

The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1919

AN OLD SONG WITH A NEW TUNE

There's a mayor old and trusty,
And good as any now—
"No trouble trouble."
Till trouble trouble finds you."

Trouble like it did.
That hangs me all the way;
It surely means to sting you,
The next time I see the next.

But why not walk around it?
It's just what you can do,
What you can do;
Before it troubles you.

Trouble in a bumblebee,
It keeps you always toed;
It surely means to sting you,
The next time I see the next.

But like you, better than only
One badbee stings down;
Keep right ahead—this trouble
Will never trouble you.

Oh merry, merry traveler,
Along life's sunny ways;
With friends and laughter,
Affright you at no time.

Remember the old promise,
That your sorrows shall be few,
If you never trouble trouble,
Till trouble troubles you!"

—Elizabeth P. Allen.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, June 22, 1899

The music of the mowing machine is heard again.

The builders are just now completing an addition to Mrs. Henry Laufer's residence on Arthur Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward have purchased a bartering business in Latastro and have resided there with his family.

He sold his business to Mr. W. H. Daniels of Toronto.

The above indicators carried on the morning train will in future be carried by afternoon trains and will indicate the prognostications for the next.

The High School Entrance and Public School leaving examinations will be held in the various High Schools the last two days of June.

The weather in western Ontario are looking unusually well. The spring grain were gotten in rather later than usual and much of the land was wet and somewhat hard to get out of shape.

Since seedling the weather has been favorable and the growth has been steady.

MARRIED

ROSS McDOWELL—at the residence of the bride's father, on Wednesday, June 14, by Rev. H. A. Macpherson, David and Minnie, daughter of James McDowell, all of Acton.

LOVING A TREE

"No man can be truly tender who has not learned to love trees."

Such is the statement of a philosopher of the long, long ago. That was in a day when life was far less complex, a day when men and trees were nearer friends.

Yet there are a good many of us learning the heartwarming worth of "loving a tree." And to love a tree, one must first learn to care for it, watch it grow through many years from a tiny sprout to a great giant with wide-spreading branches. Here in Canada, where the Great Canadian oak, and such beautiful trees as maple and white oak, of beech and cedar and countless other kinds, the tree is a commercial asset, has been of untold value in the development of our country. It grows with vast areas still remaining, as a nation we are getting beyond the way of estimating the value of a tree by its size and scale. So the continental highways of the future are to be lined with tall fir, great trees native to the soil in which they are set.

"In some parts, plans are under way to get rid of trees as timber, and to fell them on bare hillsides. On foreign battle-fields, each tree, so planted, will bear the name of a Canadian hero, and these trees will line the new highways, drives and bridges. Truly, there could be no more memorial—for such trees will require care and attention—that measure of service which assures a long memory for those the trees honor.

"To plant a tree and to watch it grow is to keep closer to God," so said John Muir, the "peasant" who lived this for on his country place, overlooking the Golden Gate, he planted thousands of trees, caring for them with the same hand that had lived to see the hill slopes thus planted, become a veritable nylvan retreat.

Not all of us have the privilege of living in a place where the trees grow, but all of us have the opportunity to plant a tree or two all our own. But all of us can, as the philosopher of old used to say, "If you have a tree, love a tree for its beauty; the delightful shade, its companionship, is to win friends."

The writer lives not far from a pastoral nest in a whistling shade that regularly gathers on a certain summer day every year, a company of white-haired pioneers—men and women, who have been plaited by time, and are nearly fifty years apart. With these all-weathered settlers of the long ago come their sons and daughters, and their grandsons and granddaughters to celebrate the anniversary of that first gathering under the old oak more than half a century ago. At that first meeting under the big tree, the hardy pioneer fathers and mothers, who became a community, and around this college grew a town. The wide-spreading oak which once stood in a vast prairie, now stands in a great city, the center of a flourishing community. To hundreds of people it signifies brotherhood, courage, fortitude, and faith.

Others' trees are sweet and pleasurable to children, who show no heaviness in taking them. They will certainly bring all worm trouble to us, but they are strong and nutritious medicine, correcting the disorders of digestion that the worms cause and imparting a healthy tone to the system most beneficial to development.

IMMENSE INDIAN FOOD DISHES

The largest food dishes in the world were recently bought of the Indians of Vancouver Island, British Columbia, for the museum of the American Museum, New York City. These dishes were made from a single animal named Kwahatis, which in English means "smoke of the world." They are used for special feasts when great numbers of Indians gather together, and are often retained as ritual features. The dishes are carved out of wood and soups are brought to a boiling point by dropping hot stones into the food. The carver is supposed to be the chief, while the dish belongs, which in one instance is the "Wolf" and in another the "Eagle" clan.

No child should be allowed to suffer an hour from worms when prompt relief can be got in a simple but strong remedy—Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

THE MOST AMAZING MAN IN AMERICA

You know it said of this man and that man that he is "the most remarkable man in America." But who is there more truly amazing than Thomas A. Edison? He invented this art, and you will agree that none more remarkable or unusual exists.

Take him right from his early childhood. He was born in Milan, Ohio, at 16 months old at the foot of his classmate, who was sent home by the teacher, at the end of three months, as being "too stupid" to stay in school.

The school officials were all the schooling that Edison ever had—the rest of his early education he got from his mother.

Edison was only six years old when he found one day, sitting on six goose eggs trying to hatch them; but at the age of never having been taught one of his fingers off mightily, and at six he had given up the idea.

When he became a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railroad he installed a printing press in the baggage car.

This he proceeded to use, write and set up type for a weekly newspaper, edited and printed on a moving train.

His newspaper not taking up all his time, the train, he started a laboratory in one end of the baggage car and started to experiment. One day a batch of phosphorus fell on the floor of the car, and the fire conductor, Mr. Edison, took Edison and his laboratory and threw him and it out of the car at the next stop, boxing the boy's ears, and telling him to go to his parents and tell them that he had run away.

"How about Mrs. Edison?" asked his friend.

"Good Gracious!" replied the inventor, as he turned and saw his bride standing laughingly on the platform.

"A nice husband you are!" gold she joked.

"Just the opposite, I should say," said Edison, "I forgot something?" asked Edison.

"Good Gracious!" replied the inventor, as he clapped his hand to his head to see if his hat was there, and slapped his different pockets. "No, I can't find it."

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