The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1930

MAKE A START

It's easy quite to loll about
Beneath the sunny sky,
To watch the roses coming out,
The river rolling by;
It's easy quite to murmur low;
"This idleness won't pay!
I'd better stir myself, and so
Make something of the day."

It's rather nice to tell a friend
Our projects for success;
It's capital to quite intend
A war on idleness;
It's beautiful to look ahead
At all that we might win,
But courage scorns the dream, instead
Of rising to begin.

Don't wait for Chance to lend a hand
Nor talk in boastful strain
Of schemes that, once maturely planned,
Will bring you golden gain;
But leave the talking till, at last,
The guerdon you have won;
Fame cannot blow a triumph blast
Before the race is run.

—John Lea.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE

This week I breathe a silent Te Deum for many things and not the least of these is the fact that the children have recovered from their attack of bronchitis and have now returned to school. In fact they have not only recovered but they have reached the stage when they are—as Pat says—"full o' beans." Well I just love them full of beans and would not have them otherwise for anything and yet there are times when one realizes solitude has its charms. What I should do if they stayed up until all hours of the night as some children do I don't know. They are off to bed at seven o'clock in the winter and not later than eight o'clock in the summer unless the rooms are unbearably hot. Generally they are quite ready for bed although they often have a concert on their own when they get up stairs. In the morning they wake up bright and early and treat us to another impromptu concert going through their entire repertoire from Christmas hymns to nursery rhymes— especially on Sunday mornings when one is tempted to wish their vocal organs were not so well developed! This evening I was hearing Molly's spelling and Partner was watching and listening and pretty nearly became convulsed in watching the poor child's contortions as she tried to get the different phonic sounds. Sense of sound is not one of Molly's strong points so when she has a lot of spelling to learn it is rather a nightmare to see that she gets them done. Partner and I are not as much help as we might be as we were both taught the old-fashioned way, learnt our A. B. C. and memorized our spelling. We have yet to be convinced that the new way is the better way.

Another reason I have for thankfulness this week is that I have actually seen the bottom of my mending basket and I can tell you I greeted it as joyfully as one greets a long lost friend, a friend whom one knows one is soon to lose again. I really believe Partner began to doubt my reason as every time he came in I seemed to be darning. "What," he would say, "can't you do anything else but mend stockings?" I tried to explain to him that there was method in my madness; that I was having a mending drive all on my own and that I intended to keep right on with it until I did find the bottom of the basket, not only that I was getting curious—I began to think the basket had not got one! The real reason for this accumulation of mending is due to the fact that early in the winter I surveyed the conglomeration of family hosiery which was not worn sufficiently to be put aside and yet I knew very well if there was anything to take its place it never would get worn out so I decided there and then not one pair of new socks or stockings should come into the house. Well, I have stuck to my plan but it has been at the expense of endless darning but still I have the satisfaction of knowing that by sheer dogged perstalence I have at any rate, accomplished in money if not time. Now is the time when every farmer's wife makes a real effort to get busy with needlework and everything is looked over and mended or made over into something else so as to have everything in good shape before house-cleaning starts and the usual spring rush begins. I am quite sure we all have good intentions in this direction and even plan to get a little summer sewing done but I am equally sure that there are also a lot of us, who, when spring does come, look back and wonder what on earth we have done with our time and where all our good intentions went to. Which reminds me of a little verse Pat learned at school. No doubt many of you know it but it was quite new to me.

Sixty seconds in a minute, how much
good can I do in it?
Sixty minutes in an hour, all the good
that's in my power.
Twenty-four hours in a day, time for
work and sleep and play.
Days three hundred and sixty-five make
a year for me to thrive.

Now I think that is just a splendid little verse. It is—what shall I say—so inclusive? Yes, I think inclusive very aply describes it because there is everything in it necessary to a happy life—if we would "but set our to it." Take the third line, for instance—twenty-four hours in a day, time for work and sleep and play. How do we appropriate our time each day, have we a well-balanced programme for "work and sleep and play"? Or do we work two-thirds of the day, sleep the remainder of the time and leave out the play altogether (I believe I heard a chorus of assent from the hired help all over the district) Very probably the farmers would also assent but they are either working or sleeping and fail to hear anything that is broadcast on the air.) One hears a good many suggestions as to how a farmer might manage things so as to cut out long hours but I have never seen many of them worked out in practice. Really it is a case of wheels within wheels. There is always a shortage of hired help because the farmer has a reputation for working long hours and the farmer has to work long hours because he can't get sufficient help. Then when the time comes when he might slack off a bit he has got so accustomed to doing two men's work in one man's time that the habit has become too strong for him to shake off. I have just been reading the biography of the Prince of Wales and the writer says that early in his career he learnt the wisdom of recreation when engaged in fulfilling his many arduous duties. Could we do better than follow the example of our democratic Prince?

HE MISSED THE POINT

While watching two of his men wheeling coal to the furnaces, says the Tatler, the foreman of a gasworks noticed that one man took two barrow loads to the other man's one and said:

"Do you know that your mate is doing twice as much work as you are?"

"Well, don't blame me, guv'nor," replied the man. "I've told him about it."

The Free Press Short Story

VALENTINES

BY DORA OLIVE THOMPSON

MALCOLM MACDONALD was a cynic, or, at least, he tried to be. And, as a matter of fact, he succeeded very well in adopting a scornful, scoffing, Scrooge-like attitude. As far as Christmas was concerned, he agreed with Scrooge entirely. "It is humbug," he thought, "all this waste of time and money." But it might have been noticed that he did not voice those sentiments to any one but himself, and it is just possible that this very repression caused them to smoulder in dull fires of resentment and antagonism, instead of blazing into a healthy flare and so burn themselves out.

Perhaps, after all, there was some excuse for this attitude in Malcolm Macdonald. As a very young boy he had left his home in the country because—well, to put it quite simply, there just wasn't room for that big, growing family of young Macdonalds under that one inadequate farmhouse roof. He had drifted into the city, and then, with some of the energy acquired from his hard-working mother, he had put himself through high school, and was now taking university extension courses and working during the day in McLean's departmental store. Secretly Malcolm scorned that work; scorned the never-ceasing necessity for politeness to customers; scorned bowing to that decree, "The customer is always right!"

He was scornful of his boarding-house, too. Often he contemplated making a change, but as often decided with gloomy pessimism that "Chances are, another place would be no better, perhaps worse!" And Mrs. McGill's boarding-house possessed very obvious advantages. It was central—ten minutes' walk from McLean's—the food was good, and the rooms were large and airy and commodious.

As far as his fellow-boarders were concerned—well, for a long time Malcolm contemptuously ignored them. "Old fogies!" he dubbed them, and took no trouble to erase that first impression. Elderly, or middle-aged ladies most of them seemed to be, with the exception of two young men, Alec Ross and Gill Raynor. There was Miss Steele and her sister, Miss Florence—she was the one with the thick glasses and the mole on her left cheek; there was Miss Walsh, and Miss Macallum—trim and leafed, reminding one, somehow, of a withered apple.

And then there was Lois Benson.

It took Malcolm some time to discover that Miss Benson was different—unmistakably, startlingly different. She was young—he realized that with a start of surprise. She had an abrupt little laugh that was happily contagious, and brown eyes behind her round spectacles, eyes that twinkled—irresistibly merry.

Curiously enough, the first time Malcolm noticed that twinkle was one night at dinner when it suddenly faded. That was when Alec Ross, one of those very aggressive young men, suddenly demanded, "Oh, I say, pass the salt, will you, Lois, old dear?"

The twinkle had faded and something akin to an angry sparkle had taken its place. The salt was not passed but left exactly where it was.

That night Malcolm asked Bill Raynor about Miss Benson, "Does she do anything for a living?"

"Does she? Well, rather!" Bill answered in his usual breezy manner, "She's in the Immigration Department and they say that, as far as the laws of immigrant women and children are concerned, what Miss Benson doesn't know isn't worth knowing."

Lois Benson, it seemed, in addition to her daily work, had a class of children in the Proctor Mission on Sunday afternoons. "Don't you just long to rest on Sunday?" Miss Steele asked her one evening across the dinner table.

"Oh, no. I love my little foreigners, you see, so it's no effort to go down among them on Sunday as well as other days."

Once the boarders had an opportunity of seeing those little foreigners of Lois Benson's. At Christmas time she succeeded in some inexplicable manner in obtaining Mrs. McGill's permission to ask that class to supper one evening after the boarders' regular dinner. Mrs. McGill's consent was reluctant, "Like's not I'll find my forks and spoons missin'."

"No," Lois Benson promised emphatically, "I'll see that you don't."

And so one day at Christmas-time Lois Benson took her class down to an early performance of "Peter Pan." Malcolm jeoffed when he heard about it, "one of those silly, fairy sort of things. The kids won't enjoy it!"

"They will!" Lois Benson said, "They will!"

And Malcolm was wrong, and Lois was right. They did enjoy it—every wonderful, fairyland, breath-taking moment. And then she brought them back to Mrs. McGill's for supper, a supper that they eyed rather dubiously at first, as if doubting the evidence of their eyes, and then, under the stimulating influence of hot cocoa, their doubts turned to hilarious joy. Tony and Hans, Gretchen and Rosetta joined in ear-splitting shrieks of delight.

Malcolm, in his room over the dining-room, threw down his book in disgust. "How can a fellow study?" he asked irritably of the brown-papered walls. "If this place is going to be turned into an orphan-asylum, I'm going to get out!"

Accordingly he scowled across the breakfast-table the next morning. Lois Benson's twinkling brown eyes answered that scowl, "Did we disturb you last night?"

Malcolm's answering non-committal grunt might have been taken for assent. "What d'you think you're doing for them, anyway? They'll be hungry again tonight."

"Oh, the food is the least part of it all," she told him, "We're trying to take away a little of that lonely, friendless feeling—strangers in a strange land, you know—and let them know that Canada is welcoming them."

"Mm-m!" Malcolm said.

As a matter of fact, none of the boarders took Lois Benson so very seriously. The Miss Steeles and Miss Macallum belonged to the older school, and disapproved—they let Miss Benson sense that disapproval, too—of girls going out into the world to earn a living.

And then one day Lois Benson's picture was in the paper. For she had, it seemed, read an exhaustive paper before the Immigration Board on the problem of women and children immigrants.

"Did you—really?" Malcolm asked.

She nodded, "I could talk any one dead on the subject!" she said, with that enthusiasm which was so characteristic and which carried her along, as it were, on the crest of a great wave.

* * *

It was a February morning—one of those mornings when a bitter east wind somehow penetrates all the cracks and crevices of boarding-houses, causes the boarders to shiver, their noses to appear pink and pinched; and brings out caustic little remarks about the weak creamless coffee.

Miss Steele gave an expressive little shiver and pulled her shawl closer about her shoulders. "This place is drafty," she said. "I told Mrs. McGill she should put in weather-stripping."

Bill Raynor took a sip of coffee, put his cup down with a little grimace, and hummed—

"They say we get cream in our coffee,
They say we get cream in our tea,
They say we get cream in our cocoa—
But it looks more like whitewash to me."

"Next Thursday," Lois Benson broke in suddenly, with her curious little air of detachment, "Next Thursday is St. Valentine's Day."

"Aw, now, Miss Benson," Alice asked drowsily, "and are you expecting a valentine?"

"Not I," Lois laughed, "but my little foreigners are. They want to have a party and send each other valentines. I've concocted, providing each one will send one to a lad of the class who has been on his back for three months. My kiddies are not keenly enthusiastic about that part. They're not the most cheerful givers, I must confess."

There was a silence, broken by Malcolm. "Valentines, nonsense!" he said, "It's another silly, out-of-date custom. The sooner it dies out the better."

"Oh, I don't know," the girl pushed back her chair with characteristic vigor and jumped up, "Don't you think, Malcolm Macdonald, that your mother, back on the farm, would be tickled to pieces to get a valentine from you?"

She vanished through the door. Malcolm in his turn pushed back his chair and left the room. A few minutes later he was on his way to work, obvious of the raw, bitter sting of the wind, of the flakes of snow in the air, of everything but Lois Benson's words, "Your mother—back on the farm!" "How in the world does she know I have a mother? he demanded fiercely of the world in general, "How does she know my home was on a farm? I never told her." There was no answer to these questions, only the shriek of the wind as it howled dismally around the corners of the tall buildings.

"Anyway," he added, still more fiercely resentful, "It's none of her business."

But by evening his thoughts on the subject had changed a little. It wouldn't hurt anyone if he did send his mother a valentine. He'd go one better than Lois Benson had suggested; he'd send her a heart-shaped box of chocolates. "I never remember the mater having a box of candies of her very, very own," he realized suddenly.

He told Lois Benson about it that evening. It was one of those rare occasions when she spent the evening in the boarding-house, curled up in a corner of the sofa in the so-called drawing-room, quite evidently revelling, even as a purring pussy-cat, in the warmth and utter relaxation.

"I'm going to send Mother a box of candies," he told her, "not that she has any time to waste on foolishness, still—"

"Still, she'd be pleased," she nodded, then lowered her voice. Miss Steele and Miss Macallum were deep in discussion over a knitting stitch at the other end of the room. "Wouldn't you like—or—to send one to our old ladies, too? I'm sure once upon a time Miss Florence had valentines sent to her—The rose is red, you know, the violet's blue, honey is sweet, and so are—"

Malcolm stood up. Was she serious? Was she—unspeakable thought—was she making fun of him?

Apparently she realized what he was thinking. "I'm quite serious. I think a valentine would make Miss Florence happy for a week."

"Then send it yourself!" Malcolm responded, not very politely, it must be confessed, and went out, shutting the door behind him with an unnecessarily sharp little bang.

A few days later Lois stopped Malcolm at the front door, "I have a favor to ask," she said, and hesitated a little. There was nothing about Malcolm at the moment to impel confidence. Then, abruptly she went on, "Could you come down and help my class address the envelopes of the valentines they are going to send our sick boy?" she paused, a little breathless. "It sounds a lot to ask you to do, I know, but we have been manufacturing valentines," her eyes were twinkling now, "and they are fearful and wonderful to behold. But it's quite a task to get them all addressed correctly. My kiddies write as they think—in broken English."

The appeal aroused Malcolm a latent chivalry—"Share," he said, "I'll come. What time?"

"Any time after seven on Wednesday evening," she said, obviously relieved at the ready answer. "Thanks so much."

It would have been quite possible for Lois Benson to take those envelopes back to the boarding-house and get the same help from Malcolm in addressing them there. "But Malcolm Macdonald," she told herself shrewdly, "is far too young to be such a grouch. I'll get him down to my mission—somehow. It'll chase some of the grouchiness away."

It was to achieve this end that she had asked him down. Accordingly, on Wednesday night, Malcolm joined the little class at the Proctor Mission. The small boys stared at him questioningly, and then one, answering to the name of Tony, piped up, "Say, you're so big'n everything, I jes guess you're some baseball player." There was a wistful note in his voice, for Tony became a speedy convert to the game of baseball.

"Oh, day," Malcolm answered, rather to his own surprise, " just ought to see me!"

"He sez," Tony turned and shouted it for them all to hear, "he sez we just cuddler see him play baseball!"

He was a hero at once. They closed in around him, forming a tight little circle, envelopes and addressing forgotten. Malcolm said very little; it was really not necessary, for the little chaps did most of the talking, and his silence seemed to be taken as implying a modest assent.

"Ever had you picture in the polpers?" some one asked at length.

"Oh, I say," Malcolm expostulated, "you mustn't get away with any idea like that. I can play baseball, of course, and sometimes I catch the ball and sometimes I don't. Sometimes I just muffle it."

There were shrieks of laughter at that, "Sometimes he don't—sometimes he muffle it!" they echoed.

"You see," Lois told him, with laughter in her eyes, "you've achieved a reputation, and you can't live it down."

"I don't want to," Malcolm said.

It gave him a glowing sense of elation to be looked upon, for the first time in his life, in the light of a hero. That glow enveloped him when the envelopes were finally finished, and he walked back to the boarding-house. "I guess she's right," he admitted silently, "I guess there is something in it. Valentine's Day—for kids, anyway!"

A sudden thought struck him and, at the sight of the confectionery store at the corner, that thought sprang into action. He went in and ordered two heart-shaped boxes of candies to be sent the following day to Miss Florence Steele and Miss Macallum at Mrs. McGill's boarding-house. She said it'd please them," he told himself, "Well, we'll see!"

* * *

It was at dinner the next evening that Miss Florence Steel and Miss Maria Macallum brought their heart-shaped boxes to the table. Both old ladies were positively trembling with eagerness to convey the wonderful news, and with the unwonted excitement of it all. Miss Florence had blushed, in fact, ever since ten-forty-five that morning—her sister had had wit enough to glance at the clock and note the exact time—when Sarah, the maid, had brought the box to her door and gasped, "A box, Miss Florence, a candy-box. Maybe it's a valentine!"

And Sarah, the maid, had waited, had seen it opened, had wondered and admired, and had finally torn herself away to go downstairs, whispering excitedly over and over, "Miss Florence—a Valentine!"

And then that parcel waiting for Miss Macallum on the hall table had proved to be a valentine, too. "Maybe," Sarah, the maid, had told herself, "maybe I'll get one yet!" And had poked her snub nose inquisitively outside the door to make sure that no more heart-shaped boxes could be waiting there unclaimed.

And so at dinner-time the old ladies brought boxes and excitement to the table. "Valentines!" Lois exclaimed, "And who are they from?"

"Oh, but we don't know, that's what makes it so exciting," Miss Macallum said, then added suddenly, "But we have an suspicions." Miss Macallum actually rolled her eyes in a half-forgotten, coquettish manner. "And you mustn't ask too many questions, Miss Benson!"

Miss Florence shook a playful finger at Lois. "We all have our little secrets, my dear—" her manner was a triumph of the mysterious, "In most unlikely places one sometimes finds unexpected romance."

Lois smiled across at them. "How lucky you are," she said, and thereby gained the unswerving devotion of Sarah, the maid—for truly, misery loves company; "why, I didn't get a valentine at all."

"Christopher Columbus!" Malcolm Macdonald said, under his breath.

* * *

But what Malcolm could not see was a tired, overworked, overwrought little woman in a farmhouse, pressing a heart-shaped box close to her cheek. It was empty now, for the young Macdonalds had made short shrift of the contents. But that empty, heart-shaped box was dear to their mother. "Malcolm!" she said, pressing it closer to her worn, faded cheek, "Oh, Malcolm, my son!"

HINTS FOR KITCHEN ECONOMY

The following hints for kitchen economy in war time were published in the London Daily Mirror:

Go to the shops yourself or send a capable substitute. Avoid ordering by telephone or at the door, for local market conditions may fluctuate from hour to hour.

When possible carry home all small parcels, and to save horses and men wanted for bigger work elsewhere.

Buy only what you want for the following day or two.

Choose those foods which give most nourishment for the least money.

Take into consideration the percentages of waste and bone in studying relative prices of cuts of meats and varieties of vegetables. Cauliflower, for instance, has higher nutritive value than cabbage, though the latter is cheaper.

The following are the war rules for cooks, suggested by experts:

Estimate as far as possible requirements of each meal, and so avoid having food left over.

Don't make more tea than is likely to be required.

Don't take in more milk from the milkman than you know will be required.

No hot cakes or scones for the present.

Steam potatoes in their skins.

Stew and braise in preference to roasting.

Fry bacon instead of grilling.

Brown all crusts and scraps of bread in oven. Crush and place in air-tight tins, to be used instead of flour in making puddings.

Don't cut any bread until it is at least one day old.

Keep all cold vegetables left over from dinner for salads for lunch next day.

DOGS WITH BRAINS

Ring and Pido are dogs that any man, especially any farmer, would be proud to own. The following accounts of them, which the American Magazine prints, are good enough, we thing, to be added to the numerous stories of the extraordinary intelligence that dogs sometimes display.

A man bought a shepherd dog with the intention of training him to handle a small herd of sheep. Ring—he was so named because of a belt of white hair round his neck—grew up about the place without receiving any lessons in shepherding. He had, however, been taught to drive the cattle and the horses back and forth from the pasture.

One day when the master of the farm was working in a field some distance from the house Ring came running to him. The dog acted strangely. He tried obviously to make the man take notice of him and paid no attention to his efforts to be playful. Finally the man became uneasy and thought perhaps something had happened to his wife, who was an invalid. He hurried home, and Ring ran on in front. At the house all seemed to be well, but the dog continued his strange conduct; he seemed anxious to have the man follow him beyond. Then for the first time the master noticed a tuft of sheep's wool in the dog's teeth; he was astounded and feared that his fine dog had become a sheep killer.

He followed him into the woods and at last came upon a sheep that was caught between two fallen trees. Ring, it seems, had tried in vain to extricate the poor creature; he had gnawed bark off the trees, had scratched round in the ground and finally had taken hold of the sheep and pulled backward. As a last resort he had sought his master, for he had learned that a man can do many wonderful things that a dog cannot do.

Pido, our family dog, says the other contributor, came to us as a stray puppy on our old Minnesota farm. As it was chief chore boy, I had to be his sole trainer and companion. For me he would travel—clear—across—the farm to bring the cattle and would unerringly separate the steers and the heifers from the milk cows.

Once I sent him nearly a mile away for the cattle, which were feeding in the cornstalks. I was astonished to see him hesitate after he had started the cattle home and then cross the road into a neighbor's pasture and start that herd also. He seemed to be trying to cut out some animal from among them, and pretty soon he succeeded. When the cattle came up I scanned the bunch to discover the stray member, and to my surprise I found that the wanderer was our own bull, which had jumped into the neighbor's pasture. Pido had noticed his absence and had found him among some forty odd cattle.

Another time, when I was milking in the shed, Pido came to the door barking excitedly. I heard a thud and a sound as if the breath had been knocked from some one's body. With a bound I reached the door and was horrified to see my father prostrate on the ground and our bull—fortunately he had no horns—manoeuvring so as to throw his weight upon the helpless man. With his remaining strength father wiggled now this way, now that way, to escape the impact.

For a second I stood motionless, but Pido flashed out into the yard, made a leap and grabbed the infuriated animal's tail close up to his body. The unexpected attack surprised the bull, diverted his attention and gave father a chance to crawl into the shed.

Persian Balm imparts a rare charm and distinctiny to the woman who uses it. Fragrant as a flower, delicious cool to the skin, it always results in complexions delightfully young and lovely. Indispensible to every dainty woman. As a powder base for oily-textured skins or as a beautifying lotion, it is unrivalled. Tones and stimulates the skin. Recommended also to soften and make the hands flawlessly white.

SLATS' DIARY

BY ROBB PARQUHAR

Friday—Are Vachalum lasent disaided yet. Pa says if mummey keeps on being so close and tite, or enny ways it is tite even if it aint so close, he says he will let I and ma go sum wurse and he will stay at home for us to sent Postle cards to.

Saterday—I rote a note to Jane all ritten in french this p. m. Pa sed to me What did you do that for you dont no enny thing about writeing french. I sed Well it wont make no differents becaus Jane cant read no french heather.

Sunday—Ma sed she diddent see why we cuddent take a nice trip to the Mts. this summer becuz she new very well that aie house hold Xpenses was not as big as they was a yr. ago. Pa sed That was true but the onley reason they was not as big was becuz he wasent makeing kwite as much mummey as he was a yr. ago.

Munday—They was a new Guy at skool today and all the kids likes him awell but when I was a-telling ma about him she sed I shuddent associate with him becuz she herd at the card party that his ma smokes and has a tushin wolf hound and has ben single three or 4 times a ready.

Tuesday—I gess they wont be mutch fun here at are house for a wile. Pa got a letter from a cuzzen of hissen and she is comeing here to spend a few weeks wile she is recovering from a Divorce Case. It wood be mutch pleasanter if it was sum of ma's folks I Xpect.

Wenesday—This was a miserable day in skool for me. I got a cold but cuddent stay at home on acct. of ma woddent agree to it. and they is nothing more discomfortable than a bad cold when you aint got no handkercheaf.

Thursday—Jane told me today she had a fided for a man when she was groan up. I sed what is it and she replyed and sed. He must be brave like Lindburg and good looking like Rudy Vally and smart and brave like Comander Bird. I gess she was hinting at me but I remained silent and diddent incurrage her none.

LYING IN BED

Some years ago Sir James M. Barrie wrote a delightful essay entitled A holiday in Bed. In it he described the comfort and satisfaction to be derived from taking a day off, owing to some slight if not quite imaginary ailment, and spending it quietly in bed. The essay is perhaps not one that would commend itself to men of rigorous mind—believers in the virtue of unflagging industry and tireless activity; it preaches a doctrine of indolence that they might condemn as immoral.

It is not our purpose to condone the habit of indolence, yet we wish that everyone who is unable from time to time to take a holiday in bed, as Sir James Barrie recommends, might so order his life as to enjoy for a little while daily the luxury of lying in bed. Some illiberal persons regard lying in bed after one has waked up as little better than a sin—a slothful indulgence demoralizing to character. They maintain that with the first waking moment at the end of a night's rest one should be up and doing.

Unfortunately, too many people find it necessary to confirm to that stern rule. Those who are able, however, to linger between the sheets, whether on a pleasant summer morning or after the dawn of a bleak winter day, enjoy something better than physical restfulness; their minds engage in serene contemplation—perhaps of no weighty matters—or in pleasant flights of fancy. "Oh, sweet fancy let her loose," urged Keats; and he added, "Pleasure never is at home." The time when it is easiest and most natural to "let fancy loose," and when she is most likely to bring pleasure home with her, is when one is lying in bed in the morning. After sending her off on her excursions one is in a better mood for entering on one's own adventures for the day.

Corns cannot exist when Holloway's Corn Remover is applied to them, because it goes to the root and kills the growth.

WINTER CARE OF CALVES AT THE EXPERIMENTAL STATION OF LA FERME, P. Q.

To prevent any check in the growth of calves during the winter, it is of essential importance that they be sheltered in comfortable quarters with adequate protection against the severe climate, and fed a proper ration. Success rests mainly upon these two factors, to which farmers do not pay sufficient attention.

At the Experimental Station of La Ferme, the calves run loose, during the winter, in stalls measuring approximately 12x14 feet. The floor is covered with a good, clean litter of straw or sawdust, renewed each day. The stable is well lighted and has good ventilators. The brush and currycomb are used frequently which helps to maintain the calves in good health.

Fresh warm skim-milk is fed at the rate of 15 to 18 pounds per day, from the age of five weeks up to that of six months, the change at the start from whole milk to skim-milk having been made very gradually over a period of at least two weeks. The concentrates fed to our calves at this time of the year are mixed in the following proportions and given dry at the bottom of the pail or manger: ground oats, 5 parts; bran, 4 parts; corn meal, 2 parts; oilcake, 1 part. This mixture is fed to calves of different ages varying from two to eight months, at the following rates: two months old, ½ pound per day; three months, 1 pound; four months, 1½ pounds; five months, 2 pounds; six months, 2½ to 3 pounds. These quantities are increased proportionately for the calves which need more feed. A proper quantity of good clover hay is also fed, that is about 2 pounds daily at the age of two months and 4 pounds when the calf is six months old. The calves do not consume ensilage before the age of three months. From then on they may eat it, but in very small quantity and they must be gradually accustomed to this feed.—Experimental Farm Note.

Druggist Tells Easy Way To End Bladder Weakness

Pleasant, Inexpensive Home Treatment Quickly Relieves Daily Irritation and Getting-Up-Nights

No matter what your age may be, how long you have been troubled or how many medicines you have tried without success—if you are a victim of Bladder Weakness and Urethral Irritation, causing days of troublesome annoyance and nights of broken rest—you should try the amazing value of Dr. Boothworth's UHATABI at once!

Made from a special formula, successfully used in the Doctor's private practice for nearly 80 years—UHATABI acts particularly designed to swiftly relieve the pain and misery of burning Urethral Irritations, Backaches, Bladder, Weakness and Getting-up-Nights. Safe, Pleasant, Inexpensive—and supplied by all good druggists on a guarantee of money back on very first package if not fully satisfied. If you need a medicine of this kind, try UHATABI to-day!

MANNERS

The English language and the Anglo-Saxon temper distinguish sharply between manners and morals. Manners are desired things, excellent things; they should be taught early and constantly maintained; but they are superficial, secondary; and the possessor of commendable morals may be sometimes excused if his manners are inadequate. Indeed, there is often a feeling that manners are not only superficial but artificial; that an excess of them indicates insincerity and hypocrisy, and that a finely finished bearing suggests an insufficient moral basis.

The French attitude is quite different. In fact, the French have the same word for manners and for morals, and these is, if not a confusion, at least a constant interplay between the two. In French, a moralist is not a person who passionately preaches improvement of the spiritual nature, but a student of human life and character and motive. Indeed, the identity of thought goes back beyond the French language to the Latin, in which the word mores, the direct original of our morals, means primarily manners and customs.

The Anglo-Saxon is naturally scornful of the Latin attitude, assuming that it implies mistaking mere courtesy for solid virtue. At the same time it is by no means certain that there is not a deeper truth in the French view of the matter. Morals deal with our relations to others. Matthew Arnold said that conduct was three fourths of human life. Arnold's mathematics may be disputable, but at any rate conduct is a very great part of life, and conduct is morals, and morals is that part of life which is concerned with our dealings with other lives. Now, if we reflect a moment, we shall see that all that is really beautiful and valuable in manners is also a matter of our relations to others. True politeness, true courtesy, are not based on display or effect, but wholly on kindness; on a quick and sure apprehension of what will help others, will soothe them, will make them feel at their ease. The essence of all good manners is to cultivate and to strengthen the habit and the power of putting yourself in another's place. And thus manners and morals are not so far apart after all.

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK

W. O. Mills, Editor of the Plymouth (England) Evening Herald, says:

That the essential of successful advertising is that it should contain the substance and the essence of Truth.

The public does not expect a man to disparage his own wares; but it should be encouraged to expect neither less nor more than truth when it is being urged to buy or persuaded to support some cause.

For a while big business may come to the prodigious hoosters of pills concocted of aloes and soap; of wooden nutmegs; of breakfast food consisting of baked and sweetened chaff, but in the long run the public discovers the cheat and the effect is bad alike for honest and dishonest traders.

Men—though not, maybe, so universally foolish as Thomas Carlyle said they were—are still gullible in the mass; but circumstances does not give the permit, even of self-interest, to the advertiser who seeks a perpetual market for his merchandize to apply his false beguilements at the expense of the weak-minded. He needs must be able to supply goods (and, of course, by goods I mean every advertisable commodity) at least of the nature and quality promised in his advertisements.

Only if it resolutely adheres to the truth is advertising ultimately justifiable on moral or business grounds. That is why I say that the essence and the substance of truth are the essentials of advertising.

THE CHRONIC ARGUER

To have a logical mind is a fine thing, but to not demonstrate that this is your kind, by arguing every question regarding which there is a possibility of disagreement. Persons who turn every occasion into a debating society, never win anyone over to their way of thinking. Indeed, the surest way to cripple a cause is to enlist in its behalf the services of a few chronic arguers.

Watch yourself if you notice a tendency to disagree with everything others say. Notice, too, whether that feeling of disagreement is followed by a tendency to argue the question. Both are dangerous symptoms.

The chronic arguer is seldom sincere. He does not have real opinions, for his instinct is to champion the off-side, whatever it is. Even when his arguments are good, they carry little weight, because his heart is not in them. If he is dull, he is a bore of the first magnitude, and even if he is smart, he is unpopular. Find some way of exercising your logical faculty beside becoming that obnoxious person, a chronic arguer.

"Ice Box Cookies"

1 cup butter; 2 cups sugar; 3½ cups Purity Flour; 2 eggs; 2 teaspoons baking powder; flavoring; 1 cup nuts and raisins chopped (optional)

Make the dough in a roll and keep it overnight in the ice box or a cool place. Slice thinly and bake in a quick oven.

PURITY FLOUR

Best for all Baking

Send 30¢ for 100 Recipe Cook Book.

Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited, Toronto. 92

STEP UP YOUR ENERGY

Energy comes from food that contains the elements of nutrition in well-balanced proportion and easily digested form. Get into partnership with Nature and step up your energy by eating Shredded Wheat with milk. All the carbohydrates you need to furnish heat and energy, all the mineral salts for bones and teeth. Delicious for any meal with sliced bananas or stewed fruits.

SHREDDED WHEAT

WITH ALL THE BRAN OF THE WHOLE WHEAT

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LTD.

CARROLL'S

"WHERE QUALITY IS AS HIGH AS PRICES ARE LOW"

Rowat's Sweet Chow PICKLES 20-oz. jar, regularly 37¢, per jar 29c

Special—Aylmer Brand Tomatoes Indiv. Tin 5c— No. 2 Tins 10c

SURPRISE Laundry Soap 10 bars 49c

Special—Rialto Brand Light TUNA MEAT 2 tins 29c

Special—Schwepp's Shredded COCOANUT 2 lbs. 29c

Special—Patrico Brand Tiny SARDINES 2 tins 25c

Special—Harry Horne's CUSTARD 1-lb. tin 22c

Special—Choice Hallowi Golden DATES 2 pounds 19c

Rowntree's English Quality COCOA, ½-lb. tin 24c
Lyle's Golden SYRUP, 2-lb. tin 25c
Choicest Smyrna FIGS 2 lbs. 23c
Choice Australian APRICOTS, lb. 29c, 33c
Large Messina LEMONS, per dozen....25c
Aylmer Golden Bantam CORN ON COB, No. 3 tin 25c
Richmond-Chase Salad ASPARAGUS, 1-lb. tin 25c

Acadia Boneless CODFISH, 1-lb. pkg..17c
Maconochie's HERRING, in Tomato Sauce, 1-lb. tin 20c
For Whole Wheat Porridge WHEATENA, pkg. 29c
Beauty Specialists Prescribe PALMOLIVE, per cake 8c
Eddy's Sesqui MATCHES, Pocket-size, dozen boxes 19c
Babbitt's CLEANSER.....3 tins 25c
Genuine French CASTILE.....7 cakes 25c

PRINCESS SOAP FLAKES Large package 20c

NESTLE'S CONDENSED MILK Baby's Favorite! 2 tins 35c

Carroll's Own BUTTER Fresh From Ontario Creameries. Pasteurized. 2 lbs. 83c

Mill Street - Acton, Ontario