The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1930

BIRDS FOR SALE

Three steps down from the street;
The window was gray with grime.
I went on stumbling feet
And [illegible] for the gloom
It was all in the gay springtime),
But over the threshold I heard
A start of wings in the room.

There, ranged around the wall,
A goodly company
Rose up one and all
And did me courtesy.

I knew not what to say—
The silence held unstirred
Till in a musty corner
A startling ventured a word.
A timid took heart of grace,
Courage came to a thrush:
They spoke of a bribery snare
An[illegible] of four brown eggs in a bush.
A brilliant blackbird named
Her home in an ivied oak.
A linnet faltered a phrase.
And out of the dinghest shadow
Golden a skylark spoke:
"I, that the wheat breast high in the meadow?"
Over and over he cried:
"I, that the wheat breast high in the meadow?"

There a stray wind opened the door,
A waif of country weather;
An old message it bore
From woods where rain had been,
Salt marsh and sun-sweet moor,
Spring came shouldering in;
They all sang together.

They all sang together
Of quickened sap in the rod,
Of flowers breaking the clod,
Of winds that slip their tether,
Of nests in secret places,
New green on old uplands,
New light on old heather,
Wings freed to wide spaces—
For these wonders seven
They offered praise to heaven.

Three steps up to the street
And into the luminous day
I went on hastening feet,
But it followed me all the way,
Homeless, outward flinging,
The rapt anthem sang,
"Alleluia to May!"
I heard my brothers singing,
"Glory to God!" they sang.

—Nancy Byrd Turner.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of The Free Press of Thursday, May 19, 1910

The lawn bowlers are enjoying themselves on the green again.

Building operations are becoming lively in town.

The Council should take steps to have the main streets sprinkled at once.

Officer Harvey's tree trimming has improved the appearance of the shade trees on the streets. He has also done some excellent work on the walks and drives of Fairview Cemetery.

The improvement in the general conduct of the town, since whiskey selling was made illegal, is really marvellous.

Messrs. Beardmore & Co. have purchased the property of Mr. James R. Anderson, on Church and Maria Streets, the Pyfe lots, and the lots of Dr. Ault fronting on Queen Street.

Since the foundations for the new Beardmore warehouses have been laid, crossings have been put in at Church Street, and citizens in the south section of the town have now free access to the G. T. R. grounds by that street—a decided convenience.

Rev. Dr. Antliff preached anniversary sermons in Galt on Sunday.

The first baseball match of the season will be played in the Park on Saturday afternoon between two teams of Acton players.

Mr. James McDougall sold his livery outfit last week to McCannell & Patterson, liverymen, Guelph. Mr. Williams is alone again in the livery business. During his twenty years here he has had opposition from eleven different proprietors.

Messrs. Beardmore & Co. are negotiating with the G. T. R. to run a spur line down from the yards to their works.

Reports just published show that Messrs. Ernest and Howard Black were successful in their first year examinations at McMaster University and the School of Practical Science. Mr. Vincent Goodeve has also been successful in his final exams at the R. P. S.

A brand new flag floated at half mast over the Town Hall on Saturday and is still there. A memorial in memory of our departed King Edward VII. will be held in the Methodist Church on Friday evening. Addresses will be delivered by Rev. Dr. Antliff, Reeve Hynds, D. Henderson, M. P., Rev. Mr. Earchman and Rev. Mr. Burrell.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Johnstone left on Tuesday morning for a four months' trip to the West.

"UNCLE EBEN" ON KEEPING WELL

Horses and Cows Aid Us Against Disease

A horse can keep you from dying of diphtheria, and a cow can prevent you from catching smallpox!

So "Uncle Eben" tells readers of the Country Guide of Winnipeg, in an article contained in a recent issue. Uncle Eben is a retired farmer, who, finding time hanging heavily on his hands, took up the study of health, and got ahold of all the free pamphlets he could.

As for the horse and the cow, the former, he points out, is the scientists' source of anti-toxin, which is given to people who have taken diphtheria, while the latter provides the vaccine which protects against smallpox, and he feels that people who don't take advantage of these immunities are fools.

"You hear a lot nowadays about the Conquest of Disease," he says, "and What Modern Science Has Done for the Human Race. But, you know, the conquest of disease is like an automobile—it's no good unless you ride it."

"One of your kids had diphtheria, didn't she?" he accuses a neighbor. "D'you know it was your own darned fault she got it? Hold on now, just a minute! A neighbor of mine before I moved into town, had a boy die of typhoid. Do you know that kid would be alive and kickin' to-day if his pa had taken a little trouble before he took sick?" And then he proceeds to tell how people can be immunized, cheaply and easily, against diphtheria and against typhoid fever, but how they don't take the trouble to "ride" the "automobile" of preventive medicine.

"There now, d'you see what I'm getting at? The trouble is people won't have anti-diphtheria toxoid given to their kids. And what happens? Well you nearly lost a youngster from diphtheria and every year about 1,200 Canadians, mostly children, die from the disease while 13,500 sicken of it. Now do you see what I mean when I say that the conquest of disease is like an automobile—no good unless you ride it? If your girl had been treated with toxoid she would never have got diphtheria. But it cost you a whale of a lot more to get her cured of it than it would have cost you to take your whole family to your doctor and have him shot toxoid in to all of 'em. And how much economic loss do you figure these 13,500 cases and 1,200 deaths a year cost this country? What good does it do these people that doctors have conquered diphtheria, when they let diphtheria conquer them? 'Tisn't the doctor's fault! Doctor can't come up to you on the street and shoot something in your arm. You'd have him pinched if he did!"

Cuts and Bruises Disappear.—When suffering from cuts, scratches, bruises, burns, sore throat or chest and any similar ailments, use Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Its healing power is well-known in every section of the community. A bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil should be in every medicine chest ready for the emergencies that may always be anticipated.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

FOR SUNDAY, MAY 18, 1930

JESUS TEACHING IN THE TEMPLE—TEMPERANCE LESSON

Golden Text.—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And a second like unto it is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.—Matt. 22: 37-39.

Lesson Text.—Matt. 22: 15-22; 34-40. Study also Romans 13: 1-14; Phil. 3: 17-21.

Time: April 3, A. D. 30. Place—The Temple at Jerusalem.

Exposition.—I. The Pharisees Confounded, 15-22.

What the scribes and Pharisees did not dare to do openly and directly because they feared the people who were still on Jesus' side), they now undertake to do underhandedly and indirectly. They sought to bring Jesus into conflict with the Roman government. The Pharisees entered into a plot with their most determined enemies, the Herodians, to entangle Jesus into saying something treasonable, and then to hand Him over to the Roman governor to deal with Him (v. 16). Often, to-day, the bitterest enemies will join together, in their common hatred of Christ. Jewish zealots hated to pay tribute to the Roman emperor, and Jesus' enemies sought to entrap Him into declaring against payment of the tribute, saying that it should not be paid to a heathen government. They began with words of smoothest flattery. The devil is never so dangerous nor so malicious, as when he flatters. Jesus was not in the least blinded by these honied words. Having baited their trap, the cunning question followed: "Is it lawful to give tribute unto Caesar, or not?" The snare was well laid, and the conspirators doubtless said to themselves: "In a moment, we will have Him caught." But wait. Jesus calls for a Roman denarius, with which the tax was paid. "Whose image and superscription does this coin bear?" He asks. "Caesar's," they reply—and they have caught themselves, and not Him! "Very well," Jesus continues, in effect, "you accept the money of the foreign government, you must then accept your responsibilities to it. If you use Caesar's money, you must pay Caesar's toll" (v. 24). There are things which are due to human governments, and one thing due to them is the taxes that are necessary to their support, in the functions of which the governed enjoy benefits. Christian ethics require the rendering to human governments the things which are properly due them. But there are other things that belong to God, and it is obligatory that we render to God the things that are His. Some of the things that are due to God are: the absolute surrender of the will, gratitude for His blessings, praise for His excellencies, worship of Himself. We should see to it, that we render these to Him. It is passing strange that, usually, in sermons on v. 21, the whole emphasis is laid upon our duty to Caesar, a quite unwarranted position. When Jesus speaks, His whole utterance is of paramount importance. Things to Caesar; things to God. Christ's enemies were utterly foiled; "they were not able to take hold of the saying before the people" (Luke 20: 26). It burned their fingers—and their souls.

II. The First Commandment and the Greatest Sin, 34-40

Jesus had silenced both the Pharisees and the Sadducees, who had sought to entrap and confuse Him (vs. 15-33). A lawyer (scribe, Mark 12: 28) who had listened to the attempt was deeply impressed by the reasoning of Jesus, and he, also, asked a question. He did it to try or test Him (v. 35; cf. Mark 12: 28). The question was an important one and brought forth an important and convincing answer. Man's first duty is to God. God is infinite, man is finite, and no number of finites make, or equal, an infinity; therefore, if we should perform our attention, but an expression of the whole being, duty toward every fellow-man and fail to perform our duty toward the one, infinite God, the measure of our failure would be immeasurably greater than the measure of our performed duty. Our duty to God can be summed up in one word—love. But what, then, is love? To love another is to have a desire for, and delight in, his welfare; it is not a mere emotion. To love God with all the heart and soul and mind and strength, is to have a supreme desire for, and delight in, God's glory, so that desire for, and delight in, everything else, is made absolutely secondary. The proof that we do love God in this fashion, is that we put God first in everything. To do this, is to keep the first and great commandment (vs. 37, 38). God first—first in business, first in politics, first in study, first in pleasure, first in home life, first in social life, first in everything! To have failed to do all this, is to have committed the greatest sin a man can possibly commit; and, at some time, at some point in our life, all of us have failed of doing this, and thus have broken God's first and greatest commandment; so there is no difference, for, all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God (Romans 3: 23).

But there is a second law like unto the first—not equal; second, not first, but like the first—the central word of which is also love; the object of which is our fellow man. This second commandment requires that we have the same desire for, and delight in, the welfare of our neighbor as we have in our own. The second commandment is really involved in the first; for if we love God whom we have not seen, we must love our neighbor whom we have seen (1 John 4: 20, 21). It is nonsense for a man to pretend to love God, if he do not love his neighbor, for love to God involves love to one's neighbor. The scribe who asked Jesus this question was a man of spiritual discernment; he assented to Jesus' answer (Mark 12: 32-34). There are many, to-day, who called themselves Christian, who lack the clear moral discernment of this scribe—with these, church-going, psalm-singing, praying and Bible-reading are of more importance than love to God and their fellow men. These two commandments sum up the whole content of the law and the prophets. Jesus Christ perfectly kept these two commandments; and we can only keep them by having Christ formed within us. Then, and only then, by the power of the indwelling Spirit, the righteousness of the law will be fulfilled in us (Romans 8: 1-4), and we shall love God supremely, and our neighbor as ourselves. The law says: "This do, and thou shalt live;" the Gospel says: "Live, and thou shalt do this." We get life as a gift, and then obey, because we have life, rich and abundant, springing up within us, and prompting us, daily, to do the will of God. The life within is unfailing, unending, and of like quality should be the readiness to do God's will which it prompts.

MISSED THE AIM

Even feminine, human nature sometimes loses its patience, as, for instance, in the following trying case reported recently:

An energetic and muscular matron who, in company with a friend, was engaged in some holiday shopping, found herself hustled and shoved about till her patience was clean gone. Then she retaliated with a dig of her elbow, aimed at one of her tormentors.

"There!" she said, turning to her friend, "I think I have given one of those—weasles a dose."

"I think you have," answered her companion, when she could recover her breath; "it was me you punched."

Douglas' Egyptian Liniment is unrivalled for speedy relief in muscular rheumatism, lame back, inflammation, burns and felons.

TURKEYS A PROFITABLE CROP WHEN PROPERLY HANDLED

Turkey breeding is not the difficult undertaking that is generally supposed, when the breeding stock and poults are properly handled. Essentials to success in turkey breeding are: Clean soil, mature stock for breeding, good foods properly to both mature and young stock, free range and above all the keeping of the turkey flock away from other barnyard fowls.

Soil that is contaminated with the droppings of fowls of any kind is not desirable soil on which to rear turkeys. If it is impossible to have soil which has not previously been used for poultry keeping make sure that the land has been plowed and thoroughly cultivated. A desirable soil for turkey raising is one that is light and porous in texture, sand or gravel being desirable. Low lying land or heavy clay soils should be avoided, especially for the raising of poults.

Breeding stock should be well matured, especially the females. Good yearling birds are preferable to any other age. Well developed cockerels may be used to advantage, but should be bred on mature females. Avoid using males which are over grown and also the use of females which are over standard weight, as they frequently break many of the eggs at hatching time.

Feeds for turkeys should be made of sound grains, and in no case should shrunken grains be used or grain that has become moulded or heated in any way. Avoid overfeeding, as much loss in turkey raising is caused by digestive disorders. Suitable grains are oats, cracked corn, wheat, barley or buckwheat. Variety is recommended. Mashes of the above grains can be used and should be fed in self-feeding hoppers, so that the birds can help themselves. Feed the grains and mashes from hoppers or troughs and avoid allowing the turkeys to eat their food from the ground, as this is a frequent source of contamination. Poults should be fed in much the same way as baby chicks, and like the mature birds should be fed regularly and in this way avoid the possibility of the birds overfeeding. Good mashes, finely ground, fed in the dry state, are recommended in a commercial way. The feeding of finely chopped hard boiled egg and stale bread crumbs for the first few days is highly recommended.

Young turkeys may be hatched naturally or in incubators, and brooding may be carried on in either the natural or the artificial method.

Protection should be afforded the young birds until they are at least two weeks old, after which time they may be allowed more freedom.

The turkey is, strictly speaking, a farmer's fowl, and cannot be successfully raised in close confinement. While it is possible to keep poults in a small space and still make rapid growth, cheap gains are made only possible on free range. Where the turkeys can roam over meadows, pastures or wooded areas an excellent opportunity for cheap gains is assured, and since the turkeys do little damage to growing crops they can be looked upon as an essential to any farmer since they feed largely on grasshoppers and other insects during the growing months. They require little attention and comparatively little feed after they develop their red heads. After his time they should be allowed to roost in the open from then until marketing time in the fall.

To make a success of turkey raising the turkey flock should be kept entirely away from the barnyard, or from the poultry yard, since much of the trouble with turkeys is caused from Blackhead, which is frequently present in and around the poultry yards. The turkey being naturally a wild bird desires freedom, and when kept away from the poultry flock and barnyard gives the owner little cause for worry, and when properly handled usually gives handsome revenue for time and money expended.

—A. G. Taylor, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.

SURE SIGN

When you see a rabbit's track in the snow you may be certain the rabbit has been there. Circumstantial evidence of that kind is equivalent to proof.

A country minister, according to an exchange, remarked to his wife Sunday noon:

"There was a stranger in church this morning."

"What did he look like?" asked the wife, who was a woman first and a minister's wife afterward.

"I didn't see him."

"Then how do you know there was a stranger there?"

"I found a dollar-bill in the contribution-box."

DENTAL BOOTJACK

Yankees think themselves fairly ingenious and "handy," but how many of them ever thought of a simple trick which an American traveller in Siberia saw performed by a native of that country?

We had been wet since morning, and, as a natural consequence, our feet were swollen and boots shrunken to such an extent that we despaired of getting them off at all. No plan which our ingenuity could devise was found to answer.

When all had failed, our invaluable Yakov came to the rescue, and by the application of his teeth to the toe of each boot—which were fortunately long—aided by his hands at the heels, effected his purpose with surprising ease.

BEHOLD THE DAYS COME

When no little child will go supperless to bed—unless he is naughty.

When no little child will be deprived of the chance to play and to work and to look up at the sky and to feel the green grass.

When every child who has the intellectual capacity to receive a good education can have it.

When there shall be no such thing as race prejudice of any kind in this world.

When war shall be no more.

When the earth shall be full of the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea.—Otto Moore.

NEITHER WAR NOR BURGLARS COULD SCARE HER

Our Grandma Snow, writes a contributor, was tall, well-formed, as straight as any man. We affectionately called her our major general. Like a real Spartan mother, when in '62 her youngest son came home dejected because he had been refused as a volunteer because he was under age, she promptly tied on her bonnet and marched back with him to the recruiting office.

"Now see here, sergeant," she said, "this boy's heart is set on helping his country as his brothers are doing. He is well and strong and willing, and his father and I think he shows a proper spirit, and we give our consent to his enlistment. What is more, we are both going to offer our services. You can put my name down now as a nurse for anywhere they wish to send me."

In later years when she was nearing her eightieth year she journeyed to a distant town to visit her son and his family. She occupied a bedroom off the parlor downstairs with another member of the household. One night in the small hours steps sounded on the veranda—and the following conversation took place at the breakfast time.

"Mother, I hear there were people on our veranda during the night.

"Yes, John, there were two men," Grandma Snow replied placidly.

"What did you do?"

"I opened the door of course and asked them what they wanted."

"Mother! It was a dreadful thing for you to do! Suppose, they had rushed in!

"Well, suppose they had," grandma replied, quite unperturbed; "wouldn't I have rushed them out again?"

Letters to the Editor

Dear Free Press:

While the going is good, I wish to add some reminiscences in connection with the life story of the "venerable" Joel W. Leslie, to those given last week.

I lived in his home and worked under his direction for the three years, November, 1882-1885. I may say at the outset that he gave me probably my first clue to the identity of the then Free Press man. Although attending with the family the "Brick Church," but being a "Wesleyan" proclivities, I thought, I would like to attend the first quarterly meeting at Acton in February, 1883. On my return in asking who would probably be the young man with long red hair who spoke in the "love feast," near the front, and as I was leaving the church he hurried into The Free Press office, adjoining, as if for something, I was told it was probably the editor. It did not take me very long, being of early printer trade, to get an acquaintance going, which gradually grew into friendship still maintained.

Maple syrup in those days was a live topic and a paying commodity. My introduction to it was in the form of distributing buckets and tapping trees. You know "ear to your middle," in "the [illegible] ahead. I think it was [illegible] we found, one morning, that the log reducing kettle of sap, under which we had left a roaring fire while "syruping" a smaller kettle the night before, had been forced so that everything was gone, the pole down, and general demoralization, as well as much sweetness lost. All pranks are not of modern origin.

During my stay with Mr. and Mrs. Leslie two notable events took place—three, rather. They became possessors of a beautiful baby boy, whose promise of being a joy-making member of the home early became very marked, but he was early called away, and the parental hopes were badly crushed. Rev. J. H. Galling, conducted the last sad rites, but gave the word of hope of a bright re-union. And so, it is now in the course of events that probably in a few years the name of Leslie will pass from this old, one of the earliest homesteads, whose original settler, James Leslie, Sr., slept behind a log the first night of his arrival.

The other event was the erection of the fine barn now on the premises, during 1884 and 1885. The first year engaged an immense amount of labor excavating for the basement, hauling stone, sand, etc. We had additional help those years in my brother, Wm. A. Coleman, now of Hagsley. He drove the old standby team, "Nell," and her foal, "Nance," known all around for their resourceful "lifting" abilities. I drove a pair of blacks. The stone was selected from piles along the fences and elsewhere, assembled from pioneer days on this and neighboring farms. The sand was mostly hauled from a fine bank on the third line. The masonry was built by three Italian brothers, Martini, from Everton. There were three 90 foot walls, and the two ends, 68 feet each, and some quite high.

In early '85, the timbering began, and was mostly "sticks" of beech and maple from the bush on the east hundred, across the road. The framers were Mr. Lambert and son, John, of Acton, hewers, while the "scoring" was done by we of the farm, with Mr. Nelson Martin and Robt. Drone, and possibly others. All this had to be later "toted" out to the field beside the site, for framing. An active helper of the Lamberts at this time was Angus McKachern, later long and well-known in Acton.

Besides there were scores of hemlock logs taken to James Brown's mill, and the lumber therefrom hauled back.

There was also a large pile of lumber shipped from a northern firm, to be hauled home from the track, for siding, etc.

All these things led up to the great day in May, the "raising." We were out in bugles in every direction, "warning out the hands," who willingly responded in large numbers, many coming for all day, to help carry the "sticks" into position to be pinned up as "bents." In the afternoon when all was in readiness, Mr. Leslie called on Dave Hackhamer, and, I think, Tom Ryder, to choose sides, which they proceeded to do, acting under frequent advice.

Mr. Lambert faced the crowd, and, with square in hand as emblem of office, with his "Yeo hip!" directed the lifting of the heavy bents. The wood was heavy, the bents long, and sometimes somewhat sprung out of true, but, by degrees the fine western ones were lifted from the foundation and girted together. The sixth, and last one, having to be set on the eastern wall, it had to be laid out on trestles built up, and had to be "piked" from the ground from the start. It was a ticklish, difficult job, and at one time, the owner and proprietor's heart failed him—he will pardon the telling—with the horror that maybe some of these long-time neighbors and friends might be crushed under the heavy timbers. However, his confidence returned, and he had the satisfaction of seeing the last bent up and girted, with no one hurt. But it was strenuous. The day was well gone and the men tired. "Come on, my heasties!" was a frequent encouraging cry of Angus McKachern to those of us with him on the south end of the bent. When all was done and the plates run up, a rush to the loaded tables, under the apple trees, where everything desirable was spread out. General congratulations followed the success of the event. The rafters had to be put up later, three tiers on each side. When the last was finally fastened to the ridge plank in the centre, John Lambert ran its whole length.

The building was designed by Mr. Ruddel, of Eramosa, and had as an extra a cistern 12x12, at the northwest, to which all the roof water was drained, and from which it came by regulated gravity to the drinking trough in the open runway. However, on my last visit in 1920, I found a well and windmill system in vogue, as being more in keeping with modern policy.

The stables were cedar paved, and by the time the winter's snows arrived the stock had comfortable quarters.

The old barn and two frame hay sheds, which had served for many years, were purchased by Mr. George Leslie, and removed to his elder farm, and combined into one building.

I am sure all who know Mr. and Mrs. Leslie will wish them still many years of comfort in the old home, where they enjoy the help and comfort of their daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Yearen, and a younger generation. The old neighbors are mostly gone, but there are many of the old fruit trees; the "spring" is still across the road; and it seems that maple syrup is still in vogue.

The old "Brick Church" is gone, and nearly all who ever ministered in it. I am well acquainted in Wisconsin with a brother of Rev. J. T. Leek—still alive—who was a "young man" when I went there in 1882, Rev. Dr. W. R. Leek, of Green Bay Hospital, and who once preached in "the Brick," and his first sermon on the fifth line.

I fear this is too long, but please pardon.

Cordially,

J. G. Coleman.

Stevens Point, Wis.,

May 6, 1930.

Relief from Asthma. Who can describe the complete relief from suffering which follows the use of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy? Who can express the feeling of joy that comes when its soft and gentle influence relieves the tightened, choking air tubes? It has made asthmatic affliction a thing of the past for thousands. It never fails. Good druggists everywhere have sold it for years.

The indications of worms are restlessness, grinding of the teeth, picking of the nose, extreme peevishness, often convulsions. Under these conditions one of the best remedies that can be got is Miller's Worm Powders. They will attack the worms as soon as administered and they pass away in the evacuations. The little sufferer will be immediately eased and a return of the attack will not be likely.

THE BABY CALF'S FIRST CRADLE

What seems to be an entirely new use for the spreading horns of the cow has been observed by a correspondent who lives in Nebraska. On a farm adjoining the village of Niobrara a young, day-old calf was found in a corn field in which lay a foot of late snow.

As the herd of which mother and calf were a part started toward home in the late afternoon, the mother fed back to where she had left her offspring. The herdsman did not want to leave the mother and calf out during the night, and so he went out to see that they found shelter. To his amazement, he beheld the cow wending her way slowly and patiently toward the barn with an ungainly bundle balanced on her neck and in the cradle formed by her spacious horns. It proved to be her day-old baby, which she had failed to rouse by licking with her tongue and had scooped up with her long spreading horns. When her baby was properly balanced she took it home and deposited it in the stable.

The young one was slow to learn the use of its legs and gave the fond mother another chance to prove her skill; the old cow transported the little creature out into the stalk field in the same manner the next morning. That day it learned the art of walking, and lost forever the privilege of being carried in its fond mother's "arms."

A MOTHER'S LOVE

By Rev. A. B. Rhinow

A mother was dying in the hospital, she suffered agony, and her mind was no longer clear. In the shadows around her feel the family sat silently. They did not say a word, because they did not want to disturb the patient, and because their feelings were beyond words. Suddenly one of the sons coughed. We hardly noticed it, but it did not escape the mother.

"Was that you coughing, Fred?" she asked with tender solicitude.

"Yes, mother," he answered, "but never mind, it's nothing."

In spite of pain the shadows of the valley of death, mother's love asserted itself.

How beautiful is mother's love. It is the sacrificial love; it always gives. A mother cannot be happy so long as she knows that one of her children is unhappy, and she finds her happiness in making her loved ones happy. She spends herself on her children, and considers the sacrifice a precious privilege.

We all ought to get down on our knees and thank God that in this pilgrimage through life we were permitted to taste so sweet a thing as mother's love. And as we adore, we shall be able to see through the heart of mother into the great heart of God.

TROUT BY THE HANDFUL

That was a wonderful pocket of trout which Mr. Lewis R. Freeman saw in the Yellowstone River just below Yellowstone Lake. In his book "Down the Yellowstone," he describes it thus:

At the first rapid—an abrupt fall of from three to six feet formed by a ledge of bedrock that extended all the way across the river—I found countless millions of trout bunched where the obstacles blocked their upward movement to the lake. I had seen salmon jumping falls on many occasions, but had never before seen trout. They seemed to be getting in one another's way a good deal, but even so they were clearing the barrier like a flight of so many grasshoppers. Many made a clean jump of it. Others striking near the top of the fall, still had enough kick left in their tails to drive on up through the bottle-green water. But those that struck below the middle were carried back.

Immediately under the fall the fish were so thick that thrusting your hand into a pool near the bank was like reaching into the bumper haul of a freshly drawn seine. Closing a fist on the slippery creatures was quite another matter, however; I was all of twenty minutes throwing half a dozen two-pounders and three-pounders out upon the bank.

Perslan Balm is inevitably chosen by discerning women. Delightful to use. Subtly fragrant. Cooling and refreshing. Imparts a rare youthful charm to the complexion. Invaluable for softening and making hands flawlessly white. Tones and stimulates the skin. Useful for the family also. Protects the tender skin of the child and is excellent for the father as a hair fixative and cooling shaving lotion.

WHY KEEP OLD HENS?

In discussing methods of increasing egg production J. C. Kford, Dominion Poultry Husbandman, asks the very pertinent question, "Why keep old hens?" He provides the answer by citing official figures from tests conducted by the Experimental Farms Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture showing that when pullets are tested against hens the average yearly profit over cost of feed is, for the pullet, $3.34, and for the hen, $1.66; presented in another way, it costs 20 cents to produce one dozen eggs through pullets as against a per-dozen cost of 35 cents with old hens. It is also pointed out that it takes 60 eggs to pay for the cost of the bird, and any pullet or hen which doesn't lay at least this number is just a bill of expense. There are a number of good ways of getting hens that will lay a profit over their cost and keep.

The wise man profits even by advice that he does not follow.

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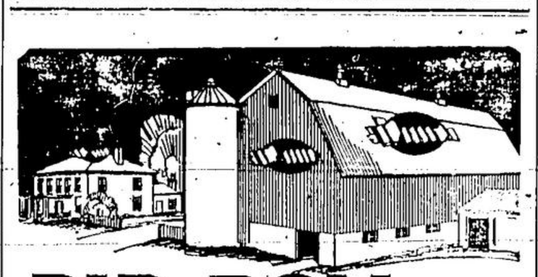

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WHY A Merchant, to write an Advertisement, has to have something to tell about. That is why it pays to study these messages which contain items of financial interest to you.

TIME TABLES

AT ACTON

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

STANDARD TIME

All times given in this Time Table are Standard Times.

Going East

Sunday Only	11.28 a.m.
Sunday Only	7.12 p.m.
Daily—except Sunday	*7.02 a.m.
Daily—except Sunday	11.20 a.m.
Daily—except Sunday	*6.18 p.m.
Daily—except Sunday	8.18 p.m.

Going West

Sunday Only	10.31 a.m.
Daily—except Sunday	*7.34 a.m.
Daily—except Sunday	9.09 a.m.
Daily—except Sunday	2.29 p.m.
Daily—except Sunday	*6.18 p.m.
Daily—except Sunday	7.29 p.m.

* Denotes Mail Train.

CANADIAN NATIONAL ELECTRIC RAILWAYS

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME

All times given in this Time Table are Daylight Saving Times.

Westbound

Daily—Except Sunday	7.36 p.m.
Daily	9.54 a.m.
Daily	11.56 a.m.
Daily	2.16 p.m.
Daily	4.36 p.m.
Daily	6.56 p.m.
Daily	9.16 p.m.
Daily	12.16 p.m.

Eastbound

Daily—Except Sunday	8.53 a.m.
Daily	9.13 a.m.
Daily	11.13 a.m.
Daily	1.33 p.m.
Daily	3.53 p.m.
Daily	6.13 p.m.
Daily	8.33 p.m.
Daily	11.33 p.m.

Toronto Terminal

Keele Street and St. Clair Avenue

Freight delivered by special express freight. Freight picked up at any address in Toronto.

TRAVEL BY BUS

Westbound

Bus at Acton daily at 8.25 a. m., 1.05 p. m., 4.05 p. m., 6.35 p. m., and daily, except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays at 10.05 p. m. Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays only at 12.05 a. m.

Eastbound

Daily at 11.20 a. m., 2.55 p. m., 5.55 p. m., 9.50 p. m. Daily except Sundays and Holidays at 6.05 p. m. Sundays and Holidays at 9.35 a. m.

STANDARD TIME

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