The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1927

GOING TO THE COUNTRY

We are going to the country. Come along, my little child;
Through this breezy, sunny summer you're to run a trifle wild.
Bring your waxen, flaxen dollies, and your dearest, queerest one,
And your little brittle dishes and your saucy squirrel, Run.
Wash your rosy, posy fingers till they are very clean and neat,
Put your shiny, tiny slippers on your agile, fragile feet;
Hop and pop into the lightest and the brightest of your frocks,
Tie your ramble-bramble hat upon your blowing, flowing locks.
Skipping, tripping to the station, where the luggage van is piled—
Yes, we're going to the country. Come along, my happy child.

—Ethelwyn Wetherald.

1927 STRAWBERRY CROP PROSPECTS

Reports from strawberry producing districts of Canada show that the commercial plantations in all the provinces have wintered well and providing weather conditions remain favorable the yield, based on normal production, indicates to be slightly larger than last year. The Dominion acreage last year was estimated at 4,600 acres, producing a total crop of 11,112,500 quarts, while the 1927 acreage is placed at 5,520 acres which indicates a yield of 13,301,500 quarts, or an increase of 20.5%. The increase in acreage is shown by the provinces of British Columbia and Quebec, while other provinces remain the same as last year.

British Columbia—Last year British Columbia claimed 1,225 acres, with a total yield of 2,520,000 quarts, while this year the bearing acreage is placed at 2,042 acres which, based on normal production, should produce 6,126,000 quarts. The commercial shipments amounted to 1,436,104 quarts in 1926. Comparative acreage for the commercial districts for 1926 and 1927 is as follows, (the figures in rackets representing 1927 acreage): Lower Mainland, 690 (1,224); Kootenay and Boundary, 193 (172); Vancouver Island, 308 (484); Okanagan and Salmon Arm, 43 (52). Weather conditions this spring have been cold and wet with the result the season at the present time is fully one month behind last year. Vancouver Island berries are expected to move L. C. L. about the first week in June. Last year the first car of Island berries was shipped on June 9, which makes the movement this year fully two weeks later. It is claimed that some early bloom has been caught with frost, but plants look good and indicate a fair crop. Magoon, Paxton, Marshall and Glen Mary are the leading commercial varieties.

Ontario—The commercial bearing acreage in Ontario for 1927 is placed at 1,590 acres, which is practically the same as that claimed for last year. The principal commercial districts, estimated acreage, are as follows: Burlington, 700 acres; Niagara, 300; Norfolk, 400; London and Sarnia, 150; Prince Edward County, 180; other districts, 40. Last year the commercial production in these districts was placed at 3,902,500 quarts. Reports show that the bearing conditions of the plantations in the Clarkson and Norfolk districts range from ten to twenty-five per cent. less than last year. This condition is attributed to the small runner growth produced last season. Based on normal production and allowing for above conditions the 1927 crop should reach 3,575,400 quarts. The first L. C. L. shipments from this province usually start about July 1 from Clarkson district and continue for about two weeks. The principal varieties are Glen Mary, Parson's Beauty and Senator Dunlop.

Quebec—According to a recent survey made by the Provincial Department of Agriculture, the strawberry acreage in this province in 1926 is estimated at 1,000 acres producing 2,000,000 quarts. For 1927 the bearing acreage is claimed at 1,200 acres, producing 2,400,000 quarts. Although these figures are considerably higher than those previously published for this province, this will not affect the general marketing situation, as the development of the industry has been gradual since 1920. The principal producing districts are St. Eustache, St. Joseph du Lac, St. Scholastique, St. Augustin, Ste. Anne des Plaines, Ste. Therese, Abbotsford, Rougemont, Isle d'Orleans and the Counties of Montmorency, Port Neuf, Champlain, Laval and Terre-Bonne. The increased acreage this year is attributed to the latter counties. The season for the Quebec strawberries is generally one week later than for Ontario. Senator Dunlop and Parson's Beauty are the principal commercial varieties.

Maritime Provinces—Reports show that there is no change in the strawberry acreage in New Brunswick for 1927 as compared with 1926, which was placed at 375 acres, with the production of 750,000 quarts. With favorable weather conditions the yield this season should equal or be slightly larger than that of last year. The principal producing districts are Hackville and Norton. Nova Scotia claims an acreage of 225 acres for 1927, which is the same as last year when a total yield of 450,000 quarts was produced. Although strawberries are grown through the Annapolis Valley, the heavy producing districts are Port Williams, Berwick, Aylesford, Masstown and Amherst. Last year Prince Edward Island produced 250,000 quarts. Senator Dunlop, Glen Mary and Jessie are the leading varieties shipped, the latter principally from the Yarmouth district for export.—A. Fulton, Chief, Markets Extension Division.

WOMEN AND WORRY

"How bright and charming she is," a visitor remarked of a neighbor who had "run in" for a chat with her hostess. "She is as refreshing as a west wind."

"She's always that way," the hostess returned. "You wouldn't imagine, would you, that she had a sister who is a hopeless invalid, and that now her father has to go to the hospital for a very serious operation? I don't know how they'll get along if anything should happen to him. I should be wild with anxiety; but you saw how she took it. Ellen never was a worrier."

"I should think she'd be a joy in a sickroom," the friend said.

"I suppose she is,—I know she does everything for poor Hugh,—only—well, of course it does no good to worry, but you feel as if one who doesn't must be lacking in sympathy. I suppose it's a foolish idea, but you can't help feeling so."

The attitude is a common one; every woman will recognize it. We all agree without hesitation to those perennial and most excellent truisms which declare that worry is a stealthy foe of all health, mental, moral and physical, a barrier to all success, whether material or spiritual, a chain, a clog, a poison.

Worry, we know, is all this and more. Nobody has ever discovered any good in it, yet few of us are brave enough to realize it, because—it seems heartless not to worry! In some curious fashion worry and love are so inextricably entwined in the feminine consciousness that the average woman feels it impossible to uproot the one without injuring the other.

MY MOTHER

A little old red schoolhouse once
Held all the care life offered me.
No shadows fell to whisper what
The gray years on beyond might be.
All childish fancies alarms
Were quieted in mother's arms.

The mile between that school and home
Was such a glad and merry way
On triumph days; but oh, how long
When I in lessons failed! That day
A little tired figure crept
To refuge sweet and courage kept.

For whether head held high in pride
Or shoulders dropping with disgrace
Revealed my record for the day
To eyes that scanned my baby face,
A welcome waited in the arms
That ever offered soothing charms.

The small red schoolhouse sent me on
Beyond the hills that held my youth,
But still the farmhouse drew me back
And strengthened me in love and truth.
A woodsy turn of road—and then
My mother held me close again.

A cloud of grief,—a grassy mound,—
And only memory remains.
There is no old-home week for me—
No stepping back through childhood's lanes;
But to my children may I be
All that my mother was to me.

And though life's roadway winds along
Through tangled ways I may not trace,
I hold a sacred talisman—
A thought that leads me needed grace:
Beyond the last turn I shall see
Those same dear arms outstretched to me.

—Maud Moro Doolittle.

LIVING UP TO HIS OBITUARY

During the week, when I was whiling away the hours, I have been enjoying some of the quaint Cape Cod stories which everybody seems to like, and I decided to copy out a couple of the best of them for you folks who read this column of mine. I think you will enjoy them just as well as I did.

Here's one about Matt Crosby, who had the rather trying experience of living up to his own obituary.

On all the Cape, from Cohasset to Provincetown, there was no more jolly young fellow than "Matt" Crosby. He took to the sea, as such men did in the days before the coming of the iron ships, which left Cape Cod a wailing place over the departed glory of heroic days. And it was not long ago, as the calendar reckons; for Capt. Matthew Crosby is still alive, sound and well, and with a twinkle in his eye of the old adventurous days. But although he bears honestly his title of captain, his life now is spent on shore.

There is no need to ask how much is true of what tradition tells of his wild youth. Generous, brave and kind of heart, he was nevertheless reckless even for a sailor; and his days on shore were too often spent in ways which left him little but headache when his ship sailed on.

One night the ship was wrecked, and most of the crew went down. One or two escaped to shore, and told the story of the disaster, and then at intervals of a day or two, three or four others appeared in port, on vessels that picked them up. The rest were reckoned dead, and the little town did as it was accustomed to do for those who were lost at sea.

But Matt Crosby was picked up by a schooner, which, a day or two later, was run down by an outgoing steamer; and shipping at once on a tramp steamer, bound homeward by an indirect route, he came home after a long time.

He might have written, but he was little given to writing home, and the thought that he might be considered dead caused him to chuckle at the surprise in store for his friends.

"I'll see how much they miss me," he said to himself.

They missed him more than he thought. The mother, loving most the son who caused her most of pain; the father, who had scolded and entreated and threatened, all without avail—they were not the only ones who missed him. The whole village mourned the reckless, kind-hearted lad. The minister made touching allusion to his better qualities; the local newspaper told of his ability, and recalled a number of his generous deeds; his shipwrecked companions told that he went down trying to save other lives. His mother clipped all these things from the local paper, and hid them in her Bible, and kept them in her heart, and forgot how bad a boy he had been in her love of his better self.

For a day or two after his return Matt Crosby treated all this as a good joke. But when he looked into his mother's eyes, and saw himself reflected there, he discovered that his mother loved and clung not only to the bad boy of the past, but also to the ideal good boy of the obituary literature. And Matt Crosby made a sudden promise to himself and his Maker that he would be in his own proper person the man his mother had come to think him.

He read the obituary notices again, and with mingled shame and gratitude, shame that the man he knew himself to be should be so far below all this; gratitude that, with all his faults there were friends who believed him capable of all this. And that was the story of his regeneration.

He went to sea again, with a Bible in his chest. He met temptation bravely, merrily, firmly. He laughed as heartily as ever and had the same old twinkle in his eye, but he was another man.

The next voyage he went as mate, and before the wooden ships went out he rose to be master of a ship, cool, brave and reliable.

Great change came to the commerce of the Cape, and Captain Crosby left the sea. If he led a wild life in his youth, there is nothing in his present life to suggest it. Yet now and then some one hears rumors of the past, and asks him of it, and he tells his friends how he became a church-member by attempting to live up to his obituary.

A NICE QUIET LONDON PLACE

"That you, Polly Grimble?" called Miss Lydia, as the old horse passed with drooping head at the crest of Hightop Hill. "That you, Lydia?" returned Polly. "I haven't had callers in a dog's age, and I was getting downright lonesome. Come right in."

"Can't stop this time, Polly, 'cept just while Old Whitey takes his breathing spell. But how about that city boarder of yours, ain't she company?"

"She's gone. She came for quiet and the view. The view—well, the funniest person ever was couldn't say 'taint sightly; and I certainly thought we had quiet up here, but it seems we hadn't.

"First off, 'twas roosters in the morning; then 'twas frogs at night; next, 'twas the mowing-machine down in the meadow lot. Real vexed and snappy she was when I told her I couldn't undertake to interfere with Hiram Tammerley's haying. And then it the wind didn't shift round strong from the east, and we could hear the whistling buoy down off the bar.

"You know how that sounds. No whistling about it, but a kind o' groaning, moaning, die-away-in-agony sort of a wail, swelling up loud and fading out low, an' keeping it up steadily the whole blessed night. 'Twin't exactly a cheering sound, I will admit, if you stop to notice it. We don't. But the boarder did, and so did that half-grown collie pup of ours. He'd never heard it before, either, and if the poor fool beast did not answer it every time; That capped the climax. Up went his nose after every blast, and he'd let out the most desolate and abandoned howl you ever heard.

"'Woo-oo-oo-oo-oo!' 'twould be from the buoy, rising and swelling and lamenting and despairing, and dying off gradual in the distance, and a 'OO-oo-oo-oo-oo!' from young Shep, striking in about the middle, echoing and prolonging and piling on the misery; and then again, 'Woo-oo-oo-oo!' from the buoy before Shep's last note had died away.

"'Twas a duett, to remember—it really was! The boarder left by the early train next morning, and Shep's never noticed the buoy since; once was enough to break him to it. But I like peace an' quiet myself, Lydia, and I ain't so sorry she went, after all. Her nerves were kind o' beginning to git on mine, and I never knew before I had any.

"Must you go? Well, good-by! Be sure you stop longer next time, and, Lydia, ease him careful over the thank-you-ma'am half-way down the hill. It's more jouncy than common since that last rain."

These characteristic Cape Cod stories have a tang and flavor all their own. I enjoyed them, and I feel quite sure you will.

The Old Man

CERTAINLY IT'S READ

"Do the people read our paper?" Well, listen! You would suppose that a formal legal notice would be the last item of interest, wouldn't you? It is always couched in the same language except the names of the persons and the place to which it refers, and yet a few weeks ago when our linotype operator left one letter out of a word in the clause "will distribute assets," and in an incredibly short time a totally disinterested person called attention to it! The letter "t" had been left out of the word assets." Think of it! One letter missing out of one word is noticed and yet people fuss about the "position" given the item in which they are interested. Yes, our paper is read from beginning to end, advertisements and all.—Stayner Sun.

GOOD ADVERTISING

"Well," said the dying business man, "you better put in a clause about my employees. To each man who has worked for me twenty years I give and bequeath $50,000."

"But—" said the lawyer, "you have not been in business twenty years."

"I know it, man, but it's good advertising."

NO DOUBT AT ALL

The small boy had always been afraid of dogs. One day, after a long struggle to get him to pass a large dog, his mother scolded him for his timidity.

"You'd be afraid of dogs, too," was his justification, "if you were as low down as I am."

GEMS OF THOUGHT

Woe to the man who becomes old without becoming wise; woe to him if this world shuts its door without the future having opened its doors to him.—Tholuck.

I ask not wealth, but power to take And use the things I have aright.

—Phoebe Cary.

I cannot be too careful, if it be to the purpose; it cannot be to the purpose if it be too little.—Arthur Warwick.

We should not be too hasty in bestowing either our praise or censure on mankind.—Fielding.

To have lived so as to look back with pleasure on our past existence is to live twice.—Martial.

Purchase no friends by gifts; when thou ceasest to give such will cease to love.—Fuller.

Every day should be distinguished by at least one particular act of love. —Lavater.

Shutting the eyes to the danger signal does not clear the track. —Chicago Tribune.

Pity is the virtue of the law, and none but tyrants use it cruelly. —Shakespeare.

The forms of law have always been the graves of buried liberties. —Tourgee.

Intellect, talent, and genius, like murder, "will out."—C. Simmons.

Don't despair of a student if he has one clear idea.—Emmons.

The people's safety is the law of God.—James Otis.

Consult duty, not events.—Annesley.

NO LIAR

His sister: Oh, Billee, you did tell uncle a story. You said you liked going to school.

Billee: So I do like going to school, and coming back, too. I didn't say I liked being there, though."

NOT UNDERSTANDABLE

Margot: "Hang it, man! If your car has been stolen, why don't you communicate with the police?"

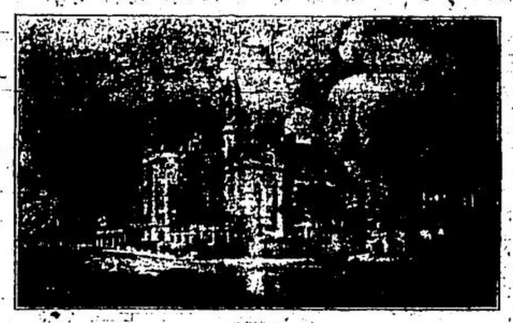
Target: "I'm not worrying about the car. I'm wondering how they got the thing to go."

Weekly Fashion Hint

A GRACEFUL DESIGN

This model is typical of the cleverness with which Paris handles the straight-line frock and the circular flounce in connection with each other. It is fashioned of crepe satin, the flounce being trimmed with embroidery executed in bold design. There are shirrings at the shoulders on either side of the front. Note the distinctive handling of sleeve fullness below the elbow. Medium size requires 4 yards 40-inch crepe satin.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE CHATEAU LAURIER HOTEL



THE illustration has been prepared from the architect's drawings showing the appearance of the Chateau Laurier at Ottawa when the new wing will have been added. The structural addition to the hotel will provide for another 200 rooms, making a total of 500 rooms available for guests. With the changes, banquet hall and ballroom space and other public rooms will be provided on proper scale, thus enhancing the usefulness of this fine unit of the Canadian National Railways hotel system.

In the Beautiful Muskoka Lakes

The steamer Segamo arriving at Royal Muskoka wharf, in the Muskoka Lakes, with passengers who are planning a delightful holiday in this beautiful lakeland of Ontario—Canadian National Railways photograph.

ALL KINDS OF
Live Stock Bought
W. J. PATTERSON
Phone 111J
Highest Cash Price Paid for Beef Hides

Wool Wanted

R. R. Barbour, Hillsburg, will be at the Canadian National Railway station, Acton, on

June 2, 9 & 16

To buy wool for the Guelph Worsted and Spinning Co.

Highest Market Prices paid. Farmers market your wool direct to the mills.

The Pure Bred Clydesdale Stallion
Sir Milton
1643
The Property of A. McEachern, will Make the Season of 1927 as follows:

Tuesday—Will leave his own stable, Lot 6, Town Line, Erin Township, and proceed to J. Campbell's, Lot 31, Seventh Line, Esquesing Township. After dinner will proceed to Fred Brown's Lot 19, Fifth Line, Esquesing, for night.

Wednesday—Leave at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning and proceed to Wilson Wiley's, Lot 27, Acton crossroad, Fifth Line. Leave at two o'clock for Elton Cole's, Lot 3, Third Line, Erin, and remain there for the night.

Thursday—Leave at 10 o'clock for Russell Johnston's, Lot 4, Fourth Line, Erin.

Friday—Leave at 9 o'clock and proceed to A. Binnie's, Lot 5, Seventh Line, Erin, for noon, and then go back to his own stables, where he will remain until the following Tuesday. 47-3

Speedy Relief
IS GIVEN TO COLDS, COUGH AND BRONCHITIS WHEN TREATED WITH THAT WONDERFULLY EFFECTIVE HOUSEHOLD REMEDY
ROBERT'S
OF THE EXTRACT OF COD LIVER AND TAR
SYRUP

Leaders Of Them All!

The highest expression of Firestone quality and value is the Full-Size, Gum-Dipped Balloon. This pioneer among Balloon tires—and the leader proved by performance—was made possible by Gum-Dipping, Firestone's extra process for strengthening the walls to endure the extra flexing strain.

Learn from your Firestone dealer the many advantages of Gum-Dipping — the added comfort, dependability and greater economy.

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO. OF CANADA LIMITED
Hamilton, Ontario
MOST MILES PER DOLLAR
Firestone
Firestone Builds the Only Gum-Dipped Tires

Firestones are Supplied in Acton By
HIGHWAY GARAGE
A. McIlmar - Phone 151
JAMES SYMON
Hardware Store - Phone 49
YOUNG STREET GARAGE AND IMPLEMENT SHOP
C. E. Parker - Phone 84

Radio Plays Important Part in Northern Survey

On two occasions engineers of the Canadian National Railways were required to send out location parties in the Peace River country and in Northern Manitoba, the latter party making towards Churchill. On each occasion it was found desirable to include amongst the supplies and equipment a radio receiving set and on the return of the parties it was stated that no addition to camp equipment had ever done so much to add to the morale of the men. The illustrations show: Upper left, a section of a camp in the Owl River district on the way to Churchill; upper right, a group of men in camp listening to radio reception; below, survey party in winter garb. (Canadian National Railways photographs.)

The telephone department of a modern department store.

Anything can be sold by Long Distance

No matter what you have to sell, do not think it cannot be sold by Long Distance. It can—if the price is right. People are rapidly becoming educated to buy by telephone many things they formerly thought they had to examine before purchasing.

Those who have definitely accepted Long Distance for systematic selling tell us — and the number is rapidly growing — that where they do not succeed in making a sale on the first try, the prospect nearly always comes back later to buy.

Get the Long Distance habit. There are 40,000 more telephone prospects in Ontario and Quebec this year.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

The Home of Fighting Fish

Algonquin Park, in Ontario, is known wherever fishermen foregather as the haunt of fighting fish, and each year its waters are attracting more and more anglers in search of real sport. When the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Editors hold their annual convention at Bhrein Inn this year many of them, it is expected, will make side trips to Algonquin Park to enjoy fishing trips—Canadian National Railways photograph.

If Everybody Did It

Think for a moment what would happen if, even for one week, everybody in town were to shop elsewhere—either in a neighboring town or by mail! Would it not cause consternation, and would not all business houses be very much concerned? They certainly would, and with good reason.

Some Do This Regularly

—And what is the result? Every dollar sent to distant business houses is gone for good so far as that particular district is concerned, and merely serves to build up and maintain some distant town. The local business men are robbed of that circulation of money which during its ramblings might help dozens along the way.

How About Printing?

All business houses need more or less printed matter, all of which is within the possibilities of the local printer. Yet how prone many are to pass up the home printer and let the orders go to city offices which have no interest whatever in rural communities except to get printing orders and the cash to pay them. Business men, remember that the home paper is constantly promoting the interests of the home community and you owe it to yourself and your local paper to back up these efforts by at least having your printed matter done locally.

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