surprise is sometimes expressed at the very large number of people who suffer from defective eyesight nowadays.

It is only partly true to say that this is caused by the greater strain of modern life. Many cases of defective vision are due to the thoughtlessness of those in charge of babies.

Every summer you will see babies lying on their backs in perambulators gazing up into a razzling, cloudless sky. They cannot escape from the glare, and the way in which they blink and rub their eyes shows how trying it must be.

Later on, is it any wonder that these victims of carelessness require the attentions of an eye specialist?

The Free Press' Short Story

INTO A MAN-TRAP

BY SHIRLEY W. SMITH

We were three undergraduates bicycling through Canada, twenty years ago, from Detroit to Niagara Falls. Carter and Croleman were seniors; I was a junior.

At Ancaster the well-graveled road began to fall off sharply, and had it only led straight on, we might have coasted several miles into Hamilton. Carter wanted to stop in the city for dinner, but Croleman and I were in favor of riding the few miles to Grimsby. As we had agreed to abide strictly by majority vote, we continued on our way. But we had hardly left the outskirts of the town when Croleman ran over the stub of a nail sticking out of a horseshoe in the dust. His tire was flat in ten seconds. When we had spent half an hour in repairing the puncture, we were so hungry that every one of us wished we had stopped in Hamilton. We even thought of turning back. But a short distance ahead we could see a big, prosperous-looking farmhouse, and there, we thought, we might get some bread and milk.

The family gave us a cordial reception; a gallon of milk, fresh and creamy and cool from the springhouse, and a giant loaf of bread were set before us. And when we offered payment for our feast, Mr. Gaston, our host, bluffly refused to touch a penny. On the other hand, he insisted that before we went away we should let him show us his new stock barn, which was, he told us, the pride and envy of all the country round. The building was not quite finished. Painters were putting on the second coat, and one or two carpenters were working inside. We noticed one man just about to set a pump in a cistern. The roof of the barn had been on nearly three weeks, Mr. Gaston said, and almost his whole hay crop was stored away in the vast mow. Most of his stock was turned out to pasture; only the work horses and a few cattle and some smaller animals being now in the stalls and pens.

After our inspection we sat down on the piazza for a few minutes' rest, when we were suddenly summoned into an experience that literally came within an inch of being the end of me.

Mr. Gaston was discussing Dominion politics when I saw a thin, twining strand of blue smoke float out from a ventilator high up in a gable of the big barn. The farmer saw it at almost the same instant, and he rushed down the steps.

But even before we could get halfway to the building the line of blue smoke had become a dark cloud, and red flames threaded its rolling mass. Smoke and fire were to be seen at a dozen openings. We found out afterwards that a hired man had been taking a smoke in the stables, and that a spark from his pipe as he went to get hay for the horses had started the blaze.

Gaston and his men could make every effort count, as they knew exactly what animals were in the barn and where. We three boys helped as much as we could; we ran out wagons and carriages, hauled out bags of grain, and tied horses so that they could not rush back into the building. But rapidly as we worked, and with all the assistance that arrived from the neighbors, we were soon convinced that some of the animals were doomed.

The thought was a terrible one to me. I remembered a pen of two or three sheep that I had seen as we passed through the barn, and I believed I could find them and drag out at least one. In I dashed. But it was a foolish act. The smoke was heavy, and before I realized what I was doing, I was groping wildly about with no thought but to find my way out again.

Then suddenly I stumbled over some rattling metallic object, and it and I dropped into space. I felt the air grow darker, yet cooler and purer, and then I struck water and went under it to a stone floor.

Like a flash came the recollection of the open cistern I had noticed on our trip through the barn. Was I to drown in that dark hole? I remember that there was an instant's comfort in the thought that I had better drown than burn to death. I fought my way to the surface through what seemed to be fathoms of water.

Blowing and strangling, I managed to get a breath and stood up. Then I knew that no bones had been broken in my fall, and that the water was only waist-deep. The galvanized iron pail that I had tripped over was floating, half-full of water, beside me.

But my plight was bad enough. The hard work in the heat of the day and the blazing barn had drawn perspiration from every pore of my body, and now to be plunged into this chilling place for I knew not how long put me in danger of rheumatism or even pneumonia. And the immediate danger was great enough. It was improbable that the smoke would settle into the cistern to disturb me much; but high overhead I could see the flames in the timbers of the roof, and already good-sized pieces of burning wood were dropping to the floor. The opening through which I had passed so easily was certainly big enough to admit a falling stick, whose weight could crush in my skull like pasteboard.

Worst of all, the cistern had been built in the shape of an egg. The big end was down; but even so, the bottom sloped rather stiffly to a point exactly under the opening. It was almost impossible to stand anywhere except at that lowest, central point, for the slippery cement let my feet slide back to the middle as fast as I stepped away. Two or three small sticks fell upon me, and in avoiding another I slipped and got a second complete ducking.

By the momentary light of the little torches that dropped in, I saw that my head was at least five feet from the opening above me, and that there was absolutely nothing within my reach that my fingers could grasp. The fire roared above, while I could hear the trampling of the frightened animals in their stalls, and now and then a hoarse shout from a human throat outside.

Little by little the air in the cistern grew warmer, and the noise of the flames seemed to increase rather than lessen. Suddenly I heard the clang of a fire-engine bell, and then a clear, resonant command that must have come through a fireman's trumpet. I surmised, correctly, as I afterward learned, that the Hamilton firemen had managed, by piecing together many sections of hose, to get within reach of the blaze.

There was a sudden shower of embers, a wrenching and crunching and blazing above, and a swirl of fiery air was forced down through the opening. The roof was falling. I ducked beneath the water to escape the big sparks, trying to crawl to one side over the slippery, sloping bottom, and expecting to get a crushing blow from some detached timber of the falling mass. But only small pieces came into the cistern. When I thrust my head above the surface again I saw that the opening was nearly filled with glowing timber ends, while various smaller pieces of burning wood were in sight. "Now," I thought, "the danger is all past; the firemen will soon extinguish the fire, and I shall be discovered and taken out."

Even as I looked there was a hissing of steam above, and a splash of cold water came down upon me. It was, of course, from the fire hose. There was plenty of water to fight the flames, for the splash that fell on me was succeeded by other splashes. Then the splashes became a small stream, and that in turn a larger one. Still the water poured in—a steady jet as large as my arm. It could not come directly from the hose; it was too large, and it had not sufficent force. It fell more as water falls from the open end of an eaves-spout during a hard rain-storm.

Suddenly I realized that instead of being only waist-deep the water was almost to my chest. For a moment I did not comprehend the meaning of this. Then I grasped its import, and for the first time that afternoon real fear seized upon me. I tried desperately to get up the sloping floor of my trap. It was of no use! I might gain a couple of steps, or even three; then back I slid. Over and over I tried it; and when I gave it up the water was nearly even with my shoulders.

By its impetus the stream above me feel a little to one side of the centre, and I was spared receiving the deluge on my head. I got the pail under my feet and thus raised my mouth a foot higher above the water. There was a gleam of hope. Perhaps the water would cease to run in. But as the flood crawled slowly up to my shoulders again, I grew as frantic as before. Each little ripple as it touched me felt like the eight legs of a spider creeping nearer my face.

I shouted and screamed again and again. I tossed up bits of charred wood, crazily hoping that they would in some way find an opening and rise as a signal to the friends who were unwittingly killing me. Each piece fell back as regularly as it was thrown. Often they were too light even to reach the covering of the cistern.

The water was lapping my neck when I thought of my pocket knife and my bicycle wrench. I got them from my pocket, and threw the knife. There was weight to that; it carried well, but when it struck a timber end it dropped back into the water with a hopeless splash. The wrench was my last hope.

I poised myself as carefully as I could, and then with all my strength, hampered by the water and by my unsteady foothold, I tossed the little piece of shining steel. Straight as a ray of light it went into the point where the stream of water was flowing through. And as the pail slid from under me I knew that the wrench was not going to fall back. Where had landed? Had it risen into the air and been seen by some eager eye? Or was it only lying out of sight beneath rubbish that had stopped its upward course?

When I could get my head once more above water and have my feet fixed as firmly as possible on the pail, my blurred eyes strained toward the incoming stream. I knew it was still falling, and that the water was at my chin. But it might be—it might be smaller. And—was I right? Did not my water-dimmed eyes mock me? The flow was certainly less! It was growing still less every second! And then it ceased! There was only a succession of subdued drops instead of the splashing, bounding torrent of the last half-hour.

And already the rubbish above began to shiver and resound under the rapid blows of axes. In ten minutes more I was looking up into the full light of the afternoon, and Croleman and Carter were lowering a rope with a big noose at its end. I got the noose under my arms, and then my overtaxed body and nerves failed me. I came to my sense again after a few minutes, and found myself lying in bed between hot woollen blankets, and my chums and Mr. Gaston were rubbing me. So vigorously were their efforts that I felt warmer than at any time before that afternoon. I begged them to treat me with less violence.

The next day proved that their treatment had been good for me. I felt no ill effects whatever from my experience, and insisted on going on with our trip. The Gastons strongly objected, and would have been glad to have us spend our whole vacation at their farm; but we did not wish to give up our excursion to the falls, and our time was limited. So, after dinner, we bade them good-bye, and rode off toward Grimsby.

The burned barn, as I examined the ruins that morning, plainly told the story of how so much water happened to be poured in upon me. The south end of the building was still standing, and the partly burned roof sloped thence toward the middle of the barn, where the cistern was. When the ridge pole fell, the lower end of it, charred and splintered, had come to rest just over my prison. Although the trough thus formed was full of holes and choked with rubbish, it was still sound enough to much of the water thrown on the ruins to work its way into the cistern.

No one had noticed what became of the water; no one had thought of my being in that hole. The still smoking remnants of the barn were full of eager searchers for my body when Carter had seen my bicycle wrench shoot up from a small opening in it—shoot up from a small opening in the litter and fall back out of sight in the wet ashes.

BERRY DEALER FINED FOR USING UNDERSIZED BOXES

According to a provision of the new Fruit Act of the Dominion, boxes containing berries or currants packed in Canada for sale must contain when level full as nearly as practicable 33.6 or 67.2 cubic inches, which is the equivalent of one full pint or one full quart.

The first charge for violation of this law was laid before Magistrate Shields, at Oakville, on June 23rd. The defendant was accused of offering American strawberries for sale in the 4-5 quart berry boxes formerly used. He was found guilty and a minimum fine of ten dollars was imposed.

The Dominion Fruit Commissioner expresses the hope that this conviction will serve as a warning to other dealers in berries throughout the district. He also urges that consumers should always insist on the full sized boxes of either one pint or one quart when purchasing berries.—Issued by the Director of Publicity, Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

SCENIC GRANDEUR IN NEVADA

Vivid Description of Noted Places Visited by Rev. J. Culp

Dear Brother Moore:

I am sitting upon a massive rock in the shadow of another which, evidently in some century has been heaved and sliced and set on edge by a combastible stirring of nature. All around me for perhaps five or six acres is a tumbled pile of boulders of such immense size that no crane I ever saw could lift. In front of me is the beautiful Lake Tahoe. In appearance it seems to be about two miles across, but it is actually fifteen miles from shore to shore. To my right and to my left, extending about twenty miles each way, are more of these immense boulders.

Across to the west is the state of California, sharing Lake Tahoe with Nevada. A rolling skyline of mauntain peaks of various heights, with here and there a white spot or line showing what little snow there is left to supply the waters of this lake, and the irrigation ditches wherever arable land is to be found for ranching.

The great cross continent Lincoln Highway passes a few rods from our host's cottage, and winds along the shore leading over Mount Rose to Carson City, and Reno, a distance of fifty miles. A mile south is a Boys' and Girls' Camp, named "Comstock," under excellent supervision. This is a boon to the lads and lasses. A few rods from where I am, in the shade of a beautiful pine, sits Miss Wagner, an artist of rare skill, sketching, while Mrs. Culp and the other members of the Wagner family are looking after the culinary department of outing for the holiday guests.

I have been doing a little manuel labor, clearing up around the cottage and putting some necessary equipment in the kitchen and bedrooms. I still enjoy the mechanical pastime with saw and hammer, excepting when I hit the nail of my thumb with the hammer. This is a beautiful and appetizing spot, and Mr. and Mrs. Wagner are ideal hosts.

We were privileged to spend a Sunday in Fallon a few weeks ago, doing supply work for the pastor, who was east on holidays. On his return home, after preaching but one Sunday he went in for a swim with his two children. He jumped into the irrigation canal for his swim, and in a tragic manner was drowned in the presence of his children. I was called upon to supply a Sabbath again. It was indeed a sad calamity to see such a popular pastor and successful servant of God snatched from his people by waters which have converted this district really into the richest of the state. But the irrigation canals annually take their toll of life.

As we motored around a few miles over territory where nothing but sand and sagebush could be seen a few short years ago, we saw a first crop of alfalfa cured and stacked—hundreds of tons of it,—while the second and third crops were still in the growing; cattle, sheep and turkey ranches; melon patches of 10 to 80, the melons now being shipped in car loads to eastern and other markets. Fallon boasts of the finest "Hearts of Gold" cantaloupes in the United States. A town of 1,800 and the surrounding community supports one general store that has a turnover of a million dollars worth of business per year. This is certainly a demonstration of "making the desert to blossom as the rose."

Another place of peculiar interest, which we visited lately, is Donnor Lake. This is about forty miles from here, up in the Sierra Mountains. We motored through Truckee, over the new highway, along the banks of the Truckee River, with the mountains towering high above us on both sides, and the roadway winding in and out, giving glimpses of rare scenery at almost every turn. We first stopped at the statue at the east end of the lake.

In 1846 a party of about 90 persons set out from homes in Illinois, Iowa, Ohio, Missouri and Tennessee for the west. The party was organized in Sangamon County, Illinois, by George and Jacob Donnor and James F. Reid. Their caravan consisted of 40 wagons, cattle, horses, some milk cows, 150 pounds of flour, and 75 pounds of meat, etc., for each individual. Depending, on the land and forest for additional provender and fuel, they set out on their long and trying journey. After a varied and often trying experience, they reached the Sierra in November, and there took a few days to rest and recuperate. This was where the city of Reno now stands. This rest caused them to miss the crossing over the mountains before an earlier than usual fall of snow, and resulted in the tragedy of the death of forty of the emigrants.

In crossing the desert there was great suffering and loss of cattle, through lack of water. On one occasion 18 cattle ran madly as they scented water and were never seen again. Indians were constantly on their trail, and often stole from them which they needed most to sustain life. The most harrowing experience of all was the forced imprisonment of the company at Lake Donnor, because of the snow in the mountains. The lake was afterwards named Donnor, in memory of George and Jacob Donnor who had organized the party. Being caught by the storm they were obliged to build rude temporary shacks for protection, and await the outcome. As the storms continued, shacks and cattle and all became buried in its depths. Numbers of the cattle smothered as they sought shelter. They were hunted by the men of the party after the storm by poking sticks down through the snow to locate them. The few that were recovered became the only source of meat for the discouraged travellers. Some of the braver and stronger ment went out seeking relief, and never returned, or reached their destination before starvation overtook the others one by one at the wintry camp. Rescue parties were sent out from California, but the delays and unsurpassible difficulties added a toll of death to the rescuers.

As I stood bare-headed before that statute, illustrating a father of sturdy physique, of bone and muscle, shading his eyes as he peered over the summits with an expression of hope mingled with fear, for help to come, beside him the figure of his wife clinging to his strong frame, with an expression on her countenance which only a wife and mother could give, and at her breast a tiny babe, a helpless mite denied its needed nourishment, because of its starved mother and helpless father, I thought: "What a change has been wrought at the sacred spot. Luxury of food, unbounded pleasure and safety, luxury and safety of travel. Above the line of snow is the railway, covered where needed with snowsheds, and the palatial coaches transferring the travellers over the trail, once so dangerous through the mountains, defying storm, and cold, and hunger.

Looking down from this altitude the beautiful blue waters of Donner Lake, saucered in the valley, and its shores dotted with cosy and comfortable dwellings, and wealth evident everywhere. In these days of auto and airplane, of hill and mountain graded and valley exalted, of snowshoes and skis, how can we appreciate the faith and courage, the genius in physical endurance of those who suffered, with starving and death about them, not knowing but that they should be the next to be overcome. As I read and listen to the history of the intrepid first settlers, I confess an admiration for endurance through human tragedy.

We have had a very warm July and August, but cool nights always. We are glad to hear of the good season you are having at home. When God gives the flower good returns we all feel the benefits. Our thoughts flit daily back to our friends and associations of the past. A secret yearning is never absent. We wish all the good upon you there is room to contain.

Sincerely,

J. CULP

604 Wells Avenue,
Reno, Nevada,
August 20th, 1926.

KEEPING A DIARY

Keeping a diary, like a good many other things, is a matter of habit. At first it seems immensely difficult, forget, and the days slip by unrecorded. You have nothing to set down or you have too much. Many begin diaries, but comparatively few persist with them.

Yet keeping a diary has great practical advantages. You do not appreciate how treacherous memory is till you compare it with actual written records. Some one says that you did or said so and so. You think that you did not. You turn to your diary, and there are the facts. Presence, absence, illness, health, even happiness or unhappiness are often substantiated by a reference to diaries.

And there is the fascination of living your life over again. When you abound in youth and strength and everything is before you the past counts for comparatively little; but if a friend is thoughtful enough to urge upon you the keeping of a diary and you take the advice, there comes a day when you thank him. There is a curious, almost inexplicable charm in going back to what you did and felt in childhood and early maturity, in those faded years of long ago.

And if diaries have a fascination for those who write, they have a singular attraction for those who read them. Here is no literary artifice, no deception, no pretense, but the plain and simple record of a life as it was lived; and few books delight us more, because there is a common humanity in us all and the record of one life has strange revelations as to all lives.

It is true that the habit of writing in a diary has its dangers. It tends to turn our thoughts inward, and, after all, we were meant to live outwardly. Unless the habit is properly understood and limited, it tends to introspection and morbid analysis and perhaps aggravates those tendencies in persons who are naturally born with them. In fact, it must be admitted that the persons most likely to keep a diary art those whom it is least likely to benefit. Yet, keeping that drawback in mind and taking gain and loss together, the practice is on the whole to be recommended.

WHAT AM I ?

My form is odd; I'm neither round nor square
Triangular nor oval, yet my shape is fair
In every household, in every sort of way,
I'm busy every hour in the day.
My nature is cold, my temper is quite sereno
Yet in hot water I am often seen.
Sometimes I'm dull and sometimes very bright,
And yet I have stirring times morn, noon, and night.
From high to low not one disdains to sip
The solace that I bring to parched lip.
Do you know me? No, then I declare
Your friends will call you by the name I bear.

Answer—A spoon.

The MURINE FOR EYES IRRITATED BY SUN, WIND, DUST & CINDERS
RECOMMENDED & SOLD BY DRUGGISTS & OPTICIANS
WRITE FOR FREE EYE CARE BOOK MURINE CO. CHICAGO

FLIT DESTROYS
Flies, Mosquitoes
Roaches
Bedbugs
Other Household Insects
FLIT
STANDARD OIL CO. (NEW JERSEY)

Start Aug. 30
AT
Guelph Business College
GUELPH, ONT.

And receive individual instruction from Business Experienced Instructors. Thorough Modern Courses. Special Facilities for assisting Graduates to locate.

No waiting list of graduates, looking for positions.

From seven families, the fifth member has attended,—skillful advertising may bring one enrolment, but only "quality service" brings repeat orders.

Send in Your Registration Now
A. L. BOUCK
Principal and Proprietor

Skinny Men
Run Down Men
Nervous Men
Don't Miss This

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.

CURING HAY

Hay, to be of the best quality, must be cut when the crop is at the right stage of maturity, and must then be cured in the best manner. Over-ripe hay loses a large percentage of leaf, and is of inferior feed value.

In general the principles of hay making are the same for all hay crops. The crop must be cut at a stage of maturity that will give the highest yield of palatable hay. Above all, the crop must not be permitted to ripen too far or the resultant feed will be woody, with a high percentage of waste when fed.

In the making of clover hay the best quality is obtained where the crop is cut in full bloom, or when the heads are just beginning to turn to brown. It should be cut in the morning as soon as free from dew. It may be tedded or turned by hand, and then coiled in rather small but carefully made coils, or cocks, in the evening. Hay of this type cures best under conditions which prevent very rapid drying of the leaves. If favorable weather obtains the hay may be taken in after several days, directly from the coil, although if help is available very fine hay results if the coils are shaken out several hours previous to hauling.

When a heavy rain has fallen on clover after it has been cut, the operation of curing becomes difficult. If very wet, and left in large coils, it will mildew; if spread out in the hot sun, the leaves blacken and break off readily, leaving a stemmy hay. If the weather is fine following the rain, a fairly satisfactory method is to leave the coils undisturbed for the day. In the evening, if the weather appears settled, spread the coils sparingly and leave open all night. The hay may then be fit for drawing in the following day, or it may be necessary to coil for further curing.

Haul and store when the hay rustles nicely. The addition of one or two pounds of common salt per ton of hay as it is being stored usually adds to the keeping quality and palatability.

Timothy hays and mixed hays always should be cut when the seed is forming, or as most farmers say: "just after the second blossom falls." Cut in the morning after the dew is off, tedded or turned in the afternoon, and raked and coiled in large, well-made coils in the evening, it is frequently possible to take in hay of this type on the following day. Under favorable conditions one may dispense with the coiling, hauling directly from the windraw; when this method is feasible, considerable labor is saved.

Under very favorable weather conditions, timothy and mixed hays are sometimes cut in the morning and stored away in the afternoon. There are arguments for and against such a practice. With hay cut at the proper state of maturity to ensure the greatest palatability, it is doubtful if it would keep properly in storage under such treatment. At a later stage, however, or with hay somewhat overripe, it is quite possible to follow such a practice successfully.—B. F. Tinney, Dominion Experimental Station, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

GOLDEN NOTES

A vain man's motto—Win gold and wear it.

A generous man's motto—Win gold and share it.

A miser's motto—Win gold and spare it.

A prodigal's motto—Win gold and spend it.

A usurer's motto—Win gold and lend it.

A fool's motto—Win gold and end it.

A gambler's motto—Win gold and lose it.

A sailor's motto—Win gold and cruise it.

A wise man's motto—Win gold and use it.

The Underwear that Another Discovers
Dods have been making Underwear for Outdoor folk for forty-one years. To secure the right underwear make sure you see the label on every garment you buy.
Dods-Knit Underwear
Made by
DODS KNITTING COMPANY Limited
ORANGEVILLE - ONTARIO
RD8

RED ROSE TEA
"is good tea"
Red Rose Orange Pekoe is extra good. Won't you try it this time?

Every Woman Deserves One
The SMP Roaster is a fine time saver. You put the roast or fowl in the oven. The roaster does the rest, bastes, roasts to perfection. It roasts with very little shrinkage, thus saving dollars every year. None of the tasty meat juices are lost; all the rich flavor is retained. Besides you can buy cheaper cuts, for it makes cheap cuts taste like choice ones.
The close fitting cover keeps all the cooking odors and the grease from the roaster—the smell of cooking doesn't fill the house, and the oven is kept sweet and clean. But that is the least one is a jiffy after the roasting. The roaster is enameled to match Prices $3.50 according to size and finish. Sold in all hardware stores.
SMP Enameled ROASTER
FULL LINE OF S. M. P. GOODS STOCKED BY
JAS. SYMON, Acton Ont.

50,000 Harvesters Wanted

GOING
$15 To WINNIPEG Plus ½ cent per mile to points beyond, but not west of Edmonton, Macleod and Calgary
Aug. 31st
From Stations in Ontario, Smith's Falls to and including Toronto on Lake Ontario Shore Line and Havelock-Peterboro Line.
From all Stations Kingston to Renfrew Junction, inclusive.
From all Stations Burketon to Bobcaygeon, inclusive; Dromoll to Fort McNicoll and adjacent territory.
From all Stations on Toronto-Sudbury direct Line.
Sept. 3rd
From all Stations in Ontario, South and West of Toronto to and including Hamilton, Welland, Niagara Falls and Windsor.
From all Stations on Owen Sound, Walkerton, Orangeville, Teeswater, Elora, Listowel, Goderich, St. Marys, Port Burwell, and St. Thomas Brighton.
From all Stations Toronto and North to Bolton, inclusive.
From all Stations in Ontario on the Michigan Central, Pere Marquette, Windsor, Essex & Lake Shore, Chatham, Wallaceburg & Lake Erie, Grand River, Lake Erie & Northern and Toronto, Hamilton & Buffalo Railways.
SPECIAL TRAIN SERVICE FROM TORONTO

RETURNING
$20 From WINNIPEG Plus ½ cent per mile, similar point to Winnipeg

Travel Ladies and Children—Special Cars will be reserved for the exclusive use of ladies, children and their escorts.
Full information from any Canadian Pacific Agent.
CANADIAN PACIFIC

It Works For You

Advertising gets out and hustles for you. Did you ever think of that? Long-headed business men are quick to put advertising to work for them and keep it at work.

Advertising in THE ACTON FREE Press can be made the most useful and productive employee.

Advertising is an employee that never loafs on the job, or quits or gets temperamental and has to be coaxed. Advertising pulls its share of the load always ----cheerfully and willingly, and with real results.

The thrifty housewife, who does 90 per cent. of the purchasing, is a systematic and intelligent reader of advertisements.