JULY						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	31				

The Farmer Free Press

THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1928

DON'T SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

If with pleasure you are viewing any
work a man is doing,
If you like him, or love him, tell him
now.
Don't withhold your approbation till the
pastor makes oration,
And he lies with snowy lilies on his
brow;
For no matter how you shout it, he won't
really care about it,
He won't know how many teardrops
you have shed.
If you think some praise is due him,
now's the time to slip it to him,
For he cannot read his tombstone when
he's dead.

More than fame and more than money
is the commend, kind and sunny,
And the hearty, warm approval of a
friend,
For it gives to life a savor, and it makes
you stronger, braver,
And it gives you heart and spirit to
the end.
If he earns your praise, bestow it; if you
like him, let him know it,
Let the words of true encouragement
be said,
Do not wait till life is over and he's
underneath the clover,
For he cannot read his tombstone
when he's dead.

Neighborhood News

GEORGETOWN

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner, of Galt, are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Whyte.

Major Cousens, Major Grant, T. P. Grieve attended the funeral of the late Col. Mutrie at Rockwood on Thursday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Melville Halliday and daughter, Kathleen, of Niagara Falls, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. O. N. Cooke.

We are pleased to see that the Council are mending their ways. A number of holes in the pavement have been filled during the past week.

We congratulate Mr. Roy King, leader, and the members of the Band, on the splendid music supplied at the Oddfellows' decoration services on Sunday last. —Herald.

ERIN

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McCaig left on Monday for Scotsguard, Sask., where they intend spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Robinson and daughter, June, moved to Guelph last week, where Mr. Robinson is employed.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Pridd and three children, of Hamilton, were Sunday visitors with Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Elgie.

A number of men commenced work on the new road job on Tuesday morning, preparing for the curb and placing the pipe line for water for the job.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Arnott, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hough, of Rochester, N. Y., spent the week-end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Ridler.—Advocate.

OAKVILLE

Evening service is being dispensed with in Knox Church during July and August.

Harry Wiffen has returned to town from a six-months' visit in England.

Capt. and Mrs. Hillx, the new officers for Oakville, were given a warm welcome by the local Salvation Army Corps last evening.

Wm. Anderson is back to town from Oshawa, and is again busy at the rubber factory, which is being made ready for business again.—Star.

Seventy-seven candidates wrote at the entrance examinations this week. Thirty-eight were from Oakville Public School.

Col. Alan and Mrs. Ross, Lakeshore, entertained the officers of the First Battalion Machine Gun Corps, of Toronto on Saturday.—News.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Drummert, of Ottawa, were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Elliott, of town.

The Herod Construction Co., of Mimico, have been awarded the contract to erect the 50x100 foot brick addition to the Dominion Wine Co. factory.—Record.

BURLINGTON

The many friends of ex-Councillor Buzby will regret to hear he is ill at St. Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton, and will hope for a speedy recovery.

Mr. A. T. Lowe, manager of the Royal Bank at Calgary, Alta., is spending a few days here with his mother, Mrs. E. Lowe, Pearl Street.

Miss Mary Hoffman, of Perth, has been appointed teacher of mathematics in the School, to succeed Chas. Chambres, who resigned.

Dr. A. E. Harris, Prof. of Phychology of the Eastern Baptist Theological Seminary, of Philadelphia

The Free Press' Short Story

THE END OF A LAW SUIT

BY P. A. MITCHELL

My friend Jernegan came into my law office one morning and said to me:

"Tom, my affairs have been in the hands of Turner & Swift ever since my dad died, and they have got them into a frightful snarl. They now tell me that I'm likely to lose everything. I've concluded to take the management of the estate out of their hands and put it in yours."

This seemed to me like a doctor called in to save a patient that had been given up by another doctor, but Jim Jernegan and I had been chums, and I couldn't refuse him. A tin box full of papers arrived at my office, the box being marked, in gilt letters, "Estate of James R. Jernegan," Jim's father, and I proceeded to an investigation.

The deceased had made a fortune by a land speculation in which he had had a partner named Hausman. The two had quarrelled, each claiming the lion's share of the property. This had started a lawsuit which had been inherited with the property by the heirs. The value of the land had increased, but the costs of the suit had increased proportionately. Hausman, before his death, had transferred his interest to a man named Starkweather, and Starkweather had died, leaving it to his only child, a daughter.

I found my client absolutely ignorant of the condition of his interests in the property. "Don't talk to me about it," he said. "I know nothing of law. That's what I hire you for." So I was obliged to work out the puzzle unaided. I found that there were just two interests in the property — Jim's and Starkweather's daughters. The lawyers had been playing these two interests off the one against the other to make business for themselves. I would have brought about a settlement, but the rascals had got the matter so tangled that this was impossible. There was but one way to effect such a result, and that was by a union of the two opposing interests. Since one of the parties was a man and the other a woman this might be effected by marriage.

But I saw no hope in such a solution. The woman might be old; she might be homely; she might be a virago. And even though she were young and attractive I knew that Jim would never marry. When twenty-two or twenty-three years old he had been jilted by a girl he loved, and this had made him a confirmed woman hater. He was now thirty, frequented clubs and had no home. I think that he would have liked a home, but could not have one without a wife, and he had no confidence in any woman.

However, I determined to have a look at the person who was fighting Jim for the estate and ask her if she would accede to something of no real importance as an excuse to call upon her. I found a woman of about twenty-seven, handsome and apparently otherwise attractive, except that her disposition did not seem especially amiable. But whether this was natural to her or had been engendered by her fight for affluence in lieu of poverty or some other cause I was ignorant. Beyond this defect, which I was obliged to admit was serious, there was no reason why she should not make a husband happy.

I determined to broach my plan to her. Beginning with a statement of how her lawyer had played off her interests against those of her opponent, I entered into a detailed explanation of the tangle into which the two interests had been brought and finally ended by saying:

"There is but one way in which the property can be saved. The two interests should be united in one person."

"How can that be?" she asked in wonderment.

"By marriage."

"Then all I have to say is that the property will be sunk."

I made no rejoinder, but, gathering up some papers I had brought with me, took my leave. Any attempt to bring two such persons together would be evidently futile. The lady was as much in the hands of her lawyers as Jim had been in the hands of his. She knew nothing about the condition of affairs until I made my statement to her. She did not even know who was her opponent. Until I informed her she had no idea how she had been used by her lawyers or that she was in danger of poverty, for they had kept her supplied with an income taken from the principal.

I was not surprised, then, when in a few weeks I received a call from her at my office.

"Would a legal marriage," she asked, "with this man who is endeavoring to cheat me out of my property, without my living with him, bring about a settlement of this suit?"

After some thought I told her that would help matters very much. I told her this not being such a marriage [illegible]

an amicable match, but since this plan had failed I declined to approve the plan—Jernegan had assented to it on account of an immediate pressure for funds.

The lawyer begged me to go to his client with him and dissuade him from making a marriage that was contracted in enmity. I consented to do so, and when we met her I confirmed what he said about the probable evil effects of such a marriage.

"I believe you gentlemen," she said, "and will responsibility in this affair, and I hope that you will give yourselves no concern about it whatever. My mind is made up. Good morning."

That ended the matter so far as we lawyers were concerned. But I took the precaution to tell Jim that the woman had relieved me of all responsibility in the matter and asked him to do the same. He said that something must be done to procure funds, for he was on the border of disgrace. No matter what resulted from the marriage he would not blame me.

The marriage—it could scarcely be called a wedding—was appointed for 11 o'clock in the morning. I went with Jim to the house. He didn't wear different clothes from his usual daily apparel. On the way he seemed rather melancholy. I fancied that he was thinking of the girl who had jilted him. When we reached the house we were shown into the drawing room. In a few minutes a clergyman entered. It seemed more to me as if we were to take part in a funeral instead of a wedding. We three sat without speaking till a rear door was thrown open, and the bride, in ordinary apparel, attended by an elderly lady, entered. She was evidently much excited and kept her eyes on the floor.

The parson and I rose, but Jim sat still. Turning to look at him, I saw on his face an expression of astonishment and wonder mixed. He seemed glued to his chair. Then, suddenly starting up, he made several strides to the bride and stopped before her. She raised her eyes to his, but there was no surprise in them.

"Mildred," he cried passionately, "what means this? Why did you—"

"I didn't."

"Did you consent to this legal union, knowing me to be the groom?"

There was no reply to this. Again she dropped her eyes to the floor. Jim looked at her steadily for a time without speaking, then, turning to the clergyman, motioned him to proceed with the ceremony.

All these months I had been working up the climax of a romance without knowing it. Had Jim permitted me to tell him anything about his legal opponent it would have come out that she was the girl who he considered had jilted him. Perhaps it is well he did not, for the unreasonableness of lovers is proverbial, and had he known the facts it is quite likely the climax might have been different.

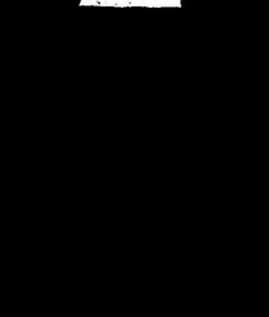
After my visit to Miss Starkweather she had investigated her affairs and learned that her father had come into possession of the interest in land owned by Hausman, who had been part owner of the land bought by him and Jim's father. In this way she learned that her lover, with whom she had quarrelled, was her opponent in the lawsuit. She had then taken her own peculiar way to effect a reconciliation.

I confess I was tickled to death at the result of my initiative, worked out by the marvellous method of a woman. Two estranged lovers were brought together, their estate was saved to them, and I pocketed a $10,000 fee.

Wise and experienced mothers know when their children are troubled with worms and lose no time in applying Miller's Worm Powders, a most effective vermifuge. It is absolute in clearing the system of worms and restoring those healthy conditions without which there can be no comfort for the child, no hope of robust growth. It is a most trustworthy worm exterminator.

VERBOTEN

A writer in the Independent has an amusing article on public restrictions in Germany, or as he calls it, the verbotenland. He describes the bewilderment of an American who could only understand English, at being stopped outside the railway station, and requested to pay his fare, because it was forbidden (verboten) to stop in the station for that purpose. The traveller's feelings were hardly soothed, when he was told to [illegible] the [illegible]



AN OLD SONG OF THE FARM

Said Mrs. Smith, who lives in town,
"I envy Mrs. Farmer Brown,
She dozen't have to walk up street
For everything she wants to eat,
But opens wide the dairy door
And finds in there an ample store,
Of butter, cream, sweet milk and eggs,
Dressed fowl, veal roasts and mutton legs,
Cuts of bacon, smoke-cured hams,
And vegetables crisp and green
In cellar bins packed dry and clean."

Said Mrs. Smith, who lives in town,
"The independent Mrs. Brown
Has everything she can desire,
From plated rug to clothes line wire,
Home-made cheese and pails of lard,
Sheep's thick wool spun by the yard,
Cow-hide robe and soft goose-feather
Abundant fuel for wintry weather,
The trees cool shade in summer heat,
And fresh, sweet orchard fruits to eat,
Clear water springs right at the door,
And other luxuries galore.
Her simple tasks are done so gaily
And forth she goes at least twice daily
Down soft green paths and fragrant
bowers,
(And on the way she gathers flowers),
To bring the gentle cows from pasture
And milks with rhythmic sway and gesture."

Said Mrs. Smith, with longing heart,
"I'd gladly from this old farm part,
If I could live a charming life,
Like Mrs. Brown, the farmer's wife."

* * *

"O what's so rare as a day on the farm,
When you bounce out of bed at Ben's
alarm,
And dress and yawn, while you say your
prayers,
And sleepily stumble away down stairs
To start the endless round of chores,
Both in the house and out of doors!"
So said the optimistic John
As he pulled his old grey stockings on,
"What say you, wife, if we try, my dear,
To manage the farm alone this year?
You know last fall our wheat and barley
And banner oats were frozen early;
And as for thick, smooth hogs and
chickens,
The market price was low as the dickens.
So if you'll help me when you can,
'Twill save the expense of a hired man."

Said Mrs. Brown, with a smothered sigh,
"Of course, John dear, we can always
try."
So saying, she hurried away for the cows,
And fed the chickens, and hungry sows,
And carried wood and pails of water,
And tenderly cared for her little daughter.
Then started her work for the day in the
kitchen
She washed and baked and put many a
stitch in,
Besides the cooking of three square meals
And making pickles and darning heels;
In the afternoon, for two solid hours,
She hoed in the garden among the
flowers,
Then rocked her little one fast asleep,
And never had time to worry or weep,
For the evening chores must be done and
then
It's time to go for the cows again.
And just as the cows draw near the gate,
Old Rover, thinking they must be late,
Rushes in with a vicious bite,
And scatters them far and wide in fright.
In the wrong direction they madly race,
And Mrs. Brown and the dog give chase
Until at length they reach the fence,
And now, "If only cows had sense,"
But one goes under, and one goes through
And one goes under, as cows will do,
And away again, thro' fields of clover,
Followed by Mrs. Brown and Rover,
Who finally manage to get before
And turn them back towards home once
more

One afternoon, in early May,
Said Mrs. Brown, "I'll rest to-day,
At least for half an hour or so,
For I'm tired out, from head to toe."
But John came rushing in, just then,
Saying, "I'm off to town again;
I've broken the plow and must hurry
away
For the bank closes very early to-day
Will take me till dark to get repairs;
Please bring my other shoes down stairs,
You might water Doll, and feed
shoats,
And give old Sa[illegible]

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes; Household Ideas and Suggestions

By Betty Barclay

ENGLISH RAREBIT

1 cup stale bread crumbs
2 cups milk
Few grains cayenne
½ cup soft milk cheese cut in small pieces
1 egg
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon Worcester sauce

Soak bread crumbs in milk. Melt butter, add crumbs and cheese. When cheese is melted, add egg slightly beaten and seasonings. Cook 3 minutes, and pour over fried tomatoes or toasted crackers. Serves six.

VANILLA JUNKET WITH FRESH STRAWBERRIES

1 package vanilla junket
1 pint milk
Strawberries
Powdered sugar

Dissolve the junket powder in the slightly warmed milk, pour into dessert glasses, let set until firm, then chill. When ready to serve, dust berries with powdered sugar and fill up the glasses. Whipped cream may top the berries.

Oranges, pineapple, strawberries and the like should not be put into the milk when making junket, as the fruit causes it to whey. These fruits should be crushed, sweetened and placed on top as the dessert is served.

Blackberries or raspberries may be put into the dessert, also canned or preserved berries, peaches or other fruits.

SALMON CHARTREUSE

Boiled salmon
2 tablespoons gelatine
½ cup cold water
1 tablespoon chopped carrot
1 tablespoon chopped onion
1 bay leaf
2 tablespoons chopped celery
Juice 1 lemon
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains cayenne
2 cups water

Soak gelatine in one-half cup cold water. Put carrot, onion, celery and small bay leaf in two cups cold water; bring to boiling point; boil four minutes; add dissolved gelatine, strain, add lemon juice, salt and cayenne. Put a layer of this in the bottom of the mold; when firm, cover with pieces of cold boiled salmon (or, put on top of it, after gelatine has stiffened, a whole slice of boiled salmon), and pour over the remaining portion of the gelatine. Canned salmon may be used if fresh salmon is not at hand. When gelatine has stiffened, unmold on bed of lettuce leaves, and serve with mayonnaise dressing, or a sauce tartare, or green mayonnaise, made by coloring ordinary mayonnaise with parsley rubbed to a pulp.

OLD MISSION RAISIN CAKE

½ cup sugar, caramelized
¾ cup sugar
1-3 cup shortening
¾ cup hot water
3 eggs
2¼ cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup nectars raisins

Plump raisins drain and chop, using a coarse cutter. Caramelize sugar, dissolve with water, add butter and pour over remaining sugar. Add milk, beaten egg yolks and chopped raisins. Combine with flour sifted with baking powder and salt. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a greased square loaf cake pan and bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) Spread with caramel frosting.

CARAMEL FROSTING

½ cup sugar, caramelized
2 cups sugar
1 cup milk
½ cup water
1 tablespoon butter
½ teaspoon vanilla

Caramelize sugar to a medium brown and dissolve with water. Add to sugar and milk and boil until it forms a soft ball when tested in cold water or 238 degrees F. Remove from fire, add vanilla and butter and allow to cool. Beat until creamy and spread on the cake. If it becomes too stiff add a little cold milk

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No child should be allowed to suffer an hour from worms when prompt relief can be got in a simple but strong remedy —Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

Health Service of the Canadian Medical Association

REST

During the summer vacation when school is closed, there is a fine opportunity to change the usual routine of life that if followed during the school term. The idea is a good one in a general way, because the change gives a sense of holiday freedom which is good for every one, including the children.

Holidays are given with the idea that a rest for the body and mind is a good thing. The best results are had after periods of rest and relaxation. It would be that school children most receive the greatest benefit from their summer vacation, it is necessary that parents realize that sufficient rest is essential. It is not a kindness to allow children to stay up late at night. Sleeping late in the mornings does not make up for staying up late in the evening.

The necessary hours of sleep, with windows open, are:

Age	Bed-time	Rising
5— 6	6.30	7.30
6— 8	7.30	7.30
8—10	8.00	7.30
10—12	8.30	7.30
12—14	9.00	7.30
14—16	9.30	7.30

Children who have plenty of sleep who play out of doors, who drink plenty of milk, and who eat fresh fruits and vegetables are the ones who grow up strong and well.

Children who are not physically strong, who are not gaining regularly in weight, need extra rest, and they should be down for one hour at least after every meal.

Questions concerning Health addressed to the Canadian Medical Association 184 College Street, Toronto will be answered by letter. Questions as to diagnosis and treatment will not be answered.

Excellent for Croupy Children When a child is suffering with croup it is a good plan to use Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil. It reduces the inflammation and loosens the phlegm giving speedy relief to the little sufferer. It is equally reliable for sore throat and chest earache, rheumatic pains, cuts, bruises and sprains. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is regarded by many thousands as an indispensable of the family medicine chest.

EMERGENCY TREATMENT

Farmer Giles owned a large number of horses and had a great reputation throughout his county for the way in which he looked after them.

One day the farmer's little boy was accosted by a stranger

"When one of your father's horses is ill, what does he do?" asked the stranger.

"Do you mean slightly ill or seriously ill?" asked the boy cautiously.

"Oh, seriously ill. But what has that got to do with it?"

"Lots," was the answer. "If a horse is only slightly ill, he gives it tonic, but if it's seriously ill, he sells it."—Answers.

WHEN TIME ALMOST FLIES

"I have had so many troubles, my dear, that this year I have grown six months older."

SUMMER TERM

In each of Shaw's Twelve Schools follows the present Session in regular order from July 3rd, with no forced vacations. Enter any day. Booklet free. Write 1130 Bay Street, Toronto. H. Shaw, Secretary.

FIG-LAX
Nature's Own Remedy
A LITTLE PINK TABLET—EASY TO TAKE. NON-HABIT FORMING.
25c. and 50c. a box.
The safe remedy for CONSTIPATION

Robert's Syrup
of the Extract of Cod Liver & Tar
for COUGHS, COLDS and BRONCHITIS

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION TORONTO ONTARIO
Aug 24 to Sept 8
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largest spectacle; ele

Sleep Insurance for Sleepy travelers

If you are planning a trip by aeroplane, automobile, boat, bus, bicycle or railway train — surely your object is to have a good time.

The only logical end of a perfect day is a good night's sleep, and no time is a good time if you've got to wander around from pillar to post trying to find a bedroom. That happens too often.

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test anesthetic used if desired.