The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1927

THANKSGIVING

Thank God for little common things,
Small, lovely things of every day—
Grass that is green beside the door
And flowers that grow across the way,
Candles that flicker in the dusk
And bright rooms where shadows play;
For silver fingers of the rain
Stroking a young trees bending head,
For stars that prick through drifting clouds
And dawns that flame in gold and red.
Thank God for common, lovely things
That are the spirit's daily bread!

APPLY WITHIN"

"Oh, Aunt Madge," Sally's voice was very plaintive, "do come and cheer me up! Everything has gone wrong!"

"Outside and inside?"

"Yes," Sally answered stoutly, "outside and inside, both."

"So, then, of course, you are beginning to put things right as fast as you can?"

"But how can I?" protested Sally. "How can I do anything with the fact that it is raining so we can't go on our class picnic; or that Sarah Shumway said the most horrid things about me, or that father says I can't have another new dress! And—oh, everything! That's the great trouble; I can't change a single one of these horrid things!"

"Well, those are only the outside things, and, after all, the outside things are the ones that count least."

The puzzled look on Sally's face deepened. "Dear me, Aunt Madge, you certainly don't think I've got troubles that are worse than those, do you?"

Aunt Madge smiled—one of her wise, understanding smiles.

"Why, yes," she said, "I certainly did think I saw the signs of considerably worse things—and yet, after all, things that are absolutely in your own hands."

"Aunt Madge, please don't talk in riddles! How are any of these horrid things in my own hands?"

"Because all you need to do is to follow one little direction that we all see somewhere nearly every day: 'Apply Within.' It's the only place I know of to find satisfaction and content, and even mastery over the outsire things that trouble us."

Sally's look became almost indignant.

"Now look here, Aunt Madge," she said, "that sounds well; and of course I've read it in books. But it doesn't pan out. Will you, for instance, tell me, please, how I can 'apply within' and change the weather, or Sarah Sumway's remarks, or father's feeling about what he can afford? Those happen to be some of the things I want to 'master' just now."

Aunt Madge smiled serenely.

"It all depends on what we mean mastery, I suppose," she said. "There was a time when you used to quote very frequently those fine lines of Henley's.

"I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

"Now of course I don't know just what that meant to you, but to me it means that because I am the captain of my soul I am the master of my fate cause and effect. Does anyone suppose that all of the outside things in Henley's life were to his liking? 'Rather not,' as the British say. Henley lay on his bed suffering tortures of pain, but he was captain of his soul, nevertheless.

"That doesn't mean that he didn't meet bad storms, you see, or possibly the threat of mutiny and the danger of shipwreck. But when a captain gets into perilous waters does he drop his wheel, throw aside his charts and instruments, and rush out upon the deck and entreat the storm to stop and the waves to be still, and rail against them when they disobey? Not at all. He goes 'within', he lays out the course that will be right, whatever happens, he seizes the wheel, and so he rides the storm! Isn't that the way to be its master?"

"Ye-es," assented Sally slowly, "I suppose so, but how does that apply to me?"

"Well, of course, you have heard this before, too, but that doesn't make it any the less true. It's not the thing itself that hurts you, but the way you permit yourself to feel about it. Now, the wise captain does not allow anyone in his pilot house without a special invitation—and certainly he does not invite anyone who is likely to tear up his charts and wrench the wheel out of his hands. Your mind is your pilot house. Suppose you decide once for all that it is from there that you must guide your ship, and then go in and shut the door on every thought and feeling that can make you unhappy.

"Oh, yes, my dear, it can be done, and the earlier you learn the secret of doing it the happier your life will be. As my favorite author says,

"'If happiness arises from cheerfulness, kindness and rectitude (and who will deny it?), what possible combination of circumstances is going to make you unhappy so long as the machine remains in order?'"

A CURE FOR FAULTFINDING

It is so easy to find fault, so easy to stand by and criticize what others do, to imagine what might have been accomplished and to set it up as a fatal standard for what has been accomplished. To slip into the habit of thinking such things is dangerously easy, and when we think them it is difficult to refrain from saying them. Perhaps the best cure is to say little or nothing, but for the most part humanity is not contrived that way.

A help to preserving a better attitude in the matter is to consider not so much what people have actually done as what they tried to do. Once understand what they were aiming at and you will understand something of their difficulties, and perhaps in the end you will be astonished, not that they have accomplished so little, but that they have accomplished so much.

Also, that understanding will hugely facilitate if you go farther and consider whether in their place you would have done exactly the same, or even less well. You are hungan as they are, your means and capacity are limited as theirs are, perhaps even more limited. When you estimate the complication of circumstances and put ourself, your own blundering, mistaking, regretting, ever recommencing self, right into them, your tolerance for the failures of others will be immensely increased.

For this is the best cure of all, instead of dwelling upon the faults of others, to give a little attention, or even a good deal of attention, to your own. It is really quite as easy to find flaws in your own large field of life as in others', in fact, much easier, since you are even more familiar with your own mistakes than with theirs. The trouble is that it is much less agreeable. This little unkindness, that little social awkwardness, the sharp, harsh word you uttered yesterday when a small matter went wrong it is much more unpleasant to remember none than to point out a friend's shortcomings. It is, however, much more profitable. Those were wise words of Orlando's, the good wrestler to good lover, and the good friend: "I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults."

IN SCHOOL DAYS

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning,
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by rapa official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial.

The charcoal frescoes on its wall,
Its door's worn sill betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at selling,
Lit up its western window panes
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school was leaving.

For near her stood the little boy,
Her childish favor singled,
His cap pulled lower upon his face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered,
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes, he felt
The soft mouth's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because," the brown eyes lower fell,
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-like face is showing
Dear girl! The grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss
Like her—because they love him.

Whittier

MEMORIES OF SIXTY YEARS AGO

Mary and I accepted the invitation of the School Trustees to visit the new High School building on Saturday evening, October 22, with the rest of the people of our town. My what memories clustered about me as I stepped into what was Fairview Place, the family residence of Grandfather Sidney Smith, of which he was so proud when he saw it completed sixty years ago.

But, I must tell you it took me back farther than that. I remember distinctly years before that fine old mansion for years the finest residence in Acton was erected. I can recall when we lads at school used to play "hare and hounds" through the underbrush which grew quite densely over the eight or ten acres which comprised the Smith property.

I recall one winter afternoon when a couple of the scholars were misbehaving in an unusually objectionable manner, and Mr Little's old laws seemed to have lost their power over them, that he said to Tom Lee "Tom, go over to Mr Smith's and cut me a couple of good stiff beech rods. I'll try them on these unruly chaps and see if I can't drive out their mischief from them." With alacrity Tom obeyed the master's order. The rods came back. They were about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, tough and straight. When Mr Little's got through with the culprits they were "laughing on the other side of the face." It was not often the old master used the rod, but when he did he obtained prompt results. A few old chaps about town and country can bear me witness as to this from their personal experiences, if they will.

But, before the Fairview mansion was erected there was a lot of work to do. Most of the stone was quarried on the farm of Mr D H Young, then owned by Sidney Smith. The site was across from where the old semaphore stood. The stones were teamed across the Grand Trunk Railway tracks, through the schoolyard, and on to the property where the new stone house was to be built. Shelters were erected along about where the Education Lane sidewalk now runs, and there eight or ten experienced Scotch stone cutter spent all summer long in cutting and dressing stone for walls, sills and lintels, and, I tell you, they did a lot of very fine work. This stone work always embellished this fine old home. I went up the other day in daylight to see how it looked in the transformed building, but, sad to relate, in the effort to provide the lighting desired for the new school rooms, the builders found it necessary to sacrifice much of the cut stone on the facade of the front and when the new doors were cut through. However, when the grounds are cleaned up and graded, and sodded, and flower beds are again planted, the place in its new dress will present quite an attractive appearance.

When Fairview Place was completed, Charles Sidney Smith, the only son of Sidney Smith, the lumberman, and Diana Allan, his bride of a few months before moved in and made it their home, the father reserving quarters for himself, though practically a member of the family. It is a matter of interest that Mrs Smith continued to be the matron of this fine home from the time she entered it in her bridal year, until her death, over a year ago. She graced the fine old place with her presence, and had a variety of experiences during the sixty years of her residence there. Times of joy, and times of sorrow, came. Her five children were born and her four sons grew up in Fairview Place. The dear little daughter, who stayed to bless the hearts of the home, fell asleep there, almost in her babyhood.

Sidney Smith went to his reward from the home he had taken so much pride in erecting. Charles Sidney Smith passed away rather suddenly in middle life. Col. Allan, father of Mrs Smith, breathed his last within its walls fifteen or twenty years ago, and one of the finest military funerals ever held in Halton paid honor to his memory. Mrs Allan, Mrs Smith's mother, followed a few years later. About two years ago, her third son, Arthur, was buried from Fairview. When Mrs Smith herself was borne to the tomb the light seemed to go out of the old home, and it seemed quite fitting that its long tenure as a private residence should cease.

While I have feelings of sadness because of the change, I find myself counting it a glorified change to see this fine old property now devoted to the high purpose of educating the boys and girls of the community for their future life work. Strong foundation stones will be laid here upon which to erect superstructures of usefulness in the professions, in business enterprises, and in living useful lives and conducting happy and helpful homes.

I loved the old place, because I knew it from the time of its creation, and I had the honor of enjoying the friendship of the inmates through all these sixty years, but I say to you in all the fidelity and thoughtfulness of an old man interested in the future of this native community of mine, and the betterment of its citizens as they come on from generation to generation, Fairview Place is in no sense losing dignity and honor, when it is devoted to the worthy purposes to which it has just been given.

Hallowed memories come to me from the past. Hallowed memories will come to hundreds who will yet be students within its walls, aspiring to lives of usefulness and honor.

The Old Man

THE LAYING HOUSE

It has been the custom to allow four square feet of floorspace per bird in the laying house and houses 20x20 feet or 16x32 feet are recommended for 100 hens. In actual practice slightly less space is often allowed, especially where birds of the lighter breeds are kept. The space required per bird diminishes in proportion as the amount of floor space in the house increases, an area of only three square feet per bird being not uncommon in large houses.

Poultry houses are with very few exceptions of frame construction. As a measure of permanence and cleanliness concrete floors are recommended and if properly built on a foundation of loose stone or cinders to facilitate drainage are most economical in the long run. Where temperatures range below zero a straw loft is advisable, since moisture from the birds tends to condense upon the cold roof over their heads and severe colds may result. The straw loft is supported by 1 inch by 3 inch boards, one inch apart, nailed to the under side of the joists and hinged in several sections to allow for easy cleaning and renewal of the straw. A depth of from six to eight inches of straw is sufficient under ordinary circumstances for an efficient loft. As large an area as possible is left open in front to give the maximum amount of ventilation during warm weather. An opening at least four feet in height and running the entire length of the house is recommended, the bottom half closed in by windows and the top wired and supplied with cotton screens, hinged to permit of opening when required. During the hot weather both windows and screens may be removed. The building is single boarded with the exception of back and ends which are single boarded on each side of the studding with building paper between, thus forming a wind-proof air space. If the straw loft does not extend over the roosts it is advised that the ceiling be boarded from the back to a point level with the outside of the dropping boards.

Blue prints of a house for 100 hens 16x32 feet, for a colony house 10x12 feet, and also a bulletin dealing with all phases of poultry house construction may be obtained free upon request from the Poultry Division, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ontario. H S Gutteridge, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.

GREATEST OCEAN DEPTHS

There is nothing pertaining to the ocean which more easily carries away the imagination than the sense of its profundity. "The Great Deep" that is the most expressive phrase by which to describe the sea. And yet when the first scientific measurements of sea depths were made there was probably a general sense of disappointment following their announcement. The ocean did not seem quite so deep when measured in feet, or fathoms, as when measured only by the elastic standards of fancy.

The deepest of the oceans is also the broadest, the Pacific. Its greatest depth, as far as known, lies about one-third of the way from Victoria, B. C., to Japan, where bottom has been found at the enormous depth of 28,027 feet, or more than five and one-quarter miles. The third greatest depth, 27,171 feet, is in the South Pacific near the Friendly Islands.

The greatest depth of the North Atlantic, and the second greatest depth yet measured, is 27,358 ft, just north of Porto Rico, in latitude 19 degrees 39 feet N., longitude 66 degrees 26 feet W. There are many profound depressions in this part of the sea basin between Cuba and the Grand Cayman there is a hole 20,562 feet, or almost four miles, deep.

Next after the Atlantic comes the Indian Ocean with a greatest depth, south of Java, of 20,352 feet. The Arctic Ocean ranks next with a record of 14,894 feet, between Spitzbergen and Greenland.

The China Sea is 14,097 feet in depth west of the Philippine Island. The Mediterranean's greatest depth is 14,432 feet, southwest of Greece. The greatest depth of the Black Sea is 8,587 feet; that of the North Sea at the Skagerrack, 2,650; that of the Baltic 1,390, while the Antarctic Ocean attains a depth of 14,847 feet in latitude 62 degrees 26 feet S., longitude 95 degrees 44 feet E., near the edge of the so-called Antarctic Continent.

HIS REBUKE

Mr Abner Jennings was never known to say a harsh thing to or about any one. His form of speech was invariably mild, and exaggerated statements were viewed by him as almost as reprehensible as lies. Once, in the spring of the year, when the Blueville roads were in a fearful condition of mud and mire, the team of a "travelling merchant" was stalled a short distance from Mr Jennings' house. The old man at once brought out his oxen and went to the peddler's assistance.

The team could not be instantly released even with the aid of the yoke of oxen, and the peddler, who was a man of high temper and little self-control, proceeded to vent his rage in language which first amazed and then disgusted the capable Mr Jennings. He bore it as long as he thought was necessary and proper, and then unhitched his oxen and went calmly home.

"I went to try and help him," he explained to his wife as he walked into the kitchen on his return, "but he talked so poorly that I came off and left him."

One day he caught some boys robbing his black cherry tree, and surveyed them for some moments in speechless disapprobation.

"Boys," he said at last, giving the culprits the sternest glance of which he was capable, "boys, I think you've been doin' very poorly!"

After administering that stinging rebuke, he turned on his heels and walked slowly away to the barn, and never referred to the matter again.

PUMPKIN PIE

The pumpkin has always been what the farmer calls a "stolen crop." That is, it seldom has a field to itself, but steals a little room here and there in the cornfield, keeping well hidden all summer, and appearing only when the corn is cut in September. Few farmers do not recognize "pumpkin" as the finest adjective to apply to that delightful noun "pie" and find room for a few seeds of Cucurbita pepo, as the botanists call it.

The pumpkin is of the same genus as the various squashes, but it is not oddly enough, of the same species as the winter squash, which it seems most to resemble. Its brothers are the crookneck, scallop, pattypan and other summer squashes, and the inedible gourds none of which hybridizes or cross fertilizes with the winter squash.

There is an irreconcilable difference of opinion about the origin of the pumpkin. It is most probable that, like its constant companion, the Indian corn, it is a product of the New World. Certainly it is here that it has attained its fullness of growth and appreciation. In Europe the pumpkin that Canadians know is rarely found.

It is a long-season plant that does best in warm, quick soil. At a temperature of about fifty degrees, and with the stem left on, it will keep until Christmas, and of course much longer in dried or canned form.

In the old-time Thanksgiving dinner, the pumpkin pie held place hardly second to the turkey itself. Here is the receipt:

Remove the pulp and seeds from the pumpkin and cut the flesh into inch square cubes. Leave the skin on. Stew until dry and a rich brown color. Sift.

To make the pie, use one cupful of sifted pumpkin, one cupful of thin one-quarter of a teaspoonful each of salt, of cinnamon and of ginger. Mix these dry ingredients thoroughly, then add, slowly, one pint of rich sweet milk that is scalding hot.

Have ready a deep pie plate lined with pastry cut to turn up at the edge far enough to be pinched but scallops. Wet in cold water a strip of cotton cloth, one and one-half inches wide, and pin it round the scalloped edge. Fill the crust and bake in a moderate oven until the middle of the pie is quite firm.

THE NEED OF ADVENTURE

Persons who lead lives of which the greater part is given up to a somewhat monotonous routine usually look with envy upon those whose occupations insure them variety of scene and interest, indeed, for those stay-at-home persons the very word travel is synonymous with adventure. And there is a good reason why it should be, for adventure in its original meaning is simply a coming to something, or a coming upon something—the inevitable consequence of travel.

Travel is not a necessary of life to anyone, but adventure of some sort comes pretty near to being a necessary some measure of life in everyone there is innate as a part of life a craving for adventure, and it must be satisfied in some degree and by some means. A great problem in the modern world is to enable each person to have the adventurous career that is really essential to the life of the spirit.

Adventure need not be physical. Many a man fails to realize that his craving for adventure may find satisfaction within the four walls of his room. The great adventure in the life of one who is a distinguished man of science today was not in his arriving in New York City an immigrant Siberian boy all alone with exactly five cents in his pocket, his great adventures came in after years when through his persistent intellectual labor he finally hit upon the invention that made telephony possible or when later still he devised the means of broadcasting by radio.

Invention is adventure of course, and perhaps it is even more impossible for most persons than travel in all the seven seas. But intellectual adventure, adventure in scholarship adventure in the world of thought is open to everyone, and the persons whose lives have been rich both in physical adventure and intellectual adventure almost always testify that it was the intellectual "coming upon" new things that gave them the keenest excitement and the greatest satisfaction.

WHAT ABOUT IT?

A shopkeeper in a very small way of business was standing at the door of his emporium one day when a big motor car stopped close by and a stranger stepped out and approached him.

"Say, your name is Brown?" asked the stranger with a strong American accent.

"Yes, sir," replied the shopkeeper.

"And your father's name was Philip Brown?"

"That's right."

"Good. You're the man I'm looking for. My father's name was Smith and long ago he was declared a bankrupt, and your father was his principal creditor. Ever hear about it?"

The shopkeeper shook his head dubiously. "Before my time," he muttered.

"Quite. Before mine too. But my father never forgot his debts, and he made me swear that if I was ever able to do so and should come to Aberdeen, I should seek out Philip Brown or his heir and repay what he owed. There it is, every penny, that's my cheque for £270."

The shopkeeper took the cheque, gazed at it flowingly, and then turned an enquiring eye on the stranger.

"Well, anything the matter with it?" snapped the latter.

"No," replied the Aberdonian hesitatingly, "but what about the interest?"

COMEDY IN THE FOREST

Bonepart was a great warrior, but he was not a mighty Nimrod. The exploits of Napoleon I. with the gun, writes Mr. William A. Baillie-Grohman in the Nineteenth Century, must have been somewhat terrifying to his surroundings. He insisted on using very light, short barrelled fusils, with heavy charges, until one fine day his weapon burst in his hands and he had a narrow escape.

Except when he loosened off at sitting game or fowl, he never hit anything but dogs, beaters, keepers and generals, hardly ever returning from the chase without having bagged one of them. While he was partridge shooting one day a covey rose, and Napoleon blazed away joyfully, with the result that he hit Masena, his favorite marshal, in the ear. But the great man's presence of mind never forsook him, and he at once shouted, "Berthier, that's you who has wounded poor Masena!" And at that it remained, though Berthier had not fired at all.

Napoleon returned forthwith to Paris and ordered his physician, Larrey, to hurry to the wounded man, as "he had suddenly got ill."

"Leave forthwith," he added, "and give him this note."

The note ran: "My cousin, as soon as your health allows your departing you are to take over the supreme command of the armies in Portugal, and beyond this I pray to God to take you under His sacred and wise protection. Napoleon."

On another occasion a stag was killed before the arrival of Napoleon on the scene. Girardin, the master of the hunt, had some boughs cut and ordered the stag's body so posed that it looked as if the animal were alive. When the great man arrived on the spot he dismounted, and some one handed him a rifle with which he promptly "killed" the dead stag; but unfortunately also the lead hound in the pack. Then Girardin turned to Napoleon and informed him solemnly, "Your Majesty, the stag is dead." Whereupon the great man, while remounting, exclaimed, "Parbleau, and what else did you expect?"

COULD BE TRUSTED

Some boys can always be trusted, and others, alas! only, when circumstances are favorable to crime.

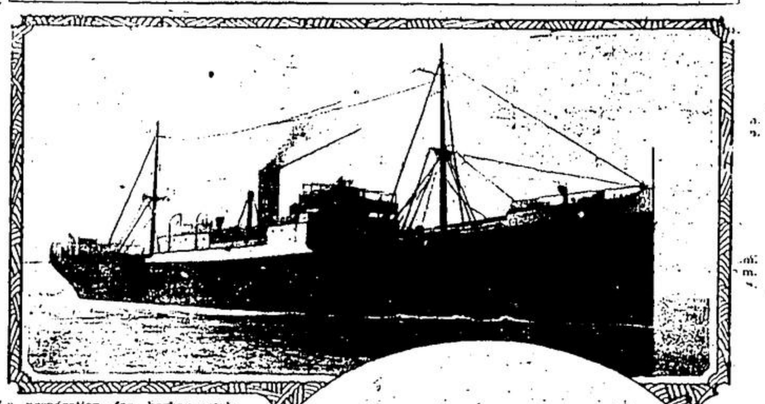
"I wish you would go to the store and get me a bar of soap," said little Johnny's mother.

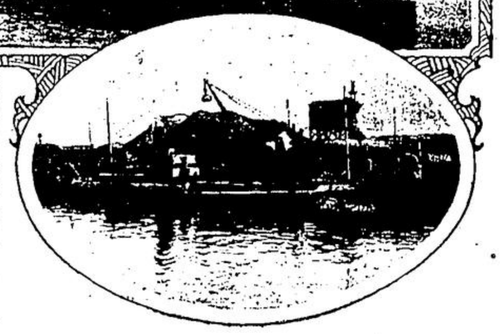
"Does it ache badly?"

"Awfully! I can't let a thing touch it."

"Then you may get a pound of raisins, too, Johnny." Good News.

VESSELS SAIL FOR HUDSON BAY





In preparation for harbor work which is to be carried on at Fort Churchill, the new terminus of the Hudson Bay Railway, the movement of coal and supplies from Eastern Canada by water is commencing. The S.S. Canadian Raider of the Canadian Government Merchant Marine fleet, has been commissioned to transport a cargo of coal from Sydney, C.B., while Hopper Barge No. 2, one of the government vessels, has been fitted out in Montreal under the supervision of C.G.M.M. officers for Fort Churchill work. Top photograph shows the S.S. Canadian Raider, while below is Hopper Barge No. 2, coaling at Montreal in preparation for starting her voyage northward.—Canadian National Railways photos.

Free Press Ads Bring Buyer and Seller Together

What is wrong with the tea? If this question is ever asked at the table you may find that the tea you are using was in a poor package. Careful experiments have proven that Aluminum is the only fit package to keep good tea in. You should try Red Rose Tea and see how fresh and brisk and pungent it is in the Aluminum package. 10T

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A. REESOR

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