

1929		1928	
MON	TUE	MON	TUE
1	2	1	2
3	4	3	4
5	6	5	6
7	8	7	8
9	10	9	10
11	12	11	12
13	14	13	14
15	16	15	16
17	18	17	18
19	20	19	20
21	22	21	22
23	24	23	24
25	26	25	26
27	28	27	28
29	30	29	30
31		31	

**The Acton Free Press**  
THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1928

**QUALITY IN BUSINESS**

Sam Walton dead in Boston, etc. Well say. It doesn't seem hardly more yesterday than he was here in Silver Lake. An "him" and "me" was a neighbor, like a friend.

He never did much talk, Sam, but his stock-in-trade was all they claimed to be. That's what made him so important when all was said.

Sam's business just went straight ahead. Right soon he built a bigger place and then, still prospering, he took the notion when the boy got old enough to help him.

The city'd be some better for them now. He's never made a splash, but all the time his goods went up to scratch and let his name.

Spelt himself, an' when Sam Walton died I guess his heirs'd all be satisfied.

What I could hear him now protesting. A hint of pettish consequence. DANDY me!

MR. PEASELKE ON PRICE AND VALUE  
"An't Judson Knapp," asked Deacon Hyne feebly, "a mile disposed to put a figure of value onto things that's bought and fetched here from away over things that are raised right in Dilmo?"

"What's brought that to your mind just at this time?" asked Caleb Pease, looking up from the books he was reading.

"Something he's gone and done in the matter of a sheep," replied the deacon, turning a ram for ten dollars Judson almost turned up his nose at it; and he sent away and got one—just as he had done at his place when I was there—and to my mind it ain't so well pointed a sheep nor so fine woolled as the one he's got to have said what I did, but I really wanted to know why he bought that thing instead of an' a I up in 'em."

"Caleb shook his head vigorously and waited.

"Said he did it because he wanted a superior kind of sheep for the deacon announced; and when I put it to him to point out where this one was better than the one he brought out from away over for it." Deacon said that one of his for ten dollars, he says, as if that settled the whole matter, and how at what time one cost me! Over five times that, counting getting it here and all!

"Well, you've known them all for some time. How that you happen to disagree with him on that one?"

"I'm not sure," said the deacon, "but I think you're right. He's got a good deal more than that one of his for ten dollars, he says, as if that settled the whole matter, and how at what time one cost me! Over five times that, counting getting it here and all!

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**The Free Press Short Story**

**REMEMBERING AUNT ANN**

BY LULA LINTON

SOME incident would be bound to come to mind when I think of Aunt Ann. It isn't only half awake, she thought instinctively that the family next door had begun their Friday evening at an unusual hour—opening their eyes, she stared at the rough board ceiling ahead, and then the sun-learned creeping through a knot hole in the opposite wall—and remembered with a happy shudder that she was far from home in the city.

She began to dress, for the days in camp were so precious that she did not wish to lose one moment of them.

Mrs. Graydon, her hostess, heard her slip and slipped a letter under the door. "Here's a letter for you, dear!" she called. "Jackson roared across the lake early this morning to get the mail."

That was the excitement of getting ready for the High School commencement, and then commencement week with all its gay hours filled to the limit.

After that had come the invitation to spend two weeks at the Graydon's summer camp. The last ten days had been brimming over with the pure joy of living.

But why had Aunt Ann written? Surely she had not written to her because she had failed to remember. Ruth had grown up with the impression that Aunt Ann was a miserly, ungenerous, unkind woman.

"Dear Alice," I am writing to express to you my thanks for your remembrance of my birthday. All three of the packages arrived on the morning of that day, and I wish to assure you that I greatly appreciate your thoughtfulness.

Your great-aunt, Ann Vincent.  
"My three packages?" What in the world does that mean? Then suddenly Ruth remembered that she had been given a package by her mother—and Aunt Helen and Aunt Grace!

"Well, you've known them all for some time. How that you happen to disagree with him on that one?"

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**"Say Dad"**

DON'T BE "MOM" A HOY"



Listen to some of the funny names of the little towns along the road. Ruth had flitted the queer postmark on Aunt Ann's letter.

"Do you really go through Joseph?" she asked. "That in Aunt Ann's post office address, and her farm lies just beyond the little village. I remember going there once with father. I thought that it was across the 'world' from home then, but can't get used to the way your car annihilates distance."

A little later she caused consternation by announcing calmly, "Girls, I'm going to stay with Aunt Ann while you go on to Great Caves." No amount of expostulation or argument seemed to affect her decision, and Irma rushed to her mother for help.

"Make her give up this foolish plan," she said. "There's been wild to go, and I can't understand her. She acts so different. Come and talk to her, and make her see that it is all foolishness."

"Let her alone," said Mrs. Graydon gently. "I think that Ruth knows best." If Ruth's high courage wavered when she stepped from the car to the roadside where the gate opened into a large, and where the mail box bore the name, "Ann Vincent," she would let the others know; she waved gaily to them as she rolled away. Walking toward the big, square white house with its green shutters, she remembered that far-away day when she had trotted up the lane by her father's side, and Ruth's tight to his strong hand. Something like a sob caught in her throat as she thought of the many times that his dear feet must have passed this way.

There was no sign of life at the front of the house, but hearing voices, Ruth followed the walk to the rear. A man in working clothes was starting from the pump toward the back gate, and Ruth was satisfied to be just a boy—a fine boy and woman called after him. "And if you finished that south patch, you will have time to work the garden over before supper!"

"I didn't intend to hurt you—just as you don't intend to hurt old folks by thing you say. We children often hear just what you're bearing. No one says, 'You're only a man'; but their looks and manner say, 'You're only a poor bookkeeper, while I'm a wealthy manufacturer.' You're only a business man, while I'm a 'retired' millionaire. You're only a foreigner, while I'm a Canadian."

"All of which, of course, is very silly and very vulgar. Remember, Dick, most persons who look down on others don't do so because they're really tall—but because they're out-of-door, and the rugged beauty of nature, will find a holiday very much to his liking."

What her uncle said along your own tent or make use of the accommodation at the excellent tourist camp, this north country contains a number of health buildings for you. Tired nerves relax, days of padding harden muscles and give you a restful holiday. Ask any Canadian National Railway Agent for full information and literature on holidaying in Timagant. It will be glad to assist you on your holiday way. 51-2

"That's what you mean by character being the real wealth of a man. I do you mean to tell me that you did it to be fine, of course; but people count it a lot more in a man than in a boy."

"They feel that the man has less excuse for a weak character, as he's had longer to grow a strong one. But what others think of you isn't the most important thing. It's the way you feel about what you are, and what you will be. For my dear boy, you must never forget that before they reach a certain stage by day is not for boyhood merely, but for youth and young manhood only. It's for all your life until your last hour. And according to my belief, it's the start of what you must be through-out eternity!"

"Young and boys become good men, don't they, Dad?"

"A few. Science tells us, though, that the strongest impulses among people seem to be planted within their minds before they were ten years old. Some trees that start twisted and crooked, by careful pruning and training grow up fairly straight in their old age; but most trees and men that begin crooked stay so. It's a wise young tree and a wise man that keeps straight until the very end of his life."

"I'll stand, Dad—and the harder it'll be for the sheers to look at me from the top and cut me only a boy, eh?"

"Never mind their 'onlies'—you're Dad's only son, and that means more to him than you can imagine!"

"Of higher education for girls?" Aunt Ann finished. "I don't—for all girls. Maybe I've been better off that way. You see, I had wanted to go away to school and finally father had given his consent and I was going to depart, but mother died in August. I couldn't go away and leave father and brother alone, so I decided to wait. Before long father had expired every field, brook and woodland of the old farm, and Aunt Ann had answered all of Ruth's eager questions about her father, and she was enjoying the life's frank comradeship more than she had ever before enjoyed anything in life again."

Ruth felt no regret over the trip that she was making. She had been in the room that had been her father's, and was standing the next morning by the window looking across the fields and woods, thinking of him, when Aunt Ann came in.

"You look just like your father, child," she said, putting one hand almost timidly on the girl's shoulder, "and I am glad. Since yesterday I've made a decision. I am going to rent the farm and move to the state university town, and I want you to stay with me during school terms for the next four years, and attend the university."

"But—I thought—you didn't approve?"

**WHY FOLKS HARRY UP**

A friend said to me recently that he had to take his hat off to the paint manufacturer in the way motor in which they have "put over" the paint habit on the people. His reference of course was to the "have the surface" campaign, which he regarded as a great advertising triumph. We have no wish to minimize the value of the campaign, but we think it is correct to say that it was not the only factor in bringing about the increased demand for paint.

Two other factors as well must share the credit. One, the increase in aesthetic interest which was already spreading among the people when the campaign was inaugurated, so that seed fell on prepared soil, but perhaps even more important than this, the daily increasing competition between individuals and between communities to make their immediate environment more attractive for business reasons.

In the merchandising world competition was never more keen than it is to-day. To increase his trade every merchant is compelled to think of things that did not seem necessary 10 or 15 years ago. The shopping opportunities of the average person have been increased by the invention of the motor car, which has also widened the area of the average store's customer prospects.

As a result, merchants have found they must do more than they formerly did to make their stores attractive and this incidentally has led to a greater use of paint.

And to-day, there is competition between paint manufacturers. Each one another in an effort to make themselves attractive to the eye. In the old days it did not matter much from a local business standpoint, whether a town looked well or not, for not only were there little civic pride in the town, but the stranger who visited a place were few in number. The order of things has completely changed in this respect. There are a hundred or more visitors to every town nowadays for every one that the place had in the days before the motor car, and it is the consciousness of this fact, very largely that induces the average citizen to grow flowers, to encourage the improvement of his "have the surface" campaign.

The "have the surface" campaign, of course, is not a new thing, but it is a protection standpoint and no doubt this effort left its mark, but the feeling of the present is a different one. It is increasing as an aesthetic one and that is based on a growing appreciation of the delight that is found in beauty and the dollar and cents value beauty has as a help to making sales.

"And now," said the eager English professor, "who can tell me what a myth is?" "I can, sir," answered the fresh, from biology. "It's a female moth."

**LOST FROM CIVILIZATION IN 3 MILLION ACRES OF FOREST**  
In the heart of the Timagant Forest Reserve, miles away from civilization, the vacationist who loves the crisp, fresh air of the out-of-door, and the rugged beauty of nature, will find a holiday very much to his liking.

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**A FERRUGINEOUS PRESCRIPTION**

To Mary Carpenter belongs the honor of having been the pioneer of a movement which resulted in the establishment of industrial and reformatory schools in every large town in England. This is described in "Maid of Honor," so long very practical, but possessed of a ready wit and great personality.

A girl at the Red Lodge, one of the homes for girls established by Miss Carpenter, had a raised aversion to laundry work, and the weekly wash-day was invariably the signal for a seizure of the most alarming kind.

She became absolutely rigid, foamed at the mouth, and trembled altogether in a most abnormal condition.

Miss Carpenter's observant mind took cognizance of these regular seizures, and in her own practical fashion she formed her conclusions and determined on the remedy required.

Having sent for the doctor, she saw him alone, and requested him to indicate the symptoms and to approve her proposed method of treatment.

"I have been strictly investigating the nature of these fits, doctor," she said, quietly, as they stood together by the bedside of the apparently unconscious girl, and I find that the most efficacious cure is the application of a hot iron to the forehead of the patient."

The doctor acquiesced with a professional gladness that did him great credit. Turning to the nurse, Miss Carpenter said, sharply, "Heat that poker red-hot immediately."

The prescription alone was instantaneous. The girl sat up and began to speak. There were no more fits on wash-days.

"I can, sir," answered the fresh, from biology. "It's a female moth."

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**GEM OF THOUGHT**

Even from a selfish point of view it is more profitable to help others up than to try to keep them down. With the rare by your own feet, never by trying to hinder others in their course.

We are so much brothers of one another that we must learn how to live together, and we shall perish together, W. H. Mallory.

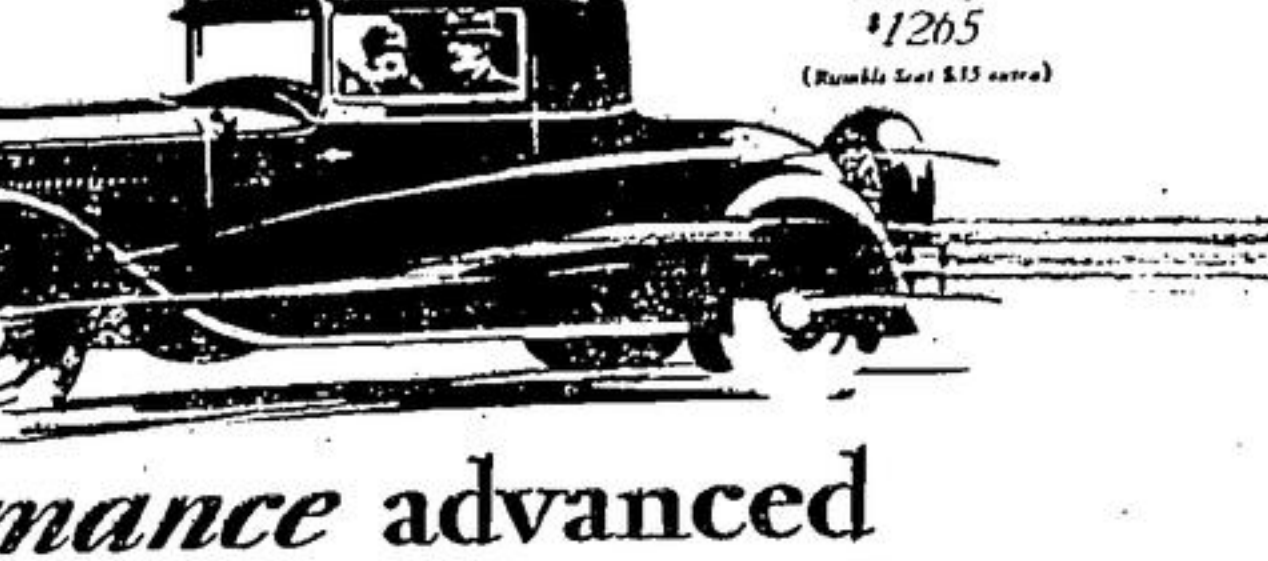
The curtain that screens the household gods from the eyes of the vulgar and curious, are not veils of face, but of discretion.

**Used Tractors**

FOR SALE  
1 Fordson, run one month.  
1 Stanley, run one season.  
1 Tomboy, run three seasons.  
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HANNA BROS.  
Humbly Distributors  
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If you want the very best, ask for Red Rose Orange Pekoe  
In clean, bright Aluminum

**Color** the spirit of the new  
**HUDSON VOGUE**



and performance advanced to thrilling new Limits  
\$1600 UP  
1164cc Chassis \$1625  
1274cc Chassis \$1700  
Standard Sedan - \$1860  
Custom Victoria - \$2120  
Custom Landau Sedan - \$2300  
Custom 7-Place Sedan - \$2590

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