QUESTIONS AT BEDTIME

What makes the wind blow?
Why don't the stars fall?
What makes 'em wink so?
What makes 'em be so small?
What makes the clock tick?
What makes my top spin?
What makes the blankets thick?
What makes me have a skin?
What makes my toes crease?
Who broke the pretty moon?
Where is the other piece?
Can't it be mended soon?
When will I grow up big?
What makes a monkey crowp?
Won't you sing "Little Pig"
So I can go to sleep?

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of The Free Press of Thursday, July 7, 1910

A good rain is much desired.

The dry weather shortened the strawberry crop considerably.

New potatoes and green peas are now on the family bill of fare.

Haying has been done at the Park.

Acton Fire Brigade and Acton Citizens' Band attended the Firemen's Demonstration at Georgetown on Dominion Day.

Mr. Peter McNabb is making considerable improvements to his residence on Mill Street. The house has been reshealed with metal of rock-faced design and a neat verandah of modern pattern has replaced the old one.

The mercury descended thirty degrees in two hours on Sunday evening, after a sweltering fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. John Firalbrook came to Acton with their family last week and are now settled in their summer residence at the Fish Ponds. They recently arrived home from a tour of the Baptist Church mission fields and travelled about 40,000 miles.

MARRIED

MEADOWS-HAUBIC—At the home of the bride's parents, Brock Street, Acton, on Thursday, June 30, 1910, by Rev. J. Cooper Antliff, D. D. Arthur A. Meadows, Toronto, to Christina, daughter of Adam Haller.

HOLMES-GILLIES—At the home of the bride's parents, London, Ontario, on Wednesday, June 29, by Rev. T. T. Shields, Dr. Royden K. Holmes, Acton, to Anna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Gillies.

DIED

RAMSHAW—At St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, on Monday, July 4, 1910, Clifford, eldest son of Alex. Ramshaw, formerly of Acton, in his 21st year.

SUTHERLAND—In Toronto, on Thursday, June 30, 1910, Rev. Alex. Sutherland, D. D., Superintendent of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Church, in his 77th year.

WILKINSON—Suddenly, at Alymer, on Wednesday, June 29, 1910, Lucinda Ruth, wife of Rev. Thomas L. Wilkinson, formerly of Acton, and daughter of the late Zenas Adams, one of the founders of Acton, in her 73rd year.

PEACE

In the village post office a little group of people were waiting for their mail. Over in one corner some of the older men were discussing the pros and cons of the proposed World Peace, and voicing loud opinions upon it. One well-known farmer's voice rose high above the rest. He was very decided and emphatic in his views, and he didn't care who heard him. His audience quite agreed that war was a miserable failure, and that it really settled nothing permanently, for all its ghastly waste of life and energy. Every one wanted a lasting peace, and World Peace would doubtless prove an estimable boon and blessing to mankind.

But what struck us all more forcibly, I think, than anything else, was the fact that the man who so loudly advocated a peaceful contentment amongst the nations of the world, was the very man who could not live, even for a month, on good terms with his neighbors. If he was not quarrelling about stray dogs or cattle, it was likely to be ditches or line-fences. And what, after all, is war, but the same thing on a larger, deadlier scale?

A man who would compel his good, lifetime neighbor, under dire threats of "the law", to move eighty rods, or more, of his dividing fence, because it encroached perhaps a foot upon his land, could yet not understand why countries quarrel about their far-flung boundary lines; and why, widely separated as they are by tremendously vital differences in language, creeds and customs, it is not an easy matter to settle all national disputes with adequate dispatch.

These troubles really begin with individuals. It is not easy for us to remember that peace, like charity, begins at home. "To live peaceably with all men" is a Christian obligation, and one that too few followers of the meek and lowly Jesus even attempt to fulfil. The churches are for peace, of course. But have they anything at all like it, within themselves? Our religion rests upon a foundation of brotherly love and forgiveness, and a patient forbearance with the foibles of mankind. Surely then, the church is the one place in a war-torn world, where one might trustingly look for perfect peace, and hope to find it. But a warring and divided church, preaching peace to others, is something in the nature of a joke; yet it is a pitiful joke, and a sad and pathetic state of affairs.

It is not enough to expect good will from the other fellow. It is equally necessary to be found in the same frame of mind ourselves. My loud-voiced friend of line-fence fame, who aired his peaceful principles, was merely demanding protection for himself. He did not intend to return it in kind. And that is just the sort of thing in a larger sense, that spoils the best-intentioned plans and schemes of wiser men.

Gross selfishness is at the bottom of most quarrels; greed, and an unworthy desire to beat the other fellow. Could we but see the need for equal rights, for justice, and the daily practice of the Golden Rule, what a vastly different place this earth would speedily become! For if every home were peaceful, and every person charitable and serene, how long could dissensions linger in this world?—Gloria.

An Oil for All Men.—The sailor, the soldier, the fisherman, the lumberman, the gut-dole laborer and all who are exposed to injury and the elements will find in Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil a true and faithful friend. To ease pain, relieve colds, dress wounds, subdue lumbago and overcome rheumatism, it is excellent. Therefore, it should have a place in all home medicines and be amongst those taken on a journey.

MR. PEASLEE ON ILL-JUDGED THRIFT

Caleb Peaslee who was helping Deacon Hyne through a hurried week of belated haymaking, stood on the barn floor testing the strength of a fork handle.

"I ain't any giant for strength these days, Hyne," he submitted, "but I don't b'lieve that handle's fit to stand the load I c'n lift; looks to me 'nif it was 'bout ready to crack down there next to the socket. Ain't you got another one I can use?"

The deacon gave the fork a casual glance.

"There's plenty more forks standin' behind the wagonshed door," he offered. "I guess likely that handle is strained a mite; but I was cal'latin' to use it as long as it held. I like to git the last wear out of a thing."

"I do too," Caleb agreed. "But I c'n call to mind time ewhen reakin' too much to a broken tool led to misfortune—like the time when Ben Alcott figgered—like the time when Ben Alcott figgered a cracked pole yoke was all right to use a spell longer.

"Ben had a pair of young hosses, and one of 'em he'd bought of me; and when I sold him to Ben I warned him.

"'That hoss is all right,' I says; 'if you don't scare him and don't work him in a weak harness. If his harness breaks,' I says, 'there's n' otellin' what he'll do.'

"This time I'm tellin' you about was when folks from the city just begun to come out into the country and snoop round in attics and sheds huntin' up old chairs and chests of drawers that they called 'antiques.' And Ben, havin' a sharp nose for a dollar, took a habit of goin' round on his own hook and buyin' up what he c'd git cheap; and then, when the city folks come, he'd have a plenty all ready for 'em—and at a good advance in price!

"Well, one day Ben asked me if I'd go with him the next day after a load of stuff he'd dickered for. So 'ever I went to his place, next mornin', and got there jest as he was hookin' up the hosses. When he picked up the pole to hook the pole yoke to the collar I noticed a big crack in the yoke.

"'You ain't plannin' to use a cracked yoke like that, be ye,' I says, 'with a pair of young hosses?'

"Ben looked at me 'nif I was kind of nothinal. 'Why not?' he says. 'That little crack don't hurt nothin'; I c'n git quite a little wear out of that yoke yit,' he says. 'Well,' I thinks to myself, 'it ain't any of my business'; so I got up onto the seat with him, and we started over to'rds the north edge of the town.

"Well, we started pickin' up the load, a bureau here and a spindle-back chair there, and before long we had a load that stood for c'nsid'rable money, even at the prices Ben had paid for it. And then we come to the last place, old maid Brewster's place, jest before you come to that long hill, comin' this way. Out in the barn she had a big chest of drawers that'd weigh in the neighborhood of four hundud pounds and stood five or six foot high—a dre'ful awkward thing to stow on the wagon, too.

"Well, we got it loaded at last, and Ben picked up the webbin's and started the hosses, he walkin' alongside and me behind, to lighten the load; and when we got to the top of the hill he tugged back on the reins to make the hosses ease the load down. Well, then hosses come back in the collars quick and sharp, and I heard something creak and splinter. Then I could see the pole yoke swingin' in two halves at the end of the pole almost on the ground; and the next minute the load surged down onto the hosses' heels, and they started to run. The fust jump they made they fetched loose from Ben, and down that hill they went 'nif they was crazy.

"Jest before you come to the foot of the hill there was a hump in the road that the surveyors had made to turn out the water into the ditch, and it was all of five inches high. When the hosses got there, the end of the pole ketched—and you couldn't have stopped the whole thing any quicker if they'd hit a brick builidin'! The end of the pole nosed into the ground like a plow, and that chest of drawers kep' right on goin' forward—throgh uthe spindle-backs and tables and all the rest of the load,—and the next jump the hosses tore themselves clear of the wagon and didn't quit runnin' till they got to the barn!

"For a minute Ben jest stood and looked at the wreck; and then he spoke. 'I'm goin' to own up, Peaslee,' he says, 'that a day's work saved out of cracked harness ain't always a savin'; this time it ain't by over fifty dollars—mebbe more'n that.' And he took to clearin' the stuff out of the road, and then we went home.

"That fixed the idea in my mind that I didn't want to work with weak tools. Where'd you say I'd find a solid fork handle?"

THE LAST OF THE WOODEN NUTMEGS

Whatever truth there is in the tradition from which Connecticut gained the name of the "Nutmeg State," it is certain, writes a contributor, that some wooden nutmegs were made in New Haven in 1873 by a wood turner named Ames. His employer had as a guest an English nobleman, a certain Lord Rexham. Just before departing the Englishman was anxious to get some wooden nutmegs as a souvenir, but the host, said they were hard to get, but he would try. He asked his best wood worker, Ames, to make a few.

The job took him nearly two days. He turned a dozen of the "nuts," some large and some small, carved the outside to resemble real nutmegs and soaked them in strong oil of nutmeg. While they were still wet he rubbed whiting into them.

Mr. West took them to Lord Rexham, who remarked, "They look like nutmegs! They smell like nutmegs! They are nutmegs! You are playing a joke on me!"

"Cut one open," suggested Mr. West quietly.

Lord Rexham did so, and they proved to be genuine wood. He was delighted. "I'll have lots of fun showing them at home!" he said.

BREAKING NEW TRAILS IN THE ROCKIES

Every year the Order of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies gathers together its devotees who set out into the unknown, or the almost unknown, on mountain ponies from the starting point at the Banff Springs Hotel or Chateau Lake Louise. For those new to the game there is a trail ride of a few days, covering, however, little travelled paths, while for the expert there is a ride of three weeks penetrating to the heart of the Rockies, and both end in a Grand Pow-wow or campfire meeting where songs are sung and the feeling of general jollity is perpetuated. These Trail rides are held in August when the weather is at its best, and lovers of the outdoors gain an experience which, even if they never repeat it, will furnish them memories and stories for a life-time. Every year new trails are broken, the one last year being over Gibbon Pass, named after the founder of the Order. The rides attract travellers from every part of the continent and from Europe, and some 1,500 of them are now enrolled in the Order.

Lay-out shows rides passing through Gibbon Pass, taking a rest at Shadow Lake with Mount Ball in the background, and fording an arm of the Lake of Hanging Glaciers.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

FOR SUNDAY, JULY 6, 1930

ABRAHAM (A PIONEER OF FAITH)

Golden Text.—By faith Abraham, when he was called, obeyed to go out unto a place which he was to receive for an inheritance; and he went out, not knowing whither he went.—Heb. 11: 8.

Lesson Text.—Gen. 12: 1-3; 13: 7-12; Heb. 11: 8-10; Study also Gen. 11: 1-12; 13: 14, 19.

Time.—2126 B. C. Places—Haran, Bethel.

Exposition.—I. Abram Called from Country, Kindred and Home, 1, 3.

Once again God selects a single man to be the head of a new race. We find Abram in Haran. When the call first came to him he was in Mesopotamia (Acts 7: 2). Abram obeyed the call promptly, but not fully; he got OUT of his own country, but not INTO the country God showed him. He stopped at Haran. Abram has many followers to-day. They get out of Mesopotamia, but not away into Canaan. They stop at Haran. It took the death of Abram's father to get him out of Haran (Acts 7: 4). The call was to leave (1) "thy country;" (2) "thy kindred;" (3) "thy father's house." A pretty searching test, that, but it comes to many (Luke 14: 33; Matt. 10: 37). Every child of God has a call to separation (2 Cor. 6: 17, 18). One reason why God called Abram out of kindred and country was because they were idolaters (Joh. 24: 2; Gen. 31: 19, 20). Furthermore, God had great purposes about training a great covenant people, and the land of Canaan was just the land (a land adapted as was no other spot on earth) for the accomplishment of that purpose. It was a tremendous trial of Abram's faith to go out. God held up as a recompense His own wonderous promise. He did not even tell Abram where the land was (Heb. 11: 8), but led him towards it, one step at a time. Abram had only God's word of command and promise, but that was enough for him. Yet it was an exceeding good land which God showed him, and it is a good land which God will show us, if we just go out at His bidding. There were seven promises connected with the call to get out of his own land which Abram received from Jehovah. The first promise made a tremendous tax on faith: "I will make thee a great nation." Abram was seventy-five years old and childless (cf. 17: 6; 18: 18). It has been fulfilled to the letter, and has had a still larger spiritual fulfilment (Romans 4: 16). "I will make thy name great;" this, too, has been marvellously fulfilled. Abraham's name is great among Christians, Jews and Mohammedans. It pays to believe and obey God. These promises were accompanied by a significant command: "Be thou a blessing" (R. V.). A solemn obligation rests upon the one God blesses, to be a blessing to others. Jehovah undertook to bless them that bless Abram and to curse the one that cursed him (cf. Matt. 25: 34, 40, 41; 45; Ex. 23: 22). God is dealing the same way, to-day, with those who bless or curse Abram's descendants. Now comes the most astounding promise of all, made to this ancient and, at that time, unknown nomad: "In thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed." But how marvellously has this promise been fulfilled! Blessed in Christ, the Saviour of the world, descended from Abram of Ur (cf. Gal. 3: 8; Acts 3: 0)!

II. Prosperity, Division, Generosity, 13: 7-12.

Abram has now become very rich—wealth which came from God. Still the accumulation of riches did not prove an unmixed blessing; finally, it led to strife and division between Abram and his nephew, Lot. That is a very sad sentence? "There was a strife between the herdsmen of Abram's cattle and the herdsmen of Lot's cattle." The strife was all the more lamentable in view of the fact that the enemies of their common God, "the Canaanite and the Perizzite dwelled then in the land." It reminds one of the painful strife, to-day, among different bodies of Christians, right in the presence of their enemies, and of the enemies of the Lord they profess to serve. Doubtless the Canaanites and the Perizzites were greatly pleased by this strife (2 Tim. 2: 24; Gal. 5: 19, 20; Jas. 3: 16). But Abram, by his magnanimity, which sprung from his faith in God, proved equal to the occasion. He put into practice the Golden Rule (Matt. 7: 12) centuries before it was enunciated, and proved himself a child of God, by being a peacemaker (Matt. 5: 9). He set an excellent example for the Christians of to-day. His argument against strife among God's people is conclusive, although it consists of but three words—"We are brethren." Abram was the older man and the leader, and the choice naturally belonged to him. But he let Lot have the choice, and lost nothing by his generosity. He had the sure promise of God to build upon, and to sustain him in his generosity (ch. 12: 7). Lot did not display generosity like Abram, he did not seek divine guidance, made a bad choice, and chose a place doomed to destruction. Abram dwelt in the land of promise; Lot in the cities of the plain. Lot had his face Sodom-wards. He kept moving closer and closer to it, until, at last, we read, "he moved his tent as far as Sodom" (V. 12, R. V.) The separation was doubtless painful to Abram, but it had a blessing in it. Abram was bidden to look as far as he could see in every direction, and it was all to be his and his descendants' for ever (vs. 14, 15).

III. Looking Towards a City, 11: 8-10.

Abram showed his gratitude for these great and gracious promises by building "an altar to Jehovah who appeared unto him." And he builded not to an unknown God, but to a God he knew. Jehovah's promise to this man of faith—"unto thy seed will I give this land"—has already been fulfilled, but is waiting a still larger fulfilment (Ex. 36: 24-28; 37: 21-28). Abram moved on, his was a pilgrim life (Heb. 11: 13). But his faith kept him moving in the right direction—he looked "for a city which hath foundations," whose builder and maker is God." Many since Abram's day have looked towards that city, but none more steadfastly than the great pioneer of faith in the dawn-time of God's covenanted people. Abram's life was a life of separation obedience, trial, divine companionship, worship. This he sought and found at the behest of Jehovah, and the exercise of a magnificent faith.

Persian Balm is irresistible. Fragrant as summer flowers. Cool as a mountain spring. Wonderfully invigorating. Softens and whitens the hands. Makes skin soft-textured and youthful. Used by women as a powder base and as a peerless aid to lovely complexions. Used by men as an effective hair fixative or shaving lotion. And for children, nothing soothes and protects their tender skin like the delicately cool Persian Balm.

WHAT THE LITTLE EELS MISSED

A profiteer bought a luxurious country home and set about making it even more luxurious. Money of course was no object. One of his plans was to have a fishpond containing eels.

"But you can't keep eels in a pond," suggested his neighbor, to whom he had confided his idea. "They have to go down to the sea every year, you know."

"Well, I won't have 'em, then!" exclaimed the profiteer. "I always takes the missus and the kids every year, but I ain't going to take no eels!"

Miller's Worm Powders are complete in themselves. They not only drive worms from the system, but repair the damage that worms cause and so invigorate the constitution that it speedily recovers from the disorders of the digestion that are the result of the work of those parasitic intruders. They do their work thoroughly and strength and soundness follow their use.

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes; Household Ideas and Suggestions

By Betty Barclay

ATTRACTIVE MEXICAN DISHES

The Senoras and Senoritas to the extreme south of us, where it is taken for granted that every married and marriageable woman has been trained to be a good cook, have learned how to prepare some of the most appetizing dishes imaginable. One of the cooking secrets that accounts for the subtle flavor of many of their meats and vegetables is the use of sugar—not enough to actually sweeten, but sufficient to bring out and blend the full flavor of the other ingredients used in the dish. Here are two delicious dishes that should be tried by women in the north.

CHICKEN SENORA

Cut a frying-size chicken in quarters and fry in olive oil with half cup finely chopped onion and raw white potatoes cut in dice. Cook until the meat of the chicken is white. Add half teaspoon sugar, half teaspoon chopped parsley, one tablespoon chopped green pepper and quarter cup hot water. Season with salt and pepper to taste and cook very gently until the chicken and potatoes are thoroughly done.

CHIRACAYOTE

1 tender summer squash
1 tablespoon butter
2 roasting ears of corn
1 teaspoon sugar
Salt and pepper

Peel the squash and cut into cubes. Fry until tender in the butter, stirring frequently. Add the seasonings and the sweet corn cut from the cob. Have about a quarter as much corn as squash. Continue cooking until the corn is soft.

CARROTS AND CHEESE

Mince twelve medium-sized carrots fifteen minutes until tender. Put into a baking dish. Sprinkle liberally with cheese and a little salt and pepper. Beat three eggs and stir into a pint of milk that has been put on the stove to heat. Let the mixture thicken; then pour over the carrots and cheese. Add more cheese for a top dressing. Put the baking dish in a pan of water and place in the oven to brown.

TOAST NESTS

Take thick slices of stale bread about three inches square, cut off the corners and scoop out centre. (Use waste bread to roll and dry for other things.) Toast, nice and brown in the oven. Before taking out of oven, butter generously, drop a whole egg in and cook for a few minutes.

Good-bye Asthma. Persons suffering from that extremely trying trouble known as asthma know what it is to long with all their hearts for escape as from a tyrant. Never do they know when an attack may come and they know that to struggle unaided is vain. With Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy at hand, however, they can say good-bye to their enemy and enjoy life again. It helps at once.

WHAT A PETTY ACT!

The wit of Sir John Macdonald is well known throughout the Dominion to-day, says Dr. W. S. Ralmsford in "The Story of a Varied Life," an opponent on the floor of the House of Commons at Ottawa accused Sir John of having stolen part of the political programme of the opposition. "Sir John," he declared, "has stolen the brains of the Opposition!"

Quick as a flash Sir John was on his feet, appealing to the chair on a point of order. "Mr. Speaker," he said impressively, "the honorable member has accused me of petty larceny!"

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TIME TABLES

AT ACTON

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

STANDARD TIME

All times given in this Time Table are Standard Times:

Going East

Daily, except Sunday	7.02 a.m.
Daily, except Sunday	11.33 a.m.
Daily, except Sunday	6.18 p.m.
Daily, except Sunday	7.57 p.m.
Sunday only	7.12 p.m.

Going West

Daily, except Sunday	7.34 a.m.
Daily, except Sunday	9.09 a.m.
Daily, except Sunday	3.20 p.m.
Daily, except Sunday	6.18 p.m.
Daily, except Sunday	7.20 p.m.
Sunday only	10.23 a.m.

CANADIAN NATIONAL ELECTRIC RAILWAYS

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME

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

Westbound

Daily except Sunday	7.37 p.m.
Daily	9.37 a.m.
Daily	11.57 a.m.
Daily	2.17 p.m.
Daily	4.37 p.m.
Daily	6.57 p.m.
Daily	9.17 p.m.
Daily	12.17 a.m.

Eastbound

Daily except Sunday	6.54 a.m.
Daily	9.01 a.m.
Daily	11.14 a.m.
Daily	1.34 p.m.
Daily	3.54 p.m.
Daily	6.14 p.m.
Daily	8.34 p.m.
Daily	11.34 p.m.

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TRAVEL BY BUS

Westbound

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Eastbound

Daily at 11.20 a. m., 3.55 p. m., 5.55 p. m., 9.50 p. m. Daily except Sundays and Holidays at 9.35 a. m. Sundays and Holidays at 9.05 a. m.

STANDARD TIME

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