The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1929

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep!
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

And your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark.
Though I know not what you are
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by JUDY O'GRADY

According to the best authorities, system is the acme of good housekeeping. Of that I have not the least doubt but what floors me is, how, when and where is it ever possible for a woman on a one-man farm to plan a system and keep to it. It may answer very well where there is hired help in the house but system defeats its own ends when the farmer's wife is also chore-boy, gardener, chicken-chaser in chief and general trouble preventer. If you have any doubt about the matter listen to my recent personal experience—an illustration which is not meant to be an exception providing the rule but an almost everyday occurrence.

In common with the majority of farmer's wives I like, if I can, to bake on Friday's, clean Saturday's, wash Monday's, iron Tuesday's, etc., etc. Here is the result of my last planning. On Friday the wind was in the East, oven would not get hot, cooking sadly curtailed. Saturday a sixteen months' old heifer was terribly sick—medicine to be given with molasses every three hours and warm drinks at frequent intervals. Partner away in the field so I, preforce, had to give the drench, a job I had never tried before and I don't know that I am particularly anxious to try it again. Moreover it is almost a matter of opinion which got the best drenching, myself or the heifer. I seem to remember being drenched to the skin a good many times in my life but always with water, never before with molasses and milk. Imagine the mess I was in. Molasses on my hands, on the bottle, down the front of my dress and on my shoes and before I got to the sink there was molasses on every latch and door handle. In the ordinary way Cicely (the heifer) and I are the best of friends but there were certainly times last week-end when we were hardly on speaking terms and yet I was fool enough when she looked at me, with her great beseeching eyes, to put my arm around her neck and say "don't die, little heifer, don't die." We didn't expect to see her alive Sunday morning but she was, and is yet and apparently on the high road to recovery but she still takes up quite a bit of time.

On Monday it looked rather like rain and as I wanted to get the rest of my garden in I postponed washing and went right ahead with seeding. Tuesday morning I drove into the Nursery for the plants I had ordered. Four dozen tomatoes, one dozen cauliflower and two dozen early cabbage, also asters, balsam and petunias. For the archway, I got a root of pink rambler for one side and cobia vine for the other. After dinner I worked away like a Trojan and got them all in and then, oh joy, it started to rain and the plants are standing up as if they had never been transplanted. Wednesday, I tidied up the house in general and the kitchen and pantry in particular—I have the satisfaction of knowing the garden is finished and the heifer recovering but there, it is Wednesday night and no washing done, no cake in the house and nothing for dinner to-morrow as there is not much need to tell you what I'll be doing on Thursday. The question is how much should I have accomplished by keeping to system? Very little I am afraid but that of course is one of the joys of farming. Ah, who would be a farmer's wife? Who would, I would—why not? Doesn't every advantage have its drawbacks?

I shall never forget taking the children for their first visit to the city. We stayed five days and it was four days too long. The man of the house used to get up and get his own breakfast. The children, thirteen and fifteen years of age got theirs and took their mother a cup of tea. The rest of us had breakfast about nine o'clock, sometimes later. How to keep my children from disturbing the peace I did not know. One bright morning after they were dressed I let them out in the street. All went well for a while but presently I heard what I thought was an undue noise and looked out. There I saw Pat with a dirty wooden box to which he had tied a piece of string and was pulling it along the side walk like a sleigh. It was somebody's garbage box and it was not empty, which fact the tin cans loudly proclaimed as they rattled together or came hurtling out on to the side-walk. The state of my mind can be better imagined than described. When my "holiday" was at an end I was quite relieved to return to farm life its disadvantages were nothing and as for the children well, the first thing they did was to get on their kiddie-cars and ride round and round the room like something possessed.

No one enjoys a trip to the city better than I (now that the children are older). It is a splendid relaxation to attend shows, visit the stores, browse among books, old and new, hear good music, join in the crowd and catch fleeting glimpses here and there of comedy and drama, yes and tragedy, being enacted day by day, hour by hour here in our very midst. Yes, I enjoy it all from the crowd in the bargain basement to theatres at night but always I find the best part of going away is the coming home. Our city cousins enjoy pleasures and advantages which we in the country lack, pleasures created by man but here we have pleasures created by God. Should we not be content?

MARINER'S COMPASS USED LONG AGO

The origin of the mariner's compass is obscure. By some students the instrument was said to have been introduced into Europe from the East. Others say it was a Western invention. It was certainly known to European navigators as early as the twelfth century. Guyot de Provins, whose satirical "Bible" is supposed to have been completed in 1205, described 'a contrivance" of sailors which never deceived them. "They have an ugly brown stone which attracts iron," he wrote. "They mark the exact quarter to which the needle points, which they have rubbed on this stone, and afterwards stuck into a straw. They merely put it in water, in which the straw causes it to swim; then the point turns directly toward the (North) star, with such certainty that it will never fail." Guyot wrote about the compass as if it were a new thing, but other writings reveal that the English in the twelfth century had already mounted the needle in a pivot and so done away with the straw and water.

The Free Press' Short Story

Calling Out the Last Reserves

R. WALTER WRIGHT

"IT WAS the toughest thing I ever did in my life, possibly. I'll never have to do so tough a thing again. I just had to, though it took every ounce of grit I had," said Randolph Calder to two of his friends, Allan Watson and Milton Arnott, who had called to see him.

"Biggest surprise I ever had, couldn't believe it, why, you have sacrificed everything in that resignation." Allan had said when Randolph assured him that it was a fact.

"I thought everything was booming, you were going up steadily, and seemed always to like the place, and they spoke of you as a treasure," Milton had remarked in the same strain.

Then Randolph answered as above.

"A big quarrel with the management, I suppose, but I never thought you were much on a fight, Randy," exclaimed Milton suggestively.

"I thought they were about the tastest firm to work for in town," continued Allan.

"There was no fight with words, much less with fists. I was determined to be on the square with them, boys, and I just dropped out."

"I always think executives or managers take all responsibility for the squareness of things—we are only hands," answered Milton.

"But I am responsible for what my own hand does or does not do, and that is where the trouble was."

"I agree with Milt, we're just hands of the clock, the other fellows swing the pendulum, and if the hands do not show right time we're not to blame," said Allan.

"If you're sure the firm clock is wrong and your own watch right, would you not go by your own time? Just what I did."

"It's handy sometimes to leave your own watch at home," laughed Allan.

"Or keep it in the jewellery shop for repairs," added Milton, entering into his friend's merriment.

"I've done it, anyway, burned my bridges behind me—no retreat," volunteered Randolph, as the two boys went away.

"He won't say a word about what was really the matter. Don't you think he has something tucked up his sleeve?" said Allan when they were alone.

"Always a close-mouthed fellow, you never could tell just what he was thinking about," responded Milton.

"That's so, though I do give him credit for thinking for himself, he never seemed to do things just because everybody else did them."

"I know he always seems to carry something in the back of his head, has a little cash in his savings bank he never draws on, so to speak, eh?" and Milton, who seldom had such an experience, snickered as he spoke.

"Yes, reserves for an emergency," added Allan.

"Still," complained Milton, "a fellow is foolish to be a stickler over little things. Probably, if we know the whole truth, it was about something which didn't matter much, that another fellow would have passed on without squirming. You remember the fuss Randy made over that Sunday baseball match, put down his foot on it, though he had most of the fellows against him."

"Yes, I know, yet he acted the gentleman. He never tried to domineer the other chaps, went with them as far as he could, then broke with them entirely on principle, he said. Yet he never grouched over it, though he was the best player on the team, and they lost the game through his defection, and some of them felt sore enough at him. He seemed, when it was all over, to have, as you say, a little reserve a bit of character, or something, which made people respect him."

"Principle is all right, but it is like a lunch-box, and an umbrella, an awkward thing to carry sometimes, Al."

"Mighty handy, though, in an emergency I can tell you, Milt. I don't suppose it was a very great matter in this case. Guess Randy and Boswell had a bit of a tilt."

"A lot of mystery about it, will have to wait developments," suggested Milton.

For several years Randolph had been in the employ of a large financial establishment, of which Andrew Boswell was manager, and practically dominated the whole firm. Keen and aggressive, Boswell was widely known as a successful manipulator and shrewd speculator in the financial world. Randy Calder had risen steadily in Boswell's estimation, until now he was chief accountant, and had been promised the managership of the bond department. His straightforward business methods, his wide knowledge of affairs, and his absolute reliability had given him a reputation quite beyond his own firm.

Temperament often goes far in the achievement of success, and Randy's geniality, his never-failing fund of good spirits, carried him far. Nature does much for some people and circumstances are often a big asset, both seemed to unite most happily in him, and many envied the splendid prospects before him. Now, in some strange way he appeared to have reached the end of these resources, and. What had happened? was a question many asked while Randy maintained a studied silence.

"I have resigned," was his only explanation.

"Services no longer required," was Boswell's curt answer to all inquiries.

Four days later, the financial world was amazed by the announcement that Boswell's institution had made an assignment, and was in the hands of liquidators. This, following so closely upon Randolph's resignation, appeared to connect the two, and he was piled with questions from many quarters. Grave suspicions were aroused regarding some of Boswell's transactions, and a judicial inquiry was ordered. "False Accounting Charged. Some Millions Missing" ran the headlines in a daily paper, giving news items regarding developments. Randy was the chief accountant, and who could have been responsible but he? The most of folks said, "It seems strange, to say the least," or "Things don't look any too good for Randy Calder."

The police seized the books and papers of the big company, and, shortly, an investigation was in full swing, under the supervision of a judge. Many witnesses were called by Boswell's and subsidiary organizations to give evidence regarding the careful and skilful manner in which all business was conducted. The accounting appeared perfect, and statement after statement, prepared by Randolph, or under his supervision, and signed by him, were put forward. Much weight was given to his name. An Annual Report had been drafted by him, it was asserted, giving all facts in connection with the Company's affairs almost to the very date of assignment. This was not signed by him, it was said, for the reason that it lacked the final approval of Boswell, and that Randolph had suddenly left the employ of the institution of his own accord.

Boswell, immediately upon seeing that the collapse of his house had become inevitable, had gone through and destroyed all books and papers which he thought could possibly be used to incriminate him. His complete knowledge of the entire business, and his thoroughgoing grasp of all legal implications enabled him to make the work of destruction very complete. Nobody, it appeared, was to blame particularly, an unfortunate combination of circumstances had forced the company to close its doors. The fates were against them.

Finally, when the documents had apparently yielded their last morsel of evidence, Randolph was called to the witness stand. The papers were being overhauled very carefully again to understand his connection with all business transactions. Randolph's resignation at that particular time had been a mystery, and much curiosity had been aroused, and to many his examination formed the climax of interest in the very lengthy investigation. After the usual preliminary questions, he was asked,

"You had a very complete knowledge of the affairs of the company, had you not?"

"I was supposed to have, from the viewpoint of the chief accountant."

"You had nothing to do with executive work?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Were you ever called upon to give your judgment regarding the advisability of transactions?"

"Only in an incidental way."

"Were you supposed to investigate the reliability of other firms with which business was done?"

"I was not."

"During the years of your service with Mr Boswell, did you have access to his private and confidential correspondence?"

"No."

"Why did you resign?"

"I had personal reasons for doing so."

"Will you state them?"

"I would rather not at present."

"Did you ever have suspicions of crookedness in the firm's operations?"

"There were some things I did not understand."

"And they perplexed you?"

"At times."

"Did you ever see this document?" said the lawyer, handing Randolph a sheet of paper.

He glanced at it a moment, and answered, "Yes."

"Was that the reason for your resignation?"

"Yes, largely."

"Why did you not let that be known, or tell us that, before?"

"The information contained in that paper was thoroughly convincing to myself; it could not have been to any one else. I did not know that the paper was in existence at the present time."

"It was found in a parcel of documents specially signed or initialled by yourself. Did you put it there?"

"I did not."

"Let me look at that paper," said the presiding judge.

After reading it carefully, he turned to Randolph, and said, "Personally, I have a high opinion of your integrity, will you, under the protection of the court, be kind enough to tell us all you know about this matter?"

Randolph proceeded to explain that he had completed the report beforementioned, that he had serious misgivings regarding a major paragraph dealing with the assets of a subsidiary concern, involving over two million dollars, which he feared were entirely worthless, but which were counted as gilt-edge, and gave an imposing appearance of stability to the balance sheet. He barely lacked certain and absolute knowledge of this, but, as he anxiously turned the matter over in his own mind, the time for closing arrived, and, having an early engagement that evening, he resolved to leave the document unsigned until the morning, thinking that in the meantime he might gather fresh knowledge from an outside source. Mr Boswell and a Mr Casley, who was manager of this suspicious concern, had been engaged in a long interview in private, and had left the building just before Randolph. As he went into the cloak-room, he noticed a paper lying on the floor, which he supposed one of them might have dropped, and, glancing over it, noticed that it was a memo of M. Casley's, giving full information as to the standing of his concern, entirely contradictory to the statement given to Randolph and incorporated in the report. In a moment the whole truth flashed through his brain, everything was as clear as day. But this was a confidential document; he was not supposed to know of its existence. He placed it back on the floor, and passed out, the last one leaving the building.

"But this document was found among papers which had passed through your hands. It was evidently preserved for a purpose," interrupted the lawyer.

"I know nothing about how it came there," said Randolph. Then, after a few moments of thought, he added, "Possibly the janitor may have picked it up and placed it there."

This surmise was proved correct on the testimony of the janitor, who was present Mr Boswell, in going through the office papers, had evidently not discovered this all-important document. It had fallen from Casley's pocket in the cloak-room and it had not been missed.

"Polish your story, Mr Calder," said the judge.

"Before I reached home, I had made up my mind to put in my resignation. I sat down, wrote it out immediately, and mailed it to Mr Boswell, so that he would get it the first thing in the morning. I stated to him that it was impossible for me to sign the report, and that it was my only course to resign. Since then I have had no communication with the office."

"As accountant were you supposed to know all about the business of the company?" asked a lawyer engaged by it.

"No, only that connected with the accountancy."

"Had you not all the information needed?"

"I did not think so."

"Did you ask for it?"

"I did."

"Was it not furnished?"

"No."

"Would not most accountants have been satisfied with the information which did not properly belong to you?"

"It came to me accidentally, and I thought I ought to sever my connection with the firm."

"You felt you ought to ruin the firm on a mere supposition, founded on a bit of paper you happened to pick up, did you?"

"I did nothing to injure the firm; I dissociated myself with it, my own course was perfectly clear to me."

Here the judge interposed.

Mr Calder," said he, "the court is abundantly convinced of your integrity. You were in a most peculiar pass, you unflinchingly made a great sacrifice for principle, and your course has been thoroughly justified by circumstances you could not possibly have foreseen. Long experience has convinced me, that not only will the evildoer sooner or later find himself tripped up by eventualities, but also that, soon or late, we meet with crises which call out the best reserves of our being, which test the innermost depths of our souls, and if we have no reserve of faith, of character, of grip on higher things, we are inevitably lost. You have had the needed reserves, and, if everybody were like you, fewer judges, lawyers and courts would be required."

MARINE ITEM

What did the seasick man say when you asked him if you could bring him anything else?

He said, "bring me an island."

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes; Household Ideas and Suggestions

SWEET CELERY OMELET

4 eggs
1 teaspoonful salt
Pinch white pepper
½ cupful finely diced celery
1 tablespoonful honey

Beat the yolks until lemon-colored; add the salt, pepper and honey. Mix well and fold in the stiffly-beaten egg whites, add half the celery and then turn into well-greased omelet pan. Cook slowly until browned on bottom, turn omelet pan over and brown other side. Turn out on hot platter, sprinkle over the remaining celery which has been browned in bacon fat, fold over and serve at once. Enough for two omelets.

ROAST FILLET OF BEEF

Have the fillet larded, ready for the oven. Season and place in an open pan. Have the oven very hot so that the meat will sear over at once. A four-pound fillet requires about forty minutes to roast. After roasting twenty minutes, add a little hot water. When done place on a platter and serve with brown gravy made from dipping in the pan. Mixed cut and cooked vegetables make an attractive garnish for this dish.

SLICED LEMON PIE

1½ lemons
2 eggs
1½ cups sugar
¼ cup water
1 tablespoon melted butter
¼ teaspoonful salt

Grate the rind of one lemon. Peel white part from lemons and slice the pulp very thin, discarding seeds. Beat eggs until light, add sugar gradually, then grated rind, water, butter, salt and lemon slices. Bake between two crusts. Put into hot oven (450 degrees). After 10 minutes reduce heat to moderate (350 degrees) and continue baking 30 minutes longer.

FROZEN PUNCH

1½ cups water
2 cups sugar
1 small bunch mint
3 cups weak tea or ginger ale
½ cup lemon juice
2 cups orange juice

Boil sugar, water and mint together for five minutes. Chill, add remaining ingredients, strain and freeze.

SAUERKRAUT A LA BEECHNUT INN

Set sauerkraut on stove in kettle with enough water to cover. Put in a ham bone or a piece of ham or bacon, some salt and quite a few sliced onions, and let it cook about an hour. Add enough grated raw potatoes to thicken it a little. Some juniper berries and caraway seeds may be added while cooking it to enrich its flavor. When the hour is up put in the kraut and cook 40 to 10 minutes.

EGYPTIAN DELIGHT SALAD

Flake one can salmon, and mix with one cup diced celery. Mix thoroughly with boiled salad dressing. Place lettuce leaves on a chop plate so that they reach out to the edge of the plate. In the centre heap the salmon mixture, pyramid fashion, press lightly into the sides one dozen stuffed olives, having the red on the outside. Arrange around the edge two or three tomatoes, sliced, with a ball of cottage cheese (moistened with salad dressing) in centre of each. Between each slice of tomato place a small radish with its green stem upwards.

BUCKWHEAT AS A FARM CROP

As a general purpose crop, suited to farming conditions in Eastern Canada, buckwheat should not be overlooked while not strictly a cereal crop and not able to compete with or replace our common grain crops for either human or live-stock consumption, buckwheat has special features which give the crop both direct and indirect sources of revenue to the farmer.

Buckwheat has a variety of uses. It is well known that the flour made from this crop commands a high favor in making griddle cakes and the popularity of the crop for this purpose creates a fairly steady demand.

Buckwheat can be used as a feed for live-stock although the feeding value of the grain is less than in wheat, oats, or barley. The grain however makes an excellent poultry feed.

On account of its annually succulent leafy growth, buckwheat serves a useful purpose as a mother crop for weeds. Weedy land can be kept clean cultivated until mid-June or later then seeded to buckwheat. The quick germination and dense growth prevent weed development.

The fact that buckwheat will thrive on comparatively poor, light land, makes it an excellent crop for this type of soil, and also to plough under as a green manure. Its thick succulent stems decay very quickly, leaving the soil in a better condition in so far as plant food and general physical condition is concerned. On heavy soils, buckwheat, on account of the nature of its root system, tend to loosen up the soil leaving it in a more friable, porus condition. The claim made that buckwheat will withstand more acidity or lack of drainage than other cereals is undoubtedly true and for this reason, it can often be grown on land that would otherwise remain idle.

Buckwheat has been used as a nurse crop for sweet clover with good results. When this practice is followed, the combination can be cut green and used as a soiling crop.

The abundance of flowers, carrying that characteristic and pleasing aroma so familiar to us all, makes buckwheat one of the best honey producing plants. In buckwheat then, we have a crop, suited to fairly moist cool conditions, able to thrive on comparatively poor soil, valuable as a smother crop for weeds or as an emergency crop sown late in June, useful as a green manure, as a livestock and poultry feed, and as a bee pasture. R. A. Derick, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.

SCOTS HEATHER LUCK

Because white heather makes an appearance on Scottish streets with the opening of the annual grouse shooting season, not a few folk have a mistaken idea that it is a botanical rarity, found only on Scottish moors, writes D. A. Robinson.

Actually, white specimens occur among all kinds of heath and heather, though most frequently among the true heather, or ling. And though romantically associated with the Highlands, it has to be confessed that white heather is more plentiful on the down and commons of Surrey and Sussex than in the North Countrie.

Also, alas, much of what now comes to market has known neither moor nor down, but is the product of special cultivation by prosaic market-gardeners.

Why white heather should be considered a luck-bringer is an open question. Certain Highland clans, whose chieftain included heather in their badge, have always regarded white specimens as lucky. On the other hand, ancient Gaelic tradition associated it with misfortune and death.

Whatever the origin of "heather luck," the belief undoubtedly gained a great impetus when the Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia wooed Princess Victoria at Balmoral by presenting her with a sprig of white heather.

Height of Something

A Scotchman recently sued a baseball company because he was hurt while watching a ball game. He fell out of a tree. Judge.

NONE PERFECT

"Since this society of ours presents a reform movement, we must be careful about the choice of the fifth director," the postmaster said to the group of townsmen who had met in the village drug-store. "We need a clean man, and I propose Mr. Mountfort—Henry Mountfort."

"But haven't you heard the rumor that his home life is not quite what it should be?" the apothecary suggested. "To tell the truth, it has prejudiced me against him, and very likely others feel the same way. I had thought of offering the name of J. M. Littlejohn."

There was silence for a moment, but it did not seem to be the silence of approval. Finally the town clerk spoke.

"But what about that business transaction of his out West? You know the story I refer to," he added. "Least said, soonest mended, of course. Seems to me, though, even admitting its a slander, we'd be safer to put forward a man like Hastings, who we knew was never mixed up in anything of the kind."

"But Hastings used to be a drinking man," objected the editor of the village newspaper. "That might be brought up against him to hurt the society. Why not take Jerry Harlow? He's always been right around amongst us, and he stands pretty well, as far as I know."

"But we couldn't get along with him," the apothecary said, promptly. "He's so cranky that you might say he's vicious."

The old sea-captain had uttered no criticisms and made no suggestions. Now his eyes twinkled humorously as he glanced round at the party.

"Seems as though it's easy to take up a 'but' against almost anybody, doesn't it?" he asked. "Curious, when you come to think, how few people there are in this community that are fit to associate with us.

"Taking it the other way round, though, I s'pose if I were really drove to it, I'd have to admit that I've done things I'm ashamed of, things I'm trying to forget and to kind o' cover up by doing better things. How about the rest of ye? All perfect? If you are I'll have to get off this committee a-flyin' before I contaminate ye.

"Otherways, I should tell ye that for the sake of the cause I, for one, could manage to worry along with any of the men you've mentioned. If they can stand my record, the way the gossips have logged it, I can stand theirs, and p'r'aps if they and I both pulled together, and you all backed us up, we could give the gossips somethin' more improvin' to talk about."

The apothecary took out slip of paper and wrote upon them the four names that had been mentioned. He shook them up in a hat.

"The fifth director shall be the man whose name in on the slip the captain draws," he said.

CANNED FODDER FOR CARELESS COWS

This new corn-stalk paper is all right but it has its drawbacks. Not very long ago a drayman attempted to deliver several reams of this paper to the P. V. Office. The door was locked, so the dray-man just left it in front of the office. A cow wandered down the street and had a wonderful feast of this new-fad paper. The owner of the cow took her home, milked her as usual, and delivered the milk. The next day all the milk customers were spitting paper wads. Now you tell one!—Windsor (Colo.) Poudre Valley.

USELESS

A pathetic little story comes from the "Recollections" of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. She says that when her brother died, she climbed upon her father's knee, wondering what could be said or done to fill the empty place in his heart.

"O my daughter," he sighed, "I wish you were a boy!"

"I threw my arms about his neck and said, "I will try to be all my brother was."

All that day and far into the night I pondered the problem of boyhood. I thought the chief thing to be done to equal boys was to be learned and courageous, so I decided to study Greek and learn to manage a horse.

As soon as I was dressed I hurried to our good pastor, the Rev. Simon Hosack, who was always early at work in his garden.

"Doctor," said I, "which do you like best, boys or girls?"

"Why, girls, to be sure! I wouldn't give you for all the boys in Christendom."

"My father," said I, "prefers boys. He wishes I were one, and I intend to be as like one as possible. I am going to ride on horseback and study Greek. Will you give me a Greek lesson now, doctor? I want to begin at once."

"Yes, child," he said, throwing down his hoe. "Come into my library and we will begin without delay."

I kept up my lessons at the parsonage, and made rapid progress. I surprised even my teacher, who thought me capable of doing anything. I learned to drive, and to leap a fence and ditch on horseback. I taxed every power, hoping some day to hear my father say, "Well, a girl is as good as a boy, after all."

But he never said it.

I began to study Latin, Greek and mathematics with a class of boys in the academy, many of whom were much older than I. Two prizes were offered in Greek. I strove for one and took the second.

"Now," said I, "my father will be satisfied with me."

I rushed breathless into his office laid my prize, a new Greek Testament, on the table, and exclaimed:

"There! I got it!"

He took up the book and asked me some questions. Then he kissed me on the forehead and exclaimed, with a sigh:

"Ah, you should have been a boy!"

Notice to Creditors

The creditors of James William Graham, late of the Village of Acton, Gentleman, who died on the fourteenth day of April, 1929, and all other parties having claims against his estate, are required to send to the undersigned solicitor, their full names, addresses and descriptions, full particulars of their claims and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them.

And this notice being given pursuant to Section 51 of the Trustees Act, R. S. O. 1927, Chapter 150, notice is hereby given that on and after the sixth day of July, 1929, the executrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the said James William Graham among the parties legally entitled thereto, and she will not be responsible for any claims of which she has not then received notice.

Dated this sixth day of June, 1929.

ADA HOPKINS,
Executrix.

By H. N. Parmer, Acton, Ontario, her Solicitor. 49-3

Notice to Creditors

The Creditors of Morgan Crewson, late of Acton, Well Driller, who died on the thirteenth day of May, 1929, and all other parties having claims against his estate are required to send to the undersigned solicitor their full names, addresses and descriptions, full particulars of their claims and the nature of their securities, if any, held by them.

And this notice being given pursuant to Section 51 of the Trustees Act, R. S. O. 1927, Chapter 150, notice is hereby given that on and after the sixth day of July, 1929, the executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said Morgan Crewson among the parties legally entitled thereto, and they will not be responsible for any claims of which they have not then received notice.

Dated this sixth day of June, 1929.

FRED CREWSON, and
ALGER EDWIN CRIPPS,
Executors.

By H. N. Parmer, Acton, Ontario, their Solicitor. 49-3

Notice to Creditors

The creditors of Matilda Anderson, late of the Village of Acton, Widow, who died on or about the Seventeenth day of April, 1929, and all other parties having claims against her estate, are required to send to the undersigned solicitor, their full names, addresses and descriptions, full particulars of their claims and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them.

And this notice being given pursuant to Section 51 of the Trustees Act, R. S. O. 1927, Chapter 150, notice is hereby given that on and after the Second day of July, A. D. 1929, the executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said Matilda Anderson among the parties legally entitled thereto, and he will not be responsible for any claims of which he has not then received notice.

Dated this Thirtieth day of May, A. D. 1929.

CARL MARTEN HANSEN,
Executor.

By H. N. Parmer, Acton, Ontario, his solicitor. 48-3

Notice to Creditors

The creditors of Annie Corrigill, late of the Village of Acton, Spinster, who died on the Eighteenth day of May, 1929, and all other parties having claims against her estate, are required to send to the undersigned solicitor their full names, addresses and descriptions, full particulars of their claims and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them.

And this notice being given pursuant to Section 51 of the Trustees Act, R. S. O. 1927, Chapter 150, notice is hereby given that on and after the second day of July, 1929, the Executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said Annie Corrigill among the parties legally entitled thereto, and he will not be responsible for any claims of which he has not then received notice.

Dated this Thirtieth day of May, A. D. 1929.

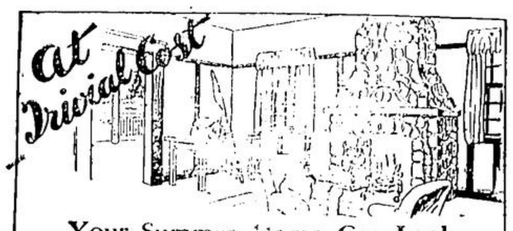
MONTEATH CENTRE HALL,
Executor.

By H. N. Parmer, Acton, Ontario, his solicitor. 49-3

And all you have to do is try its flavour once.

"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'



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Simply cover the walls and ceilings with smooth, tight-fitting sheets of Gyproc Fireproof Wallboard—then decorate. Gypsum helps to make it cooler on hot days—warmer on cold nights.

GYPROC Fireproof Wallboard

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J. B. McKenzie - - - - - Acton, Ont.

Choice of COLOR at NO extra cost

See our special display in newest motor car color designs

At no extra cost—a Choice of Colors on any model, from a range so wide you have almost individual distinction. Come to our special color show and see for yourself the great range of color combinations from which you may choose.

$895 AND UP

All prices f.o.b. Windsor, taxes extra.

Your present car will probably cover the entire first payment. The H.M.C. Purchase Plan offers the lowest terms available on the balance.

And, remember, this is only an additional feature to the great array of values with which Essex the Challenger has swept the field.

ESSEX THE CHALLENGER

Acton Motor Sales, Acton, Ontario

Week-End Specials at CARROLL'S

"Where Quality is as High as Prices are Low"

Friday, Saturday, Monday

SPECIAL Libby's Pork and BEANS No. 2 tins 2 tins 19c

Summer Desserts
Junket Powders 2 pkgs 25c
McLaren's Incredible Quick Puddings (Jamaica, Custard, etc.) 2 pkgs 25c
Lipton's ½ lb. pkg. 55c
Brown & Polson's Corn Flour 1 lb. package 9c
Durham Corn Starch 2 pkgs 25c
White House Brown Sugar 2 pkgs 25c

SPECIAL Grocers SERAPH PEA JAM 48 oz. jar 39c

Summer Cereals
Carroll's Own Corn Flakes 3 pkgs 25c
Quaker Corn Flakes 3 pkgs 25c
Kellogg's Pep Bran 2 pkgs 25c
Rice Krispies 2 pkgs 25c
Grape Nuts, per package 16c
Jersey Rice Flakes 2 pkgs 25c
Post's Bran Flakes 3 pkgs 25c
Puffed Rice, per pkg 16c

SPECIAL No. 1 Sweet PEAS No. 2 tins 2 tins 22c

BEMAX
The British Vitamin Food. Two spoonfuls per day ensures an ample supply of Vitamins B & G for growth and repair. Per tin $1

Mrs. Dollar-Wise Says

"IT was just three cents I saved getting that tin of shoe polish at Carroll's, but there's that much more in the mission box."

Carroll's Creamery Butter
Every pound fresh churned from rich sweet pasteurized cream. Finest quality at a low price.
39c lb.

Carroll's Wrapped BREAD
Delicious texture and flavor—tastes better because it's better baked. 24-oz. sanitary wrapped loaf
9c

SPECIAL—Finest Quality Pure LARD 2 pounds 31c

SLICED BACON—Fancy Mild-Cured Sliced, lb. 33c
COLD ROLL ROLLS—Choice Smoked, mild cure, lb. 31c
SUMMER SAUSAGE—A tasty luncheon treat, lb. 16c
OLD CHEESE—Rich and full flavored, lb. 38c

SPECIAL—Harry Horne's CUSTARD 16-oz. Tin 21c

SOCKEYE SALMON—Coronation, per tin 24c, 45c
FANCY SHRIMP—Palm Brand, wet pack, tin 21c
HERRINGS—Macomber's, in sauce, 1 lb. tin 20c
CRABMEAT—Gordin Brand, quarters, per tin 24c

SPECIAL—Scott Taylor's Worcester SAUCE 2 bottles 15c

TABLE FIGS—Choice Smyrna, 8 oz. 3 pkgs. 25c
GOLDEN DATES—Choice quality 1 pounds 27c
APRICOTS—Unpeeled, for stewing, lb. 23c, 29c, 33c
PEACHES—Golden California, per pound 19c

SPECIAL—Aylmer Red Pitted CHERRIES Choice Quality No. 2 tin 19c

PICKLES—Victors Sweet or Sweet Mustard, 10 oz. 43c
OLIVES—Libby's Selected Queen, 14-oz. jar 49c
CHUM BITS—Chum's, per package 14c
MARSHMALLOW CAKES—Fine quality, per pound 17c

SPECIAL—NESTLE'S CONDENSED MILK 12-oz. Size 3 tins 49c

ORANGADE or LEMONADE—Kiavala, per tin 13c, 22c
HIRES ROOT BEER—Extract, per bottle 39c
ORANGE PEKOE TEA—Salada, ½-lb. package 42c

Mill Street - Acton, Ontario