The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1919

OUR NEIGHBORS

To love your neighbor as yourself, is
what the Good Book preaches,
To lay your hatred on the shelf and
think all people peaches.
To such a height we do not soar, such
precepts we're defying,
We do not love the folks next door,
and waste no effort trying.
They have so many grievous faults,
that love could ne'er abate them,
And ordinary language halts when
we'd enumerate them;
Their sins are measured by the yard,
their vices are obstrusive;
Against such folks we are on guard—
we have to be exclusive.
We're always looking for the sins of
those who live around us;
We say they bruise our mortal shins,
and worry and confound us.
To all their virtues we are blind, while
of their faults we're screaming;
We seldom look about to find their
qualities redeeming.
If we would train ourselves to look
for good in t'other fellow,
And not assume a man's a crook until
he shows up yellow,
We'd see our neighbors growing wings,
we'd find them folks to cherish,
And envy and such evil things from
this old world would perish.

—Walt Mason.

HOW WEEDS ARE SPREAD

In his struggle against weeds, a farmer is more likely to be successful in his efforts if he understands clearly how weeds gain an entrance on to the farm in the first instances and how those already there spread from one part of the farm to another. Weeds may gain entrance to the farm or be dispersed over a wider area in one of the following ways:

1. As impurities in the seed sown. Most samples of agricultural seeds contain weed seeds in greater or less amount, which are sown with the useful seeds and thus the weeds may, quite unknown to the farmer, gain an entrance on to this land. The seed sown should be absolutely free from weeds of all kinds—a condition of things which is seldom realized.

2. By the agency of threshing machines. The threshing machine should be thoroughly cleaned before it is allowed to begin operations on the farm.

3. In stable Manure, and Feeding Stuffs. Hay and feeding stuffs often contain weed seeds, some of which are liable to find their way into the manure heap and eventually on to the land. Some seeds can pass through the bodies of animals and afterwards germinate.

4. By the Action of the Wind. Many seeds, such as those of dandelion and thistle, are furnished with a tuft of hairs which enables them to float in the air for long distances. In other cases the seeds or even the whole plant may be blown over the frozen surface of the snow.

5. By the Agency of Animals. The seeds, or those parts of plants which contain the seeds, as in the case of Blue Bur and Burdock, are provided with hooks by means of which they become attached to the wool of sheep or the clothing of workers on the farm and in this way may be carried into fields where formerly they did not exist.

6. By Cultivation. In some plants, especially those with creeping underground stems, such as quack grass, the broken pieces may be carried all over the field by farm implements and thus dispersed over a much wider area than the parent plants originally occupied.

CHEATING IN EXAMINATIONS

It looks ugly, that word "cheating," wherever it is used. Because it is so ugly, schoolboys like to employ a substitute to designate the deceit that they frequently practice in examinations. You will often hear a boy speak of "cribbing" in examinations; you will seldom hear him speak of cheating in examinations. Cribbing suggests an act less depraved, more adventurous and light-hearted—a prank rather than a crime.

How is it that boys, otherwise honorable, are so often ready to adopt dishonest methods in the examination room, and to scheme and connive in order to carry off a successful cheat? No doubt it is because they have willingly acquiesced in the false tradition that a state of hostility between the teacher and pupil inevitably exists; that the teacher is always trying to get the better of the pupil, and that the pupil is therefore justified in doing anything he can to circumvent the teacher. Schoolboys seem to take it for granted that they are entitled to certain exceptions and exemptions from the normal code of ethics—at least that there are some things that it is all right to do, as long as you are not found out. The boy who cribs in an examination and "holds" in a football game is perhaps a reasonably honest and straightforward person. He does what he knows other "good fellows" have done, and so his conscience does not trouble him.

Yet when a system of cheating in a school or a college is suddenly brought to light, the boys who lightly joked among themselves about the cribbing are ashamed and mortified, the school or the college is hurt in the public esteem, there appears little of the pranksome and jocular to extenuate the shabbiness of the demonstrated fact, and somehow all the easy justifications fall to the ground. There is only one standard of honor, and it is not to be revised by schoolboys.

THE EASY WAY

There is an instinct in most of us which urges us to choose the easy way. Often telling the truth means difficulty, unpleasant explanations, possibly censure, all of which could be avoided by a little equivocation. Half of the untruths are told, not because the speakers prefer falsehoods, but because they are looking for the easy way and find it through the gateway of prevarication.

Those who are seeking the easy way cannot afford "principles." The easy way means agreeing with everybody, floating with the current. A life regulated by principle has little to do with compromise. Principle necessitates antagonism sometimes, resistance always. One whose life is controlled by the word "ought" must be prepared for conflict. There is no question but that it is easier to slip and slide along through life, agreeing, compromising, yielding. Principles are not for those who are seeking the easy way.

But the easy way of living does not bring the results we desire. One who never puts his muscles to hard use, becomes a weakling. One who shrinks from hard thinking and hard mental work, is little better than a fool. To choose the easy way morally means a contemptible character. Life is hard. Activity of any sort is hard, and in that hardness there is health and invigoration. It is death and decay that are easy.

TIME TO WIN

When you have failed once it is the time to go in and win. We know the weakness that was our undoing before. We see the mistakes which we need to avoid. If we have the right material in us, our determination will be much strengthened, not weakened, by our experience. We should never accept a failure as an excuse for not trying longer, but make it a reason for trying again and trying harder.

THE YOUNG MILKMAN AT THE MILL

Wilfred Carroll, a young clergyman on his way to a Sabbath appointment, lost his train, at a station in the Far West. The town where he was to preach was twelve miles distant, it was a cold, windy evening, with threats of a storm in the air, but it was Saturday night, and the minister was young and plucky, and set off across country on foot.

It was a stupid blunder, missing the train, one of those cases of careless inattention, for which a naturally energetic, wide-awake man is apt to reproach himself without mercy. Wilfred Carroll did that. As his fatigue grew, and the wind lashed his face, he told himself that it was no more than his heedlessness deserved. When the snowfall began, the walking was harder. He was breathless, as he mounted a long hill, and looked down at a little village, sleeping in the valley. There was only one light in the village, so far as he could see, and numbed with the cold, he made his way toward it.

The night watchman at the mill seemed glad to see him, and gave him a warm seat by the stove. The former was young, scarcely more than a boy, and he talked freely about himself. The minister learned that he came from a Christian home, but, since he "cut loose," as he expressed it, he had had little to do with churches or religious people. For all that, it was, apparently, a welcome relief from the loneliness of his vigil to have these old home memories revived, and he spoke of his father and mother and sister, with a hint of unsteadiness in his young voice, and described, with almost childish frankness, the appearance of the village church which he used to attend, and how high the old-fashioned pulpit looked from the pew where he sat. The minister stayed in the warm basement of the mill until dawn began to show in the east, then bade his new acquaintance good-bye, and finished his journey.

Weeks had passed, and the incident had slipped out of Carroll's mind, when he received a letter from the former night watchman, which told him far more than the night conversation had done.

The young man had drifted farther from his careful home training than he admitted at the time. Not only had he given up churchgoing, but he frequented questionable places of amusement, drank a little, gambled a good deal, and, that same winter evening had lost fifty dollars at cards to some boon companions, in the very room where he and the minister talked. The debt was unpaid—so, for the matter of that, were several other smaller ones—and when he heard the tramp of his visitor's feet outside, he had well-nigh decided upon a means of raising the money which would have made him a common criminal in the eyes of the law.

The visit of the minister had been more than a welcome relief from loneliness. It had called up memories of a past he was sadly in danger of forgetting, and rebuked silently his present manner of life. As he left his watch at daybreak, he knew that the thing he had contemplated was impossible now, and determined that the surest way to break with his bad associations here was to resign his position, and seek employment elsewhere. He had given a note-of-hand to the several persons he owed, and was using every spare dollar of his present wages to liquidate the foolish indebtedness. He added, in a quaintly worded postscript "I have learned again how the inside of a church looks, and I don't intend to let myself forget."

"If I had not missed that train," the minister mused, speaking half-aloud to the unresponsive books on his study shelves, "if I had not missed the train, or if I had decided to stay the night at Hampton, or if the weather had been fine, I should never have known that a young life was drifting to ruin, almost within reach of my hand. Had I gone on to Shelby by rail, or lodged where I was left, I should never have seen the light in the basement of the mill, and if the night had been pleasant I should never have thought of turning aside for rest and warmth. In what unsuspected ways God opens to us the unlooked-for opportunity!"

SANITARY TROUGHS

A new sanitary drinking cup for the exclusive use of cows is now on the market, and its advantages are numerous. First, it is claimed that it will turn many an unprofitable cow into a profitable one by increasing her milk supply. It is obviously also a preventive of disease, and, as a labor saver for the farmer, there is no doubt concerning it.

The cow actually controls the supply of water by lifting, or closing, the lid of the fountain herself. When the lid is raised the supply valve is opened and the drain outlet is closed, while lowering or closing the lid closes the supply valve and opens the drain outlet. No water remains in the cup, as it is at all times empty, except when the cow is actually drinking from it.

Each fountain is attached to the water pipe just the same as an ordinary cock or other plumbing fixture, and no separate or float tank is required. The cover also keeps hay and trash out of the water.

Experiments have shown that a cow will refuse water that is stale and filthy with the miscellaneous debris of the barn in it, and, therefore, her milk supply suffers. This fountain is a stimulant for her to drink large quantities of fresh, clean water.

The modern dairyman cannot fail to appreciate the advantage of this cup and desire to have it installed in his barns.

No up-to-date dairyman can afford to let his animals or business suffer for the sake of saving the original outlay in an investment which will prove more and more profitable as time goes on.—J. Nisbitt, in Illustrated World.

IF YOU LOOK FOR THE BEST

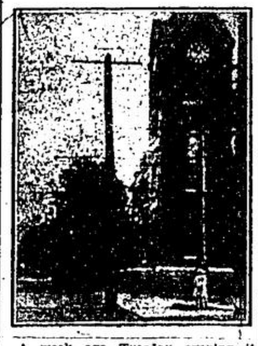
Suspicion awakens all that is worst in human nature. It is impossible that a child should grow into a lover of truth if he is continually being accused of falsehood. If we discover that our friend suspects us of disloyalty, the incentive to loyalty is immediately weakened.

The people who look on the world through narrowed eyes, anticipating unfairness, unkindness, treachery and ingratitude, are likely to end their career with a bad opinion of life. There is nothing in such an attitude to awaken love and loyalty. If you allow yourself to grow suspicious, you will probably find plenty to justify your suspicion. If you look for the best from those with whom you are associated, you will find them giving you their best.

BABY WITHOUT BIRTHDAY

A baby without a birthday! Impossible as it sounds, it is a perplexing fact in the life of Peter Heybrock, now four months and a half old. Peter was born on the Chinese mail liner Nanking on her December trip. The ship was crossing the 180th Meridian. The day before had been December 24—Peter, in the natural course of events would have been a Christmas baby, but there was no December 25 on the Nanking. December 24 was followed immediately by December 26. It's a well-known fact that a day is lost in crossing the Pacific Ocean to the west. That lost day, apparently, was Peter's birthday. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Heybrock, New York.

THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK TOWER



A week ago Tuesday evening it seemed to me to be the first real outburst of feeling for our returned men since November 11th of last year. We had had receptions and they have all been tip-top, but Tuesday evening's War Veterans' parade seemed to put the real spirit of the thing into everyone. When I heard the first few toots of the bugle band it seemed to make me think there was more than practice on. Then I watched our boys come marching down the street and swing around the corner at the base of the pinnacle. By Jingo, they weren't the same men that I see hurrying in and out of the post office and on their way to work every day. True they had their uniforms on and were changed in that way. But the strut and the carriage of them was different. Then there was an unusual crowd on the streets. Of that bunch of veterans everyone in town seemed proud, and were out to see them march down the streets. I waited for these onlookers to give a rousing cheer as they passed by, but they were true to Acton crowds. They felt their appreciation but seemed to keep it pent up for the final outburst at the climax of the function. That climax seemed to be reached in the meeting in the town hall following the parade. Here the loyalty to these veterans was promised that really counts, and Acton will come up to the full measure in every respect when support is solicited by them.

If matters continue, as expectations seem to anticipate, the bowling greens on Bower Avenue are going to be fairly lively this summer. I have no objection to the ladies joining with us in our fun of bowling, and in fact think it will be fine, and I am going to tell you why I enjoy having club privileges opened to them. Some of us who should be busier at other matters of more importance, spend a lot of our time on the greens. Naturally the women folks think this foolish on our part, but when they get into the game and see the fun we have guiding our brilliant shot to the "kitty" I can imagine they will let us continue in the sport quite unperturbed and smile wisely. But I never look for the women folk to take the game real serious. I may miss my guess in this, but what I look for is that they will play for a season or so, and it will then develop into a social side of the club that will be attended to by the ladies, and right here is where I believe they will play their most important part as members of the bowling club. Now, ladies, don't for a minute think that we don't want you to join in the game with us. I know that isn't the wish of a single member. What I think is that once you try the game you will wonder at all our enthusiasm, and why we like it. Just the same as if you knew what took us out to lodge in all kinds of weather, you would be satisfied. I believe curiosity is starting the ladies at the game, but will it last? I hope so, and now ladies it is up to you to fool me and stick right with the game. (You will notice one of my other predictions did not mature. We are bowling on Bower Avenue greens instead of Church Street as I anticipated.)

Just one word about another matter. I noted the Council's action regarding the separate account of the funds of Fairview Cemetery. Voicing the sentiment of almost every one, I believe this action was highly appreciated. Article number two on Mill Street follows. If you know of anything important I have missed just jot a line about it to me and I will try to remedy it. Now watch me closely.

As I look down Mill Street from its intersection at Main, where the "silent policeman" now stands on guard day and night, numberless memories of long-ago days crowd upon me.

My first recollection of the two corners are when Mrs. Sarah Augusta Secord came to Acton with her three young sons, John, Fred and Percy, nearly sixty years ago. Mrs. Secord was a woman of many excellencies. She had the advantage of a good education and a remarkable ability for business. This esteemed family settled in a large store and residence on the corner where the Woodhall & McKay store is now situated. A few years later this property was destroyed by fire. Nothing daunted, this energetic lady proceeded at once with the erection of a better store and residence on the opposite side of Mill Street, where Cooper's tailoring store now stands. This was a commodious frame building, neatly constructed and painted white.

Adjoining, on the lot which is still vacant, excepting where the Wonderland Theatre was built, Mrs. Secord had one of the finest flower and fruit gardens in town. She had the faculty of securing rare plants and shrubs. Many a home was benefitted by the bouquets generously bestowed from this attractive plot. I remember forty years ago passing the Free Press office in early spring and observing the first bouquet of the season of crocuses, snowdrops, etc., gracing the editorial desk.

After Mrs. Secord's retirement from business about thirty years ago, this store was occupied for a time by Ward Howell, who came here from Jerseyville. He is now head of the silk department in Murray-Kay's, Toronto. During the occupancy of a later tenant the property was destroyed by fire. The smaller store now on the site, has been the scene of a successful tailoring business by Cooper & Akins, and now W. M. Cooper.

In the meantime the store on the opposite corner was rebuilt on a larger scale, and for years was occupied by Secord Bros. as a departmental store. A large business was done until their retirement. Successive businesses followed such as Hughes & Griffin, dry goods and general store, W. H. Griffin, Donald Ferguson, of Stratford ran a branch store here for some time. Symon & Campbell, had a hardware store, succeeded by Wm. White. His stock was finally dispersed and Woodhall & McKay, bakers and grocers, are the present tenants.

The section occupied by the Misses Cooper and Morton's barber shop, was the home of J. D. McKee's drug store, prior to his removal to Guelph. Then followed E. H. Swackhamer's clothing store, Henry Sherman and then George Wallace made the start for his flourishing business which he removed to Guelph five years ago. The small store in the block saw a number of businesses located there, John Arthurs, John Ritchie, and others had small stores, and for a time it was a barber shop. What is now a Chinese laundry was for many years occupied by Geo. Havill as a tin and stove shop.

Robert Creech built the store occupied by C. C. Speight's hardware for a harness shop. Later Alex. Secord had a grocery and crockery store, and was followed by George Charles, William Cornfield and others. Mr. William Williams finally bought the premises and still owns it and the store where he conducts his boot and shoe business.

The adjoining property has a noted history. Dr. McIlarvin built his residence there when he came to Acton sixty-two years ago. He also built the store now occupied by Harold Wiles as a confectionery, for a drug store. Here for years he conducted a drug store and had a consulting room. Dr. Morrow, now of Guelph, followed in the same profession and Dr. Forster, of Toronto, was later an occupant. John Secord had a hardware store there and for some years it was also a barber shop. Thos. Agnew and George Stovel conducted boot and shoe businesses there. The small stone store between that and Hynds' jewellery store was first used as a shoe repair shop. Later A. J. Macklinnon conducted his legal business there. Mr. Hynds has been for thirty years in his present premises. His store was built for a bakery by David Galloway, but Mr. Hynds has greatly improved the property since he became its owner.

I guess this is enough concerning this block for this week. My old eyes are getting tired and my readers may not relish a surfeit of this ancient local history. I've enough more stuff still on tap in my thick old head concerning the remainder of this block to make a good fat column.

THE OLD MAN.

THE DRUG HABIT

Editor Free Press

Dear Sir—The New York police have opened war on the illicit drug vendors and gathered in hundreds of drug addicts to wring evidence from them. The prevalence of the drug habit in that city is said to be appalling. Similar stories come from London and other European centres of population. The Globe of April 19, 1919, says:

"Despite free access of both sexes to the bars in the Motherland, women have recently resorted to the use of methylated spirits. Many cases have arisen where women have gone to oil and paint shops with the plea that the spirit was intended for mixing paint. Seven times stronger than ordinary whiskey, and containing a number of ingredients considered sufficient to stop any desire to drink it, the Liverpool Licensing Justices assert that its use as a beverage is increasing. Its effect has been shown as terrible, a frantic state while under its influence gradually giving place to insanity."

A favorite argument of the liquor dealers has been that if alcoholic liquors were prohibited people would take to drugs! but it has been shown over and over again that where the most Alcohol was consumed there has been found the greatest number of drug fiends. The number who have begun by taking morphine and other drugs as medicine are very few. As a general rule a man becomes an alcohol fiend first and after a time finds that he must have something stronger to satisfy his craving.

The French began on wine; from that they went to brandy and then to alcohol, which was called the spirit of wine. But even that failed to give relief, and absinthe was invented. On account of its terrible effects it has been called "knock-out drops." When a person begins this course, nothing but a miracle will save him. We must kill alcohol before we can conquer the drug habit.

H. ARNOTT, M.D.,
Department of Social Service.
May 8, 1919

MAKING THINGS HAPPEN

Some young folks are made when the right thing happens. Others make the thing happen. It is not very safe to wait for luck to help you out. A ready-made fortune is not as likely to fit as one that you fashion for yourself. Waste no time waiting for things to happen. Go to work and make them happen.

UNCOMPROMISING HONOR

The girl who tells the truth until it will embarrass her, or the young man who is honest until he gets in a tight place, has a lower standard of honor than many less enlightened people. Bishop Rowe of Alaska declares that few white men have the integrity possessed by most Indians. "I have known Indians to be starving," he said, "which camped where a white man had cached food supplies. I doubt if the thought of stealing the white man's supplies ever occurred to them, for they know what it is to travel hard and far, depending on the caches of food, and what it would mean if someone had stolen it."

There is something in such testimony which obliges us to look ourselves over and take account of stock. Indians, starving beside abundant food, would not touch it because it was not theirs. Those of us who can accommodate our standard of morals to our circumstances, will have to acknowledge that we have considerable distance to go before we overtake those Indians of the frozen North.

THE REASON

An amusing retort, the truth of which is now being demonstrated, is recorded by the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

During a military review at Aldershot last summer one of the foreign attaches had made himself obnoxious to several staff officers by asking ridiculous and often impertinent questions. Turning to an old infantry officer he said:

"How is it, colonel, that your bugle call, 'Advance,' is so short while the 'Retreat' is just the reverse?"

"Because, sir," replied the veteran, "when a British soldier goes into action it only needs a single note from a bugle to make him advance anywhere, but it takes a whole brass band to make him retire."

WOMAN'S NERVES MADE STRONG

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Winona, Minn.—"I suffered for more than a year from nervousness, and was so bad I could not rest at night—would lie awake and get so nervous I would have to get up and walk around and in the morning would be all tired out. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and thought I would try it. My nervousness soon left me. I sleep well and feel fine in the morning and able to do my work. I gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to make weak nerves strong."—Mrs. ALBERT SUTTZE, 663 Olmstead St., Winona, Minn.

How often do we hear the expression among women, "I am so nervous, I cannot sleep," or "It seems as though I should fly." Such women should profit by Mrs. Sultze's experience and give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial.

For forty years it has been overcoming such serious conditions as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, dizziness, and nervous prostration of women, and is now considered the standard remedy for such ailments.

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Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

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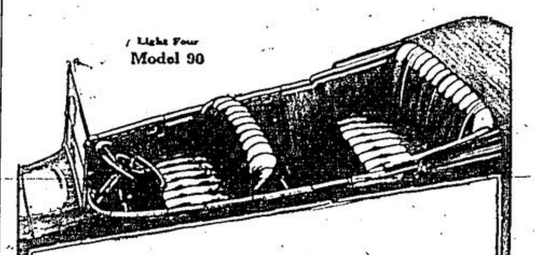

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