The Acton Free Press

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AN EASTER THOUGHT

There may have been some little child
Who met our Lord on Easter Day,
On whom the Saviour looked and smiled
As from the tomb He turned away.

Some little one on whom fair head
He laid His hand so pierced and torn;
As He just risen from the dead
Walked forth that early Easter morn.

Who must have seen with wondering eye
That gracious face so marred with pain,
Nor trembled as the Lord passed by
Returning to the earth again.

Ah, happy child, the Lord to meet,
And in the early morning see
Who once had said in accents sweet,
"Let little children come to Me."

And so the children come to-day,
And joyously their carols sing;
Again He meets them in the way,
Their risen Saviour, Lord and King.

—Grace Granger.

BLUFF

A desire to win through "bluffing" when it seems difficult or impossible to win in any other way is responsible for much trouble in the world. Occasionally the bluff does win; a weak case triumphs over a strong one because of the cowardice of the stronger, or a just case establishes itself owing to the prudent withdrawl under threat of the person who has been obstinately wrong. The balance of positive achievement to the credit of successful bluff is probably about even between good and evil. But nearly always the bluff fails, and the bluffer faces the necessity of getting out of an awkward situation. Though he has not intended to execute the threat that this bluff conveyed, he finds his hand forced; either he must accept the ignominy of backing down or he must take the step that he threatened and that he knows cannot but be disastrous. Pride is often stronger in men than common sense or even self-interest. The bluffer who is cornered is likely to feel that he must carry out his threat for the sake of a principle; he must show people that he means what he says, when a matter of fact he knows that he did not really mean what he said, but only hoped that others would think that he meant it.

Most of the strikes that take place are consequence of bluff. Most of wars that have been fought might have been averted if some one had not rashly chosen to bluff and then more rashly chosen to maintain the bluff after it was called. Most of the difficulties that men and women get into are owing to bluff—are the result of their committing themselves to a false position from which they have not the courage or the honesty to withdraw with the immediate sacrifice of dignity involved.

The victories of bluff are few and cheap; its defeats are numerous and costly.

A REAL MAGIC CAP

Not very long ago, a German organist, who went to St. Petersburg to live, had there an experience with a new cap that for a time almost made him believe in the magic of the Teutonic fairy-tales.

The organist bought the cap during his first day at the Russian capital, and wore it the next day when he went out for a walk. On his return to his lodgings he was amazed to find two gold purses in his pocket, one of which contained a sum equivalent to fifty dollars.

The next day, after his usual walk, he found four purses in his outside pocket, a find that caused him to doubt his senses. A third day, with a similar profitable result, sent him to the chief of police to tell his odd story.

The authorities detailed a detective to go with the German to the tailor who had made the cap. Investigation disclosed the fact that it had been constructed of an old piece of English cloth, brought in by a stranger. From it the tailor had made fifteen idential caps to order. Having a bit left, he had constructed a sixteenth cap, which was the one sold to the organist.

The detective then followed the organist through the streets of the city, when the mystery was solved. The cap, it appears, was the problem of a gang of pickpockets working co-operatively. The one who secured a purse dropped it into the pocket of the first confederate he saw. The cap had identified the German, and he got reaped the reward.

With this clue, it was an easy matter for the Russian authorities to catch the whole gang.

A DELICATE SITUATION

There are times when quick thinking and a bold front are essential at whatever cost. One such occasion occurred in the silverware department of one of the great stores, where most of the patrons seemed to be exchanging Christmas gifts rather than making purchases. Mrs. A. stood at the counter.

"These pepper shakers and salt shakers were a Christmas present from a friend, but I don't like them," she said to the clerk. "Can you credit me with the cost of them, so I can get something else?"

The clerk turned away to speak to the floorwalker about the matter, when, by chance, Mrs. B., the donor, approached, and the following conversation took place:

"Good morning, Mrs. A. Are you exchanging the shakers? I'm so sorry if they weren't suitable! My husband and I thought they were really quite pretty."

"O dear, no!" quickly replied Mrs. A. "They're perfectly lovely, but I needed two more to complete my table." Then, speaking to the returning clerk, she said, "Don't say you haven't any more, for I must have them."

The astonished but competent clerk never moved an eyelash, but produced two more shakers of the same pattern, which Mrs. A. purchased. When she had received two or three coins in exchange for a ten-pound note, she left the store with a smile of apparent delight.

PUNISHING THE GULPRIT

A case wherein the law got its pound of flesh—or rather of paper-makers—without seriously inconveniencing the prisoner at the bar, is reported in the Bristol Times.

A lawyer was defending a burglar accused of housebreaking. "I submit, your honor," he concluded, "that my client did not break into the house at all. He found a window open, merely inserted his arm and removed a few articles. Now, my client's arm is not himself, and I fail to see how you can punish the whole person for an offense committed by one of his limbs only."

"That argument," said the judge, "is well put. Following it out logically, I sentence the prisoner's arm to twelve months' imprisonment. He can accompany it or not, as he chooses."

Whereupon the prisoner smiled, unscrewed his cork arm, and, leaving it in the dock, walked out.

ME AND LIZA JANE

It's fifty years an' more ago sence mo
ny Liza Jane,
A-walkin' home from meetin', through
a sweet an' shady lane,
Agreed it was the best for us to join
our hands fer life;
An' hain't I allers blessed the day she
said she'd be my wife?

We've had our little fallin's out, the
same as all the rest,
But all the while I've knowed 'at she's
the kindest an' the best,
The truest an' forgivin'est, fer I begin
to see
She's had to be an angel fer to get
along with me.

Fer sence I'm gittin' on in years I
sort o' set around
An' kind o' speculate about the things
'at's more perfound;
An' as my mind goes strayin' back
along the path o' life,
I jes' begin to see how much I owe
that good old wife.

You wouldn't think her handsome,
'cause your eyes'll never see—
The many lovin' deeds she's done to
make her dear to me.
But, say! the things 'at she's done
through fer love o' me an' mine
Is enough to make a fellur think the
beauty most divine!

I s'pose I done the best I could to
make her burdens light,
Yit, lookin' back, I seem to see so
much 'at wasn't right—
So much 'at brought her sorrow—yit,
she never—not fer long—
I've seen her keep her faith in me,
trustin' through the wrong.

An' now we're old together, but to me
she's young an' fair
As when the rose was in her cheek,
the sunshine in her hair;
An' while I hold her hand in mine an'
journey down the hill,
I'll make life's sunset good and sweet
—God helpin' me, I will.

—Nixon Waterman.

"ME AND MY WIFE"

I think ol' Mr. Waterman's experience and mine have been very much alike. I always thought my Mary was the cream of all creation, but when I reflect over the years of our more strenuous days, I am forced to the conclusion that I often might have been more thoughtful of her, especially in little things. Mary has kept step with me all through the years. Her work was always done right up to the handle. She worked longer every day than I did, no matter if I did work on the farm from sun-up till dark. Her work was never finished until after I got through.

Then, I suppose I was like my friend Nixon in other respects. I had help on the farm often when Mary had none in the kitchen; I bought the new-fangled farm machinery as it came out, and I never thought that she needed washing machines, and easy working churns, and sewing machines and water in the house, just as much as I needed new mowers, and new reapers, and new sulky plows, and a windmill at the barn. It took years to get the idea through my noddle that Mary needed hired help and labor-saving devices just as much as I did.

Well, I woke up to it by and by, and for a good many years it has given me satisfaction to make life just as easy as possible for Mary. And why not? All we've got she helped to earn just as much as I did. It never had any patience with the men who claim all the income of the farm or any place else because the money happened to come through them. Too many dole out their money to their wives for their necessities as if they were making them gifts. Barry is the man who goes through life on this plan. He'd be much happier and better off if he divided up with his wife whenever money came in, and if his bank account was a joint one, from which both his wife and himself could draw whenever cash was needed.

Writers delight in saying that "Home is a place of rest," which we seek and enter after the busy cares and trials of the day are over. Well, it isn't all it ought to be as a home, if mother can't rest with the others of that home, and have her mind at rest as to where the money's going to come from for her Easter bonnet and spring dress, and what the children need. Man was made to protect, love, cherish, not to undervalue, neglect or overlook the mother of the home. No home, and no community has ever exhibited the refinements of civilization and social order where the women of the homes are not thoughtfully considered and their rights properly respected and preserved. Woman equips man for the voyage of life, though man executes a project, a woman fits him for it, beginning at his childhood. A man discovered America, but a woman equipped his voyage. So everywhere; man executes the performances, but woman is the power which makes him fit for what he is to achieve.

THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

Here's a sweet little story which was recently enacted in one of our homes:

"John," said Mrs. Butler, "I ought to be the happiest woman in the world at the prospect of having Rob and his little family coming home to visit us. I am happy, of course, but somehow my feelings are dreadfully mixed!"

"How's that, Jennie?" Mr. Butler's voice showed a mild surprise.

"I can't wait to see little Allen, and Rob gets dearer to me every year. And you know, John, I think Rita is the best daughter-in-law anyone could ask for. She's always been sweet to me, and yet I've been wishing in my heart that Rob would leave her at home."

"Well! well!" murmured Mr. Butler, looking rather anxiously at his wife.

"I feel like a monster," his wife replied, "but when she was here before she did monopolize Rob so! She did not mean to, of course, but it seemed as if she were always teaching me 'My son's my son till he gets a wife.' There wasn't an hour the whole week they were here that I had Rob to myself."

Mrs. Butler's lip quivered a little; John reached out and took her hand for a moment.

"Now that they have the baby it'll be worse than ever; there'll be two to claim him! But I suppose mothers and sons have always had to go through it, and I oughtn't to complain."

The next day they came—Rob, his pretty wife and the two-year-old son. Did Mrs. Butler imagine it, or was there any unusual tenderness and warmth in Rita's greeting?

They had come for a week, and what a happy week it was! Before the first day of the visit was gone, Mrs. Butler began to feel that her boy was hers again as he used to be before there were any wife and little son to call him theirs.

"Somehow I see so much more of Rob than I did when they were here three years ago!" Mrs. Butler said happily to her husband at the end of the fifth day. "It seems as if Rita had planned it now and then so I can have long talks alone with him! When we're driving or out walking she falls back with little Allen and leaves Rob and me together. The other day when he wanted to take us to the concert, Rita said she believed she wouldn't go that time."

"But you know Allen'll be safe as possible with Marty," says Rob.

"Oh, I'm not worried about him," she said 'but I'd rather just you and mother went this time.'

"Then last evening, after we'd put little Allen to bed, she told me something Rob said about me soon after they were married. Perhaps it's foolish for me to tell it, John, but it was this: 'the best mother who ever lived!' John, I never expected to love a daughter-in-law as I love Rita!"

"Well! well!" was all John said, but his eyes were very kind.

"Did you have a good time?" Rob asked Rita as they were speeding home at the end of the week.

"Very!" said the little wife.

"I haven't seen very much of you myself," Rob said, "you've been taken up with so many things!"

"You know I have you all the time, Rob," she said, "and I wanted to make mother feel that she—she hasn't lost you. I never half realized till I had Allen what it must be to—to have a daughter-in-law. Now I keep thinking how I shall feel when my son gets him a wife!"

She pulled down the boy's woe Russian blouse as she spoke and pressed him closer to her bosom.

"Is that was the reason?" The reason for what Rob did not specify, but the smile with which he met his wife's eyes was very tender.

"Well, I've given you quite a picture of home life this week, haven't I? Say, it's all as true as preaching, and as I read over again Nixon Waterman's sulogy about the life experience of him and his wife, Eliza Jane, that started me off.

The Old Man

TWO MISTAKES OF A KIND

Sam Showalter was having a sale of his surplus stock. To start the sale, he led out a milk cow, one of the best of his herd, and told the auctioneer that she was four years old. John Dawson, a long, leathery, weather-beaten fellow with a shrewd eye, bid in the cow. He gave Showalter a check for the amount, and said he would come for the cow the next day.

"I tell you John," said Showalter, when Dawson rode up the next morning to lead home his purchase, "I made a mistake yesterday. I said that cow was only four years old; but when I talked it over with the old woman last night, I remembered that she is eight years old. It was another cow altogether that I had in mind.

"I didn't want to let a mistake like that go with a neighbor," continued Showalter, whose word was not unusually accepted as entirely dependable in the community, "so I thought the fair thing to do was to tell you, and just let you take your check back, and I'll keep the cow."

Dawson squinted his eye approvingly at the cow,—she had every mark of a good milker,—and then looked appraisingly at Showalter.

"Well, Sam," he said, "turn about is fair play. You made a mistake yesterday; I'll make one to-day, and just keep the cow."

SAVED BY HIS GALLANTRY

Good manners have always been recognized as a valuable help to comfortable living, but a story told by Andrew Lang, who declares that he had it from a descendant of the gentleman in the case, shows that they may also afford, on occasion, the only way of living at all.

Roderick Macculloch, a Highland giant, no less than six-feet four inches in height, had been arrested for treason and was on his way to the tower, when the procession was temporarily blockaded. A lady, looking out of a window, called to the victim:

"You tall rebel! You will soon be shorter by a head."

Roderick took off his hat and made a profound obeisance.

"Does that give you pleasure, madam?" he asked.

"It certainly does," replied the lady.

"Then, madam," retorted Roderick, with another flourish, "I do not die in vain."

This answer so captivated the sensibilities of the lady that she made an immediate appeal for clemency to the reigning monarch, George II.; and Mr. Lang declares that he saw the rebel's pardon, beautifully engrossed within a decorative border, on the wall of the descendant's study.

A GOOD DEED

Not long ago a missionary was taking the children's service at a chapel in a thickly-populated and poor district. Something said went to the heart of a small boy, and that day the boy could talk of nothing else but the missionary.

Next week the little chap was taken very ill. "Daddy," said he to his father, who stood by his bedside in the hospital to which he had been removed. "If I die open my money-box and send all my money to the missionaries."

He did die, and his father fulfilled his request. The box had ten cents in it, and the money was sent to a missionary on the Congo.

That missionary has now come home on furlough, and has been to the same chapel and has told there how with the money he bought a small book which he read to some African youths. The result was that six of them have accepted Christianity. The returned missionary made his story the more real by showing the photographs of the six boys and the book.

Who knows how strong one little good deed may be, or how far it may reach.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE BABY

Under the direction of the Queen, a nursery is being prepared at Buckingham Palace for the use of the little Princess Elizabeth Alexandra Mary when the Duke and Duchess of York, her father and mother, go to Australia next year. It is many years since Buckingham Palace had a nursery in use. King Edward's children had their playrooms in Marlborough House, and of King George's family, only the late Prince John was at the nursery when the present King came to the throne. It is, in fact, necessary to go back nearly 60 years to find a nursery in Buckingham Palace in full swing. The infant Princess will be in the charge of her grandmother, Queen Mary.

THE TRAIL OF BLOOD

"Yes, sir, it's genuine Scotch; brought across the border direct from the Canadian government store. I paid ten dollars a quart for it and it's cheap at that. I don't take any chances on this synthetic stuff. A friend of mine almost croaked in last week from drinking that dope."

The speaker was a prosperous-looking young business man talking to his fellow passengers in the Pullman. The talk had not gone far when it turned to prohibition and the talkative one had just finished telling of his latest purchase.

"Did you look on the label for the mark of the bloody trail?" questioned a man who had not taken much part in the conversation up to this time. "The mark of the bloody trail—what do you mean?" the boaster asked.

"Didn't you see any bloodstains on that bottle?" the quiet one persisted. "They were there. Didn't you notice them?"

"I don't get you," said the young man, very evidently mystified.

"There is a mark of blood on every bottle of liquor that comes across the border," said the older man. "I have a nephew in the government service and I happen to know. That booze you bought cost blood."

The Pullman passengers were plainly interested and the quiet one was urged to go on with his tale.

"I suppose we will never know the whole story," he continued. "Mighty little of it gets into the newspapers, but it is a bloody war that's going on all along the border. Those fellows who bring the booze across are desperate chaps. The vicious and criminal element of the big cities has discovered there are a lot of fellows like you who are willing to pay fancy prices. They need to hold you up on the streets and highways. Now they hold you up in your office and compel you to pay big prices for your booze. A few years ago you complained about the lack of police protection from those highwaymen. Now you boast of what you pay them.

"In spite of all the politics and graft that gets mixed up with the appointments, the government men are a pretty fine lot of officers. They are up against a desperate crew and they know it. Every trip they go out on may be their last and they know it.

"Then, besides the government agents, there are the hi-jackers. They are another crew of thugs, as desperate as the runners, who infest the main routes between Canada and the big cities. By their own secret service these fellows locate a car of liquor that is being smuggled across the border and then they trail it, sometimes for hundreds of miles, to some advantageous spot where they undertake to seize it from the smuggler.

"No man's life is worth very much when a smuggling crew and a band of hi-jackers begin shooting for the possession of a cargo of liquor. If one is killed the authorities are not notified for neither outfit is interested in letting the government know the facts. Every smuggler knows when he starts across the border that he must run the gauntlet of the government agents and the hi-jackers. He prefers to fall into the hands of the government men, but he never knows who is ordering him to stop, so he shoots to kill."

"It seems to me that the smugglers are taking an awful chance," said the young business man, a bit sober now.

"Yes, it is a big chance. That's why they make you pay them so well. And that's just what your money is doing to them. You put up the fancy prices and they go out and put up the fight. You are hiring other men to do your fighting and dying for you and paying for it at ten dollars a quart. You are hiring thugs at forty dollars a gallon to make war on the agents of your own government. You are paying them the money with which to buy high-powered rifles for shooting down the men who have been sworn in to protect the flag of the United States and enforce its laws. The situation has become so desperate along some of the routes that a single-shot rifle is not sufficient. A car was captured the other day that was armed with machine guns. Think of it, arming automobiles with machine guns to make war on government officers so that you can have your booze at ten dollars a quart.

"It is not a question of man's right to drink. It is a question of how far you fellows will go in order to get your drinks. It is a question of how much risk you want the other fellow to take in order that you may have your booze and drink it in peace and security.

"But remember, my young friend, when you drink that next bottle of 'genuine Scotch' direct from the Canadian government warehouse, that some desperate fellow rode wildly through the night with lights dimmed or extinguished, his companion sitting grimly at his side with a high-powered rifle at hand, loaded and ready to fire. Or it may have been a machine gun for all you know. Remember, too, that loyal officers of the law, in obedience to their oath of office and their loyalty to your government and mine, went out to face this deperate pair. God only knows how many shots were fired over that case of whiskey. I'll venture there was a drop of blood in the bottom of every glass you drank, but you didn't see it.

"There was a time when I took a drink myself, but I haven't touched a drop since prohibition went into effect. I won't ask any man to defy his government and mine in order to satisfy my personal appetite. I won't ask any man to run the risk of losing his life in order that I may pour booze down my throat at ten dollars a quart. I won't hire any man to go out and shoot at loyal officers of my government who have been sworn in to enforce the law. My father marched under that flag when Abe Lincoln called for a hundred thousand men to help save the Union. I can't bring myself to hire other men to fire on that flag now."

The quiet little man reached for his hat, preparatory to leaving the coach. No one seemed to be able to think of anything to say that would seem appropriate. The young fellow with the case of "genuine Scotch" at home did not appear to be particularly comfortable. Somehow the idea of hiring thugs to fire upon government agents and Old Glory did not seem very creditable to a good citizen. The deadly earnestness of the stranger had made his bargain seem cowardly and contemptible.

"Who is he?" the young fellow asked of the conductor as the quiet one disappeared.

"He's a doctor from out in North Dakota; lives up close to the Canadian border. He knows what he is talking about, all right. He's been chased by hi-jackers. His car has three bullet holes through it right now. I saw them myself last week. He'd been calling on a sick woman and her baby and didn't get started back until about two o'clock in the morning. He was driving down through a narrow road when a car without lights appeared about a hundred yards ahead of him. He suspected trouble and stopped on the gas instead of slowing up. Evidently they thought he was a rum runner for they ordered him to stop as he rushed by, and they fired. Luckily he didn't get hit, but they chased him fifteen miles and fired more than a dozen shots. That's the third time he has been shot at, too."

The man from Kansas City had been listening to the conversation without taking part in it. As the conductor started up ahead he turned to the man from Omaha, sitting beside him, and said: "I guess the doctor is right. There are bloodstains on about all the bottles we get. It isn't a question of whether a good citizen can be a good citizen and hire other fellows to defy the government just to satisfy his personal appetite. I can't expect the government to protect my wife and family while I am going it hire other men to shoot at the government agents in order to get my hope. I'm done. It's a bloody trail."—Rev. Roy L. Smith.

THE TRUTH OF FICTION

"What do I want of novels? Give me real life!" is the cry of many people. Often people who know as little of real life as they know about novels.

The truth is that from the wildest and most conventional of novels the discerning can learn something about real life. Novels are built on real life, and nothing else. To be sure, they are sometimes built badly. They may disfigure, disorder, and distort, may mislead the ignorant, and occasionally the wise. But if they did not appeal to some truth about our own hearts,—some desire, some hope, or some regret,—if they did not at some point touch the warm tissue of humanity, they would not hold the attention of any of us for a moment.

More than that the great novelist not only dealt with truth, but there is much about real life to be learned from them that cannot be learned anywhere else. They are often the profoundest observers of the human heart. The surface of their work, the web of external circumstances, may be invented, but it is invented for a purpose; the more complete exposure and working of the soul; not the soul of a stranger in far words and unknown conditions, but your soul and mine.

In the field of observation, especially the novelist has far surpassed all other scientific students and investigators; that is, in the observation of the expression of human emotion. One of the greatest men of science, Darwin, writing this obscure and difficult subject, quotes a novelist, Mrs. Oliphant, as an excellent observer. If he had read more novels he would have quoted more. The subtle teachers of expression that we have are writers like Miss Austin, Thackeray, George Eliot, Hardy, Howells, and James.

Do not say, "I want no one to see for me; I have eyes of my own." The great writers, especially of fiction, teach us to use our eyes; and even the most keen-sighted of us need to be taught.

A GENEROUS HORSE

The following incident, given by a writer in the St. Louis Republic, indicates that it is possible for a horse to be a perfect gentleman.

Two fine-looking horses attached to single buggies were hitched near the entrance to the St. Louis Merchants' Exchange. They were hitched several feet apart, but the hitching straps allowed them sufficient liberty of movement to get their heads together if they so desired.

The owner of one of them had taken the opportunity of a prolonged stop to give the horse a feed of oats, which was placed on the edge of the sidewalk in a bag.

He was contentedly munching his oats when his attention was attracted by the actions of the other horse, which was evidently very hungry. He eyed the plentiful supply of oats wistfully and neighed in an insinuating manner.

The horse with the feed pricked up his ears politely and replied with a neigh, which must have been, in the horse language, an invitation to the other fellow to help himself.

Evidently he accepted it, for he moved along in the direction of the bag as far as the hitching strap would permit. But the strap was not long enough, and his hungry mouth fell about a yard short of the bag.

The host noticed and seemed to appreciate this difficulty. Fortunately there was some leeway to his strap. So he moved slowly along the curb, pushing the bag with his nose until his guest was able to reach it. Then, after a friendly nose-rub of salutation, the two horses contentedly finished the oats together.

ANOTER OBJECTION

"The only objection I have to the flat," said the new tenant, "is that I can always hear vague mutterings caused by the people talking in the adjoining apartment."

"Oh, that can easily be remedied, madam," replied the agent. "I'll have the walls made thicker."

"Thicker!" exclaimed the lady in surprise. "Why, then I couldn't hear a thing!"

NO, BUT BOYS HAVE

Master: "Now, my boy, tell me how you know an old partridge from a young one?"

Boy: "By the teeth, sir."

Master: "Nonsence, boy! You ought to know better. A partridge hasn't any teeth."

Boy: "No, sir, but I have."

PUTTING BOTH FEET IN

"And so, Mr. Pills," the old lady remarked to the country druggist, "poor old Joe Burton is dead!"

"Yes," replied Mr. Pills, "died very suddenly this morning. He was in my shop only last night."

"Yes, I used him in," went on the customer, "and I said to myself, poor old Joe, he's a goner now he's started to come here for medicine."

The druggist was evidently not very well pleased at this remark, and the old lady endeavored to set matters right, with the usual result.

"I don't mean to say, Mr. Pills," she explained hurriedly, "as how your medicine killed him, nowt of the sort. Old Joe never did like physic, and I'm sartin he'd never have took the risk of comin' here if he'd a chance of flyin'."

GENIUS

Is only the power of making continuous efforts. The line between failure and success is so fine that we scarcely know when we pass it—so fine that we are often on the line and do not know it.

How many a man has thrown up his hands at a time when a little more effort, a little more patience, would have achieved success. As the tide goes clear out, so it comes clear in.

In business, sometimes, prospects may seem darkest when really they are on the turn. A little more persistence, a little more effort, and what seemed hopeless failure may turn to glorious success.

There is no failure except in no longer trying. There is no defeat except from within, no really insurmountable barrier save our own inherent weakness of purpose.

A MORE DIRE THREAT

There was trouble in the back yard. Six-year-old Billy had thrown a stone at a boy in the next yard, who was making vociferous threats. "If you throw another stone," he yelled, "I'll sick my dog on you!"

"Huh!" replied Billy. "If you come into my yard, I'll sick my mother on you!"

Mediocrity is not allowed to pass either by the gods or men.—Horace.

Blind Boy Musician Radio Star

Ronald — otherwise "Ronnie" — Matthews, blind from birth and possessing a natural talent for music which has been carefully nurtured, has become a welcome performer at special broadcasts over CNRV, the Vancouver, B.C., radio station of the Canadian National Railways. "Ronnie" chose the piano as his instrument of expression and the foundation of instruction has been so carefully prepared that he has already successfully passed two examinations under the auspices of the London Academy of Music.

Seeking for a medium to adequately present the boy's talent to the world at large, G. A. Wright, broadcasting manager, evolved a feature known as "the radio train," by which an imaginary train leaves CNRV and visits homes of kiddies in British Columbia, the neighboring provinces, Yukon, Alaska and the Pacific States. Of this "train" Master "Ronnie" is "conductor", acting as announcer and occasionally offering pianoforte selections. The feature has proven so successful that it has been made a permanent part of the season's programmes at CNRV.

The photographs show the "train" crew ready for the broadcast. From left to right: "Doug," the brakeman (Douglas Flowers, assistant radio inspector); "Millie," (Miss Millie Fuyarchok, of the station office staff), who is "passenger" and also the directing power for the bell—a special feature of all Canadian National Railways radio stations; "Aunt Emma," directress of children's programmes (Miss Mabel L. Tomer); "Conductor," "Ronnie" Matthews; "Cap" Roy, (Roy M. Brown, broadcasting operator), who for the time being is the "whistle," and G. A. Wright, manager and chief announcer, "engineer" of the mythical "train," the mechanism held in his hand being the "train" operating noises.

In the lower photograph of "Ronnie" himself he is shown making an announcement over the microphone, reading from Braille characters.

PREVENT FOREST FIRES

You May Lose Your Job
If Forest Fires Continue Unchecked

Hundreds of thousands of Canadian men and women depend upon the forests for their livelihood! You may be one of them.

A lighted match, a cigarette butt, thrown down carelessly in the woods, or a campfire left smouldering, may cost you your job. It is up to you; be careful of fire when in the woods.

CHARLES STEWART
Minister of the Interior.

Save Your Forests

FORD and Chevrolet OWNERS

Look at these prices for Goodyear Tires

30 x 3½

All-Weather Fabric	$9.75
All-Weather Cord	12.25
All-Weather Heavy Duty	13.75
Wingfoot Cord	9.75
Pathfinder Cord	8.65

29 x 4.40

Pathfinder Balloon	11.30
All-Weather Balloon	16.00

31 x 4.40

Cilucher AWT Balloon	16.15
S.S. AWT Balloon	

H. A. COXE
ACTON ONTARIO
Phone No. 66

When you need service in a hurry, we're right here

Another Firm Out of Business

Just one of the news items which are appearing in papers quite too often these days throughout the Dominion. And what is the reason? There is only one, and that is lack of loyalty to home institutions and the lure of the flashing publicity of the large city establishments. Many citizens, while earning their wages and salaries in one place, nevertheless send a large proportion of this money out of the community for questionable bargains, thus depriving such community of that much necessary working capital.

Business Men Do the Same

They have local firms who are able and ready to supply them with all their requirements, yet for the most trivial reason or excuse they will consent to extend this patronage to outside firms, thus helping to build up distant cities at the expense of their home town. They seem to forget that this money sent out might otherwise have been largely returned to them by those with whom they should have left this business. Therefore, when in need of printed matter of any kind, whether farmer, business man or professional man, always extend first consideration to

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