The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XLII.---NO. 22. Every Subscription Paid in Advance ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 30, 1916. Subscription Price, $1.50 Per Annum. SINGLE COPIES---FIVE CENTS

The Acton Free Press

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT THE

FREE PRESS BUILDING MIL STREET, ACTON ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—$1.50 per year strictly in advance. $2.00 to subscribers in the United States. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid expires. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

ADVERTISING RATES — Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Contract display advertisements, for 50 or fewer lines, per annum, 10 cents per inch each insertion. Yearly contracts for reading matter 10 cents per line each insertion.

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.

Advertisements will be changed once each month, if desired. For changes oftener than above mentioned the extra composition must be paid for at regular rates.

All accounts collected monthly.

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TH' OTHER SIDE TH' CRICK

I am purty well contanted,
Ez my neighbors all allow;
I don't get so much discouraged
Yf I lose a pig or cow.
I f a horse gets in th' clover
An' nigh founders his fool self,
I don't take it so to heart, I
Lay myself upon th' shelf.

But they's one thing shorely pesters me,
I want the answer quick:
"Why's th' fishin' always better
On th' other side th' crick?"
Yeh kin take a April mornin'
When th' sun is shinin fine
An' they haint a trace o' East wind
Shake's the belly o' yer line.

Er a afternoon in August, when
Th' cloude ez hangin' low
An' all th' signs they tell yeh
That it's comin' on t' blow.
They're a-bitin' well where ye are
But ye know that ye could pick
A better plane t' fish in
On th' other side th' crick.

It's a-comin' to-rds December
In this almanac o' mine
An'it haint so very of-ten
That I git t' wet a line,
An' it' pears t' me that somehow,
I don't ketch em' like I did
In them happy days back yonder
When I was a little kid.

But, a-drawin' down to Jordan
With th' shart'nin' of my wick,
I know th' fishin's better
On th' other side th' crick.

WON BY A SACRIFICE

MONTAVUE PERRY

A Baseball Story

"IF I could hit the ball, it'd be a cinch!" sighed Jack Morse. "When it comes to pitchin', there ain't a fellar in this country got anything on me. Why can't I learn to hit it?"

"Rich me!" answered his chum, sympathetically. "Some can hit, and some can't, that's all. I believe it's born with a feller—like red hair, or stinginess, or bein' able to whistle a tune."

"Well, it wasn't born with me," bloomed Jack, "and I guess there's no use my tryin' any longer. I've practiced battin' till every feller that sees me comin' runs, for fear I'll ask him to pitch me a few. I've batted up flies till I bat them in my sleep. Scared Ma 'most to death last night, screamin' and screechin'. She came a runnin' up stairs, and I was settin' straight up in bed, sound asleep, yellin' to beat the band, something about a grounder, she said."

"Cheer up," advised his chum, cheerfully, as he turned in at his own gate; "it may come to you yet."

"I guess if it does, it'll be when I'm too old and gray to hobble around the bases," retorted Jack, starting dismally up the road towards home.

Jack really had some reason to feel dismal. When a fellow can hold his own against any pitcher in the country, it is hard to be left off the team whenever there is a game of real importance, because he can't be depended upon to hit a ball. Of course if the team lacks a good pitcher things are different. But in Leroy there were two boys who could pitch equally well—Jack Morse and Sam Holcomb—and Sam Holcomb's batting average led the team. Naturally Sam was always put in the box when there was a big game to be played.

"Seems if I'd give most anything to pitch that game with Franklindale Saturday," Jack remarked to his mother that evening, as he helped her shell peas for the next day's dinner. "I've got a new curve that would make 'em set up and notice some!"

"Well, why can't you?" asked his mother; "I don't think it's fair to always keep you out and Sam play. Why should you not pitch this time?"

"Cause we've just got to beat 'em," Jack explained. "Franklindale and us have each won a game—this is the one to play off the tie, you see. I ain't a good batter, and Sam's the surest hitter on the team, so of course they've got to have him. The whole game might lay on one good hit, you know."

"Then you should do the pitching and Sam do the batting; that would be fair all around," declared Mrs. Morse, with the air of one who has found an entirely satisfactory solution for a most difficult problem.

Jack's laugh rang out loudly, while he dumped the last handful of peas into the pan.

"Takes a woman to fix things," he chuckled, "but you see, ma, that wouldn't be just accordin' to the 1916 rule book."

"Then change the rules; it's according to common sense," advised his mother briskly. "Anyhow," she continued, as he rose and announced his intention of going up to see Sam, "if you're not going to play Saturday, why don't you go over to your Aunt Della's for a day or two? She's been wanting you, and I wouldn't hang around the old team if they wouldn't let me play."

Jack made no attempts to explain to his mother that such conduct would be unsportsmanlike. He realized the limitations of a woman's understanding, even while he appreciated her sympathy.

"Oh, I'll stick around," he said, good-naturedly; "I might come in handy if Sam should get hurt or anything."

"Our Jack has the sweetest disposition!" Mrs. Morse declared, as she carried the panful of peas into the kitchen, where her husband was reading the weekly Sentinel. "I think the boys treat him mean; they never let him play in the big games, they always put Sam Holcomb in, just because he can bat better—and yet Jack never shows a bit of hard feeling, and he is as friendly as can be with Sam. He won't even go out to his Aunt Della's, much as he likes to go there, because he says Sam might get hurt in the game, and then they would need him. It isn't many boys that would go in and play if Sam did get hurt, after being treated the way Jack is!"

Mr. Morse smiled at his wife over the edge of his paper—an older edition of the tolerant smile with which Jack had received her sympathetic remarks.

"Jack's a good sport," he said easily. "Of course they've got to use their best players. But it's too bad he can't hit better; I don't understand it, really. He's tried so hard, ever since he was a little lad in kilts, and it's a big disappointment to him."

"He looked so grieved to-night!" sighed Mrs. Morse, taking up a household magazine with the manner of one who turns with relief to something that she can comprehend.

But Jack did not look grieved an hour later, when he burst into the kitchen with a whoop that made the old house ring.

"I'm goin' to play Saturday," he yelled. "I'm goin' to pitch the biggest game of the season!"

"Sam Holcomb's got to work," he explained, as soon as he danced the jig twice around his mother's chair, stepping on the cat's tail in the process, with disasterous results to that sleeping feline's peace.

"His father's got a big rush order for shingles, and of course Sam's got to fire up in the mill, so it's me for the pitcher's box!"

"How does Sam feel?" inquired Mr. Morse.

"He feels bad, and so does all the rest of 'em," said Jack, honestly, meeting his father's eyes, which were a trifle quizzical; "and I ought to feel bad, too, but I just can't. 'Course I wouldn't want to do it, if Sam could play; I never thought of wishin' anything would happen so that he couldn't pitch. But you see how it is, dad; Sam can't play, and that's all there is to it; and I'm the next best thing, and I've got to go in and do the best I can for the team, and I can't help feelin' glad to get the chance. But, gee! I hope I don't get called to bat with the bases full."

"Don't worry about that," advised his father. "As you say, it is up to you now, and you must keep yourself in hand. Don't get nervous thinking about you're hitting; just keep your mind on the fact that you can pitch."

But in spite of this good advice, Jack's mind persisted in reverting constantly to the fact that his batting average was the lowest on record for the team. There was only one day before the great game, and at the close of the afternoon's practice game with a scrub team the captain shook his head dubiously.

"You sure do pitch great ball, Jack," he said, "but you've just got to brace up to the battin'. Those Franklindale fellers are the heaviest hitters in the league."

"He knocked a two bagger this afternoon," spoke up Jack's chum loyally.

"Yes, and how many times did he strike out?" demanded the relentless captain. "It ain't that he never hits the ball—it's that he's so blamed uncertain about it. Notice what he done this afternoon when I told him to make a sacrifice? Walloped it away out into left field. Call that feelin' ball?"

"I didn't mean to knock it so hard," protested Jack. "I intended it for a sacrifice."

"That's just it, exactly," retorted the captain, "you've no judgment at all when it comes to battin'—don't seem to know where you hit, or how hard you hit!"

"I'm doin' my best," said Jack, humbly, "I'll practice all the time to-night, and in mornin'."

"No, don't do a thing in the mornin'," commanded the captain; "keep yourself fresh to-morrow, till time for the game. But you can practice to-night; I'll send someone up to pitch for you. And, mind—to-night you've got to learn to make a sacrifice. It might be the only thing that would save the game."

The captain's severity did not crush Jack's bounding delight in his chance to play. Despite this lecture, Jack knew that he had never batted so well in his life as he had that afternoon, in spite of his error about the sacrifice.

"I'll do better yet, to-morrow," he thought, exultantly, "I'll show them! Won't it be great if we win? Why, we got to win!"

He did an errand in the village, then started homeward. As he passed Holcomb's mill, voices floated out from behind the lumber piles which bordered the road; he heard the captain say:

"He did the best this afternoon that I ever saw him; he's a game one, all right—never opened his mouth when I land it into him—and, say, he can pitch! But I can't help feelin' awful uneasy. Ain't there any way your father could let you off, Sam? Couldn'e you get somebody to work for you?"

"No, I couldn't." Sam's tone was final, and Jack unconsciously breathed a sigh of relief. "Father would let me off quick enough if he could, but this job has to be done in a hurry. There ain't a feller in town that father would let fire that new boiler, unless I stood right there and watched 'em. The pressure has to be kep' right up to the notch every minute—and it's no slouch of a job, I can tell you—'specially in this hot weather."

"Well, I s'pose we've just got to trust to luck, that he don't have to go to bat in a tight place," sighed the captain; "what this town needs is a substitute fireman, instead of a substitute pitcher."

If there was any reply Jack did not hear it. He was walking slowly up the road, and his face was very grave and thoughtful.

"What this town needs is a substitute fireman, instead of a substitute pitcher," the words kept ringing through his head. Could he—ought he—"Pshaw! I'm getting doty," he told himself, angrily. "Mr. Holcomb wouldn't let me! Sam said there wasn't anybody who could do it."

He was very sober at supper time, and scarcely tasted the blueberry cake, to his mother's astonishment.

"You'll be sick if you don't eat," she fretted. "I'll be glad when the game is over."

"Did they put you on training diet?" laughed is father.

"Didn't you do well this afternoon?"

"Yes," Jack answered, brightening, "I made a dandy hit. But I've got to learn to hit soft as well as hard. The captain says I got to practice making a sacrifice."

"I guess you'll get along fine," nodded his father, and Jack went out to his practice with a lighter heart.

But when he climbed the stairs to his bedroom, after an hour's practice, his heart was far from light. He had hit remarkably well, for him, and if it had not been for the pestering little voices that kept nagging at him he would have felt very much encouraged.

But the voice would not be silenced; it insisted on bringing up the question of the substitute fireman.

"The boiler room of that mill is not fifty yards from the ball ground," it urged. "You could shoot in the coal, and Sam could run over between the innings to see that everything was all right."

"I don't believe his father would let him," argued Jack.

"Then why don't you ask him, to make sure?" asked the relentless voice.

"It's the first chance I've ever had at a big game," Jack pleaded.

"Is it your chance, or the team's chance you ought to think of?" questioned the voice, pitilessly.

"Well, I won't do it," snapped Jack, suddenly, speaking aloud in his earnestness. "I've got a perfect right to pitch this game myself; it's come to me fair, and I'm agoin' to take it. I'd be a fool not to!"

The voice was silenced, and Jack prepared for bed. As he bent to extinguish the lamp, his eyes fell upon a thin, brown volume lying on the table.

"There!" he exclaimed, "I was so excited over the game, I almost forgot to read the Scout Law, and we agreed to read it over every night."

He read rather hastily until he was half through the third point of the law, then he paused, as if struck by some sudden thought, and went back to begin point three over again.

"A Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others," he read, "and he is to do his duty before anything else, even though he gives up his own pleasure or comfort or safety to do it. When in difficulty to know which of two things to do, he must ask himself, 'Which is my duty?' that is, 'Which is best for other people?'—and do that one."

Jack read no further in the Scout Law that night, although he stood for a long time with the little book in his hands. When he lifted his head, at last with a determined gesture, his lips had set on a straight line, and his boyish face was very serious.

"The captain told me I've got to learn to make a sacrifice," he said, "and I guess it's up to me make a big one!"

"Put on your best dress this afternoon, ma," said Mr. Morse, smiling across the breakfast table, "we're going to the ball game. I'm going to knock off at noon, and take in the fun."

"Good land!" exclaimed ma, "you're all going crazy over baseball. You haven't taken a day off since Grandpa's funeral."

"That's all right; this is an extra occasion. Don't you want to see the boy pitch?"

Jack had looked up quickly, a sudden flush overspreading his face. It seemed almost as if there was a hint of moisture in the blue eyes that met his father's, as he hesitated before speaking.

"Something might happen I wouldn't pitch after all, you know," he said.

"Guess there's no danger," laughed his father; "anyhow, we'll be there, and I bet ma'll be yelling her head off before the game is half over."

But when the eventful hour of two o'clock arrived; when the coin had been flipped, which gave Leroy the outs; when the team had distributed itself over the field and the gray-suited pitcher wound up for his first ball, Mrs. Morse, sitting beside her husband, on the top row of the grandstand, turned to him quickly:

"Those suits make them look so queer," she complained, "that doesn't look like Jack at all."

"It isn't," said Mr. Morse, plainly puzzled, "it's Sam Holcomb."

"The very idea!" she lamented; "how disappointed Jack will be—he'll be just about sick—it's the meanest thing—you ought to do something about it!"

But the game went on, in spite of Mrs. Morse's disapproval, and at the end of the first inning Jack's father climbed down from the high seat and asked a question of a youngster who was lustily rooting for his home team, on the side lines.

"Jack's firing for Sam Holcomb, so he can pitch," he explained, tersely, when he returned, and to his wife's bewilderment his eyes were glowing with fatherly pride.

"Well of all things! Wasn't that silly of him? What made him? There was no use of our coming then—and you look as if you were glad of it!"

"You don't understand. It's the gamest thing I ever knew a kid to do—I wouldn't have missed it for a million dollars. To think my boy's got it in him to be a sport like that."

A huge yell from the other side of the field put a stop to the conversation. Franklindale had made a home run.

Over the high board fence, through the open door, into the dizzling heat of the boiler room, the yell floated; and Jack, stripped to the undershirt, his face a little pale through the streaks of mingled perspiration and coal dust, stopped an instant with a great shovel full of coal poised by the firebox.

"Somebody's got something," he thought. "It's a good thing I can't see through that fence, or this fire would go out, sure."

"Franklindale's got two, we've one," announced Sam, flying in a few minutes later. "It's going to be the greatest game this place ever saw. And your folks are there—it makes me feel meaner than dirt, Jack; I never ought to done it."

"Shucks! Get along back where you belong," retorted Jack, without a trace of regret in his tones. Having decided to make his sacrifice he made it wholeheartedly, with no self-pity to spoil its flavor. He even whistled a little at first, but his breath soon became short. It took every ounce of his energy and nerve to keep that coal shovel going, but he worked steadily, one eye on the steam gauge.

"I'm keeping it up so far," he said.

A prolonged roar came out from the ball ground, and an instant later Sam came dashing in, his face aglow with heat and excitement.

"We've made three runs," he yelled. "We're two ahead now. Say, take a drink of that water—don't drink too much, though. This is awful work when you ain't used to it—can you hold out?"

"Sure," answered Jack, stoutly, while Sam viewed the water glass with a critical eye.

Up to this time it had always seemed to Jack that the nine innings of a baseball game occupied only a few golden fleeting moments; but his point of view had changed. It seemed now that hour after hour passed by while the roar of the crowd floated in to him; that he shovelled millions of tons of coal into that glowing fire while he pictured the scene on the other side of the high fence.

"We're tied—five to five," Sam shouted, bouncing in at the end of the eighth inning; "there'll be something doing now all right." He gave a satisfied nod at the gauge, then he scanned his substitute closely. "Great Scott, you look like a ghost. You'll never be able to hold out, we'll have to let the steam drop a bit. I'll soon be through now and I can get it up again."

"Not on yer life," snapped Jack, indignantly. "Who's doin' this fire? get back on your own job—I'm running this boiler."

"Well, don't kill yourself. Take it a little easier now; stand in the door some, where you get the air. There, they're yelling for me," and Sam was off like a shot, with a backward glance at Jack's drawn face, which lingered in his mind as he took his place in the box.

"We've just got to win after what that kid's done," he muttered. "I never could face him now if I hadn't made good."

Two Franklindale men struck out in quick succession, while the Leroy rooters yelled themselves hoarse in wild applause. But the tide turned then, and five minutes later the visitors were shouting triumphantly as two runs went home.

"I've got to stop that," said Sam, grimly.

The next three balls looked about the size of peas to the batter as they whistled over the plate. He never found them, and Leroy came up to their last innings with the score seven to five against them.

The first man made a clean hit and landed safe at first. The next one reached first on an error, amid an uproar which suddenly quieted into tense expectancy as Sam Holcomb came up to bat. He cast a swift glance up to the top row of the grandstand and his lips tightened a bit as he caught a glimpse of Jack's mother.

"Right now's when I've got to prove my right to be here," he thought.

"Strike one!" called the umpire.

"Strike two!"

The crowd caught it's breath sharply as the ball whizzed through the air the third time, straight towards the catcher's low waiting glove, apparently—but it never rested there. For there was a resounding crack, the ball went sailing far out over the heads of the outfield, over the high fence, out of sight, and the silence broke and fell into pandemonium, as three gray suited boys loped across the home plate.

And the ball on the other side of the fieldstruck the ground and, as if it had thinking brains in side its dirty cover settled into a swift, steady roll down the incline, straight as a die to the feet of the white-faced, disheveled lad, who leaned weakly against the door of the boiler room, straining his ears to catch the import of the tumult which swelled louder and louder.

"It's our game," he whispered, "it must be. There's Leroy's yells, dead sure."

He gave the ball a little pat as he picked it up and turned toward the fire box. His face was throbbing furiously, and queer black spots danced before his eyes as he glanced at the gauge.

"I keep it up," he thought, "that sub so bad for a substitute. I'll just put on a little more then Sam will be here. Gee! I'm glad I let him play—we might have lost the game."

He lifted the heavy shovel and stepped toward the coal pile; then all turned black as the cinder strewn floor rose up to meet him.

Two minutes later, the whole team, whooping like mad, tore down upon the boiler room to subside into sudden shocked stillness at the sight of the limpid figure in a crumpled heap, on the floor, beside the big shovel, a baseball nestled close to one grimy hand.

But his eyes opened wide, when they carried him out into the cool shade and he smiled pluckily into anxious faces as they fussed over him clumsily.

"Aw, cut it out," he said crisply, "I'm all right."

THE PRICE OF SELF-RESPECT

By WILLIAM M. ADRIAN

WE ARE all acquainted with the person who gets out of paying car-fare whenever he possibly can. In each case when he succeeds the railroad company loses five cents—the individual loses his self-respect.

Figure it out for yourself—who loses most.

Unfortunately the practice is not limited to car-fares. In almost every phase of human endeavor we meet with the person who tries to get something for nothing—the dishonest who get some part of their living at the expense of the honest. Dishonesty is the correct term, although it is practised in case by many who would resent the attachment of that word to their methods.

The majority of these misguided individuals most fear the opinion of others, and if we were honest in our contempt of such practises they would automatically cease in many instances. We make a mistake when we condone dishonesty in any garb.

Let us voice our protest against dishonesty of every type, and let us learn well the lesson that the one who is unwilling to pay for what he gets is making it necessary for others to pay more—because the production of his requirements must be paid for, and if he doesn't pay for it, we must.

And let us teach the unfortunate that any form of dishonesty lowers the standard of HIS OWN self respect.

THE TELEPHONE GIRL

The telephone girl sits still in her chair,
An'l listens to voices from everywhere;
She knows all the gossip, she knows all the news,
She knows who is happy and who has the blues,
She knows all our sorrows, she knows all our joys,
She knows all the girls who are chasing the boys.

She knows all our trouble, she knows of our strife,
She knows every man who is sharp with his wife;
She knows every time that we are out on the bend;
She knows the excuses that each of us send.

If the telephone girl told half that she knows,
It would turn all our friends into bitterest foes;
She would sow a small wind that would soon be a gale,
Ingulf us in trouble and land us in jail;
She would start forth a story which, gaining in force,
Would cause all our wives to sue for divorce.

She could get all the churches mixed up in a fight,
And turn our bright days into sorrowing night;
In fact she could keep the whole town in a stew,
If she told but one tenth of the things that she knew.

Oh, doesn't it make that old head of yours whirl
When you think what you owe to the Telephone Girl?

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From Our Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, Dec. 3rd, 1896

The 81st anniversary of the Methodist Church was held on Sunday, when Rev. Joseph Edge, of Goderich, who was pastor previous to Rev. Mr. Howell, preached two earnest and powerful sermons.

Large congregations were in attendance, that in the evening being one of the largest ever present, as Knox Church services were withdrawn, Rev. H. A. McPherson, of Knox, and Rev. W. Bryers, took part in the services. The collections were $110; on Monday night Rev. Mr. Edge lectured on "Men for the Age." Dr. Urse presided and Messrs. H. P. Moore and W. J. Storey moved a vote of thanks.

A concert on behalf of Acton fire Brigade on Thursday evening was a good success. The hall was crowded. The Bailey-Mann Orchestra gave several numbers. The united Church Choirs gave a volume of harmonious sound. Readings were given by Miss Walker, and a Thanksgiving poem was recited by Miss Clara Moore. As soloists there were Miss Nickils, Mr. Stark and Mr. Harry Jeans.

Three young ladies of Jewsons Corners piled in five hours on Friday, 70 single cords of two foot wood

Two new industries have started at Knatchbull, the Longview Candy Co., and Mr. John Anderson's chopping mill.

Mrs. D. Henderson returned from Glencoe on Tuesday evening, she remained with her sister Mrs. W. W. Gordon, until her death.

THESE WOODEN SOLDIERS

The drill sergeant had been vainly trying during the whole morning to lick into shape the last batch of recruits.

At last he gave it up in despair and calling them to attention he unburdened himself as follows:

"Now, look here my lads. When I was a little boy my mother gave me a present of a box of wooden soldiers. They were the delight of my life. All day long I played with them.

"Then, somehow, they got lost and I was heart-broken. Life I felt had no more further interest for me. My mother did her best to comfort me, and finally said: 'Never mind, Harry, one of these days the wooden soldiers will come back to you.'

"That, my lads, was years and years ago. But at last"—here the sergeant paused to allow his words to sink home—"and, worse luck"—another impressive pause—"her words have come true!"

HANK INJUSTICK

"Pa," inquired a 7-year-old seeker after the truth, "is it true that school teachers get paid?"

"Certainly it is," said the father.

"Well, then", said the boy indignantly, "that ain't right. Why should the teachers get paid when us kids do all the work?"

Asthma Doesn't Wear Off Alone. Do not make the mistake of waiting for Asthma to wear away by itself. While you are waiting the disease is surely gathering a stronger foothold and you live in danger of stronger and yet stronger attacks. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy taken early, will prevent incipient conditions from becoming chronic and saves hours of awful suffering.

Miller's Worm Powders can do no injury to the most delicate child. Any child, infant or in the state of adolescence, who is infested with worms can take this preparation without a qualm of the stomach, and will find in it a sure relief and a full protection from these destructive pests, which are responsible for much sickness and great suffering to legions of little ones.