The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1926

THE COMMONPLACE GIRL

With not a dimple or a curl. Her gown is plain, so is her face. fer very name in commonplace. Her fingers do not move with case Upon the smooth plane keys; he gift of song has passed her by,

Though she can hum a lullaby. But she can mend-her father's socks, And build wee Boy a house of blocks. And though she cannot make good Of bread and biscuit she's a judge.

Dear grandma from her fireside chair, And lead her out to take the air. So though in stately Hall of Fome They may not write her simple name, Vithin our hearts we'll give it space:

our Lady of the Commonplace! -Pauline Frances Camp.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE SEA BOTTOM

The deep sea is the most mysterious as well as the most extensive of all the haunts of animal life. There is, of course, plenty of life in the two hundred and fifty fathoms or so near the surface into which light can penetrate. Below that, says Prof. J. Ar- And slowly climbs a grassy slope thus Thomson, in his lectures in the Royal Institution at London, there are vast lonely wastes of water with Then through a little sagging gate scarcely any life at ult, and below that It goes into an orchard old again, at depths varying from two and a half to six miles, is another world swarming with living things, but different from any world of which we have any experience. No one has ever seen it, but the long arm of the dradge can reach it and has told us The narrow path leads willing feet wonderful stories of what goes on down there.

It is cold and dark, still and very It zigzags like a wandering child silent, and the pressure of the water Through waving grasses tall and he said, "while we were travelling old-established inn. square inch; yet all the animals have But seems to loiter with a laugh. adapted themselves to life under those grim conditions.

All the animals that live on the sea Then on again beyond the fence bottom have enormously long, thin legs, especially the spiders and the crabs. The bottom of the deep sea is And bubbling songs of bobolinks covered everywhere with alimy ooze,

escape being smothered. Three-types of life are absent from Where words of prayer and hymns those great depths. There are no plants, because plants cannot grow without sunlight; there are no microbes, so that nothing ever decays; and there are no real insects. As there are no plants, it is hard to see how the animals feed. We know that in the deep seas fishes cat mollusks, and handed me the following interesting in chairs all night. We were so tired Parry, the then Rector of Acton. smaller worms, but that sort of thing self. cannot go on forever. Something raust come from the outside. It is now known that that outside supply of food consists of a "continual rain of atomies,"-infusoria and broken particles from the sea meadows far

above,-all clean and sweet and never failing. Many of the large fishes have enormous eyes, some indeed so large that the fishes have to carry them at the end of stalks. Others have eyes smaller than pin points. No one knows McGibbon, referred to by Mr. Moore, what they use their eyes for, or why of the Georgetown Herald:

they are so different Another puzzle is phosphorescence: Many deep-sea fishes have lanterns. It is unlikely that they use them to find their way about in the depths. because they often wear them in their tails. Perhaps they use them as a lure. But, if so, why do some of them have red lights and some green lights? It is all very puzzling. Perhaps it is best to say, "We do not know." A third puzzle is the brilliant color of many of the creatures that live in the dark-crimson and blue and gold. Of what use is it? But, Professor Thomson concludes, perhaps we are too anxious to find usefulness in everything; perhaps the very beauty is sufficient use. Well, possibly; but -to raise the question of ptility again -of what use is the beauty that no

THE ENDLESS RESOURCE

There is a beautiful saying attributed to Vergil: man wearles of everything except to understand. In youth mere understanding does not seem to go very far. We long to do, to lead the life of action, to leave some mark on the world. These magnificent powers have been given us. Surely we should accomplish something worthy of them. It does not much matter what. We may pile up a fortune and use it for the world's od. We may invent vast utility, we may dreate vast beauty. Somehow or other we will not die without so behaving toward our fellow men that they will remember us with honor long

after we have departed. Or at least there are other pleasures more intense and satisfying than merely the slow effort to understand. There is travel, movement; in this age It is so easy to roam over the wide world, to see and hear and touch all sorts of beautiful, datrancing things. There are the social pleasures, to know multitudes of human beings and make ourselves known to them and praised and loved. There are tare and costly enjoyments, which one tolls for and strains for, and at last obtains

and finds that their value lay chiefly in their price. For as youth fades much of the illusion of these more stimulating desires foces with it. Action? But the muscles are flaceld, and the nerves are wedry, and the end attained seems so petty in comparison with the struggle to attain it. We have done our very best, and people somehow do not seem to care. Pleasures of the senses? But the scenses are jaded, and the temporary stimulation of them only leaves them a prey to more profound

It is then that we gradually come to feel the truth of Vergil's saying. For we can still sit quietly and taste the endless pleasure of thinking and learning and knowing the secrets of the world. To study the vast, incalculable mystery of nature to probe the still vaster and still more incalculable mystery of nature, to probe affords inexhaustible interest and de-light. Only there is a habit about this, as about everything. Do not ceases of youth obscure the faculty of understanding, if you would wisely store up and fully relish its immense resource in age.

A GOOD LIKENESS-ESPECIALLY THE BUTTONS

The old and highly esteemed family coachman has at last resigned himself to a pension and a lodge gatekeeper's duties-if he is by no means resigned to the sight of the chauffeur who now reigns in his stead. The blow that the loss of his post caused scendants are in the community yet. saying to you, and what did you say has been softened slightly by the presentation of a handsome portrait of Seth Knowles, her father gave the just behind her, but the unhappy lady himself in full regalia, with a pair couple, as a wedding present, one of did not tell. of his favorite horses cavorting nobly under his whip. . The old man is well quesing. pleased with the effect, and so is his good dame, though, when questioned as to the portrait's resemblance to her farm is free from all encumbrances, husband, her answer was somewhat except a mortgage of three hundred ploring the fact that none of the equivocal.

said, "but particular the buttons."

A little brown slip of a girl. THE OLD MAN And she can cheer up dismal folks With merry laugh; and she can coax

THE OLD SUMMER PATH TO

It leaves the doorstep worn and gray, Shps underneath the maple trees To meet stray butterflies and bees.

Down aisles of sunshine flecked with While overhead the swallows call,

That holds within its gracious space

More treasures than our arms car

When summer's peace broods over

Where cim trees fringe a meadow

"Fall from the air on every side. so that they all must walk on stilts to Across the road, up to the church, It ends at last its winding way

> Rest like a blessing on the day. -Adolla Washer.

THEY WANT TO KNOW WHO I AM

Georgetown, Ont., November 10, 1926 Dear 'H. P .: Mr. John McGibbon has handed me the enclosed letter. If you can supply the information the writer wants, I am sure both he and Mr. C. would appreciate it very much. I told Mr. McGlbbon I would refer it to you.

The following is the letter to Mr.

Sincerely

Winnipeg, Man., November 8, 1926

John McGibbon, Esq., Esquesing, Ontario. No Moubt you will be surprised at receiving a letter from me, but Frometimes see Items in THE ACTON FREE PRESS telling of your being present at some gathering in town. I saw that you were present at the funeral of an old schoolmate of mine in the long ago-Mr. -Oliver, Lasby. I have noticed that you attended Acton Fall Fair. From this it would seem that your health must be fairly good, though you are not as young as you were about sixty

years ago, when you and I last My chief reason in writing youis to find out if you can tell me who is the man who writes interesting old-time articles in THE Acton Free Press, under the title," "The Old Man of the Big Clock . Tower." He seems to know you very well. He was one of my old schoolmates, but I have not been able to find out who he is, and I would like also to know who his wife, Mary, is, of whom he speaks so often.

I have met men who, were born in Acton, who were between 50 and 60 years of age, but they could not tell me who the Old Man is. If you can give me this information you will do me a great

Kindest regards to you all, Yours sincerely,

November 18, 1926

J. M. Moore, Esq., The Herald, Georgetown, Ont.

Enclosed you will find Mr. Mc-Gibbon's letter. Similar quories to that of Mr. Campbell, of Winnipeg, have come from time to time to this office, from all over .the continent. The authorship of "The Old Man of the Big Clock Tower," has never been divulged. People used to say it was Fred Secord, but Fred died, and the Old Man's recollections went on as usual. Then they said it was Jimmie Matthews.

the postmaster, but Jimmle died and the "Old Man" continued to keep his column full from week to guess that the editor himself did the writing for that interesting department, But the editor went to Great Britain and the continent for two months in 1925, and was on his back in the Toronto General Hospital from August till October.

1925, but still the Old Man was on his job every week, without ex-There's more fun in guessing than in knowing. Better keep on

Yours truly,

Well! And say, they want to know who I am! Say, that's com- The Washington post says that a very plimentary. But, do you know, these recollections, of mine wouldn't give half as much interest if everybody land, during his first term of office. really know who the Old man really is. And my Winnipeg friend would the President's hand, but like many of inquisitiveness is just as active as when I knew him as a boy in school. Mary and I have many a quiet faugh together at the efforts made from time to time to discover us. But, never mind, dear folks, we'll try and keep up the interest, and stand for Acton's

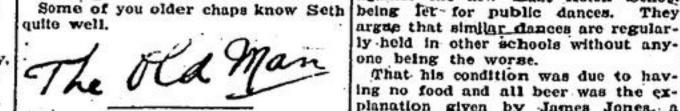
AN APPRECIATIVE SON-IN-LAW ago which some of you will enjoy. and very happy to have met you.". You'll understand quite well that I cannot use the real names of the part- hand, and she passed on. les, because some of them or their de-

the most desirable little farms in Es-As Mr. Wentworth handed his sonin-law the deed, he said, "Seth, the dollars, which I assumed when I couples that came in from the country "Yes, indeed, it's very like," she bought the property for you. I would to be married stopped at his house for have paid it at that cime, but Mr. the purpose. Richardson, who holds the mortgage, "Well, brother," said the man adwas away, and I could not get a prop- dressed, "what can you expect with | Jack-"She asked me for Lincoln's

three yours; but since those payments both took considerably more money than I expected I am now a little short, and I should like you to pay the mortgage yourself."

time. But the young man liked his Mayor. rod and his gun better than he liked | Six sons of the late Mr. J. J. Soley. his plough and hoe, and consequently of Derby-yard, Acton Green, who was he never got enough money ahead a very old Acton resident, bore his reto pay off the mortgage. That did mains to the grave in Chiswick Burial not trouble him nearly so much as it Ground last week. did Mr. Wentworth, on whom Mr. There was numerous street collis-Richardson called regularly twice a lons in Acton this week, but no serious year for his interest. Finally, after case of personal injury was reported thirteen years, Mr. Wentworth gave up to Wednesday afternoon. In every up hope of ever getting his son-in- case the personal injury was so slight law to pay off the mortgage and, that medical aid was declined. drawing the money out of the bank

he payed it himself. When, in a manner somewhat ir at Acton Police Court yesterday, for had done, Seth replied cheerfully, nersbury-lane. obligations are paid year by year as planeforte. his rod and gun, and the Ford he now seem fully to appreciate the motives has, better than his plow and hoe, and which led parents formally to petition farm wagon.



MOVING DAY IN THIS CABIN

A number of Congressmen, according to the Argonaut, were whiling field-road, Acton. away the time in the smoking room by recalling posuliar experiences they ing of the handsome new dining hall had undergone at the hands of more and lodge room which has just been or less hospitable strangers. Mr. completed at Acton Vale's only hostel-Nicholas Longworth, of Ohio, said he ry, the "King's Arms." This fine was once driving with a friend room forms part of the extensive adthrough a lonely region among the distons and improvements which are mountains. "Darkness overtook us," now approaching completion at this inable pine timber. After a couple of and asked us what we wanted. When I said we wanted to stay all night he of the second day it was announced looked us over carefully and said:

you kin. mollusks cat worms, and worms cat correspondence, which speaks for it- and sleepy that we could bardly hold A creditable debut was made yes-

our eyes open. "After giving us a good supper of East Acton, by "The Brown Revellers." In less than three minutes they were ones were asleep on the floor the old selves. folks strolled out to the woodshed and The Mayor announces that the and parents are usually called upon told us we could use the bed. We hopped in without delay. Imagine our the Rector to attend the Parish Church than pay. surprise when we awoke at daylight service on Sunday morning. Whatnext morning and found ourselves ever other invitations they might relying in the corner with the youngsters, and the father and mother spor-

ing comfortably in the bed."

A BLACK IRISHMAN Nothing astonishes American visitspeak Spanish, and on the islands of is the power of feminine influence, planters peopled in the seventeenth recognizing in the Council the diccentury, all of the descendants of the tator of policy. But he gave it good former slaves have a strong brogue. Not very long ago, says Sir Freder-

fruit to sell. "Ol, say, Cuffey," he cried, "phwat's Wakeley, Mrs. Morgan and Miss M. the chance for a live lad to get a job Orange contributed to a varied music-

"Faith, Yer Honor," answered the nogro, "If its wurruk yer afther, yez Acton, and its neighborhood, is talkcan foind it in gobs for the lookin'. ing of the impudent doings of an am-An' Ol'll- be thankin' ye not to be ateur burglar who ate a hearty supcallin' me Cuffey. Mulca-ahy's me per, washed down with gin, at one name: Pathrick Mulca-ahy." "Mulca-ahy! Saints in hivven! mane to tell me yer an Oirshman?" "As good a wan as versilf." "

"Wurra, wurra! An' how long've ye been wurrukin' here?" "Folvo years, come St. Pathrick's him, and disappeared over the back-

"Ye don't tell me! Folve years! An' in that toime ye've turned as black as me hat! On me sowl, if Ol stay long enough to make me fortune and go back to Clonce with it, 'twill take some mighty soft pershaudin' to get Maggie Murphy to marry me, an' sho not bein' able to tell me frrom any navger!"

DRAWING-ROOM BLUNDERS

An English paper tells a rediculous story that may be true or may not, of a funny happening in the royal drawing-room. When a peeress is presented, as it seems, it is customary for the queen to greet her with a kiss, while visitors of inferior rank are received less graciously.

Lord Carrington, the lord Chamberlain, one day in announcing a Mrs. Whatshername, made a dreadful mistake and called her "Lady Whatshername." The next moment he became conscious of this blunder, and called out hastily to the queen: "Don't kiss her, ma'am; don't kiss her. She's not a lady, after all."

But it is not alone in the rooms o pretty woman went to one of the triweekly recoptions of President Cleveother persons in similar positions, she could not remember a word of the screen parallel to the ground. This pretty speech she had intended to deliver. In fact she was completely flus- lation, but in some instances has givterated, and looking enrnestly into the President's face she said:

"How do you do, Grover?" The President held her hand and looked into her face, which presently became scarlet, as she realised what she had said. Then with a smile he Here is a little story of fifty years answered: "I am very well indeed, With a courtly bow he released her

"What on earth was the President When Amy Wentworth married to him?" Inquired a friend who was

A COLD WELCOME

. A clergyman in a small town was de-

and have had the property insured for NEWS FROM ACTON, ENGLAND

Gleaned from the Columns of the Acton Gazette and Express Proparation is now being made by Seth was profuse in his thanks, and the Acton Strolling Players for an inassured his father-in-law that he teresting total production in aid of a would, pay the mortgage in a short suitable charity, to be selected by the

David Driscoll, a traveller, who gate an address at Southend, was fined 1

ritable for him, he told Seth what he being drunk and incapable in Gun-"Father, you did just the right thing." - Monday evening's meeting of the And as long as Mr. Wentworth lived Acton Congregational Church Guild Seth depended on him for financial was devoted to the musical circle. A obligations. The old man has passed short, precis of the history of music away, and Seth's boys have grown up, was given by Miss North Townend; so that with their help the taxes and A.R.C. M., with illustrations on the they fall due. But Seth still likes | Some of our civic fathers do not

> argue that similar dances are regularly held in other schools without anyone being the worse. That his condition was due to having no food and all beer was the explanation given by James Jones, a dealer, of no fixed abode, who was find-10e. at Acton Police Court on Sat-

urday for being drunk and disorderly

against the new East Acton School

and using obscene language in En-To-morrow night will see the open-

numerous helpers representing all Fair at Toronto last week, has since my brain in a moment, and I tried to .Where woods and mountains can be hours of slow plodding we saw a light branches of church activity who join- been sold by its owners, the Joseph pierce the shadows, my candle only ahead. When we reached the house ed hands last week in the promotion Telfer estate, Milton, to Allan Mann, served to make the darkness visible. I yelled as loud as I could and a be- of the three-days' formal basaar in a noted horseman of Peterboro, for a Another crack, almost like a pistolwhiskered old fellow opened the door aid of the Acton Wesleyan Church and record four-figure price. causes associated with it. At the end that £500 out of the £875 required "Wall I reckon I kin stand it if had already been raised.

The unusual privilege of having en- Port Nelson. Whilst walking on the ing Cap. "We thanked him politely and, go- joyed sixty years of married life is highway a cotton-tail rabbit jumped ing in, found that the cabin had only being celebrated to-day by our old out of the grass in front of a fast one room, which was swarming with fellow townspeople, Mr. and Mrs. R. moving car. The car caught it and children of all ages. There were six Fruin, 6. Cheltenham-place, who were threw it back on the sidewalk at. Mr. or eight of them in sight and others married at Acton Parish Church, Tebbs' feet. It was quite dead, and a within hearing. We were disappoint- where the bridegroom had been christ- day or so afterwards formed part of ed at seeing only one bed and wonder- oned twenty-seven years previously, the menu at the Rectory dinner table. The Editor of the Free Press has ed whether we should have to sit up on November 12, 1866, by the Rev. E. Good hunting,—Burlington Gazette. terday week in St. Dunstan's Hall, in

fried pork and corn cakes, the mother Acton's latest concert party. By day, parents of young boys in Acton should put the two youngest children to bed. these merry people earn their bread see that they are debarred from using and butter in the well-known factories frearms. Serious accidents have ocsound asleep. She took them out of of S. C. Brown, Ltd., North Acton, curred in the past and there-have been mony. The other couple acted as the the bed and laid them in-the corner and by night they rehearse all sorts reported several cases of near accion the floor; then she put the next two of entertaining items for the diversion dents this fall from the use of .22 riftes was the son of a well-known man in in bed, and so on. When all the little of their fellow-workers and them and other firearms. The penalties for town, and as the happy couple were

> Council and himself were invited by to pay them. Prevention is better ceive in the future, next Sunday would be the Mayor's Sunday, and he hoped he would be well supported on that occasion. Light refreshments were then served in the Mayor's parlor and

committee-room. The wisdom of settling all differences at preliminary private meetings. ors to the West Indies more than the was shown in the unanimous elecspeech of the negroes. Naturally it tion of the Mayor, and the all-but takes its tone from the language of unanimous election of Mrs. Barnes as the people who used to be their mast- alderman, for whom even Cir. Miders. In Cuba and in Port Rico they dieton, her former rival, voted. Such Haiti and Martinique, French; in that even party conpacts are as nought Jamaica and in other British islands before it. The Mayor made the speech the negro speaks with a cockney ac- of a business man, committing himcent. In Montserrat, which Irish self to no definite programme, and

The first public act of the new ick Treves in the Cradle of the Deep. Mayor and Mayoress (Ald. and Mrs. a British ship dropped anchor in the Orange) was to entertain a group of main harbor of the island, and an old people from the almhouses at tea ing over the rail, accosted a sooty meal, supplied by Mrs. Labrum, they negro who had come alongside with served several Councillors' wives and friends. Ald. Mence, Miss Mollie Mercer, Miss Mollie Seymour, Mr.

> al prorgramme. Everyone in Chataworth-gardens, house, where he made himself comroom, and, looking in next door during the early morning, called on the surprised householder to hold up his

garden wall. SIMPLE INDOOR AERIAL King Radio Engineer Describes Ef-

ficient Antenna for Indoor Instal-

lation in Listener's Attic

hands, had a few minutes' scuffle with

"There are many radio listeners who are not able to have an outdoor nerlad," says H. A. Gates, Chief Radio Engineer for the King Radio, "and for those a simple but, effective indoor



equipment; the screen wire can be

bought at any hardware store and the other material can be secured at the radio store, or the antenna can be installed complete by the radio dealer. "The materials required are: 25 feet of galvanized (not painted or enamelled) fly screen, 214 or 3 feet wide, insulators and lead-in wire. The wire should be supported on the insulators at the highest point in the home, with the flat surface of the antenna is intended for attic instalen excellent results on lower floors, by being separated into two or three pleces, and placed under the rugs, Of course, it is necessary to electrically connect the pieces together. When connecting the lead-in, solder it to the most convenient point of the screen and run directly to the set. Use only ordinary falvanized screen wire. This type of antenna will not work satisfactorily under a metal roof; for that matter, even the outdoor aerial should be kept away from the metal roofs. and other grounded objects." Mr. Gates is the designer of the famous 61. and 62 King Radios, so many of which are being installed by H. A. Coxe. Daily demonstrations are

JOKE ON TEACHER

being held at this store.

Jack-"Woll, I showed up the teach-Jill-'How'd ya do it?" Potatoes sold at \$2.25 on Guelph er discharge. I have paid the taxes that big sign on the tree there, Five Gettysburg address, and I had to the grade of the place to the end of this year, Dollars' Fine for Hitching Here.'?' her he never lived there!"

Weekly Fashion Hint



A NEW APRON EFFECT After Drecoll is this charming frock fashioned. Flat crepe is used for its development, the color being a soft, deep rose. A distinguishing feature is the apron front of printed silk arranged across the front. There are shirrings at the shoulder on either side of the front. The collar is cut in one with the tie-strings, and both match the apron tunic. Medium size requires 23% yards 36-inch plain and 15% yard

Acton and District

figured material.

Milton Stallion Brings Big Price

A Hare for the Preacher On Friday Rev. G. W. Tebbs was in this dread silence it struck with paying calls on his people east of almost the detonation of a fulminat-

Boys Must Not Use Firearms Chief McPherson is anxious that the the use of firearms by boys are heavy,

The fear of silence and loneliness not seldom attacks burly miners who, for that reason, refuse to work alone in distant drifts. In China the very refinement of torture is to confine a condemned criminal in a place where sound cannot reach him, and over the plank, to which he is bound, to place a vessel of water, so regulated that once every few minutes a single drop shall fall upon his brow. There is no light, and no sound to distract his attention, and the thoughts of the poor wretch become so concentrated on the expectation of the next drop of water, that when it fulls it seems to strike him with the impact of a bomb, and reason cannot long withstand the strain. In his book, "In Lotus-Land: Japan," Mr. H. G. Ponting says be came to understand the strange dread of silence through an experience in a California mine at midnight. Five hundred feet info the crust the earth I went, and felt no new sensations except one of disappointment as the shaft echoed with my footsteps. Six hundred feet, seven hun-

me, and 'made' my blood seem chilled? labor in this country." he silence, the immense, oppressive charitable work and to the culture of silage or seed. Under favorable con silence. Hitherto, when I had been a new grape of a peculiarly fine ditions, the carlier varieties wi lown in the mine there had always flavor. When he had succeeded in weld from 1 to 11/2 tons of hay or 12 been the regular beating of the ham- bringing it to perfection, he gave cut- to 20 bushels of seed per acre, while mers on the drills. Now there was tings from it to all the poor horti- the latter varieties will yield from nothing but thick, volvety silence.

alert. Was I not alone, then, after leave a great picture or a book or all? In a moment the instinct of self- noble thoughts to it. I only have a preservation reminded me that I was grape to give. unarmed. Who could be down here He gave it with all his heart. His at this hour, and what could be his neighbors, whose business in life had Waverly King, champion hackney object? Had I been followed? With-been to gather great heaps of money, ever the soybean is more resistant to stallion of Canada, who was again out a weapon I was at the mercy of called him eccentric. Judged by all Much encouragement came to the successful at this year's Royal Winter any ruthan. All this rushed through that is noble in life, who was more shot, and then enlightenment and relief flashed upon me. It was nothing but a drop of water falling from the hanging wall in the sump below; yet

MARRYING ON ACCOUNT

Rev. Mr. Williams was the Congregational minister in the village of Winslow, Maine, several years ago. One evening, says a correspondent of the Boston Globe, four young people called at the parsonage. Two of them wished to be married.

so Mr. Williams performed the cerebridesmaid and best man. The groom leaving the parsonage the young man whispered to Mr. Williams:

The papers in the case were legal,

"Just charge it to father, parson, It will be all right."

A DROP OF WATER

A quarter contury ago there died in one of the southern cities a man whose rules of life were so different from of soybeans listed by American seedthem thought him mad. him rich. But he would not sell it. garden." "But you can make your sons rich," was urged.

"I do not want to make them rich," he replied. His neighbors sold their lots, speculated, amassed large fortunes, push-

culturists like himself.

culturists that he knew. "A man," he said, "should try to

Then a sudden sound, like the crack leave the world richer by something of a stockwhip, put every sense on the for his having been in it. Some men

sane he or they? "PROPUTTY! PROPUTTY!

PROPUTTY!"

There are those in Scotland-and elsewhere-who appreciate the value of a generous marriage portion. "Mac, I heard 'ye was courtin' bonny Katé Macpherson," said Donald to an acquaintance one morning. "Well, Sandy, man, I was in love wi' the bonny lass," was Mac's reply, "but I fund oot she had nae siller, so I said to mysel, 'Mac, be a man.' And I was a man; and noo pass her by wi' silent contempt."

HOW HE LOST IT

A small boy was returning from school, crying bitterly. "What is the trouble, my little fellow?" asked an old gentleman. "I-I've lo-ost the p-penny the t-t-teacher gave for b-being the best boy in the class," sobbed the boy. "Oh, well, nover mind?" replied the old fellow, "here is another one that will take its place. But tell me how you lost it." "'Cause I wasn't the best boy

the class," replied the boy.

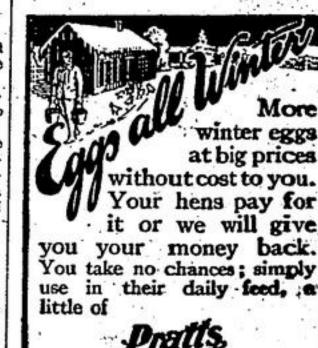
WHAT HE GAVE THE WORLD SOYBEAN VARIETIES AND THEIR ADAPTATION

There are a great many varieties

those of his neighbors that most of men, but only a limited number of these are suitable for Canadian farms. He lived in a spacious old house. During the past three years about surrounded by a garden, which he had twenty of the most promising variebought forty years before. .. Large ties of soybeans for Canadian condiblocks of business houses now hem- tions have been tested for yield and med it in, and he was offered a price maturity at the Dominton Experifor his lot which would have made mental Station at Harrow, Ontario. These varieties have been grouped "This is home to my old wife," he into four classes, determined by the said. I'l could not buy for her with length of time which they have taken the money you offer the comfort and to mature. The various maturity content she has in her home and her groups with the outstanding varieties in the group are as follows: Very early varieties maturing in 105 to 112 days make the first group, the best of which are Early Brown and Ste. Annes No. 92. In the second maturity group, which class as early varieties, and which take from 113 to 120 ed their sons into politics or made days to mature, the best representathem manufacturers or brokers, that tives have been Yellow No. 17 and they might amass still larger wealth. Summerland. Of the medium varie-He made of his boys working horti- ties, which constitute the third group, and which take 121 and 128 days to "It is a business which will give mature, Early Korean, Manchurlan, dred feet, eight hundred feet and the them comfort, but not wealth," he said. Black Eyebrow, O. A. C. 211 and "In it too, they will not be employed Green have given the best results to But as I stood there a creepy feeling by other men, nor employ many Harrow. In the fourth group, requircame over me. What was this con- hands, and so will be outside of any ing 129 to 136 days to mature, the varsclousness that suddenly oppressed future struggle between capital and leties A. K. Hoosier and Ebony have shown up the best under conditions I had felt nothing like it before. My When he had gained a sum large at Harrow. As these varieties differ candle gave but a feeble glimmer, and enough to keep his wife from want, widely in maturity, care must be takfound myself peering furtively into if she should survive him, he gave up en in choosing one that is suitable for the shadows with a feeling almost akin his vineyard and gardens to his boys, the district in which it is to be grown. to dread. All at once I knew; If was and devoted the rest of his life to Soybeans can be grown for hay,

> bushels of seed per acre. Soybeans will grow on practically any type of soil, but the best results have been obtained on sandy or clay loams, reasonably fertile. Provided the necessary bacteria are present a soil suitable for growing corn is

11/2 to 2 1/2 tons of hay or 18 to 30



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