The Acton Free Press
THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1927

RIVERS OF CANADA

O all the little rivers that run to Hudson's Bay,
They call me and call me to follow them away.

Mississaibi, Abitibi, Little Current — where they run
Dancing and sparkling I see them in the sun.

I hear the brawling rapid, the thunder of the fall,
And when I think upon them I cannot stay at all.

At the far end of the carry, where the wilderness begins,
Set down with my canoe-load—and forgiveness of my sins.

O all the mighty rivers beneath the Polar Star,
They call me and call me to follow them afar.

Peace and Athabasca and Coppermine and Slave,
And Yukon and Mackenzie—the highroads of the brave.

Saskatchewan, Assiniboine, the Bow and the Qu'Appelle,
And many a prairie river whose name is like a spell.

They rumor through the twilight at the edge of the unknown,
There's a message waiting for you, and a kingdom all your own.

"The wilderness shall feed you, her gleam shall be your guide,
Come out from desolations, our path of hope is wide."

O all the headlong rivers that hurry to the West,
They call me and lure me with the joy of their unrest.

Columbia and Fraser and Bear and Kootenay,
I love their fearless reaches where winds untarnished play—

The rush of glacial water across the pebbly bar
To polished pools of azure where the hidden boulders are.

Just there, with heaven smiling, any morning I would be,
Where all the silver rivers go racing to the sea.

O well remembered rivers that sing of long ago,
A-journeying through summer or dreaming under snow.

Among their meadow islands through placid days they glide,
And where the peaceful orchards are diked against the tide.

Tobique and Madawaska and shining Gaspereaux,
St. Croix and Nashwaak and St. John whose haunts I used to know.

And all the pleasant rivers that seek the Fundy foam,
They call me and call me to follow them home.

—Bliss Carman.

CONFEDERATION AND AFTER —SIXTY YEARS OF PROGRESS

CANADA'S FUEL PROBLEM

At the time of Confederation Canada had no fuel problem. Every farm had a wood lot and forests skirted the towns and cities. Wood was almost the universal fuel and it could be obtained at very low cost. Wood is now about the least economical fuel. "King Coal" has usurped the place of the monarchs of the forest.

Canada possesses one-sixth of the world's supply of coal, but the areas of production are so distributed that she is forced to import over half her annual supply.

The coal industry of Vancouver Island has to face the competition of cheap oil fuel from California, Mexico and Peru. Alberta needs to extend her markets so as to absorb the production she is capable of making. New Brunswick faces the problem of how best to mine her thin seams; in Nova Scotia there are problems of markets and submarine mining.

The greatest problem is connected with our imports of coal into the coalless area of Central Canada, and the most urgent phase of this is to secure a substitute for about 5,000,000 tons of anthracite imported from the United States, and to this problem the Fuel Board is giving special attention. There are several reasons for this, among the most important being: (1) The certainty of the ultimate exhaustion of the American anthracite supply; (2) possibility of an embargo against export; (3) rising prices; (4) the fact that Canada cannot control supply, price, or quality of this coal.

The danger of Canada's dependence on American anthracite was emphasized by the strike in the United States coal fields in 1922. Manufacturing industries were jeopardized and hardships endured by people generally. A substitute was a necessity for the imported anthracite. Attention was turned to the production of coke. In 1922 the consumption of coke in Ontario and Quebec was 275,000 tons; in 1925 this has risen to 647,000 tons. At the last session of the Federal Parliament a Bill was introduced providing a subsidy applicable to the erection of by-product coking plant. This measure had a duel purpose—to assist the Canadian mining industry and to relieve the fuel situation in the industrial areas. If 70 per cent. of Canadian coal is used the manufacturer is entitled to the fully subsidy but if less than 50 per cent. no subsidy is paid.

There would be no fuel problem if our coal fields were situated near our industrial centres, but unfortunately they are in the far east and far west, whereas our great centres of population and industry are in Ontario and Quebec. To meet this situation the question is so to adjust freight rates that the eastern and western coal can reach Central Canada at a price that will enable it to compete with the United States product.

The coal situation would have been more acute had it not been for the development of the water-powers. In 1913 the consumption of coal was 4.2 tons per capita; in 1926, only 3.5. During this period population had increased about 25 per cent., but the installed turbine water-power 170 per cent. It would require 27,000,000 tons of coal to do the work done by the 4,556,000 turbine horse-power installed at the end of 1926.

Coke and "white coal" will go far to solve the fuel problem and free the Dominion from dependence on the United States mine operators.

The Free Press' Short Story

PHIL HOLBROOK GOT THE JOB

IT was an extremely warm morning. Under the white awning in front of E. K. Hall & Son's large grocery—protected from the rays of the July sun, were boxes of blueberries, ruddy currants and juicy raspberries temptingly displayed.

Below on the neatly swept walk were baskets of potatoes, green peas, radishes and other vegetables that the early-morning wagons had brought in before the dew was yet off the vines and plants.

One of the clerks of the firm, in spotless white apron and stiff paper cuffs, was spraying the bricks on either side the open door, to keep the surroundings cool and attractive. One of the elder Mr. Hall's business maxim's was:

"Make things neat, if custom you would keep."

"It must be the place," and Phil Holbrook stood hesitatingly under the protecting awning. "It's 5809—that's the number the advertisement said. Yes, this is E. K. Hall & Sons," slowly reading the glittering sign above the door.

Phil was poorly but neatly dressed. He wore a pair of gray trousers, patched in one knee, a faded blue and white shirt and shoes whose soles had been worn thin; his straw hat, too, was a trifle too large—one could easily see it had been bought for some one else.

There was an expression of eager anticipation, not unmixed with anxiety on Phil Holbrook's face as he scanned the attractive fruit display before the open door.

"I'd like to handle such good things," he was thinking; "only they look almost too nice to sell!"

"Anything I can do for you, my boy?" The clerk, with the water sprinkler still in his hand, stood inquiringly before Phil. "Vegetables or fruit? We've an excellent assortment of both to choose from this morning."

"I'd like to see—is Mr. Hall in, please?" and Phil, slightly embarrassed, looked questioningly toward the door.

"Yes, Mr. Hall's always here early—want to see him?" pleasantly.

"If I may—if he's at leisure," quickly.

"Oh, I see; you're one of the boys who wants the place you saw advertised. Step in; I'll take you to Mr. Hall. There's one boy here before you this morning and I don't know how many tried yesterday—six or seven in all, I judge."

"And they didn't suit?" pressed Phil. "I am afraid I'm—"

"You can't tell," interrupted the clerk, "till you try."

Phil noticed with what exactness the groceries and canned goods were arranged on either side the store, as he entered.

"I'd like to work here," was his hasty conclusion; "everything is in such splendid order."

"Mr. Hall," the clerk entered a small room at the rear of the store, where an elderly man sat writing, "excuse me; I've brought—I didn't ask your name," turning to Phil.

"Phil Holrook, sir."

"He saw your advertisement in The Record."

"Sit down," Mr. Hall turned partly around; "I'll be at leisure in a moment."

Phil's ready eye was quick to take in the surroundings of the well-lighted room; but the most noticeable thing in the comfortably furnished office was the motto over the door—it was in large Old English characters: "Be honest even if it costs."

"That is one of my mother's sayings," thought Phil. "I've heard her say that same thing—lots of times."

"Well, boy," Mr. Hall had finished his letter, "you saw my advertisement and wish for the situation. Ever been in a store?"

"No, sir," frankly. "I've lived in the country till three weeks ago."

"Think you're cut out for this kind of work, and such strict confinement?" and as the keen business man looked at Phil critically, he seemed to read his able-to-do capacity at a glance.

"I'd like to try it, sir!" Phil met the searching gaze unflinchingly.

"Very well. My plan is to give boys an on-the-spot-trial—it is the only one I regard as wholly satisfactory," laying down his pen.

"Coleman!" Mr. Hall stepped to the door. "Let this fellow take the raspberry trade—the table to the left; give him the necessary directions."

"Yes, sir," and Phil followed the clerk, whom Mr. Hall had summoned, to the front of the store.

"You may take this stand here; if any one wishes raspberries, they are 15 cents a box. These are not very good—not nearly so fresh and firm as those outside; they've been in the store too long. Customers are not always able to see the difference themselves—they look pretty well on top."

At the other side of the store Phil noticed another berry stand; behind it stood a boy about Phil's age. "Must be the other fellow on trial," was his hasty mental conclusion. While waiting for customers, Phil examined the raspberries in the boxes before him.

"They're awfully poor—down in the middle," turning out against his hand one after another of the boxes of berries. "Look well enough on top, but they aren't fit to sell as good berries—not a single box of them. They're not worth it," and he frowned to himself. "Are these fresh?" A lady had just come in, and stood beside Phil's berry stand. "They look very nice. If they are fresh, I should like three boxes." "I—I think they're not, madam. They are pretty soft down towards the middle." It seemed for a moment to Phil that he was unfaithful to his temporary employer.

"But those outside the door are plump and fresh; aren't these like them?"

"Not so good a quality."

"Very well; I will order the others as I go out," and Phil was left alone.

"I suppose I ought to have sold them—but they are not good, and I had to tell the truth," soberly. "I wonder how many the other fellow sold; I saw a woman a few minutes ago take two boxes. If he sells all of his, and I don't sell any, he will get the place," and Phil's face took on an anxious expression.

"Are they as good all through as these on top?" questioned a man who came into the store on his way down town. "Mrs. Newcome wanted me to send up two or three boxes for dessert; I noticed some beauties outside. Are those the same?"

"They are of a better quality out there," stammered Phil, growing red in his face.

"I don't believe I want any of those then," and the busy doctor went out of the store and left his order with Coleman.

"I have not disposed—of—a—box!" It was five minutes before 12, and Phil had been summoned into Mr. Hall's office.

"Well, what luck?" Mr. Hall looked up inquiringly.

"I have not sold any," confessed Phil slowly.

"No? Hadn't any chances?" Phil felt the older man's eyes searchingly on him.

"Yes, sir; but the berries I had were not of the same quality as those outside, and so—"

"But the other fellow whose stand was across from you sold nearly every box he had, and they came from the same lot as yours." Mr. Hall did not explain that before the sales referred to went out in the delivery cart, they were carefully exchanged for fresh berries, unknown to the unscrupulous young salesman.

"I had to tell the customers the truth about them when they asked me," said Phil, manfully. "Mine were soft, and I had to acknowledge it. I am sorry I have lost the place."

"Lost it—who says you have lost it?" exclaimed Mr. Hall. "Your lack of sales gives you the place, boy! Had you sold those berries, as young Harriman did, you would have been seeking another place this afternoon."

He turned abruptly in his chair.

"That is the motto of the firm," pointing to the words above the door.

"Then I am to have the—"

"Place?" smiling. "Yes; come tomorrow."

BABY'S PICTURE

A young photographer, when asked what sort of subjects presented the greatest difficulties to him, replied without a moment's hesitation, 'babies.' "I don't mean the babies themselves," he added. "It is not so hard to get what I consider satisfactory negatives of them. It's the relatives that make all the trouble.

"For instance," he continued, "I took photographs of a little ten-months-old fellow the other day, in six different positions. Yesterday I sent the proofs to his mother, and to-day she brought them in.

"'I'm sorry,' she said, without any obvious grief, 'but none of these negatives will do.'

"'Not one of the six?' I inquired, though I was prepared for what was to follow.

"'No,' she said, 'I'm afraid not. You see, I like this one very well, though of course it doesn't begin to do baby justice; but his Aunt Ellen says it's an absolute caricature of the dear little fellow! The one she likes, I don't care for at all, and his papa says he never should know for whom it was intended, it looks so cross, and baby is such a sunshiny child.

"'The one he likes, this smiling one, I shouldn't consider for a moment, for it makes baby's mouth look so much greater than it really is.

"'His grandmother chose that one, but as Cousin Fanny said, there's a very queer look to the child's eyes in it—very queer! However, she likes that one where he's almost crying, that sober one. You ought to have heard baby's grandfather when she said she liked it.

"'He really decided the thing, for what he said seemed so sensible. He asked me why I didn't have some more taken, and see if there wouldn't be at least one that would really look like baby. Now when can he sit again? It's hard for me to spare the time, but you see it is the only thing to be done!'"

HE PICKED UP A LIVE WIRE

The small son of a well-known electrical engineer one day picked up a hornet. When his father hurried out to discover the cause of the commotion, the little lad was painfully sucking his thumb, while tears streamed down his face.

"Why, what's the trouble?" asked the father.

"It was that bug," explained the boy between sobs. "I think his wirin' is defective. I touched him, and he was not insulated at all."

HE FORGOT THE COMBINATION

"A colored man was driving along the road in a ramshackle buggy drawn by a bony, spavined old horse, says Everybody's, when a stranger hailed him:

"Hello, uncle! Can you set me to the station in time for the next train?"

"No, suh; I don't believe I kin, suh. This is a broken-down ol' cavalry hawse. You cain't git him often a walk nohow."

"Huh! You say he's an old cavalry horse? Let me drive him."

The man clambered upon the seat, and took the reins. "Make ready!" he called out sharply. "Charge!"

The old horse pricked up his ears and broke into a gallop. As they reached the station the man shouted, "Halt!" The horse obeyed. The man tipped old John a quarter.

The next day two young men stopped John and asked him to take them to the station as quickly as possible.

"Suttingly, gen'lmen," said John. "Git right in." He gathered up the reins and shouted: "Make ready! Charge!" The horse broke into a gallop, and soon reached the station.

"Git ready to jump, gen'lmen," John, looking frightened, shouted to his fares. "I've done forgot de word what stops him."

HE SHOULD HAVE LOOKED IN THE GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH

A lady, says the Argonaut, upon whose child Velpeau, the great French surgeon, had performed a difficult operation, called upon him, full of gratitude, and presented him with a pocketbook that she had embroidered with her own hands.

Velpeau received the testimonial crustily, saying that it was a beautiful pocketbook and all that, but that his necessities demanded something more substantial. "My fee," he said coldly, "is five thousand francs."

The lady very quietly opened the pocketbook, which contained ten one-thousand-franc notes, counted out five and, politely handing them to Velpeau, retired.

BUT STRANGERS SOMETIMES DID NOT

The late Louis Fleischmann, the philanthropic baker who established the "bread line" in New York, says the Argonaut, always maintained that the poor were the most sensitive of persons and quickest to resent tactless sympathy. In support of his assertion he said that one day while an American was on a walking tour in Scotland he met a tall and comely young woman who was walking barefooted.

Astonished, the traveller stopped her and inquired: "Do all the people about here go barefoot?"

"Some of them do," she said, "and the rest mind their own business."

HE MIGHT HAVE WON WITH A QUARTER

The waiter, says the Argonaut, has been very attentive throughout the luncheon, the more so as the two guests looked prosperous. The check was three dollars and forty cents, and the host laid a five-dollar bill on the tray. The waiter returned hopefully with a dollar bill, a fifty-cent piece and a dime. He saw the bill pocketed and then watched the fifty-cent piece go the same way.

Sadly he picked up his dime, but the negro is above all else a fatalist. "Boss," he said, "I gambled, and I lost."

IF YOU'VE NEVER CAUGHT A LUNGE COME TO TIMAGAMI.

Have a regular holiday this year. Gather your gear together, pack your duffle and board the train for any of the fine resorts and camping territories scattered about Timagami. Up in these Northern woods you can have the kind of holiday you like best. Either "rough it" with tent and canoe, frying pan and camp fire—or have a fine vacation at the several modern hotels that provide home-like accommodations with all the thrills and atmosphere of the great woods.

Fishing, canoeing, camera hunting, loafing—you can do them all well in Timagami. Ask any Canadian National Railways Agent for illustrated booklets and full information.

—Children's dancing contests will feature the 1927 Young Canada's Day programme of the Canadian National Exhibition.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF WHISTLING

Whistling is the boy's own music. It is as natural for him to whistle as it is for a bird to sing—although the music is not always as melodious. But whistling, like certain other practises, is restrained in society by unwritten rules of etiquette.

Whistling is understood everywhere to signify coolness, confidence, carelessness. These may be virtues in their proper place, but that place is not the society of one's fellow creatures whether one be acquainted with them or not.

A boy reprimanded, a servant dismissed, goes away whistling, if he dares. He wishes to express contempt, and he succeeds at least in enraging his master generally. A hobbledehoy who commits some breach of the proprieties commonly bursts into a whistle. This is to save his face, meaning no harm; but it signifies "I don't care!" which is just the reverse of the apology needed. At best it shows indifference; at worst, as the dullest feel, insult and provocation.

Boswell tells a little story of whistling, illustrating the independent significance. Johnson and he were dining with the Duke of Argyll, who asked a gentleman present to fetch some curiosity from another room. The gentleman brought the wrong article, and the duke sent him back.

The exact position of this gentleman toward his host is undisclosed. However, Boswell says, "He could not refuse, but to avoid any appearance of servility he whistled as he went out of the room. On my mentioning this afterward to Doctor Johnson, he said it was a nice trait of character."

Boswell grasped with ease the objection, which is unintelligible to some persons.

"The gentleman desired to show his independency." That is always the motive of whistling, when it has any. You very often see a young barbarian in this country survey his fellow passengers and then fall to whistling deliberately. But cultured persons here, and quite common folk abroad, are trained to regard politeness toward strangers as a duty.

Who wouldn't be a small-town merchant?

Buying only small stocks enables the small-town merchant to try out the novelties and new styles people are looking for — on which the margin of profit is greater than on staple lines. Hand-to-mouth buying keeps down the capital investment, and additional quantities or odd sizes can always be ordered by Long Distance.

Thanks to this method of conducting business retailers have never been able to show as many up-to-date styles as now.

By using Long Distance the wide-awake small-town merchant with his low overhead expense can make his store the buying headquarters for a large surrounding territory.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

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"HE'S MY BROTHER"

An American who was walking down the streets of a Chinese city was greatly interested in the children, many of whom were carrying smaller children upon their backs and meaning at the same time to play their games.

"It is too bad," the American said sympathetically to one little fellow, "that you have to carry such a heavy burden!"

"He's no burden," came the quick reply; "he's my brother."

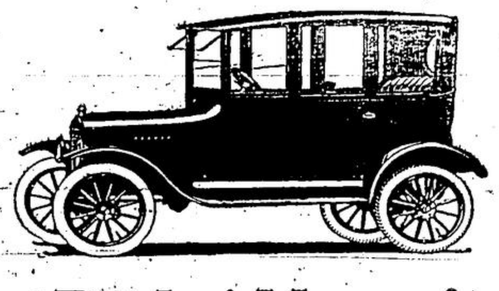
"Well, you are chivalrous to say so!" exclaimed the man, and he gave the boy some money.

When the American reached home he said to his family: "A Chinese boy has just taught me the fullest meaning of the words, 'Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ.'" He recounted his interview and added, "If a little Chinese boy can carry and care for his brother and refuse to consider him as a burden surely we ought not to think it a burden to carry our little brothers, the weak and the needy ones, who look to us for help. Let us rejoice as we carry the needy one and say, 'He's no burden; he's my brother.'"

The Aroma Captivates
"SALADA"
GREEN TEA 173
Pure, uncolored, delicious. Ask for it.

MILLER'S WORM POWDERS
RELIEVE THE FEVERISH CONDITION BROUGHT ON BY THE PRESENCE OF WORMS AND RESTORE THE CHILD TO NORMAL HEALTH.
NO NARCOTICS—PLEASANT AS SUGAR

USED CARS!



Ride Now!

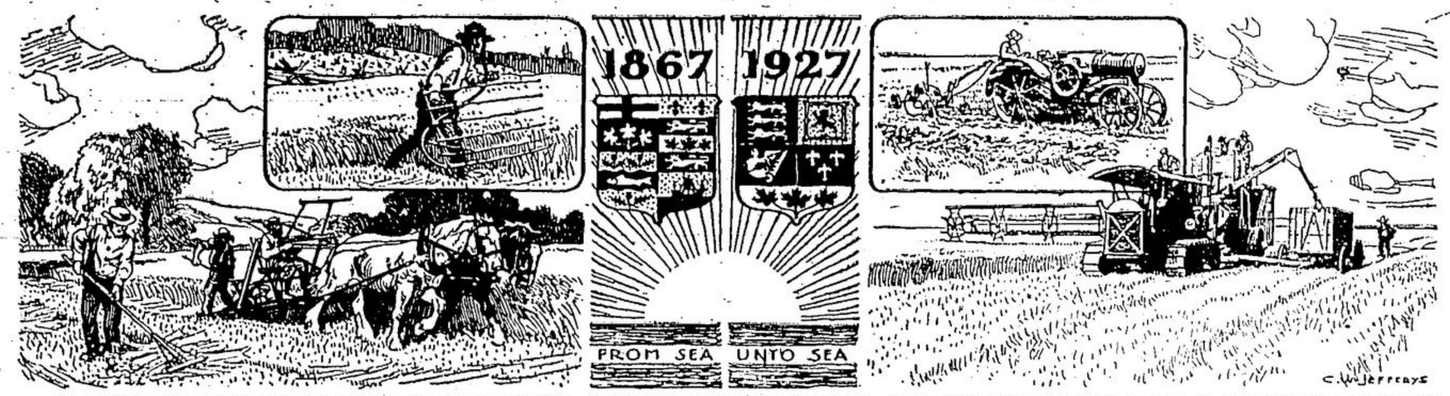
Many Real Bargains in Reconditioned Cars are now to be had. Why put off getting YOUR Car with all of the Fine Summer Weather ahead of you to be enjoyed? Come down and look at the "Good Buys" now on our floor. And you had better step lively.

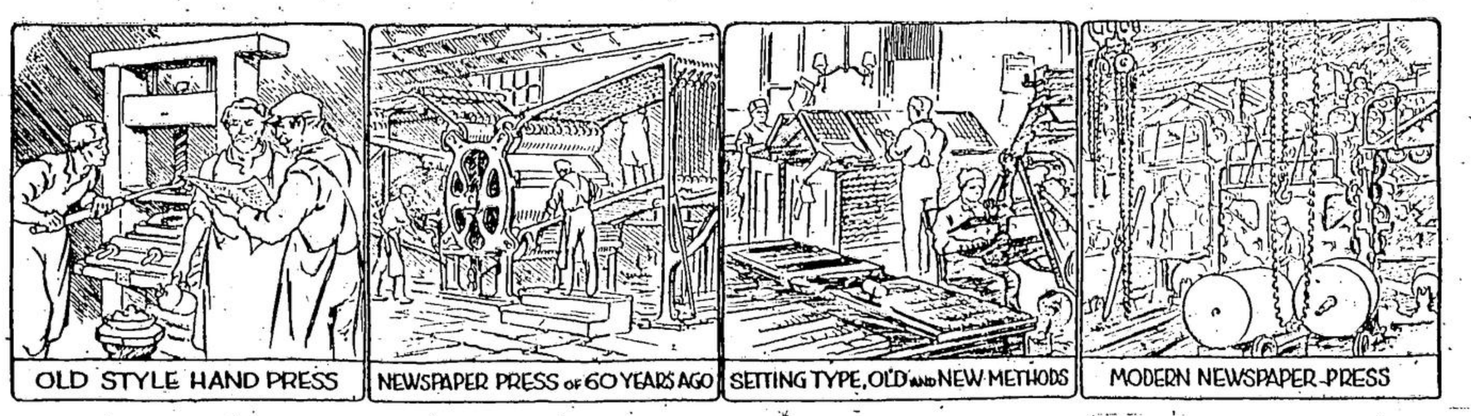
Roadsters, Light Deliveries, all at Sacrifice Prices. Come in and see them. Small payment down. Balance weekly and monthly payments. We are determined to clear them out to make room for the new lines we are now selling.

We have also a few almost New Cars at very attractive prices—Chevrolets and Essex—all closed cars.

H. A. COXE
Chrysler, Hudson-Essex Cars
PHONE 66 MAIN STREET

CANADA'S THREE SCORE YEARS' OF NATIONHOOD



The production of foodstuffs must always remain Canada's basic industry. This is ensured by her very immensity, the fertility of her soil, and the bounty of Nature which decrees the variations of frost and snow, sunshine and rain necessary for the growth of fruit, grain and vegetables unrivalled the world over. In the item of wheat alone the year of Confederation saw a crop of 10,323,873 bushels for the entire territory now known as the Dominion of Canada; last year the total production of wheat was 406,269,000 bushels!

In the last 60 years the development of machinery has made farm work much less laborious. In 1867 the cutting of grain by machinery was comparatively new, and the machines then in use were crude and unwieldly. In that year a Canadian company produced the hand-rake reaper, shown in Mr. Jefferys' sketch, which was far superior to any manufactured before. On many a farm of that day the entire grain crop was cut by the old-fashioned cradle. An expert cradler, followed by a man with a wooden rake, who raked the windrows into sheaves and bound them with a wisp of straw, could harvest from three to four acres a day. Nowadays a power-driven reaper-thresher which cuts a 15-foot swath and carries a crew of two men, can cut and thresh forty acres in a day! The artist shows the old and new methods, together with another labor-saving device—a modern tractor.