A BOY'S LIFE

isn't the vict'ry that counts, boys; It mu't the way you put up-the fight. it isn't the path that you go, boys, As 'ong as you travel it right.

It isn't the goal at the top, boys, That ; unto when the fourney h But the I flows you've helped on the road.

That I m in the balance for you. Beattle Post-Intelligencer.

THE WIDOWS HALF-CORD

"I shi'd list;" observed Henry Belcher, "to be the ulded critter that tried to get any a vantage of the Widder Clement in a trade." "Who's been tryin' to best the widder in a trade?" inquired Mr. Peasice with lively interest. "I sh'd hope it wa'n't anyone round here. Bhe has it hard 'nough scratchin' to get along, if she gets all that b'longs to her."

"I didn't say anyone had been tryin' to best her," returned Mr. Belcher placidly. "I was jest s'posin'. Per's I know, the widder's got all that b'longs to her, and if she ain't I bet 'tain't her fault.' "How's that?" Mr. Peaslee questioned persistently.

give me time," said Mr. Belcher in his leisurely way. "I cut a lot of white birch last winter, for spool timber, and there was some stuff left in the woods that wa'n't fit to haul to the mill-tops and limbs, and junks with knots in 'em -that was all right for firewood and nothing else. I hauled them home all I wanted of it, but there was one little

plie that I didn't see till after the snow was gone, so I didn't bother with it. "You know, Caleb, that white birch'll almost doze in two foggy nights, so you can't burn it any more'n so much green poppler. I hated to think of that good wood spoilin'. Bo the next time I happened by the Widder Clement's I told her bout it. 'I got a half a cord of good wood, a'I, 'that I ain't got any use for, and I thought, I says, that mebbe could haul it down here and leave it in your yard where you c'd use it, rather's have it lay outdoors and be wasted,

"Well, she took up my offer promp! 'nough, after she found out I wa'n' goin' to charge her anything for it, and she p'inted out the place where she

whated it piled. "So one day the fust of this week ! got the wood and hauled it down to the widder's. I didn't see anything of her round the house, but I piled it neat, just where she told me to, and went off

amiled a little wryly, "I was drivin' down that way when I saw the widder start to'ds the road 'alf she wanted to hall me, so I pulled up and waited for her. She came puffin' down to the road and took a holt of the wheel 'aif to keep me from gettin' away.

"'I wanted to see you bout that half a cord of wood,' s'she. "'Well,' a'I. 'didn't you

"Tain't that," she says, lookin' in the eye real firm. 'I found all you left, I guess. But you said there was a half a cord of it, and there ain't; it falls short of that c'nsid'able. Ben Bhaw was goin' past here yesterday,' she says, 'and he's a sworn surveyor, and he had his rule with him, so I jest had him come in and measure the pile, and he cidn't make a half a cord of it by pretty nigh a foot. So I jest thought I'd mention it to you,' she says, 'and then you o'd make up the half a cord if you feet like doin' it, or let it go and we'll say

no more bout it." "Well, Caleb," Mr. Belcher said dazedly. "for a minute I was so s'prized that I scurcely knew what I did want to do. After I'd made her a free gift of the wood and hauled it to her-but never mind that. What I did was to turn that hoss short round and go back home. And there I loaded in two lib'ral feet of wood, and hauled it down there and piled it off. I hope the widder's satisfied that she's got her full half a cord this

One of the most beautiful and thrilling narratives of James Havens, the original of the "fighting Person Magruder," who figures in Mr. Edward Eggleston's "Circuit fuder," has not been told by that author. It was related at a recent conference by an old companion of Rev. Mr. Havens.

Indiana was full of violent men in those days, who thought it a fine thing to disturb religious services, especially at camp-meetings; and the preachers sometimes had to defend themselves and protect their services by main force. Parson Havens, though a man of peace and wonderful gentleness, was a redoubtable antagonist when attacked by ruffians of

While still a young man, Havens was once eating his breakfast at the capin of an old couple in a thinly settled region when the doorway was suddenly darkened by a big and rufflanly-looking man, who demanded: "He you Havens, the fighting preach-

"My name is Havens, and I am preacher," said the circuit-rider. "Well, I reckon you'd better through your breakfast right amurt, for I'm goin' to give you a good thrashin' " "Well," returned Havens, "I don't remember to have seen you before, and if I've ever crossed your track, it was be-

cause you were up to some mischief that called for discipline." "Hey? You pushed me over a high bank, an' I got my face scrawhed up. I've ben lookin' for you some time, an' now I'm goin' to lam yout"

"Very well, come with me down in the hollow," said Havens, "and if you're determined to thrush me, I'll give you a chance. But let us get well away from this cabin, where these old people won't have to see or witness the trouble." The preacher started out with the ruffian down toward the woods. They went part of the way in silence, the ruffian now and then glancing at the preacher, and seeing no sign either of fear or bravado in him. Presently the

man said: "Bee here, Havens, you'd better go back. I'm a hard fighter, and I'll hurt

"Oh, no," said the preacher; "if you want to fight, you'd better not stop on my account They went on, and reached the seclusion of the hollow. When they got there,

the rufflan said "Let's turn round, elder. I tell you, Im a pretty mean man!" "Well, let's sit down here a minute." Havens led the way to a log, and both sat down on it. Then, with a little talk summer since our old minister of the the preacher drew from the fellow a kirk, Rev. D. B. Cameron, brought out A tramp knocked at a kitchen door confession of the wild life he had led, his two books of 500 pages each on and said and spoke comforting words to him. In "Exposition of the Epistic of the Ephesa little while both men were on their lans." There was quite a furore about The doctor gimme this medicine, but I knees, with faces bowed upon the log. it. It didn't seem possible that a busy need something to take it with." and the woods resounded with prayer preacher could find time for such a

taken. They came down and joined Acton, and we listened to, or perhaps haster be took before meals. Have you the "meeting," and before long the fighter was one of liaven's most promising con-

PIONEER HARDSHIPS

And every time you started somewhere printer's clean appearance.



REMEMBERANCE

Man hath a weary pilgrimage As through the world he wends: On every stage from youth to age Still discontent attends; With heaviness he cases his eye Upon the road before, Anc still remembers with a sigh The days that are no more.

To school the little exile goes, Torn from his mother's arms,--What then shall soothe his earlier

When novelty hath lost its charms? Condemned to suffer through the day Restraint which no rawards repay. . hours Before his wished return.

From hard control and tyrant rules, The unfeeling discipline of school, And tears will struggle in his eye While he remembers with a sigh The comforts of his home

Torment the restless mind: Where shall the tired and harassed

Ita consolation find? Then is not youth, as fancy tells Life's aummer promise of joy? Ah, not for hopes too long delayed, And feelings blasted or betrayed; Its fabled bliss destroy: And youth remembers with a sigh, The careless days of infanoy.

And other thoughts come on: But with the baseless hopes of youth Its generous warmth is gona; Cold calculating cares succeed. The timid thought, the wary deed, The dull realities of truth; Back on the past returns his eye Remembering with an envious sigh The happy dreams of youth.

So reaches he the later stage Of this our mortal pilgrimage, With feeble step and glow; New ills that later stage await And old experiences learns-too late That all is vanity below. Life's vain delusions all gone by; Its idle hopes are o'er; Yet age remembers with a sigh The days that are no more.

VALUED LITERATURE AT LOW

The following interesting epistle from former resident, now living in Toronto, came in the editor's mail the other day. The editor handed it to me the first

time I called. Toronto, July 4th, 1929

Dear Mr. Editor I pen you these few lines to say that a short time ago I got a copy of D. B. Cameron's "Bermons on the Ephesians," I was amazed to see it in a Yonge Street Bookstore, and as fresh and new as if it had just left the press. I was still more amazed to find that the price asked for it was only 10c and for a volume worth several dollars.

As I had heard a great deal about the book when it was first published, when Rev. Mr. Cameron was minister of Knox Church, Acton, I expected a great deal from its perusal, but I must say that it is beyond my expectations. The writer seems to have a complete mastery of his aubject, and a wonderful knowledge

of the scriptures. How the preachers of that period came to my mind. Lachlan Cameron, J. W. Rac, Hugh A. McPherson, of the Presbyterian Church; Richard Hobbs, Joseph Edge, Jacob E. Howell, of the Methodist Church, and many more of the preachers, of the long ago. Then there were John Sacight, W. H. Storey, Edward Nicklin, and many more of those early day folk came up before me again. There were also the Campbells, the McGregors, the McTavishes, the Mc-Kinnons, the McCanns, the Gordons and many more came to mind as I read this book of D. H. Cameron's. D. B. Cameron was not such a good preacher as Lachlan Cameron.

but as a scholar and deep thinker. he was far superior to him to my mind. J. W. Rac was more eloquent than either of them. Some years ago J. W. Rae preached in Acton, and I was carried away with his eloquence. I made the remark to a very intelligent man that we had listened to a very fine ser-

mon, and the reply I got was that Mr. Rae belonged to the "Old School." All I have to say to that is. "I wish we had more men of the Old Bchool." I think some one said, "If John McLaughlin preached in the morning, and D. B. Cameron in the aftermoon and Luchlan Cameron at night, in the Presbyterian Church, what

large congregations there would be." I fancy I can see the dead of long ago coming to hear them. Buch is life how fleeting. Just a word about books. If you can get good books for 5c or 10c cuch, I may well suy; Who so poor as to be without a library?" Many really good books may be had for not more than 25c. One of the last books I purchased was "Watt's, on the World to Come," and it cost 5c. "A thousand Gems," by Henry Ward,

Beecher, out 10c

C. Robertson.

FORTY YEARS AGO, Well. Well its forty years ago this eighty-nine sermons on the Ephesians and a glass of water?" The old people back at the cabin heard and the liebrews, every one of which

slept while they were being delivered. I was so proud of our minister being an author that I bought copies of the two books, as soon as Mr. Cameron put them on sale in Acton. I wasn't as fortunate as my friend, Miss Robertson,

for they cost me more than 10 cents, the gentleman asked a traveller in the Remember way buck when every well- Five Dollars for the two volumes was smoker. The man stood up without a drest motorist were goggles?-Clerment Mr. Cameron's price, and five dollars I word and went back to his chair-car. paid him for my copies. And mine are Another passenger answered the question, And the outfit was not complete widi- not as spotlest as my friend's copy, as then sought out the unfriendly one. out a linen duster coat and a thick I find 40 years of thumbing a took, be "Why didn't you answer his question it ever so valued. Tends to rub off the just then?" you got stalled, and somebody yelled. These books were printed by C. Blac- my f-f-fool head kn-n-nocked off?" was "Oit a horse." Plorida Times-Union. kett Robinson, who published the Can- the reply.

I commend them and the reader to Him

JAMS AND JELLIES IN A JIPLY BY BARBARA B. BROOKS

ada Presbyterian as the official paper

of our church at that time. I met Mr.

Robinson several times and liked him

very much. Itla office was at No. 3

In his introduction to the first volume, w

which was on the Hebrews, Rev. Mr.

Cameron said: "Hoping that the follow-

ing pages will be perused in the spirit,

Jordan fitreet, Toronto.

Gone are the days when the kitch a steamed all day with boiling lelly-vit. all available tables were covered what bottles and jars-when the jelly-makherself came to the end of this imperfe .

day stained, hot and tired. The 1020 method in to make a fet glasses of 'jelly or jam at a time, cook !: quickly, seal it and hide it from the family so that it will-be ready, for the lean fruit months. _ Bix or eight g.asses ! or jelly will not tire any one and made on several days during each special fruit's season will net a result which does honor to any preserve closet. Among the best fruits for felly are currents, red raspberries (slightly underripe), grapes and apples and crab apples. Other fiults can be used by combining them with a juice rich in pectin, or by using commercial pectin. Look the fruit over carefully. Add a

and cover the hard fruits, such as apples. Cook until tender and strain through a jelly bag, without squeezing. Do not attempt to use more than two quarts of juice at a time. Use a ten quart kettle. Bolt the juice rapidly for five minutes, add the sugar and stir until it is dissolved. Usually two-thirds of a cup of sugar to each cup of juice will give And cares where love has no concern, a Jelly of the right consistency. Boil Hope lengthens as she counts the rapidly until the jelly test is obtained (two drops which flow together and sheet from the spoon). Pour into clean, hot

small amount of water to juice fruits

glasses. When cool and set, cover with hot paraffin. or hot biscults; as a garnish or relish with meat; for jelly cake or jelly jumbles. Here are recipes for filled cookies and

jelly muffins. JELLY COOKDES

2 tentpoons baking powder

1 cup butter I cup brown augur 314 cups flour 2 cups Com Plakes

teaspoon sait

1 cup milk

15 cup water Jelly cat that oughly. Add the our, which has been sifted with the baking powder and sait, then the water, and ast the Corn Plakes. Roll the cooky dough thin, with jelly and put a second layer on top, pressing the edges together. linke in a moderate oven (375 degrees Pahrenhelt) for ten to twelve minutes.

JELLY CORN-MEAL MUPPINS cup corn-meal cup flour teaspoon sait

1 cgg 2 tablespoons shortening Mix and sift the corn-meal, flour, sait and baking powder. Add the milk gradually, then the well-beaten egg, and melted fat. Pill greased muffin tins onefourth full put a teaspoon of jelly on the top of the batter in each cup, cover

the jelly with more batter and bake in

4 teaspoons baking powder

a hot oven (400 degrees Pahrenheit).

A DESK AND A CHILD'S NOTE The old-fashioned mahogany deak was insufficient ground for a family quarrel. but it threatened to brink about one when Aunt Anne died without a will. Her two nieces, Runice and Caroline. each fancied the desk. It was the only valuable piece of furniture in the house. Moreover, its claw feet and brass knobs, its pigeonholes and secret drawer had the pleasantest of associations for the girls, who had played in Aunt Anne's sitting-room all through their childhood Eunice was sure Aunt Anne would have wanted her to have the desk because she was the older. Caroline was equally sure that Aunt Anne would have given It to her, since she was named Caroline Anne. The sisters discussed the matter for a month with steadily increasing bitterness, and finally, while Caroline was out of town for a day. Eunice bore off the deak to her own house. There

she began to explore its contents. It was stuffed with all sorts of things from recipes for cake and jelly to obituary notices and the family coffin-plates In the secret drawer-that wonder of childhood's days-she came upon a not: on a tiny yellow sheet of paper, written in a childish scrawl. She touched it with a thrill of surprise. It was in her

Caroline had once gone to visit Aunt Anne, and had there been seized with scarlet fever. For weeks Eunice had not been allowed to see her little sister. Both had been nearly heart-broken over the separation. In the midst of it Eunice and written this note, and despatched it with a bulky parcel to Aunt Anne's house. Now she read her own childish

Dear Sister Caroline: I am so glad you are better from the fever I hope to see you soon. Please take my doll Blanche. 1 don't care if she does have to be burnt up afterwards. She is the dearest I have, and I had rather you had her than me.

Eunice to give up the deak, but the warm. loving words from her own ten-year-old heart broke down the barriers of selfishness. With a burst of tears she

came to herself. When, the next day, an expressman left the cesk at Caroline's door, she found in it the briefest of notes. It ran: Dear Caroline: I send you Aunt Anne's desk. I had rather you had it than me.

Your loving aister. Caroline never quite understood "what came over Eunice"-nor did she chance to notice the queer grammar of the note But one who knew the story might well revise the usual judgment that childhood is selfish, and that middle age always betters it in sacrifice for the good of others, and might say with Wordsworth, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

DOPE CHASER

"Please, kind lady, I'm a sick man The lady was ready to help such as few but this ploneer exhorter diversion. But the two books contain fellowi" she said, "do you want a spoon The tramp answered, "No. it, and knew what turn the "fight" had I think he preached in Knox Church, wouldn't trouble you. But this medicine

T-T-T-WO OF A K-K-K-IND

Fashions for the Smart Woman



A CLASSIC COSTUME No one can complain that there is no point to women's fashions this Summer-there's an abundance of points! Two-tiered flounces were acclaimed in early Spring as one of the most important developments in style, and points have long held an unim-peachable position. When the two are allied, the result is a charming frock such as is shown here. The cape the basis of many attractive combinacollar, not to be outdone, goes in for points also, and the tic-ends form a tions. A distinctive costume is illus-

flattering jabot treatment.

LETTER-CARRIER IN MOROCCO

graceful bow. Cables from conti-

nental and English resorts report that

women of fashion are wearing frocks

such as this in lovely orange-yellow

prints

CAPTIVATING CHIC

The rural free delivery system in this country is the outgrowth of many years' experience. It comes as a late in the process of development. In Morocco, on the other hand, it zeems to be the basis of a system yet to be formed; only there is one respect in which the two methods differ: that of our country is maintained at an expense to the government, but the Moroccan system is a source of revenue, according to the fol-

and a wallet on his back-approached our party, and, halting, leaned upon his long staff, while he informed us that the head of Cld Melood's oppressor adorned a gateway in the principal market-place of Marakesh.

Mail-trains and native post-offices becarriers represent the whole postal system ment commissioner, a corps of couriers, so. The article was ready. as trustworthy as they are indefatigable, is to be found in every town.

Ready at an hour's notice to undertake the longest journey, perhaps through chant had been so obliging. We became disturbed districts, always over miserable very well acquainted, and one day I told oads, generally sleeping in the open air, the courier has been known to do the tomers. double trip from Mogador to Marakeshabout two hundred and seventy mileswithin five days and a half, the fee of which a small portion goes to the government, being just eight shillings. This, t should be borne in mind, is the pay of a special courter. On any additional chance letters he may carry the charge streets. It pays to be gractous."-- New

Delco-Light will do.

-Fashions-for the

THE NEIGHBORHOOD WORKERS

bewildered neighbors before a worker could reach B. Street, Investigation re-

vealed this story. The mother - the sole

supporter of the family, had been rushed

to the hospital. There was no opportunitty for her to consider the children with

the result that they were left to their own

It was not surprising that the boys

were crying. The condition of the room

they occupied was appalling. It accomo-

dated all their furniture. The kitchen stove, the only means of cooking, increas-

ed the temperature which ordinarly would

Do you wonder that the thought of

going to the 'country soon silenced the

sobbling? A few telephone calls com-

pleted arrangements for an outing on a

farm, and the discomfort of prezent.

surroundings was soon forgotten in the

Unfortunately, it is not always possible

to find such a happy solution for these

emergencies. Enough invitations are never extended to meet the needs of the

under-privileged children of the City of

Could you open your home to two little

girls or boys for a period of two weeks

this summer? Although no remunera-

tion can be offered, transportation is

arranged and a free medical examination

given each child before leaving the

city. Each hosters is asked to state her

If you can consider this matter favor-

ably, will you communicate with P. N

Stapleford, General Secretary, Neigh-

borhood Workers Association, 22 Welles-

ley Street, Toronto, enclosing a letter

A REAL CRITIC

An amusing story was told recently

it seems that one day while he was

After riding about for quite a while

Turning his horse's head towards him.

of reference from your minister.

by H. R. H. the Duke of York.

preference with regard to the tex and

excitement of making preparations for

retources.

the trip.

Toronto.

age of her guests.

have been unbearable.

----AKHOMIATION---



The separate skirt and blouse have come back strongly into favor again. They form such a charming alliance that the old stigma of "shirtwaist and skirt" is entirely removed. Moreover, such two-piece costumes have been given added impetus by the enthusiasm accorded sleeveless blouses and lightweight wool or cotton sweaters. One smart skirt, therefore, forms

A CUSTOMER WON

trated here, the skirt being modishly

circular, with a yoke which permits the stuck-in, and the blouse has a

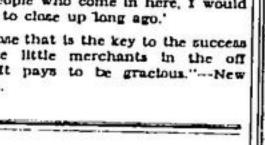
at the Royal Naval College, in the Isle of Wight, he was overtaken by a dense fog while out ricing alone, and completely lost his bearings. looking in vain for some familiar land the streets off Broadway manage to make mark, he at length espied a rustic sitting 'their living. I know something about it upon a gate.

"A year ago I went into a little store in way to Ryde?" Greenwich Street to buy an article that The rustic surveyed him critically for cost me 12 cents, when I finally got it. some time, and then said: kept the article, although it was in his Swinging along at a jog-trot, a native line. He thanked me for calling his courter-a barelegged and bareheaded attention to it. He supposed that it fellow, with a pair of coarse slippers would not do me any good, but he would thrust into the hood of his ragged cloak, get it, for the chances were that some

blocks. He knew me as soon as I entered his store. He said he ordered the article and expected it any day. He asked me to leave my address, saying that he would ing non-existent, these hardy letter- send the article as soon as he received it. "I went into his place several days of Morocco. Superintended by a govern- after, still going out of my way in doing

> going out of my way ever since for anything in his line just because the merhim how I had became one of his cus

'Why,' he replied, 'that is the way I get my trade. If I didn't try to accommodate people who come in here, I would "I suppose that is the key to the success of all the little merchants in the off



"The More We Are Together

The Merrier We'll Be"

Thus goes the jolly song of the Good Fellowship Brotherhood. Plain simple folksy words, but much truth is embodied in them. Unless we hang together much community prosperity is lost to Acton. Consider the printer; he is doing his part in helping along his home town by buying as much as possible there; yet much of the work he can handle goes outside.

No benefit is derived from giving work to outside firms who come around selling you printing. You pay as much for the work; you have to wait longer for it; you have no chance to examine it until the finished work comes along with the bill; and then there is the expressage to pay over and above the straight price.

Compare this with the service of the local printer. Show him what you want and he'll give you just that. You know exactly what the work will cost before it is touched. Then you can make minor changes, etc., before the final printing. Delivery is made promptly too---and nothing is charged for the service.

All in all, you stand to gain by letting the local man handle your work. And do not forget that his active support is behind you and your business.

> "For your friends are my friends And my friends are your friends The more we are together, the merrier we'll be."



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means to women

for working, sewing, reading. Running

ELCO-LIGHT brings you clean electric light

water in the kitchen, laundry, and the bath-

room, and for the stock. Best of all, tireless

electric power that supplants hard manual

labour. Use it to run the washing machine; the

churn, the vacuum cleaner. Use it for the

toaster, fan, electric iron. Let me tell you what

R. BALLANTYNE

Distributor for Delco-Light Products

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Come in and test some tire cords

W/E'VE got a mighty interest-W ing machine here that we want you to see and use. It tests tire cords - shows the difference between them. It lets you actually soo why the Supertwist cords in Goodyear Tires add greatly to Goodyear mileagewhy they reduce blow-outs and tire-trouble. Come in and make some cord tests for yourself. Anytime.

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and ordinary cords



Challenging Variety at our Color Show Come see the beauty and variety which Essex

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Add up yourself the \$100 in "extras" All prices f. o. b. Windsor, that Essex provides at no extra cost. Your present car will probably cover the entire first payment. The

AT NO EXTRA COST