1928			APRIL			1928
Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1928

WORK

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place, or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray—
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done, in the right way."
Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerfully greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

—Henry Van Dyke.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT

The proper diet of mankind is an inexhaustible subject for discussion. You can find authority, either admitted or self-proclaimed, on the every conceivable side of the question. There are vegetarians and praisers of meat; fruit and nut dietitians and high protein dietitians; no breakfast men and hearty breakfast-men. Not only what we shall eat, but when we shall eat it and how much of it we shall eat, agitate the cortices of physicians, dyspeptics, directors of physical training, and amateur efficiency engineers. A well-known medical journal has been polling its professional subscribers on the hotly disputed subject of the breakfast bill of fare. The verdict appears to be in favor of the old-fashioned breakfast. The "Continental breakfast" that has tried the souls and afflicted the stomachs of so many well-fed tourists from this side of the water got very few votes. The no-breakfast fad, which had considerable following in its day, found no one to speak for it.

"A substantial meal of fruit, bacon and eggs, toast or, as those of the South prefer, hot biscuits," was the prescription of one Kentucky physician, who had in mind not only the sustaining of the body but the reasonable satisfaction of the appetite. Not everyone can deal successfully with hot bread at breakfast. To those who can, current medical opinion would not, we observe, deny it. Too few of the doctors mentioned waffles or griddlecakes as an essential part of the morning meal. Was it because most of them came from regions where genuine maple syrup is unknown? Pie had no defenders; the lovers of that matutinal confection must still depend on literary rather than scientific authority. Ralph Waldo Emerson is their best advocate.

Substantial breakfasts for brain workers as well as outdoor workers were recommended by most of the doctors. When it came to the noon meal they divided. Some thought that the chief meal of the day should be taken then. Others spoke for a light luncheon and a hearty dinner at night. Some advised the office worker to eat almost nothing at noon—but to make up for it at dinner.

In general the opinions of the medical profession on the subject of food appear to be far from ascetic. They believe in giving the bodily furnace a fair amount of fuel, and in a generously mixed diet. Of course they are speaking for those who are not obliged to avoid any foods because experience has shown them to be harmful.

Those opinions will not weigh much with people who do not agree with them. Human beings will continue to eat what they like (so long as it agrees with them) at such times of day as are convenient; and, if it seems best to them, they will adopt regimens and practices that suit themselves and perhaps no one else; for, as we began by saying, diet is a fruitful source of argument, and what agrees perfectly with one is often distasteful and perhaps harmful to his brother.

"HEAVY VS. LIGHT FEEDING OF TURNIPS FOR STEER FATTENING"

In the Maritime provinces Swede turnips have been largely relied upon to furnish succulence in the ration of fattening steers. The question is often asked as to whether these should be fed in large, in small, or in decreasing amounts during the fattening period.

At the Experimental station, Charlottetown, P. E. I., data have been collected from several years work throwing some light on the above questions.

During the winter of 1916-1917 two pens of steers were fed one of which received a uniformly heavy amount of turnips during the entire experimental feed period. The second pen received the same as the first pen at the start of the test but this was gradually decreased until the completion of the period. It was found that steers in the second lot made greater and more economical gains than those receiving the heavier feeding.

During the winter of 1926-1927 steers receiving ½ pounds of roots daily during the entire feed period made gains as great as those receiving 30 pounds per day. With pens fed turnips at a diminishing rate during the test period there appeared to be no advantage in heavy feeding. Some slight advantage was noted between pens fed roots at a diminishing rate and those fed at a uniform rate during the experiment, the former making the more economical gains.

Pens fed turnips in any quantity or by any method made greater gains than the check pens receiving no turnips.

No direct data are available at this Station indicating the optimum amount of turnips to be fed.

Turnips exercise a decidedly beneficial laxative and tonic effect and under this reason if for no other their use is to be recommended.

SIMPLE PLEASURES

The stage-coach driver, who had pointed out many things of interest to his solitary passenger, flicked his whip toward a sign at the foot of a short, steep driveway. "Happy Brook Farm up there, you see," said he, genially.

"Block-farm?" inquired the traveller.

"Well, yes," said the driver, ruminatively, "yes, I cal'late that's what's what 'tis. They keep three cows an' make butter. Folks don't hanker much for it, after the first try, but I don't know as thatw either here or there."

"Where's the brook?" asked the traveller, craning his neck.

"Well, now, the brook is off a quarter of a mile or so," and the driver looked apologetically at his fares—"but I cal'late when you name a place you can't get everything cut and dried just as you want it. An' if you'd seen that whole family and the outlaying relations looking at the sign when they first got it up, I guess you wouldn't have felt to carp and criticise."...

"If ever there was a set o' folks well pleased with themselves, then they were."

'IF IT PERSPIRED

A farmer applied at a bank for a loan of $1000, relates Forbes, and during the dickering he said, "Well now, suppose at the end of six months this note 'perspires' and I ain't able to pay you, what then?"

"In that event," replied the banker promptly, "we'd make you sweat for it."

The Free Press Short Story

PETERSEN'S PRICE

BY CARROLL WATSON RANKIN

LITTLE Mrs. Hargrave, just six months married, and with all her worldly goods packed in a box car, was moving from Ontario to a small town in Michigan, to which her beloved John had already been attracted in business. This town, she learned on her arrival, boasted but one vehicle capable of transporting her numerous belongings from the station to the new home, and this rickety affair, drawn by a broken-winded horse, belonged to a Swedish drayman named Olaf Petersen.

"Be sure," John Hargrave, wise in city ways, had said to his young wife at parting, "to make your bargain beforehand with the van driver. Otherwise he'll probably overcharge you outrageously; they always do. It cost me exactly fifteen dollars to get all our stuff from the house to the car."

"I'll do my best," promised Lucy.

"I'm sorry I can't look after it for you," said John, stooping to kiss her, "but I've got to stay in town all day. Remember, Lucy, make your bargain first, and don't consent to paying more than fifteen dollars."

But when inexperienced Lucy broached the subject of charges to Olaf Petersen, all that stolid Scandinavian would say was:

"Vell, I don't know, meesis. I can't tole you yoost vat I schorge you until I got my yob feenish. I tole you then."

This of course did not please Mrs. Hargrave, but Petersen, stolid, obstinate and immovable, had nothing more definate to offer. As his ancient chariot was the only visible connecting link between the station and the Hargrave house, the young woman was obliged to make the best of an unsatisfactory situation.

But she began to worry at once. Petersen's cold, light-blue eyes, as the young woman pointed out with much perturbation to her mother-in-law, wore a shrewd, crafty expression; and his heavy jaw, large nose and firm mouth were, she declared, clearly indicative of stubborness.

How was she, a little scrap of a timid-eyed woman, afraid of a mouse, to drive any sort of a bargain with a great burly swindler like that? It made her simply ill, she declared, to think of it.

The moving began. The narrow dray, far advanced in its second childhood, sloped toward the rear so much that the carrying of anything on casters was a precarious matter. The distance fortunately was short, a matter of less than three blocks.

Petersen, with a long-legged, silent assistant to keep the furniture from sliding off the rear end of the slanting dray started in at seven o'clock, the morning of Mrs. Hargrave's arrival. Necessarily the loads were exceedingly small, consisting in many instances of one solitary article, such as a couch, a buffet, a table or a big armchair.

"My goodness," exclaimed Lucy, "if that man is charging us by the load, it will take a small fortune to get that carload of stuff moved to the house! John'll never forgive me if it costs more than fifteen dollars; besides, twenty is every cent I have. Oh, do you think it will take more than twenty?"

"Perhaps" suggested the elder Mrs. Hargrave, "he works by the hour. I've never moved, so I don't know how they figure."

"That would be even worse. That wretched old horse creeps like a rheumatic snail. At this rate it'll be midnight before he gets through. I'm having him leave everything on the ground floor, because I can't risk delaying him a moment by having things carried up-stairs. Hadn't I better tell him that twenty dollars is the very last cent I'll pay? He's just making those loads small on purpose. There he comes now with John's desk!"

"No," advised the elder woman, "let John settle with him when it's all done. You're no match for a great hulking pirate like that Petersen. He's made up his mind to rob you, and he'll do it; you can see it all over his face."

All day long, with a barely perceptible pause at noon, the weary, shambling, short-winded horse crawled miserably back and forth with insignificant, undersized burdens. All day long Petersen laboriously loaded and unloaded his groaning dray. All day long the shiftless assistant, with his blue-overalled legs trailing in the dust, rode at the end of the vehicle to keep the loads aboard, while Petersen led, drove or supported his raw-boned horse. All day long Mrs. Hargrave counted the trips, marking them down on paper.

At any rate, she would not, she declared, pay for any extra loads. She would show John that his income was safe in her wifely hands, even if she could not deal altogether successfully with a hardened sinner like Petersen.

The worried young housekeeper supposed that Petersen's working day would end at six o'clock, but it did not. As at noon, the interval between loads was merely a trifle longer than usual.

Twilight deepened and night fell. Petersen still labored, the horse still crawled, the assistant with dangling legs still assisted, the dray still threatened to drop to pieces as it rattled up and down the otherwise quiet street, and Mrs. Hargrave and her mother-in-law still industriously counted the loads.

"It'll take every cent of thirty-five dollars!" groaned Lucy, at nine o'clock, extricating a rocking chair from the heap and dropping disconsolately into it. "Oh, I do wish John would come, but I know he'll just hate me when he does! I wish I were dead!"

"His train won't be in for an hour yet," said the older Mrs. Hargrave, endeavoring to conceal her own anxiety. "But don't worry, Lucy. I can lend you ten dollars if you and John together haven't enough."

"Ten won't be a drop in the bucket!" groaned Mrs. Hargrave, forlornly. "Two men, a horse and a dray for fourteen hours, and the end is not yet. He means to make us pay for the men and the horse at so much an hour, and for the loads at so much a load. And look at this house! Not a single room settled, and goodness only knows where the bedclothes are! It's taken all my time to count the loads."

"Mine, too," admitted her mother-in-law.

At a quarter after ten John arrived, viewed the heaped-up furniture heard the story, and ruefully fished a handful of change out of his pocket. His naturally cheerful countenance had grown dismal. Lucy held her breath.

"Three dollars and forty-two cents is all I've got!" said John. "I don't want to find fault, Lucy, but I do think you might have made some better arrangements with the man. That shark will just skin us alive."

It is probable that Lucy would have wept at that point if the shark had not staggered wearily in at the front door at that moment, with a plane leg under one arm and a clothes-wringer under the other.

"Vell," remarked the drayman, adding these articles to the already tottering heap, "I tank I vor all trow vit my yob, tank goodness!"

"Now, Mr. Petersen," said John, putting on a bold front, "how much do I owe you?"

"Vell," responded Petersen, "it vor an awful hard day's vork—yoost awful hard."

"How much," demanded John, firmly, "do you want?"

"I vork, an' my horse she's vork, an' my man she's vork since seffen by the clock."

The Hargraves waited, but Petersen's tongue was slower than his horse.

"Well?" urged John, impatiently.

"I have von man hired to hellup me all day, an' of course I have got to pay heem, she's wages."

"I understand," said John.

"My horse she vor dead tired on she's legs—her van neffer before so tired as now," continued Petersen, mildly reproachful. "I tank I have to buy liniment for she's legs."

"That's too bad," returned John, coldly.

"I'm sorry for the horse, but we didn't agree to pay damages or replenish any live stock. Now how much do you want for moving the furniture? I warn you that you won't submit to being robbed."

"Vell," said Petersen, scratching his head reflectively, "I tank maybe you vas going to kick on my price, but it won't do you no good, vor I vont shang my price for nobotty. I makes my own price an' I sticks by heem, an' I won't not shange heem. Maybe you tank she vor too much, but I vill not—"

"How much is it?" demanded John, Lucy and John's mother, simultaneously. The strain was becoming unbearable.

"Fife dollar an' seffenty-fife cents altogether," replied Petersen, firmly.

REASONABLE EXCUSE

Professor Briggs, whom the late President Elliot called the "well-beloved dean of Harvard College," lately resigned his deanship. He is known beyond academic circles for his charming, humorous book, "School, college and character." The spirit of the book, its sympathetic and kind understanding of young men, and its great faith in them, is the spirit that has directed all his dealings with the students. A characteristic story has been recently told of him.

Shortly before the April recess a student went to him and asked permission to leave Cambridge three days before the recess began.

"What Mr. Molesworth, you know that though we might let you go any other time, the administerative board is very particular that men shall not leave before recess, and that they shall register promptly on the first day after recess."

"I know, sir, but my mother and sister and a friend of hers and my two brothers will sail for New York day after tomorrow, and as they are to be gone nearly a year, I'd like to see them off."

"I'm very sorry," said the dean, with his gentle smile, "but it would be breaking the rules to let you go."

The student looked very much crestfallen, and stammered, "But you know, sir, it's pretty hard. I haven't seen—seen my people for some time—and I won't see them now for almost—almost a year, sir."

Doctor Briggs smiled again and shook his head. The student left, his head bent forward in unconcealed disappointment.

He had hardly reached the outer door of the building when the dean came running to him.

"Mr. Molesworth!"

The dean took him by the arm and drew him into a corner of the hall.

"Mr. Molesworth," he said, confidentially, "you're not engaged to that girl, are you?"

The student looked up at him in embarrassed surprise.

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Ah! Well, that alters the case. Why didn't you tell me? You may sign off to-day."

Then Mr. Briggs returned to his office and examined some weighty academic document with great gravity, yet with twinkling eyes.

SOME CAUSES OF SOFT PORK

Just what factors are responsible for the large number of soft hogs which sometimes arrive at the abbatoirs are not easy to determine, and unless the origin of these hogs is traced back through the various trade channels to their source, the contributing causes cannot be established definitely. Lacking facilities to investigate the problem from that angle, the alternative is to establish feeding conditions, which from experience have demonstrated that they may be faulty, and by checking up on the carcases, determine if these are the actual faults.

It has been observed that many Western hogs produce soft sides, and as it is a common practice to use rather restricted rations, consisting, in many instances, of single grains, this information was used as the basis upon which to conduct the investigation. It must not be assumed from the above statement that poor judgment in the selection and use of feeds is limited to the West, as such is not the case.

Tests recently conducted at the Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa with such single feeds as ground oats, ground barley and middlings, and compared with mixed rations, indicated that single feeds as a class are more conducive to softness than well selected mixed meal rations. Also, it was found that the addition of buttermilk to these feeds decreased the percentage of soft sides.

Previous tests at this Farm indicated that corn or beans, when comprising all or a major part of the ration, had a tendency to produce softness, while on the other hand, the use of good grain mixtures, and the supplementing of the ration with milk or succulence in some form, counteracted in a marked degree any tendency towards softness.

There also appears to be an intimate relationship between the stage of maturity or the physical condition of the hog and the firmness of finishing Hogs which are unfinished or not carrying sufficient fat are frequently soft when slaughtered.

Evidence also points to the fact that unthrifty or poor doing hogs are fruitful sources of soft sides. Experimental Farm Note.

WON BY HIS WITS

The persistency of a street urchin who wishes to earn money is sometimes annoying, but generally excusable. Now and then it becomes amusing and almost irresistible.

"Say, mister, do you want your valise carried?" asked such a boy, running after a man who was hurrying along the street, evidently bound for the depot.

"No, I don't," answered the man, a little sharply.

"I'll carry it to the depot for a dime," persisted the boy.

"I tell you I don't want it carried," said the man, quickening his pace.

"Don't you?" said the boy, breaking into a trot to keep abreast of his victim.

"No, I don't!" said the man, glancing fiercely at his small tormentor.

"Well, then, mister," said the urchin, with an expression of anxious and innocent inquiry on his round, dirty face, "what are you carrying it for? Why don't you set it down?"

In spite of himself, the man's mouth twitched, and with a "There, take it!" he passed over the bag to his persistent companion, who staggered rapidly along without another word until the depot was reached, where he received the coveted ten-cent piece with a beaming smile.

"Say Dad"

DICK HAS A QUEER DREAM

"Say, Dad are your dreams ever wonderful?"

"Can—until the cold light of day strikes them."

"I certainly had a queer one last night. I went to sleep wondering why there's so much work to be done in this world."

"Your home-work was a bit weighty, I remember and so was the pudding at dinner."

"Oh, it wasn't only that, Dad. I was thinking how nearly everybody has to work all his life, and often very hard, just to have a place to sleep in, clothes to wear, food to eat, and a little fun."

"You're beginning early, Dick, to philosophize about life. That's all right,—but be sure you balance the bitter with plenty of sweet. How did this wonderful dream begin?"

"Why I found myself walking along a street in a strange city. It was morning, and a clock in a tower said quarter of nine, so I thought I'd better hurry to school. A tired-looking man was leaning over a gate, and I asked him where the school was. 'School?' he repeated. 'The last school was closed when we'd been taught all there is to know. As we all know everything, you must know that!' 'I thought the man was crazy. Pretty soon I felt very hungry, and realized that I'd had no breakfast. The gloomiest-looking woman I ever saw was sitting on a porch, with her hands turned palms-up in her lap. I asked her to tell me where I could get something to eat. 'To eat?' she replied, not even raising her head. 'Since they discovered how to make the air nourish us, there's been no eating or drinking, and no no eating or cooking food. You must be from another world, not to know that.'

"I didn't know what to think, and began to feel mighty queer! All of a sudden, I realized that I was in my pyjamas. No one seemed to notice it, but I ran over to a tailor's shop, and asked a man who was staring sadly out of the door, about getting some clothes?' "clothes" he mumbled. 'Since the invention of cloth that never wears out, I haven't even heard the word. Where do you come from?'

"Gee! I felt creepy, I can tell you! A block away I noticed a row of half-built houses, and lots of men standing and sitting and lying around. When I came to them, I saw that every one looked weary of life, or just blank. When I asked the least sleepy-looking of them why they all were doing nothing, he answered, without even glancing toward me, 'There's been nothing for us builders to do since material stopped rusting and decaying and coming apart. Where have you been since work was abolished?'

"I didn't know what to say to that. But I did know I wanted most awfully to get out of that unhappy city, where nobody seemed to do a thing but keep miserable. So I asked where I could get a car to take me away anywhere. 'There's no longer any reason for going anywhere,' said the man, dully. 'What difference does it make where anyone is, when there's nothing doing, and nothing to be done?'

"By that time I began to feel as gloomy and discouraged as the rest of them, but I couldn't imagine just sitting down and staring at nothing, as they did. So I hurried through the dead streets until I came to a house where someone was crying inside. The door was open, and I walked right into a big living-room. On a couch sat a girl, rocking back and forth, with her hands over her eyes. I asked her why she cried. She said, 'There's nothing else to do any more! Everything does itself, or else is done for good and all. I used to love to clean and dust—but things don't tarnish, and dust has been destroyed. I used to love to cook and set dainty tables, but no one eats. I used to love to make pretty clothes—but there are no more needs, and no one cares. I loved my garden, but now the flowers never change. Even the lawn stays clipped, forever!'

"'Say,' I cried, grabbing one of her hands, and pulling her toward the door, 'you come along with me—understand? I don't know where we are nor how to get away; but, believe me, we'll just keep on going until we come to a place where there's work to do, w-o-r-k, WORK! I used to think it was a kind of punishment. Now I see it's just the brilliant thing in all the world. Come along!'

"Well, Dad, I jumped out of that doorway so far that I fell out of bed. And the sight of my schoolbooks was so good, that I took 'em back to bed with me!"

"That was rather a wonderful dream, Dick. I'm going to put it into writing, so that you'll never forget a bit of it!"

WHOLE MILK VS. MILK AND SUBSTITUTES FOR CALVES

Calves must be well started. It is a well known fact that the very best possible start must be given to the youngsters. To secure information on that cost of rearing calves a feeding experiment was conducted with 36 calves at the Capital Experimental Station.

Experiment—The project consisted in feeding three lots of calves on different feeds until they were 24 weeks old: one lot received whole milk, the second skim-milk and a home-mixed meal consisting of six parts of corn, three parts oats, one and a half parts flax seed, by weight, all ground together, the third lot received Royal Purple calf meal, a well known commercial article. Besides these feeds, the youngsters had all the clover hay, swede turnips, and corn silage which they would clean up. The feed, both liquid and solid, was weighed to the half pound, twice daily, twenty, and twenty-four weeks.

Results. Calculating feeds at current prices of the summer of 1925 (whole milk $2, skim-milk 20 cents, Royal Purple meal $5, home-mixed meal $2.17, other concentrates $1.72 per 100 pounds, clover hay $9, corn silage $3, swede turnips $1.80 per ton) it cost to feed, until the calves were 24 weeks old, an average cost $49.03 for each one raised on whole milk while the figures were respectively $15.90 for each fed on Royal Purple meal, and $12.53 for each fed on the home-mixed meal. The cost per pound of gain was respectively 20.7 cents for whole milk, 7.4 cents for Royal Purple meal, and 6.26 for home-mixed meal.

Conclusions. Whole milk after the first two or three weeks is completely out of the question, from the point of view of economy, as feed for calves, and a good home-mixed meal is just as satisfactory and cheaper than Royal Purple meal. Experimental Farm Note.

No surgical operation is necessary in removing corns if Holloway's Corn Remover be used.

A TEXT FOR BOYS

The retired capitalist said he would rather not tell the reporter how he got his first start in life. "But," he added, "I will tell you how I got my first setback." He had been working faithfully at his job, he said, and was getting the rewards that never fail to come to one who sticks to his duty. But he had got about as far as he could where he was, and was looking for a place where the possibilities were greater. In due time he heard of just what he wanted.

I applied for the job, and was received by an elderly but very keen gentleman, who treated me kindly, and and told me finally that if they concluded to engage me they would let me know the next day. I knew that I never should hear from him, and I never did. Another man got the job.

Now, why didn't I get it? I learned why about two years later. Then, still working for the old concern, I went one day into the office of a house that we did business with, and got through the business all right, as usual, but when I was leaving, the man there, a good deal older man than myself, said, to me,

"Young man, the next time you come here I'd be obliged if you would leave your cigar outside the door."

Then it came to me in a flash why I hadn't got the other job. I was a smoker, and I had walked into that other man's office with a cigar in my fingers. It wasn't a bad cigar, but I had gone in to see him carrying a lighted cigar, which was contrary to good taste and good manners and good business.

It was clinging to my own enjoyment, and showing that I was a slave to a habit, or else it was showing that I was clinging to a small sort of independence that made me stick to that cigar even when I was going into the presence of a stranger. And he knew, of course, that if I would walk into his office with a lighted cigar, I would walk into other offices where I might be looking for business for him in the same way, into offices where my cigar would be likely to strike some other people just as it had struck him. And that would be bad business.

There was my apparent flaw, and he did not want to spare the time or take the risk of teaching me. So I never heard from him.

But I had learned my lesson from the man who invited me to leave my cigar outside, and I cut out smoking altogether when I was round on business. I hadn't lost any of my independence, but I had acquired some sort of sense of the courtesy due to other people, of the respect, in fact, due to them and their establishments.

TWO WAYS OF TAKING A SLIGHT

For several years Anna Norris and Dale had been schoolmates and pleasant friends. After the school days were over the two girls began to drift apart a little. There was no open rupture, not even a disagreement, but they had fewer interests in common. There came a winter when Anna had an especially charming guest with her, and gave a luncheon in her honor, to which all the old "set" were invited—except Rachel. Rachel felt the slight keenly; it was not easy to meet the surprised glances of the other girls, nor to acknowledge that she had not been invited. So when she came in one afternoon and found that Anna had called during her absence, she tossed the card into the waste-basket.

"She needn't think she can come around and make up now!" she said, bitterly. "She has shown me once for all how much she cared for my friendship, she shall not have the opportunity to hurt me again. It's ended."

And so a slight—possibly unintentional—upon one side and a proud acceptance of it upon the other blotted out the pleasant memories of four years, and came between two lives that might have had much to give each other in the years that were to come.

Such a pitiful, cheap, common little story it is, happening all about us every day! In shining contrast with it is the incident Bishop Whipple tells of a woman whose beautiful and gracious hospitality counted friendship too sacred a trust to be lightly broken.

"The mother of Chief Justice Swan was a friend of my boyhood, and a gentlewoman of the old school. She possessed rare wisdom. Once one of her neighbors gave a party to which all the distinguished families in the neighborhood were bidden except Aunt Swan, against whom a grievance was cherished. The night of the festivity Aunt Swan, in Quaker garb of mode satin and sheerest muslin, stepped into her carriage and drove to the house of her old friend. Making her way through the throng to to hostess, she said, with sweet dignity:

"'Friend Clarissa, thy servant forgot to leave me thy invitation, and it is by such little things that friendships are often marred, so I have come as thy old friend to enjoy thy hospitality.'"

It is needless to say that the breach was healed.

A COMPREHENSIVE JOB

The ambitious young metropolis in the far South-west already boasted of a college and a public library. A wide-awake young man entered the library one evening and said to the librarian, "I should like the privilege of looking over some of your elementary works on astronomy, geology, botany, metaphysics and commercial law."

"All at once?"

"Yes, sir, if you please."

"We close at half past nine o'clock."

"That will give me time enough."

"Pardon me for asking you," said the librarian, "but why do you wish to see so many books of that kind in one evening?"

"Well, answered the young man, after a moment's hesitation, "I am connected with the new college. I have found since arriving in town an hour ago, that I am professor of astronomy, geology, botany, metaphysics and commercial law. Recitations begin to-morrow, and I want to made good, at least on the rudiments. The college library is not open at this hour. That is why I am here."

POWER OF EXPRESSION

That so person has any special gift of expression, in speech, in writing, in drawing, or in music, should neither discourage him from trying to increase his power of expression nor cause him to undervalue the importance of expression as a means to success and happiness in life. Many persons think that power of acquisition is the first requirement for success and happiness, that the acquisition of knowledge, of wealth and friends if they could all be gained simultaneously, would be the surest guaranty of happiness. Perhaps they are right in so thinking, but they should not overlook the fact that the power to acquire depends almost as much on readiness in giving out as on latent taking in.

"Talk is cheap," is a cynical epigram, the application of which is often observed. But the talk that flows from sound knowledge of a subject and from a friendly and hospitable attitude of mind toward people and their work, is not cheap, not a gift to be despised. It aims for him the confidence and the giving of others, it enables him the more readily to market his wares, it enhances his personal freedom and opportunity of new opportunities.

As a man becomes known in his neighborhood for substantial quantities of character he finds increasing demands made upon his powers of expression. Whether he be member of boards of directors of trustees or a citizen who is drafted for public service of some sort, or an employer or leader in large enterprises, he has to cultivate his faculty for clear and persuasive expression. The man who early in life appreciates the importance of cultivation of faculties is not likely to be at a disadvantage under the demands that are made upon him as the years go on.

IT WAS UNANIMOUS

Dinner was over, the women had retired to the drawing room and the men over coffee and cigars were talking of love. Suddenly the host exclaimed

"Well, I'll tell you this. I have kissed the South Sea Island maiden, I have kissed the dainty Japanese maiden; I have kissed girls of Spain and France, but I tell you truthfully, to kiss my wife is best of all."

Then a young man across the table called out

"You're right there!"

Miller's Worm Powders destroy worms without any inconvenience to the child, and so effectually that they pass from the body unperceived. They thoroughly cleanse the stomach and bowels and leave them in a condition not favorable to worms, and there will be no revival of the pests.

You Can Quickly Limber Up Sore, Stiff, Swollen Joints

Even Chronic Rheumatic Swellings in Knee, Elbow, Shoulder or Finger Joints Yield to the Mighty Powerful Influence of JOINT-EASE.

It's here, right in town and E. J. Hassard and every live druggist has it.

It's a low price remedy, to be sure, but that doesn't stop it from taking the kinks, lameness or torture out of your troubled joints.

Joint-Ease is the name, so called because it is compounded solely for the purpose of relieving all joint ailments.

Just rub it on the tormented, lame joints and in just a few seconds it will penetrate to the bone and blessed comfort comes quickly.

It absorbs instantly and is so clean and stainless that you can rub it on often and get thereby results much more quickly, when the joint is inflamed and the agony intense.

Being such a powerful counter irritant, it cannot help bringing speedy and helpful results in congestion, sore throat, bad colds, lumbago and neuralgia much quicker than almost any remedy you can take.

But you must remember that it is for joint affections that it is mostly dispensed and its helpfulness will astonish you after all ordinary liniments and other treatments have failed.

Figure on GYPROC

For Your Summer Home

GYPROC walls and partitions will make your summer cottage much more attractive, comfortable and fire-safe. Gyproc takes any decoration—a perfect material with which to line your summer home.

Write for free book, "Walls That Reflect Good Judgment," on home planning with Gyproc, Rocboard and Insulex.

CANADA GYPSUM AND ALABASTINE, LIMITED
Paris Canada

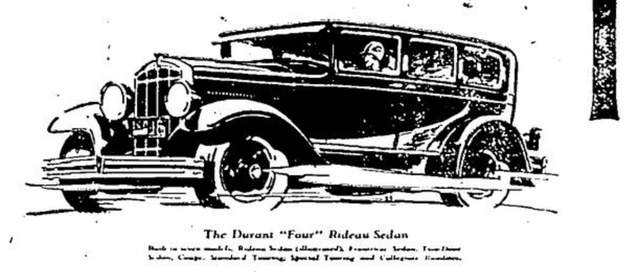
GYPROC
Fireproof Wallboard

For Sale By

J. B. McKenzie Acton, Ont.
The Georgetown Lumber Co., Ltd. Acton, Ont.

"Establishing a New Standard in Automobiles"

The New DURANT 4



The Durant "Four" Rideau Sedan

Built in seven models, Rideau Sedan (illustrated), Prominent Sedan, Two-Door Sedan, Coupe, Standard Touring, Special Touring and Collegiate Roadster.

Of striking appearance . . . because of the new radiator . . . long body . . . wide doors . . . low, sweeping fenders . . . cadet visor . . . and attractive Duco colors . . . the Durant Four performs as well as it looks!

Maintaining those splendid qualities which have firmly established the Durant products as "quality" automobiles, such as the Red Seal Continental Motor with its superior engineering principles . . . the Durant Four offers the greatest value, the longest and most economical service that modern skill can devise.

The Durant Four is awaiting your inspection . . . your criticism . . . your judgment . . . at your local Durant dealer's. See it! Drive it! Then compare it!

Built by
DURANT MOTORS OF CANADA, LIMITED
TORONTO - CANADA

DURANT

Rugby Trucks, Four and Six Cylinders; Capacity 1 ton and 1½ tons C1428

L. E. ATKINSON---Acton, Ontario

It Pays to use

MARTIN-SENOUR

100% PURE PAINT AND VARNISHES

A special product ~ for every purpose ~ for every surface

100% PURE PAINT for exterior or interior
MARBLE-ITE for hardwood floors
NEU-TONE the flat washable paint
VARNOLEUM for Oilcloth & Linoleum
WOOD-LAC stain for floors and furniture

Write MARTIN SENOUR CO. Montreal for new Booklet "HOME PAINTING MADE EASY" Free on request

for Sale by

W. D. TALBOT
Mill Street, Acton

51