The Acton Free Press
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1926

CARE FOR THE BOYS

What can a boy do, and where can
a boy stay,
If he is always told to get out of
the way?
He cannot sit here and he must not
stand there;
The cushions that cover that fine
rocking chair
Were put there, of course, to be seen
and admired;
A boy has no business to ever be
tired.

The beautiful roses and flowers that
bloom
On the floor of the darkened and del-
icate room
Are not made to walk on, at least not
for boys;
The home is no place, anyway, for
their noise.

Yet boys must walk somewhere; and
what if their feet,
Sent out of our homes, sent into the
street,
Should step round the corner and
pause at the door
Where other boys' feet have oft paus-
ed before;
Should pass through the gateway of
glittering light;
To hear jokes that are merry and
songs that are bright,
Bring out a warm welcome with flat-
tering voice,
And temptingly say, "There's a place
for the boys."

O, what if they should? What if your
boy or mine
Should cross o'er the threshold that
marks out the line
'Twixt virtue and vice, 'twixt pure-
ness and sin,
And leave all his innocent boyhood
within?
O, what if they should, because you
and I
While the days and the months of the
years hurry by
Are too busy with cares and with
life's fleeting joys
To make round our hearthstone a
place for the boys!

There's a place for the boys. They'll
find it somewhere;
And if our homes are too daintily
fair
For the touch of the fingers, and the
tread of their feet,
They'll find it, and find it alas, in
the street,
'Mid the gildings of sin and the glitter
of vice,
For with heartaches and longings we
pay a dear price
For the getting of gain that our life-
time employs,
If we fail to provide a good home for
the boys.

BLACKHEART OF POTATOES

The potato tuber, which is in reality a short, thickened plant stem, is peculiarly subject to certain injurious influences arising from improper storage practices. Abnormalities are thus created within the tuber itself which impair its vitality and disfigures its appearance, thereby rendering it unfit for seed purposes as well as undesirable for table use. Among the abnormalities occuring from time to time is that commonly known as blackheart, an undesirable condition which appears as dark-brown or blackened irregularity-shaped areas in the internal tissues of the tuber, particularly in the central region. While affected tubers may appear quite normal externally, an examination of the interior will immediately reveal characteristic dark areas. Blackheart is caused by exposure of tubers to two extremes, yet different sets of conditions. When potato tubers are stored for prolonged periods at extreme temperatures ranging from 95 degrees F. to 110 degrees F., changes occur within the tuber, resulting in the death of tissues in the central area, thereby producing what has already been described as blackheart. Secondly, the subjection of tubers (at high or low temperatures) to conditions where the necessary amount of oxygen required for respiration is lacking, also produces typical blackheart. In the first mentioned case, conditions might easily arise through storage cellar or heated car (intended for the conveyance of potatoes) being equipped with an improperly controlled source of heat. This would tend to produce extreme temperatures through the main storage room or the body of the car. The second cause is brought about by storing potatoes in improperly ventilated pits and heated cars, or piling in ordinary bins to depths unsuitable for adequate circulation of air.

Strict observance of the following recommendations by the Division of Botany, of the Dominion Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, will, in a large measure, prevent the occurrence of blackheart. (1) Avoid overheating a storage cellar or heated car, by using a properly controlled source of heat from which the proper amount of warmth can be distributed and maintained with greatest safety. In the case of the cellar, the source of heat should be situated preferably in an adjoining chamber to the main storage room. (2) Provide adequate means of ventilation, particularly if potatoes are stored in large pits or bins at greater depths than five feet, by placing ventilators so arranged that no tubers will be more than five feet away from an abundant supply of air. (3) Avoid piling potatoes to greater depths than three feet when the storage temperatures ranges from 50 degrees to 70 degrees F., especially if the storage period is longer than a month.—D. J. MacLeod, Laboratory of Plant Pathology, Fredericton, N. B.

THEY MEANT WELL

At a certain convention in the South a colored minister occupied a seat on the platform with the white clergymen. When it came his turn to speak, he rose, surveyed the large audience, and in the most impressive manner, said:

"And now, gentlemen, I'll give you a chunk of thought, without dress or garbage."

The good negroes of the days before the war thought they were complimenting a white man when praying for him in public and in his presence, if they emphatically referred to him as "the chief of sinners," and made especial mention of the special sins which justified the epithet.

There is an ex-president of a Pennsylvania college who, in his Princeton days, used occasionally to preach at a church for colored people. He was very popular with the negroes, and one Sunday evening, after he had preached a rousing sermon, a prayer-meeting was held, over which he presided. An old colored brother led in prayer, saying:

"O Lord, we thank Thee for Brother C.'s sermon. Bless him, for thou knowest his heart is like a cage of unclean birds, full of all manner of wickedness and things."

A more recent story proves that the custom still survives among the negroes of Virginia: A gentleman gave a five-dollar bill some time ago to a struggling, poverty-stricken colored church in southern Virginia. So large a sum had never before come from a single individual, and the people were overwhelmed.

It happened that the gentleman, Mr. C., went to the church the following Sunday, and took a back seat in the gallery. What was his amazement to hear from the pulpit the following descriptive prayer:

"O Lawd, bless Marse C. He plays cards, he drinks, he races, he gambles, but he's given five dollars to this church, and O Lawd, bless him!"

Mr. C. dodged behind a post and hurriedly retired.

The Free Press' Short Story

PETE'S RHEUMATTISM

BY E. E. HARRIMAN

HE WAS from sunny Italy, and had been in equally sunny California for nine years. From his wagon he sold vegetables and fruit at the two mining camps in Calaveras County, and everyone called him Pete; that was as near as they cared to come to his real name.

Pete was jolly, sunny-tempered and kindly. He knew by name every child on his route, and his customers often wondered whether he did not give away in fruits to the little rascals half his profits. He carried his money in a long buckskin purse, and the children never grew tired of watching him make change. He would cup his left hand under the mouth of the old purse, which he had opened, then he would grip the bottom with his right hand and shake gently, holding the purse nearly level, and the silver would crawl slowly out into the waiting palm. When he was obliged to change a large bill his hand would plunged into another pocket and he would pull out a large roll of greenbacks. Then the children would stare and say, "O-o-oh, chee!"

"I should think you would be afraid to carry so much money, Pete," Mrs. Holcomb, the wife of a mine foreman, once said to him.

"For why?" asked Pete, lifting his eyebrows. "Nobody bother Pete."

"You can't tell," said Mrs. Holcomb. "Some one might rob you, some one from outside who didn't know you the way we do."

Pete laughed and shrugged his big shoulders. Everything was a joke to him. "He try-a treeck like-a dat, me, I'm poke-a heem in da eye weeth de onion. Make-a heem cry. How that do?" And Pete squinted at her.

"Oh, go on, you silly man!" laughed Mrs. Holcomb. "I almost hope some holdup man does rob you if you feel like that."

Pete kept on his placid way, travelling a lonely mountain road from one camp to the other. He never carried a weapon, and he laughed at people who advised him to do so. Generally he sang as he rode, and anyone who was coming received plenty of warning of his presence.

At one place between the camps he had to turn a sharp corner; there his outer wheels ran within a foot of the edge of a cliff. At the middle of the turn he could have extended his arm and dropped his whip straight down for four hundred feet without its even touching anything in its fall. Just beyond the turn came a sharp rise where his horses had to pause halfway up for breath; in the middle of the grade was a little level place just long enough for wagon and team. His horses knew it for a resting place, and always stopped there; Pete usually let them do as they pleased on the grades.

On the side of the road away from the cliff stood a big pine. It was almost eight feet in diameter at a height of a man above the root; and the ground sloped abruptly down from the tree to the narrow road, so that the inner wheels of the wagon made a sharp angle with the bank. At that place ruts were cut into the rock deep enough to hold the wheels from slipping sidewise; and no man who rode round that turn ever doubted the wisdom of the road maker.

Pete sometimes eyed the big pine and thought what an ideal place it would be for a holdup when some one had stopped on the upgrade to let his team breathe. A man could hide behind that tree and give no evidence of his presence until he stepped out, gun in hand. Always he laughed at himself for his fancies scouting the idea of such a thing. It was perfectly ridiculous to think of so remote a possibility; only Pete did not think in just those words. Morelikely he thought in his mining-camp dialect, "Rats! No chances like-a dose."

Then, just when he felt perfectly safe, folks began to talk about the road agent who had held up two rigs over on the road to the Progress Mine. That was eighteen miles away. Eighteen miles is not much for a road agent.

"Pete, you better buy a gun," said a miner. "I like a Bisley myself, but some takes more to the old frontier gun. Seein' as you hain't had any practice throwin' a shortgun, mebbe you'd better get a scatter gun."

"I don't like-a dat; dose road-a agent shoot first, talk afterwards. No, No-a carry gun. Too good-a mark for shoot. Roada- agent see dose gun, blim! Pete have hole in heem."

"Mebbe you're right, but I dunno," said the miner. "I'd pack a six under my left leg, with the butt stickin' out handy. You can get a gun out that a way might quick and come a-smokin'."

Pete made on concession to the conditions—he hid the bulk of his money in a small can under a pile of potatoes. In his pocket he carried only what he needed for making change.

A week went by, and word came of another holdup; that time it occurred on the other side of Pete's road. The inhabitants began to breathe more easily, feeling sure that the bandit must be working south. After he had crossed the south fork of the river there would be no more danger. Then came the report that he had held up and robbed four men in a wagon just over the line in Tuolumne County. Calaveras folk took heart.

"Headin' south," said old Tom Murdock. "He'll most likely turn east and git out into the farmin' country in the San Joaquin."

"Thank goodness, we're shut of him anyhow," said Bill Tobin. "Don't care a hoot where he goes, just as long as he don't hang round here."

"Big joke on him if he ever hold you up, Bill," chuckled Tom. "A box of matches and a jackknife that come round the Horn—that's about what he would git off'n you. Now if he ketched Sairy, it'd be more of a family calamity, seeing as she always keeps the cash."

"And a blame good thing there's some one in my family that does keep the coin, which is a plaguy sight more'n there is in yourn."

"Well," retorted Tom, "glad he's gone and left us, anyway."

The whole camp echoed this sentiment in spirit if not in words. They felt a strong sense of relief to know that the bandit was working south, away from the mines. Men who had gone back to the old habit of carrying a "six" gun left it at home once more. The stage driver almost ceased his suddenly acquired habit of driving with a heavy forty-five calibre revolver under his left thigh, with its handle well out for grasping—almost, but not quite; for while passing certain parts of the road he still would bring the revolver out from beneath the seat cushion to the more favorable position. Where conditions were most auspicious for robbery he went armed and ready for instant action; along the stretches where a bandit had little cover he placed his weapon in a safe place.

Pete drove over the same road that the stage followed. At no time did he carry any weapon more deadly than the knife that he used for cutting the tops off carrots and parsnips.

It was almost two weeks since the bandit had showed any activity, and Pete was singing as he drove up the grade to the new camp. With his elbows on his knees and the reins loose in his lax fingers, he sat humped over, singing his own version of a popular melody.

The horses turned the sharp elbow above the tall cliff and jogged along to the sharper grade. They settled to their work at the first rise, and Pet went on singing. At the halfway stage they stopped for their regular breathing spell. With a jingle of metal rings and a squeaking of worn harness, the off horse shook himself; then both horses quivered and jerked on their firmly placed feet, as if to check a furious jump at its inception. A bit of dirt rolled down the bank.

Pete lifted his head and stopped singing. He spoke to the horses; but the animals did not need reproof, for after one swift glance up the slope at the tree they settled into quietness.

"What-a da mat' weeth you? Why you make-a da lit jump, huh? Foolish!"

"Stick 'em up!" said a voice, and a long arm quickly thrust a big revolver past the side of the tree. "Git a move on ye, dago!"

position in the seat, Pete thrust his position in the seat, Pete thust his hands above his head. The bandit came out and down the bank, sticking his heels in deeply to avoid coming too fast.

"Get down!" he ordered. "Make it lively, too. The stage is due here in twenty minutes, and I want to get through with you first."

"Meestar, you be patien' weeth me," said Pete, rising with apparent pain and difficulty. "De rheumatix, he one ver' bad t'ing. He hurt-a so bad. You ever have rheumatix, meestar?"

"Never mind what I've had; you get a move on," said the bandit.

"Sure, meestar. Be patien', please," said Pete, getting down backward over the front wheel, with many paingroans. "Not-a get-a mad weeth me, meestar. Dose rheumatix, he awful bad t'ing to have. Me, I hope you never get-a heem."

Impatiently the bandit stepped closer and reached a hand to help him down from the wheel. He was in a hurry to take Pete's money and make him helpless, before the stage came grating down the upper half of the steep hill. A curve would hide it until it came within forty yards, and he wanted to be ready for it.

Pete was terribly clumsy, and the bandit lifted him a little and pulled on his arm. With a sharp cry as of pain, the Italian slipped and caught at the arm that helped him. His entire weight fell on the bandit, who was standing on sloping ground, and both men went down against the wheel, with Pete on top.

It was strange that a little fall like that should make such a change in Pete. The stiffness all went out of his legs and his back, his arms became tremendously strong, and he acted with incredible speed. With a very fast thrust of his strong hand he jammed the bandits head under the upcurve of the front wheel. His knees landed in the man's stomach and with a hard wrench on its wrist Pete took his revolver. Poking the muzzle into the bandit's ribs, he jerked him to his feet.

"How you like-a dat, hey? You smart rob'! You-a march-a walk now! Quieck!" Whirling the bandit round and jabbing him hard in the back, he added, "Come-a, babies! Pull along, boys!"

Obediently, the horses leaned into their collars and started the wagon. Walking ahead of them and guiding the bandit with a cocked revolver, Pete led the team up the second grade to a place where a thoughtful road maker had widened the cut. Here his team swung off the road close to the bank in a curved recess.

The horses stopped at the word, and barely had the grinding of the wheels ceased when Pete heard the stage coming. As it swung round the curve just ahead the driver caught sight of Pete and his prisoner and slowed up. Stopping alongside, he looked down at Pete and grinned.

"Caught something, eh, Pete? He looks kinda blue round the gills, like he didn't relish getting prodded with a gun. Who is he?"

"Bring-a de rope," ordered Pete, disregarding the question. "You take-a heem down to the sheriff, with de compliments of Pete. Aha, you smart rob'! You-a banditti! Rheumatix very bad to have-, but Pete no have-heem; not never. Look-a!"

And Pete began a wild dance in the grit and dust of the roadway. The driver set a firm hand on the bandit's shirt collar, and his lone passenger began to tie him.

"Hey, you crazy dago! Lower the hammer on that gun, or you'll plug the wrong man!" yelled the driver, for Pete was wildly waving the gun as he danced. He stopped, grinned, lowered the hammer, and looked up.

"Rheumatis! Huh!" was all he said as he stopped on the hub and climbed to the seat.

LEARNING CAMOUFLAGE

At a certain place behind the lines in France the British established a camouflaged school for the developing of the latest forms of deception. A war correspondent who visited it described his experiences.

Near the base of a tree-covered hill is a series of trenches, built to resemble in every way the trenches as seen from the German lines. There are even a few shell craters in front of the barbed-wire entanglements to give the trenches a more natural appearance. The instructor stood with the correspondent in front of this line of earthworks, and told him in an offhand way that there were six men looking at him from the trenches, some almost in full view, or visible from the waistline up. Two men, he asserted, were only a few feet away from him.

For ten minutes the party of observers used their faculties of observation to the best of their ability, but without avail. Not a sign of any of the men in the trenches, or of those in front or behind, could they discern. Finally, at a given signal, the men arose; it was like the sudden appearance of dead men from the grave.

A few seconds later half a dozen heads, steel-helmeted and rising and falling to their stride appeared over the parapet.

"How many men are walking along there?" asked the instructor.

Everyone thought that there were six, but the heads marched round the end of the trench into the open, and proved to be dummies, mounted on sticks held close to the man's nose underneath. In actual warfare they serve the valuable purpose of drawing shots from the Germans and of helping the British to locate snipers.

GOVERNMENT CONTROL (7) IN B. C.

Conditions as Seen by Rev. H. W. Avison, B. D., a Resident Minister, Formerly of Acton

THE ACTON FREE PRESS,
Acton, Ontario.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Casual observers and stay-at-homes may think Liquor Control controls, but it doesn't. I am now quoting from an article from the Alberta Prohibition Association, as follows:

"831 interdictions in 26½ months. At the present rate of interdictions it should not be long until we have all the drinkers on the strictly prohibition list. The only flaw in the system is that for every man or woman interdicted the license system is teaching three more to drink and, eventually to become drunken. That's how the new law is working. The interdiction list conclusively proves that drunkenness is again on the increase. 'Drink Beer and Be Sober,' the cry of the moderationist before the Liquor Control Act has become in reality, is now 'Drink Beer and Be Drunken.'"

Also note in this connection that 67% of those interdicted did not have a permit to buy from the Government Vendor stores. They, therefore, must have received their liquor in the licensed places, where beer can be purchased by the glass, without a permit to get hard liquor. They have become drunken on beer by the glass. We should also remember in this connection that a special plain clothes-force is now busy seeing that hotelkeepers obey the law. The bar has come back, only in a worse form. Men and women can drink more sitting than standing, and so far as the bootlegging is concerned, it is my belief that it has not been curtailed at all.

Consider the first authentic complication of all infractions of the Provincial liquor laws, which is now before us. For certain reasons, we could not get this until recently and what do we find?

For the last 8½ months of 1924, total convictions for infractions of the Liquor Control Act were 1,743, of which 1,264 were for drunkenness and 479 for illegal sale, illegal possession, etc. The sum of $59,771 was paid in fines; 283 men and 7 women were given jail sentences totalling 352 months. November, 1925, reports show the increase was over 1924; as follows: 2,307 convictions under the Liquor Law, 1,512 for drunkenness; 795 for other infractions of the Liquor Control Act; $79,995 was paid in fines and 532 months in jail. And then remember these items do not include: (1) drunk and disorderly, or (2) Drunk in charge of auto, which comes under the Federal Act which number: (1) 148, (2) 58 respectively. So we have as grand total convictions for 1925 (from Liquor Control Board's Report) Drunkenness, Provincial Act, 1,512; drunkenness, federal and town, 148; drunk in charge of autos, 56; Infraction of Liquor Act, illegal sale, etc., 795. Total 2,511.

The Liquor Control Act of Alberta is just what the liquor people want. It is the best system for disposing of liquor at the present time in their eyes. To-day the beer halls (bars in reality) sell beer for hotelkeepers and breweries. The hard liquor can be secured at Licensed Government stores by those, over 21, who have paid license fee. There is no police supervision here, and policemen tell me that people can buy enough to take to rooms and have a carousal of the very worst nature. Policemen with whom I have talked in Edmonton, and here in Calgary as well, say it is their conviction that there is more drinking and drunkenness, more impurity, more drunkenness among women. We have now 29 Government Vendor Stores, 350 hotel licenses, 50 clubs (2 recently suspended). Where is Control? It is simply sale. Control is a misnomer.

Yours in the interest of Prohibition,
Sincerely,
H. W. AVISON

Calgary, November 11th, 1926.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

Method is good in all things. Order governs the world. The devil is the author of confusion.—Swift.

It takes two to speak the truth—one to speak and another to hear.—Thoreau.

The first and last and closest trial-question to any living creature is, "What do you like?" Tell me what you like, and I'll tell you what you are.—The Crown of Wild Olive (Ruskin).

Thoughts spread like water-rings revealed.—Hume Nisbet.

A boy's will is the wind's will, and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.
—H. W. Longfellow

Speak with the speech of the world, think with the thoughts of the few.
—John Hay.

There is nothing that revolts our moral sense so much as cruelty.—Schopenhauer.

Like other plants, virtue will not grow unless its roots be hidden, buried from the eye of the sun.—Carlyle.

Success is never a free gift, wherever you seek it, you must pay its price

Time is money, but it is in the form of a cheque; you must cash it at the bank of wisdom.

Out of the suffering comes the serious mind; out of salvation, the grateful heart; out of endurance, fortitude; out of deliverance, faith. — Modern Painters (Ruskin).

MATTERS OF PRINCIPLE

When a man tells you that it is a matter of principle with him to do such and such a thing you usually find that he is trying to justify an act of a somewhat ungenerous character—such as entertaining a complaint against someone for a discourtesy or neglect, or exacting the fulfillment of an obligation under harsh conditions, or pointing out with blunt frankness a friend's shortcomings, or refusing to contribute to the aid of a cause or an individual, or declining to make a loan to a friend. Perhaps every one of the acts that he thus justifies needs no justification, is in itself right and proper in the circumstances; unfortunately, explaining it on the ground of principle is likely to excite a question as to the nature of the principles that govern the person. For they seem to concern his own dignity and importance exclusively, his own rights and conveniences—the duty of other people toward him rather than his duty toward other people.

Now the only principles on which a man may well pride himself are those that he somehow shrinks from announcing. It is a matter of principle with all decent people not to lie or cheat or betray, but any who called attention to some act of his as illustrating the principles of honesty and decency by which he was guided would be regarded with astonishment and even suspicion. the real "matters of principle" are the inner foundations on which the whole structure of character rests, and people do not talk about them, call attention to them, or explain them. Whenever we hear anyone say, "It is a matter of principle that he is about to give, but merely a sidelight on his egotism.

"TAKE HEED THAT YE BE NOT DECEIVED"

Editor of FREE PRESS:

'I do not think there has ever been a time when the electors of Ontario had more need to be on their guard against being deceived, and to remember the words of Jesus of Nazareth, "Take heed that ye be not deceived." Some eminent divines and other people with good reputations would like the public to believe that "Government Control" means increased sobriety, less secret drinking by the youth of our land, and that there will be no more bootlegging.

If the promised Government Control was the outcome of a demand to have the sale of intoxicating liquor reduced to a minimum the demand for Government Control would be worth considering. On the contrary, the promised Government Control is the result of clamor by two parties, viz:

Party No. 1.—The liquor trade, who expect to profit by Government Control, and want to see the maximum amount of liquor sold that the public will sanction.

Party No. 2.—The moderationists, who desire to purchase frequently at a minimum cost.

The moral is that whilst under the O. T. A. the government is the servant of those who desire the supply of strong drink reduced to a minimum; under Government Control the government will automatically be compelled to sell to every person over 21.

Fortunately our Saviour gave warning: "By their fruits ye shall know them." The fruit (or result) of drinking liquor is poverty, disease, accidents and crime, and it necessarily follows that the easier and more respectable it is to purchase liquor, that there will be more drinking, more poverty, more accidents and more crime.

The slogan, "Beat the Bootlegger by Government Control," cannot be fulfilled.

If Mr. Ferguson endeavors to sell in such small quantities that the demand is not satisfied, many would-be moderationists will continue to praise and back up the bootlegger, and the bootlegger will continue to sell with very much less risk of detection. And if the government endeavors to supply the demand, as some people expect it will do, our province will take a leap into the dark, from which it may never recover.

What Ontario needs is increased power and increased penalties to stop manufacture, importation and sale, and to back up the O. T. A. by increased education on behalf of total abstinence.

Every person who desires a dry Ontario should vote for O. T. A. candidates only.

Yours truly,
J. BURLINGHAM.

R. R. No. 4, Rockwood,
November 20th, 1926.

QUITE DIFFERENT

"Maria," said Mr. Rawlins, laying aside his hat and overcoat and rubbing his hands gleefully together, "you know that for years we have been wanting to buy a building lot in that Kennedy subdivision, but couldn't afford to do it on account of the high price they ask for land out there. Well, I've just learned that Quinlan, who owns one of the best lots in that entire neighborhood, will sell it for half what it cost him, if he can get the cash. He needs the money and can't get it any other way. I have a great mind to buy it to-morrow morning. It comes easily within our means."

"I don't think you ought to do it, Joshua," said Mrs. Rawlins.

"You don't think I ought to buy it? Why not?"

"It would be taking advantage of his necessities."

"But, Maria—"

"Besides, I have just learned of a splendid opportunity to buy some furniture that we need. Grigson & Mullins are advertising parlor sets at one-third less than cost because they are overstocked, and can't afford to carry them through the season. I'd like to buy about two hundred dollars' worth of parlor furniture. We'll never have as good a chance again."

Being a man of excellent self-control, Mr. Rawlins merely smiled.

THE DEADLINESS OF THE DRUG HABIT.

The Philadelphia World Conference on Narcotic Education on July 8th, last, adopted a constitution creating a permanent world organization entitled the "World Conference on Narcotic Education", the spirit and purpose of which are set forth in the Preamble: "We, the people of the world, in order perpetually to protect society everywhere from the peril of Narcotic Drug Addiction by applying the power of truth through education, do ordain and establish this constitution for humanity."

The Board of Governors of this World Conference on Narcotic Education has adopted a resolution calling for a week to be observed throughout the world as Narcotic Education Week, the last week in February of each year, and inviting individuals and organizations to adopt such measures as they may deem necessary and advisable for observing this week in the extension of Narcotic Education.

The Secretary General of the Conference, Captain Richard P. Hobson, has requested me to introduce in the Congress, a joint resolution for the participation of our Government.

Hon. Frederick A. Wallis, Commissioner of Correction, New York City, declares: "The greatest menace to the nation is drug addiction***. . . . Nearly 60% of the inmates convicted of offenses involving moral turpitude, in all our city penal and correctional institution are users or peddlers of drugs." The Criminal Identification Bureau of his Department states that there are thousands of heroin addicts, chiefly youths in their late teens and early twenties, all actual or potential criminals, who serve also as recruiting agents for the army of the "Living Dead." "Heroin changes a misdemeanant overnight into a desperado of the most vicious type. Every day murders, holdups and robberies are committed by drug crazed individuals***. . . The increase in narcitics has been accompanied by an increase in crime."

Ten ounces of alcohol will kill one man; ten ounces of heroin will kill 3,000 men. Ten ounces of alcohol distributed over a week can scarcely cause the beginnings of drunkenness in even one youth; ten ounces of heroin applied over a week can produce incurable addiction in thousands of youths. The profits that urge on the traffic are hundreds of percent. for alcohol, but are thousands of percent. for narcotic drugs. Drug addiction is secretive. Even well informed people never heard of heroin. Detected offenses against the Federal Narcotic Laws were about 4,000 in 1917, in 1925 they were 10,426. The people must know about this newest and dealiest enemy that lies in wait for the youth of the land, "hooking" them by the tens of thousands because of their ignorance.

WHEN BOYS TAKE NOTICE

If a boy who has been notoriously careless of his personal appearance suddenly begins to show some interest in the condition of his face, neck, ears and wrists; agonizes over the part in his hair; takes his finger nails out of mourning; discovers overnight that a toothbrush is of practicle value instead of uselessly ornamental, and demands a clean shirt every day; if we say, and when, this amazing metamorphosis occurs, remember the basis on which the old French detective used to go to work—"find the woman." There isn't another thing under the sun that will produce such a revolution.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE INFANT FLAPPER

A small boy who was the youngest of a large family, accompanied his mother to see his married sister's new baby. After barely glancing at the baby, he wandered idly round the big room; soon he became absorbed in the contents of the baby's basket.

After turning over the various dainty trifles that it contained, he picked up a powder-puff. Turning to his sister, he said, in shocked tones: "Isn't she rather young for that sort of thing?"

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is a perfected feeding process that has produced amazing results. It not only does away with the expense of a silo, but also increases the milk flow and weight of your live stock and cuts your feeding costs in half.

The Sugar Jack

converts roughage into an easily digestible state—making it actually more palatable and nourishing than the highest quality ensilage and hay. Thus, roughage, such as hay, straw, clover threshings, bean and pea vines, etc., can now be used in place of ensilage and will give better results.

Here's How It Works

The Sugar Jack press and converter compound pre-digest roughage into highly nourishing feed. This pre-digested roughage feed is relished by live stock, and the farmer using it enjoys greater profits and owns healthier, fatter live stock.

Come In and See Us

We will gladly explain how the Sugar Jack will increase your live stock profits and save you time, labor and money. It's a wonderful, new feeding system that no enterprising farmer should be without.

GOOLD, SHAPLEY AND MUIR CO. LIMITED
Brantford Ontario

J. W. BARBEREE
MILL ST. - ACTON, ONT.

—and we thank you for our Radio

A Radio to Be Proud Of

A GOOD RADIO gives enjoyment to all the family. Not only the kiddies but mother and father, and the old folks, too, will give thanks for a *real* radio in the home.

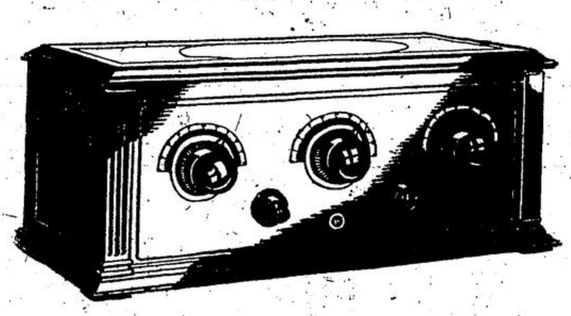
Here's a genuine King Radio that anyone can be proud of—at a price everyone can afford to pay.

It's the new King 61. When you see it, you'll say the price is $100.00. When you know it's a 6-tube set, you'll agree it must be $125.00. When you *hear* it, you'll say it surely is not less than $150.00, and when you ask the price, you'll find it's only $65.00 without accessories.

Small Down Payment
Puts This King in Your Home

The best of it is that a small payment puts this great King Radio right into your home. The balance can be paid in convenient amounts as you enjoy the set. We will install the set, supply everything complete ready to run—nothing for you to do but enjoy the great parade of stations on the air.

Come in today—get a demonstration. Or phone us in the morning and we'll have the set in by night.



KING RADIO
"Most Radio Per Dollar"

H. A. COXE
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