

The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XLII--NO. 16.

Every Subscription Valid in Advance

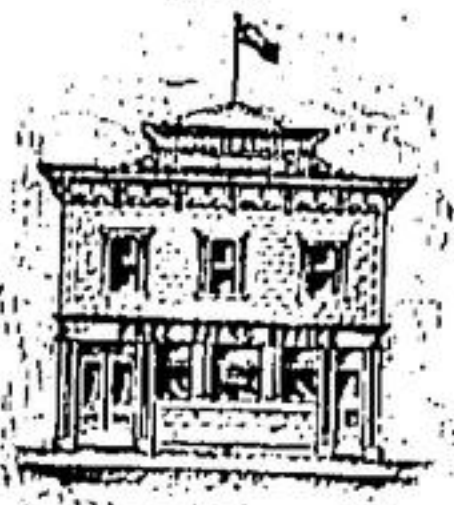
ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 14, 1915.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 Per Annum.

SINGLE COPIES--THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press

IN PUBLICATION
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
AT THE



FREE PRESS BUILDING
MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION—One dollar per year in advance. All subscriptions outside the United States. All subscriptions discontinued unless the issue is paid for. For change of address, send new address to the publisher. For advertising rates, see page 10. For advertising rates, see page 10. For advertising rates, see page 10.

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Our Fall Display of dress and ready-to-wear hats will be open for inspection to the ladies of Acton and vicinity on
WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY
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MISS M. COOPER
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Guelph Business College
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OUR FALL TERM begins Sept. 1st. We offer first-class facilities in every department. Thorough instruction and training by teachers of long and successful experience. Learn the very best results. Book keeping, Business Practice, Commercial Arithmetic, Rapid Calculation, Stenography, Typewriting, Penmanship, French and English.

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The bakery business of T. Statham & Son in Acton, which has been conducted for the past thirty years, has been purchased by George Statham and will be conducted in the same first-class manner as in the past.

All kinds of Bread, Cakes, Pastry, Wedding Cakes and Christmas Cakes will be supplied to the satisfaction of all customers.

GEO. STATHAM
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BESIDES being a wonderful cleanser, LUX adds to the life of woolen and flannel garments. Keeps all woolen fabrics from shrinking or thickening in the wash.

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Of glasses will haunt you until you get the glasses you need. Eyes examined. Glasses designed, made, fitted and adjusted. Everything right our guarantee.

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THE POPULAR GRAY CLOTH TOP
Ladies' Button Boots, regular \$3.50 to \$4.00, now selling at \$3.00. They cannot be replaced at this price.

REGAL SHOES for Men
No more satisfactory shoe on the market at any price. All classes of shoes at Best Values. Replacing every day. Prompt and careful work.

Kenney Bros.
Main St. Acton

Postery.

RAISIN PIE

There's a heap of post-up goodness in the yellow lustrous curls, And I set of like a huffer round a berry pie, the Lord has set our table with a stock of things to eat. An' there's just enough of 'em in the bowl to eat the sweet. But I run the whole lot over, an' it seems to me that I have a heap of 'em in a chunk of raisin pie.

There are pies that start the water circulating in the mouth. There are pies that wear the flavor of the warm an' sunny South. There are pies with Oriental spices that give the appetite a real thrill. An' I'll fill a fellow's being with a thrill of real delight. But for downright solid goodness that comes in a package, there's nothing quite the equal of a chunk of raisin pie.

I'm admittin' 'tastes are different, I'm not settin' up myself as a judge of the good things on the shelf. I've been settin' of payin' tribute to a simple joy on earth, Hort o' 'foolish testin' in 't's tastin' charm an' worth.

An' I'll hold to this conclusion till it comes my time to die. That there's no tastin' that's finer than a chunk o' raisin pie. —Elsie A. Guest.

Select Family Reading

THE TERROR
BY SEA

By EVELYN CHURCHILL

JOHN RENFREW, sauntering up Fifth Avenue in the hot glare of a June afternoon, suddenly made up his mind to go home.

He had been out of England just three years, and had never felt home-sickness so acute, so over-haunting, so unbearable as now.

He was one of those persons whom the novelist loves to describe as a strong man, and his looks did not belie the part. He was not very young, though he had taken some pains to preserve the youth which accomplishes so much in the world with so little apparent effort.

His actual age was thirty-nine, and he had the look of a man who, with a few years more, would be a figure of the past, catching sight in the long mirror of his hotel wardrobe that morning he had suddenly pictured in uniform with an odd thrill at his heart. He was not a soldier, nor had any of his family ever done anything in the military line. But now they were all at it. Even his old father, who had been retired for six years into the Sussex manor house, had got into some clothes approved of by the Volunteers, and was doing Sunday route marches of fifteen miles a day.

His brother? Already one had helped to dye the Lord's anointed and with his blood, and it was because of the call that had come to John Renfrew—a call so loud and insistent as to have almost driven him to sea. He had been a clerk, chiefly because he believed that he was doing his duty where he was, and indirectly helping the cause of the Allies by means of the great commercial machines of his own country.

He had received from England that very day a letter from his mother, who had stepped into Henry's shoes as the cup of tea which his English habit made his inner man call for at a given hour each afternoon.

"You ask me what I am doing? I wonder whether you will laugh when I tell you. I have no gift for nursing, besides, I could not be equipped in time to be of any use, and you know that whatever I try to do must be 'top-hole,' as Billy says. By the way, the latest about Billy is that he went to recruiting on the coast near Cayford Heath, and had about his age. He is expected him, however, and he has been rejected again. Mother lives in daily terror lest he repeats the experiment, and comes back a soldier. I am writing this from Exith, as perhaps you can guess I am making shells. Yes, honestly, and very good shells to. I know that I am of use. If I did not believe it was any good, nothing would keep me here. There are some to whom it is merely a good sensation, and who won't stop, but to me it is worth giving work, which is going to help the great aim which we are going to reckon upon soon.

"Hoon! Oh, John, if it could only be soon. We are so tired of waiting, and so many are going every day, going for good, I mean, 'we' as they say in the fighting line. When they told us it was going to be a three-years' war none of us realized just what that would mean. I don't believe that we shall be able to stand it for more than half that time.

"Yes, I'm making shells, and the work is interesting, and my hands are ruined. But all the time I keep thinking what an occupation, work for a woman, whose first business should be to preserve the life man don't prize half enough. Oh, if only I were a man!"

Here she left abruptly, and began to write on another and quite irrelevant sheet.

A strange look came on John Renfrew's face, for these halcyon days was the only woman who had ever interested him, and he thought he might one day marry, when everything got straightened out, and the way was perfectly clear.

If there is one thing in the world which proves a man's first youth is past it is when he begins to reckon and calculate to determine to clear the path, before he does this thing or that.

Youth, thank God, has naught to do with such reckoning or calculation in the office and affairs of love, therefore there is still some remnant of the happiness of Heaven upon a dreary earth.

He had left England without saying the decisive word to Grace Halcomb, and had kept writing dilly-dally letters to her right through, paying just sufficient attention to keep her heart stirred and her mind diverted from others—in a word, he had kept her just as he kept you, without giving her anything in exchange.

Some poignant note other than that struck by the poignancy of the fateful hour which had struck in Britain's destiny went to the man's heart at the moment, and he saw himself, but only dimly, as he was selfish to the core.

It was not a pleasant revelation; the truth has a time for embodying when it really comes out to stay the unworthy and false clean-out, brown, resolute face paled a little, and his eyes became troubled. The call had come! He knew that he ought to be at home, that there was work for him to do there, grimmer work than anything he had ever done, but he was putting money in his purse.

There were others to step in that breach. He had a fighting arm, which he had been taught to use, and his place was in the trenches. To the trenches then he would go.

The rest of the day was spent in calls at steamship and other offices connected with his journey. There was a boat going out next day, but he could not be ready, and must wait until the following Wednesday. Late that night in his luxurious bedroom on the fourth floor of the Astoria, he wrote a letter to Grace Halcomb.

"Thirty hours ago you got this, my dear, you may look to see me face to face. I will come straight to Exith, because nobody except you will know I am in England. Do you understand what that means, Grace? It means that I want you. Heaven, how desperately I want you! I can't let it drop, but I don't know what I dare ask you for the word which will make heaven for me out of a very troubled and, to me now, unsatisfactory earth. I shall have to be at your feet. I have been wrong, my dear, long all through. What I ought to have done was to beg you to come and live with me, to help build the new life which is an' that and when in my mouth at the moment when I write.

"I know now that it has been that, and I can't let it drop, but I don't know what I dare ask you for the word which will make heaven for me out of a very troubled and, to me now, unsatisfactory earth. I shall have to be at your feet. I have been wrong, my dear, long all through. What I ought to have done was to beg you to come and live with me, to help build the new life which is an' that and when in my mouth at the moment when I write.

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LUKE MALUKE SAYS

When a man and wife are in public and the woman falls all over herself trying to be attentive to the wife you can bet that she is also after some man's wife.

After a man has been married for awhile he can call his wife "dear" and make it sound like an insult.

As a rule we spend the first half of our lives hunting for trouble and the second half dodging it.

No matter how low a man may sink in the scale of humanity, he can always find a dog that will love him and a woman who will marry him.

The reason why a man likes to have his wife repeat all the promises he made when he was courting her is because John Doe Rockefeller always refuses dividends on his stock.

Poor man is always up against it. He never knows how to discover that he is becoming bald and that finds out that nothing increases baldness so much as worry.

Any old time a husband and wife are of the same mind you'll have much trouble guessing whom mind it is.

There are a lot of poor devils now living who will get to heaven when they die because if they were not at the other place it would seem just like home.

Economy is a good trait. But no married man should pick up the hairpins he finds on the street and put them in his pocket.

Any man who has ever been satisfied doesn't have much trouble believing that the whole world's doing anything wonderful in the way of things.

Some people wonder why the motion picture "All men are liars" and didn't mention the women. That's easy. If you had 700 wives I'd dare you to start anything. Solomons were wise all right.

Any real woman will spend 25 cents to save a dime.

THE POWER TO KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT

Tell this story to your son "A rich old man had a pocketbook stuffed with money. Somebody had taken it from his overcoat pocket. It was unaccountable how he missed it. There, under the unknown person who got the money. He was mad especially because he knew that it must have been taken by one of a half dozen friends."

But he was as wise as he was mad, for he kept his mouth shut.

He didn't tell his wife, he didn't tell his son, he didn't tell his friends, he didn't tell any human being that he had lost any money. He just kept quiet and waited.

His months passed; a year passed; two years passed.

And this man found that it pays to keep your mouth shut.

One fine day at the end of two years a friend came up to him and said in a sympathetic tone, "Did you ever find that money you lost?"

"No," said the old man; "I didn't; but you stole it, and you put it back to me."

Then the other man tried to be indignant, but failed.

"The old man said, 'You are the only man on earth that knows anything about the money except myself, and you couldn't find it if you had not stolen it. Pay it back.' It was paid back.

"What all of the story but it is a really important story.

Most of us might well be called human gas tanks. Everything that we know, and know, we talk everybody else. The world is full of silly people, highly indignant that they have not been able to keep their mouths shut, but they have not.

The power of silence is considerable.

ONCE-OVERS

You are no better than your thoughts. Isn't this the truth? Of course it is. Then it is up to you to have a house-keeping in your mind.

If you permit half the evil which you think to show on the surface, how long would you hold your present position in society?

Not a very pleasant thought, is it? It is well for you to put yourself on the scales and give yourself honest weight once in a while. The result may shock you, but it will impress you with your need of a mental renovation.

Don't you sometimes wish you were half as good a people as to think you are? And doesn't this wish inspire you to live up to the position in which you are held?

If it does not, all the advice you may receive from now till the last curtain falls will not benefit you; it will make you more of a man than you are now.

What do your self-inventories show?

THE WORRY EVIL

There had been a violent collision between a milk wagon and a taxicab in one of the main streets of the town, and an unfortunate passer-by sustained a broken collar bone as a result. Of course a crowd soon collected and one sympathetic woman among the onlookers gazed long and pityfully at the victim.

"Poor chap," she said at last. Are you married?

A wave of emotion passed over the injured one's face and his features were suddenly pallid.

"No," he gasped at length. "This is the worst thing that has ever happened to me."

LESS THAN HUMAN

That six-year-old country boy prided himself on his strength in an even more than his state of dress and disorder was asked by his mother if he would not like to be a little city boy, and always be clean and in white suits and shoes and stockings. "Yes answered scornfully "they're good clothes; they're yet."

FRESHMEN

"There's something in this world besides me," said the cynic; "there is the postman."

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From Our Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, October 17th, 1905

Persons are even more prolific than was expected. The prices, as stated in history, 15 cents in Erin and 25 cents in Acton in the collar.

Knex Church Choir spent a very pleasant evening last week at the home of Mr. A. T. Hays, 1500 persons were present at the closing services of Crossley and Hunter, evangelists, at Guelph on Sunday evening.

A mammoth potato grown by Mr. Henry Lamb, Erin, is at our office, weighing 4 lbs., 3 oz.

Kinardine is putting in grand old sidewalks on the main street. One-third of the cost is raised by general taxation and the other two-thirds by mortgage tax. They cost considerably more than plank walks at the first but in the end are said to be the cheaper of the two.

The Methodist W. M. S. held an "At Home" at the home of Mrs. H. H. Hays, Wednesday evening. The evening was given by Misses Clara E. Moore and Miss Walker, piano solo by Miss Mary Howell, accompanied by the Orchestra, refreshments, games and social chat occupied the time of a very enjoyable evening.

Last week was enumeration week at this Post Office. There were 1140 letters, 300 post cards and 143 transient papers, 6 parcels, 57 registered letters. Total receipts for above and other matter, \$85.00.

During the last week Mr. Noble, miller, of Norway, shipped 3,000 barrels of flour to the lower Provinces.

On Sunday, Rev. John McPherson, of Knox College, supplied in Knox Church for Rev. W. H. Hays when he was in England in 1870. His present visit revived memories of the earlier days and was much enjoyed.

CHURCHES—Mrs. Elizabeth Stewart, for thirty-two years a resident of Rev. H. H. Hays when he was in England in 1870. His present visit revived memories of the earlier days and was much enjoyed.

HAYS—In Nasawagawa, on October 9th, to Mr. and Mrs. Morris Sayers a daughter.

LAWRENCE—In Nasawagawa, on October 4th, to Mr. and Mrs. William Lashman, a daughter.

GONNEY—At St. Alban's Parsonage, Acton, on the 10th inst., to Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Goides, M. A., a daughter.

REMINISCENCES OF ACTON—III

BY JAMES W. WALKER

The old mill stands below the dam yet. On two occasions it was very much endangered owing to the dam breaking away and almost undermining it. After the mill was destroyed in 1870, the dam was rebuilt in 1870, but was rebuilt by Messrs. Edward and Benjamin Nicklin. Mr. Harvey owned it for many years but it has since had numerous owners.

Let us now go back to Main Street and turn south in the direction of the old Nicklin homestead in which was kept the first Post Office that the writer remembers of and was in charge of Mr. Robert Swan. There were no other buildings of any consequence south of this time, we come to a house built by the late John McEachlan and used as the manse for several years till the new one was built.

If we now retrace our steps northward along the east side of Main Street the first building we come to is that of Mr. Ben Hays, who had a small tannery on the site of which the Hamilton large sole leather tannery now is. This was perhaps the first tannery in the village and was operated a long time by him. Afterward a change was made this vicinity, died at her home in Hamilton in 1870. She was the daughter of Mr. McKay and also very much enlarged and improved. New processes were introduced in tanning. There was another change which the writer cannot locate before the present tannery got possession of it. The public of Acton would not mind the present condition than the writer does.

Near this tannery there was a furniture or cabinet factory, built by Messrs. John and Samuel Hays, which was kept going for many years and in which many a good piece of furniture was turned out.

On coming out to Main Street we come to a large frame house that was built by Rev. James Adams. This is perhaps the oldest building in Acton. There was a large family of boys and girls who were scattered to many places. The writer remembers being at Mr. Adams' funeral and distinctly remembers the last in Rev. 14: 12. His body was buried in the north-easterly part of the old cemetery and had a circular railing around the grave, and a neat plain tombstone marking the resting place. (By way of digression I may say that the first marble tombstone set up in this cemetery was at the grave of Matthew Zimmerman, which stone is yet standing intact.)

The building at the corner of Main and Mill streets on the east side was occupied for a time by one McKay or McKay, as both pronunciations were given. On his leaving a Mr. Bennie occupied it till he built a store where Messrs. Henderson & Co. now have their place of business. Messrs. Messrs. Henderson & Co. came to this corner Messrs. Charles and James Simpson for many years carried on business but afterwards they conducted a lumber business at Perry Sound.

(Continued next week)

SUNDAY—HOW SPEND IT

A little extra rest Saturday night to prepare for Sunday.

A complete shaking off of the shackles of labor.

A use of the day in friendship sweet of looks and men and God.

The use of a word of revelation as well as of nature allowed to speak to the hungry and contented soul.

A little done for some one else in kindly