## The Acton Free Press

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point this Company to act as

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### THE PEARL OF DAYS

Bright hours that cleam and shine is Caught from the heavenly apheren they journey through. mong the days when gray and threatening shadows

Hang Gor life's path, and neem to boide un ill. There still are jeweled hours, beauty laden, That all our dreams of Joy seem to

tumult quolin, Throws o'er each hour a halo, shining, And changes all with sweetest, holient apoll.
Then, like fair, rounded pearls, they

phote before ca. While bach one glows with luster all . Ita own, Till bearing all our praise and adora-They most again before God's hely

P. BLANDA M. K. IN THE LAST

ZX X X X XX XX XX

TANDING on the concrete walk that rims the Waldron swimming pool, Hob Moray gazed down into the water. This open-air, malt-water pool, fifty feet wide, a hundred feet long, four feet deep at one end and eight feet at the other, the chief attraction of Waliron's Mammoth Bathing Pavilions at Kingsbury Beach on the Jerucy coast. Not a handred steps east of Waldron's there is another outdoor, saltwater swimming pool, which is three thousand miles wide and ten thousand

miles long-the Atlantic Ocean. AIR TITE AUTO TUBE MEND-When you stand on Waldron's walk 500 and \$1.00. The Hotter the Road just where. Bob stood that Friday morning in August, and find yourself looking up and down ton or twelve miles of fair, smooth sand fringed CUP GREASE-1 ID 200; 2 IDs. 400; with half a dozen ribbons of white breakers, this swimming pool seems NATIONAL BODY DRESSING-500 like another case of carrying coals to Nowcastle. All summer long thou-EFFECTO AUTO PAINT-70c, \$1.25, annda of bathers brighten the beach with gay flocks of color, and there is room for countless thousands more every ounce of energy in his body. At first sight, Mr. Waldron's attempt

seema hopeleus. Nevertholess, there are many perreason is simple. The surf at Kingsbury Beach looks noft and creamy from a distance, but it has a bolsterous scend to it and a famous undertow. For weak and timid bathers, and for novices, the pool, with its quiet, warmish water and its immaculate lining of white tile is far more pleasant.

The percelain lining of the pool is the pride of big Mr. Waldron's heart. To keep it shining he goes to no little trouble and expense. Twice each week he has his pool emptied, scrubbed and filled again. It holds 225,000 gallons,-an impressive amount of water,-but the process of emptying and filling it is fairly rapid, for the pump that fills the half an hour in trying to solve it

with wire brooms and swabs of coir, help you. How would you save your-Yet with all that it is an all-day job- self? twelve hours-to clean the pool and fill it up again.

gantuan scribbling day. The valve in that solution had been preposterous— of modelling at Toronto Exhibition. the drainpipe had been open for some so mock herole that it had made him It was Bob's second searon as one of the problem. So far as he know, he

the attendants at the pool. He was had not thought of it since. eighteen years old, not very large, but chest and brown as the traditional there were two persons in the pool hours, and his clothing was a bathing of making Bob grin, it sent a shiver suit. Except that the chest of the of dread though him. But-it was a jersey bore no magic letters, that suit solution. Was there unother? was a replica of those worn by the life Hig strength was going. He glancguards who stroll the beach in muscu- ed up once more. No help was in sight. lar majesty. It might have given an The water seemed to be drugging at observant person a clue to Bob's ambi- him even harder than before. The tion. He scrubbed Waldren's pool, boy's jaw set with grim resolution. fetched buckets of fresh water for "Margery!" le gasped. "You've got sandy-footed 'occupants of dressing to do just what I say! It's our only rooms, wrong out soggy bathing suits chance. When I sink under you and not because he wished to, but because grab your ankles, let yourself go limp.

because he know that it was the first do, don't struggle," liob wished to be a life guard. He was a natural swimmer, and incessant

All he needed was a chance. during their long vacations.

Up-to-Date Goods stood on the walk at the deep end of the pool. He was alone and in a way on guard, although the watch he kept It wantan experience that neither of being cleaned.' But wishing to take thing there was to do. every possible precaution, Mr. Waldron always had one attendant on duty as a watchman until the pool war empty. Ith had a wholesome respect for the forces that he put to play when he opened the valve in that afteen-inch

> dead weight of two million pounds timeplece?" he asidd. from all immediate control. He knew that the water runhed through the -The doctor was Wittle sufprised und drain at the rate of eighteen hundred inquired how the hem; had happened will make a better picture if you put

nwimmer caught in such a current would be in a norry plight. Although The busy week in like a golden canket, Mr. Waldron was not imaginative. Che In which are gems of every lovely could picture it in terms of tragedies and damage sults. So he hung up his signs and put his man on guard. . Even Rob Moray guessed nomothing of it as he watched the water. The morning was windless and the pool Was very atill. At first sight only a fow rippics seemed to mar the perfect

mirror. But an ho looked clover, it became apparent that the whole body of water was alive with silent but relentless motion. Thousands of hair lines veined its surface and its depths. But when the Habbath comes, its quiet All of those lines radiated from a common centre-a point directly above That - with a hush of peace life's the black mouth of the drainpipe. Those clawing, creeping veins showed the tremendous force that was at work. The very placidity of the water fascinated you and made you shudder. As Hob stood looking down into the water, a sudden attr across the poola light putter of steps and a guy

"Good-morning!"-roused him. 'He glanced up with a start. On the opposite rim of the pool stood a scarlet water aprite of a girl. Bob know her. It was madcap Margery Deans, sixteen years old, pet of the more permanent residents of the park. She was poined for a divo. Instantly Bob shouted, "Keep back!

The suction will catch you if you go in

there new!"

She laughed carelessly. "You can pull me out of it!"she cried, and the in the water. Her divo was clean and long. She rose, allook the water dog-fashion from her eyes, and struck out. Her first few strokes were easy and

quite ineffective. Surprise replaced the laughter on her face, and the surprise quickly changed to worry. "I can't seem to swim!" she said, looking up at Bob. "Something's dragging at Bob know only too well what it was

that was dragging at her. He did not hesitate. Glancing up the length of the walk, he saw that it was empty. The scrubbers, with-their swabs and Items of Interest from Various Localibrushes, would not come until the pool was empty. He shouted lustily in the hope of attracting help, and as he shouted he plunged. Almost at once he rose beside the girl Fortunately, Margery was a good swimmer. She kept her head and

listened. comprehendingly to Bob's comman-La "Hands on my hips!" he ordered. Breathe when you can, and roll with me. The trudgen's the only thing that pal Association held at Toronto last

can dig us out of this." With the girl trailing half submerged at arm's length from his hips, Hob | the Executive. began the fight. The trudgen, for a master of it, in probably the most powerful of all strokes. Bob swam October 14th, Thankagiving Day.it well always-but never before as Gazette. he did then. Into the roll, the tremerdous heaving cotch of arms and shoulders, the inclaive pelssors kick, went But from the first stroke he was to compete with the Atlantic Ocean helpless. Plunge shead as he would the auction pulled him back. An fer

help's coming from outside-he realizsons who find all their acquatic plea- ed that even if any of the workers had sure in the pool, and who never even heard his cry they would arrive too the front will be packed. The late to aid him. Faster than they could run, that current was sweeping him and Margary back and down. For an instant a hideous picture flashed before his mind. He could there is tilness are favored with genalready fool himself and the girl dragged under,-could feel the agony and they were planed across the mouth of for the year there will not be so many the pipe,-wrenched, mangled, twisted fishermen haunting the creeks here. until slowly their bodies were sucked

Sucked ini-with that, Bob's brain roots and stock for Acton and Georgecleared for action. So far he had been town Fall Fairn. fighting only with his muscles. Once, the summer before, as Hob had stood on the walk waiting for the pool to drain a problem had presented itself to him, and he had whiled away poor discharges five hundeed gallons Suppose, the problem ran, you are in every minute, and the big fron pipe the pool now. The suction gets you, that drains it into the sea, two hundred and the water has fallen so far that feet away below low-water mark, is there are no handholds for you on the fifteen inches in diameter. For the gutters, even if you could swim to acrubbing there are six men armed them. And there is no one round to

Bob had turned that problem over in his nind for almost thirty minutes! This Priday was to be such a Gar- before he could see any solution. And hour he had forgotten it along with But now, all at once, it flashed back

upon him. It was the same problem, ponterous. It seemed hideums. Instead

he must. He did his work well ant stay limp, and put your orms straight loyally, not because he liked it, but up above your head. Whatever you . He looked down through the water. Below and a little behind him gaped the dark mouth of the drainpipe, Fear and desperation filled him. What he He had speed, attenuth, endurance was to ask his body to do was almost

tearlessness. He know that he should more than flush could submit to. That make a good life gund. In his mind's pipe was only fifteen inches across and eye he could already too himself the it stretched away for two hundred him here of marvellous feats of rescue, feet. But what other chance was there? With an inarticulate prayer, Rob lot things to get. The lifeguard service his feet drop. He shot down instantly. held in the Methodist church next if it was not for the Y. M. C. A. at Kingsbury is a close edeporation. As he swept by Margery's body he Sunday morning.-Reformer. Its membership is made up of young selzed her ankles in a vise-like grip. college men,-athletes of note,-who Then darkness cloud about them both manage in that way to earn money -darkness and rearing and the insis-

When tent tugging of a frightful force. undergraduate days are over they be. Seven seconds after Bob's feet were queath their places to others of their sucked into the drainplpe of Waldron's kind. In the chain of succession, for bool he and Margery were floating in two summers no links had broken on the nurf; several exceedingly startled been missing, and Bob had had to ble wathers were collecting their scattered the nuttelently to go to their aid. libb bould see very watery daylight stood on the walk at the deep end of and nyam feebly. The girl had faint-

was perfunctory. Everyone at Kings- them to likely to forget-Bob for bury Park knew that Waldron's pool several versions. One of them is this: relatives in Bask, and reports the was closed on Tuesdays and Fridays, when next summer comes the magic Conboy Colony all doing well. To make assurance doubly sure, on letters that proclaint him a life guard those days ropes were streeted across are to adornthis jersey. The people of preached-in the Erin Circuit Methothe two runways, that led up from the Kingsbury Park, residents and visitors, dist Churches on Sunday, and Itey, J. beach, and on eddit rope was hung a scom to regard him as a very depend. A. Jewitt took the work on the Norval sign that proclaimed in large black uble young un. Heb himself says Circuit. letters, "No passing. Danger! Pool modestly that to merely did the only

QUITE GENEROUS

One of our solders, lying wouded in pipe and set 225,000 gallons of water One of the doctors on his rounds naw the recent heavy fighting in France. the watch and became interested had been wounded .-- Advocate. "Where did you find such a queer "A Hun gave It to me."

feet a minute—faster than, a man can to convey such valuable token of your hand-on your father's shoulder.

The lie knew that there was a tracateem and affective.

The had to," why the short reply.—

Industry father's shoulder.

Leather—II'm! It would make a more natural picture if he put his hand into

### HELP THE BOYS "OVER THERE" -BY - SAVING GASOLINE

The Allies need gasoline. Waste none of it on Sunday motoring for pleasure. He who uses it for this purpose stints those who are fighting our battles. It is the duty of all motor car owners to comply with the Fuel Controller's request to save "gas."

supreme law, personal enjoyment must give place to national necessity during war time. To save gasoline is to save money. It will also ensure a more adequate supply of "gas" for the needs of our war machine, which must lack no essential. To comply with the Fuel Controller's request will save \$150,000 on a single Sunday. In gasoline it will also save hundreds of thousands of gallons. A word to the wise motor car owner is sufficient

### Neighborhood News-Town and Country

ties Covered by the Free Press

BURLINGTON On Saturday the new service of six cars daily on the radial railway went into effect. Police Magistrate Barr, who sued the town council for unlary, won the cano before Judge Elliott.

week, Mr. W. A. Emory, Reave of East Flamboro, was elected a member of Saturday, October 12th and Monday,

BANNOCKBURN Those who have threshed have had spring wheat and oats. At the monthly meeting of the Women's Institute this afternoon four

An usual the gladiolus and astern of Mrn. N. F. Lindsay are among the finest grown in this section. The churches and numbers of homes where Now that trout-thinking days are over

Numbers of exhibitors in the section are preparing exhibits of grain, GEORGETOWN

Georgetown Fall Fair prize lists are now being sent out. Knox Church anniversary will held on Sunday, Oct. 20th. Mrs. Manahan, of Long Beach, Call, fornia, has been the guest of Rev and Mrn. Trunx for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Cline, and spent the week-end with Dr. and Mrs. Cline at the Baptist parsonage, Miss Beatrice France, of Toronto,

formerly of Georgetown, was awarded Mrs. W. IL Willson attended the reopening of the old Temple of the Children of Peace at Sharon village, on was founded by David Willson, greatgrandfather of Messra. W. H. and A.

the sermons. The returns from collectors in Mir-

Mrs. D. W. Campbell received word

Mer.ett and Pto. Eilmer Tuck, will be

Monday from a two-months' visit with folks. Rov. A. H. Trueblood, of Norval, Mr. R. J. Hunter received word Monday, that his grandsort .. . -p. Loo.

Expeditionary Force, had been killed Editor J. Gale, of the Advocath, re-TRUE TO LIFE

Photographer (to young man)-It . buther--Il'm! It would make a more

### TWENTY YEARS AGO From the Issue of the Free Press

At a meeting of the Rural Munici-

Burlington will hold a two day's fair.

splendid yields of grain, especially of nowers, fruit and grain. boxes of comforts for the soldiers at

S. W. Williams, of East Aurora, N. Y. out now without a scratch. I had a least

MILTON Isane McCready, of Trafalgar, has bought Mrn. IL It littchley's farm on the 1st Con. N. S. Knox Church Anniversary services will be held on Sept 22nd. Rev. J. C. Wilson, R. A., of Acton, will preach

Abundant rain has favored the full wheat In Halton it could hardly look botter than it looks at present ---

on Saturday that her son, William, A memorial service in honor of two recent fallen heroes, liomb. Itoland

Mr. C. Overland, Jr., of the Union branch at St. Catherines. Mrs. D. Sinclair, 10th line, returned work like the French girls do she home hast week from an extended visit would be doud in a wook. The girls to friends at different points in the

The safety of the State being the

# Thursday, September 22nd, 1898

The newly-sown fall wheat presents fine appearance in this section. Miss Morton is putting a two-storey addition to her house on Bower Ave. "Steele" cottage recently removed to tion?" the rear of the lot. When completed it will make quite a desirable dwelling. town council of Lincoln, N. Y., and the residents are convinced that the women know how to rule the town.

Harvest Home and Flower Sunday was observed in Knox Church last Bunday. Sermons were preached by Rev. H. A. Macpherson. On Monday evening a social and lecture were given under the auspices of the Christian Endeavor Society. A bountiful supper cakes or sandwiches to serve with the was served in the basement of the tea. Why could not she? church, and afterwards a locture wan given by the Rev. Mr. Knowles, of twelve would have called it a crisis! Gult, on "The Sunny South." The She eat down at her deak and began

### church was tantofully decorated with

CHOWN-THURSTON-At the Methodist Parsonage, Acton, on September 19th, by Rov. J. A. McLachlan, M. A. Thomas Chown, to Harriot, daughter of the late Philemon Thurston.

a day or no after be was reported wounded: Somowhere in France. Dear Mother:

the line after Fritz and we chased him find out. so far that I wore out two pairs of boots keeping up with him.

an Corps was in the push, but I am to cat, It would be an adventure, at close call, however, for my mess tin and the haveranck on my back were riddled with shrapnol. The Canadians have certainly made lat and 3rd prize on her two exhibits a name for themselves this time, and our canualties were small compared Mr. A. R. Willson, Miss Willson and with the Germans. They were lying dead in hundreds, and we took thou-

sands of prisoners and many guns. Saturday last. The ancient Temple with a rifle since I joined the army as when we got Fritz on the run. It was like hunting rebblin .- I fired no many shots I used alx different rifles, and they got so hot I could not clean them. no was obliged to sulvage others. I was lively work for a while.

> are here and both well. Sammy Woodruff, an old 164th officer, was killed about a month ago. His home was in St. Catherines. L recuived two parcels of papers from you to-day, dated July 6th o: 7th, also your letter and Annie's of

You were asking me what I thought of the Y. M. C. A. Well, I think it is periences away. the very best thing we have out here. They always serve free tea biscuits who went overseas with a Winnipel You know the fellows who are kicknow. Everything is up-to-date. I do not know what we would do semetimes

Say, I saw Jim Cooney the other night as we marched past his But- boarding-houses; money does not buy I am putting in a shoulder strap At last meeting Erin Township cut off a Gorman officer prisoner's At last meeting Erin Township cut off a German officer prisoner's pleasent room-pictures and all that-Annie wants to know what I think Blank Staff, has been removed to the of the French girls. Well, it is just this way: If a Canadian girl had to

> Well, I must close. Love to all the MELFORT

The old order changeth, yielding place And God fulfils Himself in many whys. Leut one kood custom should corrupt the world .-- Tennyson.

NOBLE BAYINGS

The soul, by each conflict, by each a-hospital in France, had beside him a colved word that his oldest son, Pte. good deed, by each word of prayer, into the next room, where her father watch of curious and peculiar design. F. J. Cale, 22nd C. M. H., who was in secons to get nearer to lim,-parrar, was scated. Conversation is the music of the mind; an intellectual orchestra, where all the testruments should bear a part. her." but where none should play together .-

Errors, like straws, upon the surface

## AN OLD-FASHIONED HANDSHAK

When yer feelin' kinder lanely, An' yer on the verge o' tears, Feel like yer pert nigh fernaken-There is nothin' quite that cheers Like a good, old-fashloned handshake, Coupled with a cheery smile, Fer they case up the heartnches

And makes fivin' worth the while Just a good, old-fashloned handshake With a symputhizin' friend Seems tor nother up your troubles An' ter make 'em sorter blend With the brighter things erbout yer: An' the first thing that yer know Yo've fergotten yer in lonely An' yer troublen-him tor go.

Yor've fergetten yer's fernaken: When yer goes for count yer carea, Wy, yer finds yer ain't got any: They has all skipped out some wheren, An' yer reckons yer is livin'

In a diffrunt sorter place ince ye had the grippin' bandshake An' yer soon that smilln' face.

### -Alice O. Warden TOPICS OF CONVERSATION

Little ninter was twelve, and she wan going to make a call-a real call -for the first time in her life. She wan going with big ninter, who was eighteen (and therefore quite grown up) to call upon the minister's niece who had come to town for a visit of two or three weeks. Little sister, arctully arrayed in her Sunday best, chatted excitedly all the way. It was an event-a crisis in her life; she would write about it in the diary that she kept hidden in her deak. She looked with starry eyes at the lovely blossoming May world-at big sister in her changeable cilk, with her cardcase in her dainty gloved hand. But auddenly, as they reached the minister's and mounted the steps, panic fell upon her. She experienced a sense of emptiness, as if the familiar world she had only a moment before been observing and all its homely, comfortable ways were blotted out, and also stood alone in an illimitable void, "Bister!" she gasped, clutching at

her sister's hand, already carelessly grasping the deorbell. "O Sister, have A storey has been added to the you thought up topics of converns-Later-coveral years later-abs beran to tell the little incidents as a Three women and one man form the loke upon herself. Later still her mind reverted to the child's question with new insistence. That was when life had carried her to a time a: 1 a

place where a round of social calls was a duty. If only people would tidhk up topics of conversation! Why could not they? She would so much rather have fresh mental food than new varieties of The idea was startling. The child of

Choir furnished special music. The to write down the things that everyone -hernelf included-passed round and round. The latest novel and social lion; dress, domentics, neighborhood gossip. After all, that covered a pretty large section of life. Was the need perhaps, a new angle of approaching these happenings and interests of daily life? Or was it perhaps the duty of relating these things vitally to things that were really worth while? She thought of the little dreamaker who had been with her the week before INTERESTING LETTER FROM THE -of hor quiet, standfaut herotam in

lost the gift for it? Could it be culti-Just a few lines to let you know I vated-for "grown-upu" as well? What ain alive and kicking after the big would play-real play-be to different "scrap" we had. We had two trips up people? It would be interesting to

THINGS AT HOME Young people are not always satis-I have nover had so much activity often they find fault with things at spending their lives to serve them. ruthers and mothers give what their children, when away from home, will sorely miss-home care and love; and the plainest home with a mother in it Philip Holmon and Dick Westover is rich with comforts and attentions never to be found again. Prize your home and those who love you, so you will have happy memories when you

look back in the years that are coming so fast for you. I was obliged to wait at a railway station, says a traveller, so fell to ton last wook for British sailors are ed the parcel sent by the Daughters of fellow, evidently bound to get on in talking with the young man who acted not yet all in, but they are most natis-the Empire. It was fine. I got it just the employment which he had chosen, factory. The total reported is \$1043. as we were going up the line and the His first service had been in his home town; and this was his carliest ex-

traints?" I said, to try him.

The youth was now obliged to flag a train, and left me; but his words keep coming up-"I wish I had soon how good home was, and had never

## A MERE ACQUAINTANCE

The young man was calling on the

"How's that? Have whom?" "My daughter, of course. You want to marry her, don't you?" "No sir. I just wanted to find out "Certainty not, Why, I hardly know

supporting a crippled husband. Why should they not speak of herolams in Mrs. Collier received the following real life as well as of those in the letter but week from her son, Melfort, novels of the moment? Dress; not merely the fashions, but the meaning of the fushions-the changing ideals they revealed? Not the latest play, August 18th, 1918 but play everywhere? How children

She drew a long breath. She had a great mind to try it-to put her time I suppose you have been worrying upon new things to think about and to about me since you know the Canadi- talk about rather than upon new things

"Yes," he answered; "but I am not over well pleased with the change. I used to think that it would be fine to live in a boarding house and cat course dinners and have a latch-key: but I would gladly give them all, and ten times more, for the things at home. We did not have much money to spend, but mother put something from laundrymen the careful darning face. Look here! Here is a letter giving mo an appointment with s large raise in pay. My greatest pleasure in good luck has always been telling it at home; and now I'm a and women work on the farms all day. It is right that I should push out for myself-I could not possibly have carned a living at home-but I wish I had seen how good home was when I was there, and had never found fault with

## found fault with mother."-Selected.

daughter of the household. He stepped "Mr. Jones-or-ah. That is, can I-

if you would indorse my note for \$100."