The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1927

THE BIBLE

The Bible is so plain,
The most illiterate may learn.
The feeble-minded may discern,
The little child may see the glory
Resplendent in the old, old story.
And none may seek the way in vain,
Because the Bible is so plain!

The Bible is so true,
For otherwise it would not do
For sinners such as me and you,
Just as it pictures you or me,
Just so we find our ourselves to be.
Its truths have never been disproved,
Its promises are dearly loved,
Its oldest narratives are new,
Because the Bible is so true.

The Bible is so dear,
Its value never has been told,
The choicest diamonds, purest gold,
Or glittering jewels, rich and rare,
Can never with the Book compare,
This Golde Book is without a peer,
So very plain, and true, and dear.

—H. H. Cameron

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, March 7, 1907

The local ice houses are all full now.

Messrs. Johnstone & Co. will have the Adam's house moved to their lot on Willow Street.

Mr. W. J. Humphries has sold his double dwelling on Maria Street to Mr. Hugh Wallace for a good advance on the price he paid for it a couple of years ago.

Mr. R. J. McNabb has disposed of his two lots on Lake Avenue to Mr. John Harvey.

Mrs. James McLam has sold the vacant lot on Willow Street, next to Mr. N. Forbes' property, to Mr. Wm. Johnstone.

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church will hold a seven cent social. Seven cents admission, every seventh one in free; a seven cents a contest supper, and a musical and literary programme.

HOW AND WHERE TO BUY SEED

There are several sources from which to obtain good seed. Of these the two most common are: special seed growers and reliable seed dealers. Most growers are now members of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association, while our best dealers find in this Association their best source of supply. Since the Association will not recognise varieties which have not been thoroughly proven, one need have no fear of obtaining seed of a variety which has not proven itself worthy of cultivation. The fields of all Association members are very carefully rogued by an inspector of variety during the growing season, and only those fields which are pronounced by the inspector to be 99.5 per cent. pure to variety, as given official recognition by the Association in the form of certificates which of official registration. Seed from such registered fields, if up to the standard of vitality required by such seed, and if free from weed seeds and practically free from grain of other kinds, may be given the official grade known as "registered seed." This is the highest official grade recognised by the Canada Seed Act.

Seed which does not quite comply with the high standard set for the registered grade may receive the next highest grade known as Extra No. 1, providing it does not fall below a certain minimum standard set for this grade. Farmers who wish to secure reliable seed should order either "Registered Seed" or "Extra No. 1 Seed." These grades are now advertised by practically all the reliable seed men in Canada, from whom they may be purchased. It is also possible to purchase this seed direct from growers. The Association issues a list each year of those who are offering Registered and Extra No. 1 Seed for sale of different varieties. Those who contemplate purchasing seed should write the Secretary of the Association at 114 Victoria Street, Ottawa, for a copy of the above list. They should then locate seed which has been produced as near their own district as possible, since experience has shown that where seed of a given kind and variety has been proven suitable for a district, seed grown in or near that district is likely to be better than that brought in from outside.

There is an old idea that the change of seed periodically is desirable. This idea is not wholly without foundation, but investigation will usually reveal the fact that where outside seed proves superior to that grown on a given farm, the later seed has not developed as fully as has the seed which has been introduced. It also happens very frequently that seed of a given farm becomes mixed, in which case a change to pure seed is to be recommended.

There are many vendors of seed throughout the country who purport to be the distributors of varieties which are superior to anything yet offered. Such offerings should be regarded with considerable suspicion and prospective purchasers are urged to consult the above Association, or their nearest Experimental Station or Agriculture College before investing their money.—L. H. Newman, Dominion Cerealist.

MAKING SURE

The new domestic help was stating the terms on which she would accept the situation.

"I want twenty dollars a week," she said, "and I don't wash floors, or clean boots, or——"

"But——" protested the mistress feebly.

"Work after six o'clock," went on the woman steadily, "and I want every evening off in the week and fine reference, and——"

"But surely the reference can wait till you leave us?" broke in the mistress, hurriedly.

"No, I want the letter now," replied the new domestic firmly. "I've tried getting them when I leave, and I've never got a good one yet."

HOW, INDEED!

Two men were waiting for a train, says the Argonaut, and one said, "I will bet you a question, and if I cannot answer my own question I will buy the tickets. Then you ask a question, and if you cannot answer your own you buy the tickets." The other readily agreed.

"Well," the first man said, "you see those rabbit holes? How do they dig those holes without leaving any dirt around them?"

"I don't know," the other admitted. "That's your question, anyway. Now——"

"But——" said the first man.

"That's your reference——"

"But——"

"Get it yourself——"

"But——"

The other man [illegible]

Free Press' Short Story

The Runaways and After

Mrs. Maguire slipped a pan of cookies into the oven and ran to the window. She had missed her little son, Mahlon for a moment. But to her relief, Mahlon was in plain sight. He was drawing the little daughter of her next door neighbor, Mrs. Gray, up and down in his new cart. Although Mahlon was only three-and-a-half, he was strong and the tiny Dorothea, six months younger than himself did not weigh much. With feminine tact Dorothea cheered and encouraged him. She was a beautiful child, dark as a gypsy. Mahlon was Scotch, red with curly hair and a beautiful showing of white teeth. They made a pretty picture.

Mrs. Gray just then came to the window to look after Dorothea, and the two young mothers signaled to each other their delight. Presently Mrs. Gray came running in.

"I'm making a pie," she said, "but I just had to leave it long enough to run over and ask you if you ever saw anything as sweet as our children are this morning. Talk about June roses! Aren't they a pair?"

"I should say they were. I've just been thinking the same thing. Dorothea is the most beautiful little girl I ever saw."

"And Mahlon is the handsomest boy. Did you ever think Mrs. McClure, that it would be rather nice if their fondness for each other should continue and when they grow up they should marry?"

"That looks a long way ahead," Mrs. McClure sighed. "But it would be nice. My husband and I want Mahlon to be a minister, but if he's enough he'll take the matter into his own hands and do something else."

"I've set my heart on Dorothea being a musician," said Mrs. Gray. "All our family love music. I've begun to save already for Dorothea's musical education. I've got a pitcher half full of dimes and nickles." She flushed a little. "I suppose I'm romantic but I can't help thinking that if Mahlon grew up to be a minister and Dorothea should be a musician how nice it would be. He could preach the sermons and she could play the voluntary and——"

"Oh, my cookies are burning!" exclaimed Mrs. McClure as a puff of smoke issued from the oven. She dashed to the stove. The tragic infidelity of the next few minutes made the [illegible] her son. Mrs. Gray tried to help her, and thus she forgot her daughter.

When at length Mrs. Gray left the house to return home she found that the children were missing. She called and searched. Mrs. McClure came out and she, too, called and searched. The children were nowhere in sight. The little red cart was gone, too.

"I haven't seen them in half an hour," said old Mrs. Conklin, who came to the aid of the distressed mothers.

"Half an hour have they been gone all that time?" cried Mrs. Gray. She ran in one direction and Mrs. McClure ran in another. There were several short streets branching from the corner. Of course their first thought was of the railroad. A hundred fears possessed the two frightened women. The neighbors did what they could, but noon came and the children were not found.

At noon Harry McClure and Frank Gray came home from their offices only to find nameless homes and weeping wives. They, too, took up the search.

Mrs. Gray and Mrs McClure tired out, stayed together, while their husbands went forth. At 4 o'clock a boy ran in the house, crying: "They're found!" and shortly after the two men entered, each with a dirty, innocent baby in his arms.

"I wish Mahlon was a couple off years older and I'd give him a good licking," Hon. McClure said. "Where do you think I found him? Why, over in Pilmarsh's shanty, lying on that old bunk asleep beside the old trackwalker."

"Dorothea," appended Frank Gray, "sat in the red cart, chewing a stick of macaroni. Plumart said they came there before noon. He was getting his dinner and he gave them some. He couldn't understand them, and, of course, he did not know where they came from. He had been watching track all night and he was tired, so after he'd fed himself and them he let them lay down and fell asleep. I don't see how you can kiss that child like that, Ella, till you've washed its face."

"Oh, my baby, my baby!" sobbed Mrs. Gray, as she squeezed her beloved to her.

Mrs. McClure was doing the same thing to Mahlon.

"You'll never run away and leave poor mother again!" she pleaded.

Her tall Iacopic husband shrugged his shoulders.

"When I was in college," he said, trying to become the minister my parents desired, and never dreaming how one red-headed girl could change the whole course of my life, I learned that certain sporting-named Aristotle said that 'Things were known by their tendency.' Mahlon's tendency is to run away and take his neighbor's daughter with him. I fear for his future."

"Now, Henry," Frank Gray laid his hands on his neighbor's shoulders, "don't blame it all on your son. My daughter may have been at the bottom of the whole business. I ran away with her mother, so there's the beginning of another tendency, you see."

By this time all grown people were laughing and the whole affair ended rather merrily.

The young people talked about the runaway for over a year or so and then the Grays moved into another part of the town. In fact Mrs. Gray had been left something of a fortune and it changed her whole mode of life. Her daughter grew up in the best set in town; she had everything that any girl could have to make her happy. But while her mother no longer sought Mrs. McClure, Dorothea did not forget Mahlon. There was always a certain comradeship between them whenever they met, although they did not meet often. Contrary to her mother's wish Dorothea had no knack for music; she was purely an outdoor girl. As for Mahlon, he had to disappoint his parents when it came to his studying for the ministry. He wanted to be a business man, and no sooner was he out of high school when he set up an office and began to sell real estate. He sold real estate with such vim that his name soon began to mean something in the community. A splendid young fellow was Mahlon McClure.

One night there was a dance [illegible]

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