

# The Acton Free Press.

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### Poetry.

#### A TONGUE TWISTER

If a Hottentot taught a Hottentot tot  
To talk ere the tot could totter,  
Ought the Hottentot tot  
To tot taught to say "tough!"  
Or "tough!" or what ought to be taught  
but?

If to tot and tot a Hottentot tot  
He taught by a Hottentot totter,  
Should the totter tot by the Hottentot tot  
tot and tot at the Hottentot tot?  
—Exchange.

### Select Family Reading

#### LOVE TRIUMPHANT

IT HAD been going on all the morning, and it was driving him to distraction. First it had been "Love Me and the World is Mine"—that had been through the tool making; the state had been, except to "It Was Only a Beautiful Picture"; and now "I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Hall" was being made the accompaniment to the cooking of dinner. Ill-fortunately but not without cause, the voice in the kitchen sang—

"But of all I dreamt what charmed me the most  
Was that you loved me still the same, the same  
That you loved me still—"

Dennis Athorp groaned and flung down his pen. How could he be expected to write with this noise going on?

"If only she would finish the beastly thing and start something fresh I might steel myself to bear it!" he said aloud.

"That you loved me still the same, the same—"

He pushed his chair back noisily and strode into the passage.

"That you loved me still the same, the same!" he shouted with finality; and, returning to his den he closed the door with a bang. There was silence at length—dead and lifeless. He picked up his pen and was soon absorbed in it. The sound of a door slamming in the distance did not disturb him in any way, and at the moment it never occurred to him to connect it with Hopsy and his vocal efforts.

"Hopsy?" he called and then again loudly, "Hopsy!"

"There was no answer and he proceeded to the kitchen. He glanced around; the stove was uncleaned, the linoleum unswished, and the pretty dinner service undisturbed. All these things his mind failed to take in, but he wondered vaguely why it was that all looked so different. He noticed when Pippa had put plates all along the dresser shelves, and had danced around the rooms, clapping her hands like the lark she was, at the result.

"That was three nights before the wedding was to have been—one night before that ridiculous engagement that he could laugh at for its sheer absurdity, was it not for the fact that it had blotted all the sunshine out of his life. And the irony of it, "Love Triumphant" had been the cause of it all. He had intended to hang it in the dining-room, she had declared it was a shame to put it anywhere but in the drawing-room.

Underlying the half-laughing discussion there was a dogged obstinacy on both sides that refused to give way, and little by little they had grown more serious until something had prompted Pippa to make that unforgivable little speech.

"You are horrid," she had said. "Gosh, like all the rest. I should have thought that after all I am giving up for you you would have let me have my own way in little things like this."

It was because there was a grain of truth in the speech that it had hurt him so. He was sacrificing a great deal to marry him—a luxurious home, and plenty of money to spend on clothes.

"Pippa," he had said, and his face had been very white, "I don't want you to give up anything that you will regret."

"Regret? Of course I shall regret it all. Especially I am a bit of a fool."

And that had been the end of it all. She could have bitten her tongue out the next minute for having uttered the words, but she had been too proud to withdraw them and she had gone to bed with a saying that after what she had said he would not do otherwise than release her from her promise; she had sobbed over it in secret, but had left it unanswered. Then he had gone to live alone in the little house. And Hopsy, who had been engaged to come daily for three or six paces a week, had "done for him." Well, her reign was over.

When a week had passed without the ministrations of Hopsy, Dennis received a shock. He discovered he had used up all the plates. Selecting the least dirty from the pile of crockery on the table, he held it under the tap; the cold water, though it splashed liberally over the scullery floor, made very little impression on the lacinated fat, and his luncheon that day was not at all appetizing.

His heart was very heavy as he pulled the front door to after him. He was glad to get away from the little house, he told himself. When he returned it was too dark for him to notice that something had happened to the door knocker. The hall too was vaguely different—cooler, more inviting. But it was not until he reached the kitchen that he realized that a miracle had happened. The plates and dishes were washed and shining and once more in orderly rows upon the dresser.

"What did it mean? He told himself that he could not think of any explanation, yet all the time in his heart a little bird was singing a wild irrepressible song: He would see and he would see to the accompaniment of the song, and it thrilled to him in his dreams that night. The next day at two o'clock he left the house and hurried down the road. Exactly an hour later he returned, and his heart gave a great bound. The front gate was not as he had left it.

### Another Very Successful Fall Fair

#### Largest Attendance and Gate Receipts Acton Fair Ever Had

#### THE LIST OF THE PRIZE TAKERS

The Fall Fair last Wednesday and Thursday was a most gratifying success. Good organization under the leadership of President Havill and Secretary Hynes, the popularity of the fair with the public generally, good weather both days, and generally concerted action by the directors were all contributory to the success which was achieved this year.

The attendance, nearly 4000, was the highest that ever passed through the gates of a fair at Acton, and the gate receipts were consequently very satisfactory. The attendance of parents and friends of the scholars, at the Fall Fair and scores of cars brought visitors from a wide area. The admission of cars to the exhibition park was a new but very popular departure, and upwards of fifty cars took advantage of the privilege during the day. Through careful arrangements and oversight no accident of any kind resulted.

The showing of stock was magnificent. In horses alone there were nearly 200 entries. The cattle, sheep and hog classes were well represented. Poultry exhibits made a pleasing feature of the fair. The prize list for poultry classes has proven attractive and the show of poultry was the best ever seen here, and excelled that of most similar fairs.

The hall presented a very attractive appearance. The ladies' department was especially noticeable. There would be a greater interest, however, if more concert action was given to entrance as against the professional exhibitors. The fine arts were very creditable. The exhibit of home making was fine. The butter exhibits seemed to be more attractive this year to the general public than in previous years. A fine lot of butter was exhibited. The grain classes were not so full as usual, and potatoes were almost not at all owing to the general failure of the crop in this section. The other vegetables, however, made a very attractive section of the fair. There was a fine showing of fruit, but some of the usual exhibits were absent.

Attractive exhibits were made by Messrs. Henderson & Co., John-Town & Co., James Symon, C. W. Kelly, Raymond Sewing Machine Co., James Martin and others. With a re-arrangement of the hall more of these exhibits might, with advantage be introduced.

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The prizes were awarded as follows:

HUMANS:

HEAVY DRAFT—Spring Colt: W. W. Matheson, Ira H. Vannatter. One-year-old gelding or filly: Daniel Whitely. Two-year-old gelding or filly: Bruce McInnis. P. A. Thompson. Three-year-old gelding or filly: Neil Gillin.

AMATEUR BREED—Bred mare: W. W. Matheson, P. A. Thompson, Wm. Frank, Spring colts: R. J. Northwick, P. A. Thompson, John Crawshaw. One-year-old gelding or filly: R. Tuck, Neil Gillin. Two-year-old gelding or filly: R. J. Northwick, P. A. Thompson, B. W. Bingham. Three-year-old gelding or filly: Neil Gillin.

GENERAL PURPOSE—Bred mare: Geo. A. Wilson, Geo. Curry, Percy Martin. Spring colts: Geo. Currie, J. H. McDonald, L. West. One-year-old gelding or filly: B. J. Lecker. Two-year-old gelding or filly: Ashhurst Bros., W. H. Allan, Percy Martin.

HEAVY HORSES IN HARNESS—Span of heavy draught horses or geldings: Ashhurst Bros., R. Tuck. Span of agricultural horses or geldings: Arthur E. Wilson, Peter Bell, J. R. Watson. Span of general purpose horses or geldings: A. Hunter, Wm. Scott & Son, D. Barber.

LIGHT HORSES—CARRIAGE—Bred mare: A. M. McPherson, Donald McLean, D. Robertson & Co. Spring colts: A. M. McPherson, Geo. A. Wilson, D. Robertson. One-year-old gelding or filly: Daniel Whitely. Two-year-old gelding or filly: P. A. McPherson, Ronald McDonald, Mrs. F. McPherson.

HARNESS—Breedmare: Mann Bros., J. Kerr, P. A. McDonald, Spring colts: Mann Bros., Jas. E. Campbell, J. H. Allan. Two-year-old gelding or filly: W. Shaw, James Keough.

LIGHT HORSES IN HARNESS—Single Carriage, 3-year-old gelding or filly: Earl Wilson, Mark Givens, A. M. McPherson. Single carriage, mare or gelding: Wm. C. Howland, Donald McLean. Span carriage, mare or gelding: J. F. Husband, J. O. Moffat. Three-year-old roadster, gelding or filly: A. L. Chambers, W. Daveson, R. Talbot & Son. Single roadster, mare or gelding: F. A. Healy, J. O. Moffat. Span roadster, mare or gelding: W. C. Healy, W. W. Matheson, Wheeler & Lawson.

TOTALS OF SPAN—In the 2:30 class, trot or pace: 1st, J. McEwell, "Geo. Lacon"; 2nd, J. Nead, "Black B."; 3rd, P. Kelly, "Victor's Poem." Time 2:31. In the 2:35 class, trot or pace: 1st, James H. Hill, "Gaulth", "Sally Mack"; 2nd, J. Haffy, "Tottingham", "Thorn Vetch"; 3rd, B. Raymond, "Maj. Direct." Time 2:30.

SPECIALS—Best team of horses: Arthur Wilson. Best high stepping horse in harness: J. F. Husband, Earl Wilson. Most stylish horse in harness: W. C. Howard. Best light driver: Miss Johnston. Best express or delivery horse: W. N. Scott & Son, Geo. A. Wilson. Best single turnout: J. F. Husband, John Campbell. Best groomed horse in harness: Wm. Bayler. Best single driver: Wm. Bayler. Novelty race: A. Young, W. H. Allan. Best pony and outfit: Leslie & Pearson. Best spring colts: A. M. McPherson, Mann Bros. Best and fastest single road horse: F. A. Healy. Best light driver: Miss Givens, Mrs. W. Bayler.

CATTLE—Breedmare—Cow, any age: Les. He & Pearson, J. D. McDonald. Cow, 3 years: Leslie & Pearson, J. D. McDonald. (Continued on Page 3)

### THE DOG

Something less than human gauged  
And often more refined,  
Sign of man whose taste is staid,  
And less a traitor's mind.

Life along the heart can trust,  
Nor trahed where robes eloge,  
Gilding love for manager error,  
All-gretfulness, the dog.

Had daniel, therein dispute,—  
Through walls of time I'd reach,  
And change this frail form of brute,  
And give him human speech.

God's most faithful gift to man,  
Untaught in Theology,  
Part of life's vibrant plan  
Expressed in a dog.

Healthless born of strife forget,  
Forgive to lasting end,  
Goodness taught by kindest pet,  
The dog, a human friend.

### THE DOG

Cider barrels nigh the woodshed,  
A frothful mug of beer;  
Hops with straw and sorbitol  
Liquid—

I would that I were young,  
Lay'ed flat upon a barrel  
Ruckin' juice today,  
And you, old chum, was pumpin'  
with me—

Cool and sweet as clover honey—  
Fuscious, limpid juice—  
Tins or quarts as free as water—  
Can't you feel it ooze  
And kind o' trickles down your  
gullet?

Home no long ago?  
Ain't it fun to think about it  
Just as if 'twas so?  
—Joe Smith in Rural Farmer.

### REMINISCENCES OF ACTON

BY JAMES WALKER, WALKERSTON

Howe time when visiting your town  
I took "a dour by my sel" taking note  
of the many changes that have taken place  
since my boyhood in the village. On crossing  
the railroad going south on Main Street,  
I remember the farm house in which  
lived Mr. John Zimmerman—after-  
ward owned by Mr. Alexander Brown,  
now owned by Mr. John C. Nelson.

On the farm near where the little creek  
crosses the road there was a small tannery  
which was worked by Robert Zimmerman,  
in which many kinds of good leather were  
tanned. The custom was for the farmer  
to bring the skins of his animals to the  
tannery. This was tanned, the former  
getting one half and the tanner the other  
half for his trouble. This building has  
long ago disappeared.

Not far from this there was a hall built  
by the Sons of Temperance, who in  
these days exerted an influence for good,  
and the results can still be traced in the  
succeeding generations of the families in-  
terested, who took an active part in the  
temperance question. This hall was also  
used by many for holding religious meet-  
ings in which many of the people of the  
town took part.

Going on southerly there was a house  
owned by Mr. Alexander Grant—who was  
generally known as Squire Grant, being  
one of the early magistrates of the com-  
munity, or Squire Grant, not in a disre-  
spectful way, but as his familiar name  
was known. This house was a home  
many a time to the students who preached  
in the early days in Knox Presbyterian  
Church. Near this house Mr. Grant had a  
small shoemaker's shop, in which he made  
many a honest pair of shoes and boots out  
of the leather supplied by the farmer, and  
cooling to the custom of the time. The  
writer well and kindly remembers Mr.  
Grant, as it was he who induced me to  
study Latin, as it was taught in those  
days. On his making the suggestion to  
me I told him I had no money to buy a  
Latin grammar. He at once handed me  
some shillings and sent me to a pedlar (75 cents)  
and told me to go to Mr. Davidson, a store-  
keeper who frequently went to Hamilton,  
and ask him to bring me a book—which he  
did. I can never forget this act of kind-  
ness.

Going still southerly there was a black-  
smith shop owned by Mr. Thomas Overton,  
in which he worked many a day, making  
the anvils ring.

After crossing a narrow lane, there was a  
house used as a school house, and a meeting  
house. This house is still standing and  
apparently in good repair at the present  
writing. The writer remembers attending  
school in this building. I can't say how  
now long ago but I do remember the  
hearty singing from the good old Wesleyan  
hymn book, which has been superseded  
but never surpassed.

Next to this there was a lot about which  
there was a great deal of controversy, and  
which the writer cannot now very well  
recall. The lot was bought for a  
church site for the Presbyterian Church  
and on which a church was built, but for  
or by some reason a schoolhouse was built  
on the north-east corner of the lot and was  
used as such for a long time, in fact until  
the removal of the present school was built.  
The old church is still on the same lot,  
being converted into dwellings, but the  
schoolhouse was moved away to a lot  
south-westward from the railway station,  
by the late Col. Wm. Allan, and designat-  
ed "Atlas Castle."

(Continued next week)

### SURE SIGNS

The usual group was gathered round the  
stove in the corner store, and the talk fell  
on domestic discipline. "I always know  
when my wife's going to leave the minister  
and his wife to tea," said Mr. Hill, glom-  
ingly. "Hows 'er?" "I couldn't do a thing  
right for days before hand. She'd speak  
of the way I brush my hair, and how I'm  
not careful enough about brushing my  
clothes, and what poor table manners I've  
got, how strange and awkward I use my  
fork, and so on. I tell you I'm about beat  
out by the time she tells me they're coming  
that night."

"My wife takes it out in dusting and  
scrubbing," said Mr. Saunders, "and  
seems to me she's right after me with a  
dust-pan and brush every minute and every  
step I take for days. I have to walk same  
as if there was an invader in the house, for  
far my head will have a mark some-  
where. I don't take a wile of comfort for  
two or three days, she's at me so. That's  
how I always know when she's going to  
have 'em."

"Over to our house it's new recipes,"  
said Mr. Ramsdell, and everybody looked  
sympathetic. "When I've got something  
I've never had before for three days run-  
ning, sometimes better, sometimes worse,  
and she questions me sharp as to which  
way I like it best, and whether I'd advise  
more or less flavoring, I always know the  
minister and his wife are on the way, so to  
speak."

"I've got another way of telling," said  
Mr. Peters, his shrewd old face assuming  
an inscrutable look. "It's nothing to do  
with the house, nor the table, nor me, nor  
the children, nor dusting, nor any such  
work."

"Well, speak out," said Mr. Ramsdell,  
impatiently. "Don't look so knowledgeable,  
able, for it's more'n I can bear."

"Well, suppose she's planning to have  
'em for supper on Thursday," began Mr.  
Peters, with great deliberation. "On Tues-  
day morning about eight o'clock, she sets  
me to looking, while she goes and invites  
'em—that's how I know it!"

Faith may be all right in its place, but  
it doesn't enable a man to deliver the goods  
on schedule time.

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