The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1920

OLD FRIENDS

Old friends are best!
Old faces, old hearts, old faces
That haunt the memory of the passing years,
And seem to dwell among deserted places,
Reproving us, for all our numerous fears.

Old friends are best!
The roses softly blowing
Close by the door, they always seem to say
"Old friends are best," although we're never knowing
Where they are faring at the close of day.

Old friends are best!
Somehow, the memory clinging,
Brings back the faces that we used to know,
And in the winter of the heart is ringing
The songs we loved so many years ago.

Old friends are best!
When autumn twilight falling
Brings respite from the daily toil and care,
I seem to hear their vibrant voices calling,
Although I know—I know they are not there.

—Will D. Muse.

THE SPOON AGE

There was one thing that made the other little Taylors ashamed of Georgie. It was the way he behaved at table. Otherwise he was without blame. He played and worked with might and main. When the big snow came while his father was away, and almost buried the little brown house where the Taylors lived, it was Georgie who first dug through the drifts so the milkman, the postman and the butcher could get to the house. He spent his Saturday afternoons piling the kindling in long straight rows along the basement wall, while John and Elsie and little Martha were playing games upstairs. If his mother wanted an errand done in a hurry, she could rely upon Georgie.

But even hard work and lively play were no excuse for a little boy's forgetting himself at meal time. Grandaunt Sarah Satterlee sent him a pretty solid silver fork on his birthday, but Georgie paid no attention to it, and ate his dinner usually with a spoon. It was the odd thing for a child to do. Mother pleaded, but it did little lasting good.

Just what might have happened if Uncle Thomas Satterlee had not come a-visiting I dare not say. Uncle Thomas was very wise. You could hardly ask him a question that he could not answer.

At dinner he looked at Georgie with his spoon. Over the rims of his spectacles curiously he looked, as if here were a new specimen. All the other little Taylors looked at Georgie and at Uncle Thomas, and wondered what would happen.

"Young man," said Uncle Thomas, "it seems to me that you belong to the spoon age."

"I am eight years old," said Georgie, turning red and dropping his spoon.

"Oh ho, are you?" said Uncle Thomas. "I never would have dreamed it. Perhaps you can tell me what year it is, and the country also."

"W-why," stuttered Georgie, wondering what this clever uncle meant, "this is Canada, and it's 1920."

"Dear, dear, what a mistake," sighed Uncle Thomas. "When I looked at you I was sure we were all back in Old England in the year 1600, when little boys ate with spoons and knives, because forks had not yet been invented."

Georgie picked up his fork and looked at it carefully. The other little Taylors did likewise. Then John said:

"Do tell us about the spoon age, Uncle Thomas. How did people get along without forks?"

"Why, just the way Georgie does, I suppose," Uncle Thomas answered. "They dipped bits of bread in the gravy and meat juices. Then they wiped their plates with other pieces of bread. Besides, they had spoons and knives, though I should have thought they would have been afraid of cutting their lips or their tongues. Their knives were not silver ones like ours, but sharp, steel ones, worn thin by much use."

"Do, you know, the first fork was brought to Venice by a princess who came from the east on a visit? The Italian people liked this way of eating so much that forks were soon used all over Italy.

"Later on Thomas Coryate brought some forks to England, but English people were still living in the spoon age. They preferred to eat their meat with their fingers. But in 1608 forks, we are told, were widely used. Even then they belonged only to noblemen, who owned perhaps a dozen or more, and used them only on very great occasions, such as the visit of a king. A table fork was a great luxury."

Uncle Thomas leaned back in his chair and smiled at the eager circle of faces.

"Were their forks like ours?" asked John.

"No, the first ones had only two tines. Getting food from your plate to your mouth must have been a rather hard task. At last they began to make them with three tines. This was quite an improvement. Now we have all sorts of forks for all sorts of food."

Just then Nora brought in a creamy, crusty custard pie for dessert. When Georgie received his share he picked up his fork and began carefully to eat it, as a little boy should.

"I am not going to live in the spoon age any longer, Uncle Thomas," he said.

"Fine, Nephew George," he answered. "You will please me very much if I hear from your mother you have kept your word for a year."

Uncle Thomas spoke to Georgie's mother alone after dinner, and the children knew something was in store for them. They waited month after months. It was a year to the day when, without any notice, Georgie saw in front of the house, tied to the hitching-post, all saddled and bridled and ready to ride, a pretty little bay pony. Fastened to the flopping mane was a note which said, "Be sure to give him his hay with a fork."—Pearl Howard Campbell, in "The Christian Register."

FACTS IN A NUTSHELL

The whole truth of good fire management can be summed up briefly: The flow of air through ignited fuel is what makes a fire burn. Learn to control this flow of air. One of the very best general rules for furnace or range is to provide just enough flow of air through the fuel below, and then check that flow of air from below by regulating the check damper above which lets cold air flow directly into the chimney. This method furnishes the necessary oxygen from below to give good combustion to the fuel and for the consumption of the coal gases, and also allows time for the burning of these gases before they are sucked up the chimney. It is the escape of too large a proportion of these combustible gases up the chimney, before they have burned, which accounts for the very low percentage of usable heat obtained from many furnaces.

THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK TOWER

This week brings us to one of the of the most historic localities in this century-old town—the site of the first Presbyterian Church, the first school and the first graveyard.

While the first religious services held in the locality were held by Methodist saddle-bag preachers, and, naturally so, for among the founders of the town—the Adams brothers—two of them were Methodist preachers, Ezra and Zenas. While in a reminiscent mood one day the late Ada Hall, who came to Acton shortly after the Adamses, said in the hearing of a number of neighbors, of whom I happened to be one, "The first sermon ever preached in Acton—or Adamsville as it was then known—was preached by Rev. Ezra Adams, in the spring of 1828, and the text was: "O wretched man that I am, who can deliver me from the body of this death," and you'll find this text in Romans 7: 24."

However, the good old Scotch Presbyterians from Inverness and Aberdeen and Perthshire began to come in and settle in this locality and it was not long before the need of a kirk was felt, and the settlers set to work to build one. The Methodists had regular preaching services in the homes of the new settlement from 1834, but it was not until the spring of 1844 when they commenced the erection of their frame church which stood at the corner of Church and John Streets.

When rummaging in my old desk the other day I came across, among a lot of other long forgotten papers, a few pages of the souvenir volume prepared by the Young People's Society of Knox Church twenty-five years ago to mark the jubilee year of the church's history. Rev. Mr. Hue went over all the old church documents in assisting the young people to prepare their little volume. It furnishes valuable and interesting data and will help my old head in fixing dates correctly for the incidents and epochs I want to record of this influential old church and its pastors and officials.

The Presbyterian congregation was organized in 1845, and its members were composed of workers in the little Sunday School which was started by John Burns a couple of years previously at his home on the third line. The first timbers for the new church were teamed to Acton early in the spring of 1846. In 1846 the substantial frame building which many of us remember was erected. It was finished and opened with thankfulness and rejoicing in 1847, in time to claim a gratuity of £20, offered by Mr. Buchanan, of Hamilton, to each of the first ten churches erected and opened not later than that year. And £40 meant something in those days of scarce money, and a pound was sterling then, of gold value, and worth about $10.00 of the Yankee's money of that time.

In March 1847, before the church was finished, the first sermon was preached by Rev. W. C. Burns. For three years following the pulpit was supplied irregularly by ministers from settled charges such as Erin, Norval and Toronto and by students from Knox College. Those who may have access to old records of the church will find that sermons were preached at that time by Rev. Mr. McMillan, of Erin; Rev. Mr. Gray, of Norval; Rev. Mr. Meltuar, of Toronto. In the summer of 1848 Rev. James Y. Cameron, afterwards of Glengarry, and Samuel Keady, a student, gave their services for three months each. In 1849, during the summer term between college sessions, John Ross, afterward for fifty years the famous preacher, spiritual adviser and family counsellor of Brucefield, ministered to this congregation.

Mr. Keady, having graduated in 1850 was invited back to Acton until he was regularly settled. He remained for six months. It was at his suggestion some time later that Rev. John McLaughlin was asked to preach with a view to a call. He came, was called, and on August 20, 1851, was inducted as the first stated minister of Knox Church, Acton.

For ten years Mr. McLachlan was the faithful and beloved minister of this church. He retired on February 4, 1861. It is with much pleasure that I am able to present to the readers of the Free Press in this article a splendid portrait of this godly man, the first pastor of Knox Church.

After his retirement there was a vacancy for twenty-one months. Rev. James A. Thompson, of Erin, was the moderator during this long period and he supplied the pulpit with a variety of preachers. On November 5, 1862, Rev. Lachlan Cameron was ordained and inducted as the second minister of the church. His name has always been revered in Acton and vicinity. He was a saintly man, a rigid Sabbatarian, and a friend to all. An evidence of his strong convictions in the duty of keeping the Sabbath holy is recalled. He was going down his long walk from the church to the Manse and Globe on the second line, where Robert Wallace, Jr., now resides, and a couple of lassies from a Methodist home were at the well-known spring on Main Street, near the bridge at McLain's blacksmith shop, getting a pail of fresh drinking water for their family who had just returned from their church services. He stopped and asked: "Is the water you are drawing for cooking, or for drinking, girls? Because if it is for cooking you know you are breaking the Sabbath. All the water, except for drinking, should be fetched on Saturday, you know." These bright girlies were permanently impressed. Though both are now grandmothers and reside in Acton, they speak of this incident whenever Mr. Cameron's name is recalled.

When Mr. Cameron came to Acton he was unmarried. His sister, who is still living and resides in London, kept the manse. He was married, however, in a year or so, and the esteemed lady who thereafter presided over the manse and reared a quartette of healthy girls and boys, was greatly beloved. The two sons are successful ministers in the west. The eldest daughter, Mrs. Doolittle, of St. Mary's, has visited her friend, Mrs. M. McLean, here lately several times.

For twelve years Rev. Lachlan Cameron faithfully ministered to Knox Church in holy things. About the end of 1874 he was called to Thamesford, and here he continued his ministry for nearly twenty years. He was "called home" on February 26, 1894, and he and his beloved spouse sleep together in the pretty cemetery at Thamesford. More than one of the people of Acton, who were influenced by this good man, have visited their graves to drop a tear in affectionate memory of their good deeds and manly, kind friendship.

That Mr. Cameron lived in the hearts of the people was amply evidenced at the farewell tendered him on the eve of his removal to Thamesford. He stood at the gate of the old church lawn bidding his broken-hearted parishioners good-bye. He was himself very visibly affected. Finally, he burst out with the heartfelt exclamation: "Oh, friends, if I had known you felt like this toward me I would never have accepted the call to Thamesford!"

The vacancy before the next minister was called was of short duration. On April 28, 1875, Rev. Donald Boyd Cameron, of Bradford, was inducted. The induction took place on June 7—a glorious spring day with the apple trees in full bloom and their fragrance permeating the atmosphere. The late Dr. Thomas Wardhope, of Guelph, was the interim moderator. Mr. D. B. Cameron was a minister of the old school. His study and his pulpit were the two most sacred places to him on earth. He never stood up to break the bread of life without long and arduous preparation. His sermons were philosophical discourses, full of meat and rich in practical suggestion for Christian life and conduct; but without so deep in thought that the hearer must give close attention to get a thorough understanding of the preacher's conclusions. I said he was a preacher of the old school. He was in many respects. Nearly all his sermons had his "thirdly" and he was never guilty of sending his congregation away with a twenty-minute excuse for a sermon from the sacred desk. St. Paul was his favorite biblical character. In fact most of his leisure was spent with St. Paul in his epistles to the Ephesians and the Hebrews. From these epistles he preached scores of sermons. In 1885 he published a volume of expository discourses on the Epistle to the Ephesians containing forty-six sermons, and in 1899 two volumes of sermons on Hebrews, each containing over forty discourses.

Mr. Cameron was a bachelor. His sister, Miss Cameron, was the lady of the manse, ever faithful and true to her gifted brother, whom she regarded proudly as "the minister of the family." He had no regard for new-fangled notions, and was opposed to prohibition of the liquor traffic. He wrote a pamphlet against prohibition

REV. JOHN McLAUGHLIN
The First Pastor of Knox Church.

which had a wide circulation when the opponents of prohibition came to know of it. The editor of the Free Press criticised this pamphlet in his columns and Mr. Cameron wrote an article for the Free Press in its defence. This was published and the next week the editor replied. It looked like an interminable discussion. The old gentleman said to me one morning: "Well, I see there is no use of my writing anything more on the subject. The editor has the chance of having the last word, anyway, and we'll just drop it now."

On February 25, 1899, death ended his labors and this faithful servant of God was laid to rest in Fairview Cemetery. With characteristic simplicity his will directed that only a rough field stone with the initials "D. B. C." carved on its side should mark his grave. This request was measurably honored, as the stone in his plot will testify. Miss Cameron, his sister, outlived him by more than twenty-five years, and she too, now rests in Fairview.

The last minister of old Knox Church was Rev. James W. Rae, now minister in charge of the church at Orono, his boyhood's home. A vacancy of over two years followed Mr. Cameron's retirement. In the spring of 1886 John McKay, B. A., afterward of Scarboro, was called, but he did not accept the call. The next year, in August, 1887, Mr. Rae, who had just graduated from Knox College, was ordained and inducted. He was a little man, but he was effective. He was the building master of the six pastors who have been settled over this congregation. A year or so after his settlement the old manse and globe were sold, and the fine structure on Willow Street, facing the present church, was erected. Five years later the present church was erected and dedicated to divine worship. In both of those worthy building enterprises Mr. Hue was a very active factor. He was an active man in the church and the community. The Sunday School was a fruitful field for his activities. He brought Knox Sunday School up to a high state of efficiency. He inspired interest in the schools of the county and was in turn Secretary and President of the County Sunday School Association. His interest widened to the provincial organization and he was sent as a delegate to the International Convention. This gave him a new connection, and after spending a few years at Aylmer, after leaving Acton, he was appointed General Secretary of the Sunday School Association of the State of Connecticut, with a central office at Hartford.

The old church was closed in 1895. It had served the congregation for half a century, and many were loath to leave this revered sanctuary with its many hallowed memories. It had been twice enlarged. Mr. John Cameron, an elder of the church, bought the property after the opening of the new church. Part of it he added to his planing mill and the remainder he converted in the three comfortable houses which now occupy the street front of the old church lawn.

So much for the old church and its ministers. Next week I'll tell you something about the elders, and precentors, and other laymen of the church in its early days.

Perhaps some of you will wonder why I have devoted all my space this week to historical incidents in Acton. But with all the snow I've had to shovel the past week and the many incidents that crowd my mind relative to the section I am now covering, I find my old arm won't let down any thing more.

THE OLD MAN.

SIMPLY STATED

A visitor to a school began an address as follows:

"This morning, children, I propose to offer you an epitome of the life of St. Paul. Perhaps some of you are too young to grasp the meaning of the word 'epitome.' 'Epitome,' children is in its signification, synonomous with synopsis!"—London Tit-Bits.

INCREASING OUR CAPACITY FOR HELPFULNESS

The gift of sympathy is designed to make us of service to the world, to increase our capacity for helpfulness, but sometimes strong and unchristlike sympathies do exactly the opposite. There are women who are useless in the sick-room when some member of the family is ill. Their sympathies are so keen and they suffer so acutely in the suffering of others, that they are so unable to assume the responsibilities of a nurse, as if they themselves were ill. During the war, there were many who insisted that it was impossible for them to work making surgical dressings, because of the harrowing pictures it conjured up.

Many qualities good in themselves, need to be subjected to sharp discipline not to prove a handicap. Expensive self-confidence needs to be toned down by humiliating failure before it assumes the proportions essential to success, and extreme modesty must be braced up by self-esteem in order not to hinder its possessor's progress in life. Sympathy, like other things, may need drastic discipline. In some people there is not enough. Others, while not too sympathetic, which is clearly impossible, possess a sympathy which is unreasonable and uncontrolled. When your sympathy incapacitates you for doing the duties which devolve upon you, it would seem high time to put it under the kind of discipline which will make it useful.

FACTS ABOUT TIN

While the United States is rich in mineral resources, yet tin is one of the few highly useful metals of which little is produced in the country. The output of tin from domestic ore in 1918 was only sixty-eight tons, nearly all of it obtained from placers in Alaska. But the tin imported in the same year amounted to 32,864 short tons, the largest quantity brought into the country in any one year.

The Malay peninsula and near-by islands of Banka and Billiton produce over half the tin ore of the world. The remainder is chiefly mined in Bolivia, Australia, Tasmania, and Cornwall, England, being mined in the last-named place in the days of the Roman Empire.

Small deposits of Cassiterite, sometimes called tin ore, is also found in the United States, the mineral being commonly found as pebbles in a variety of gravel. This is found in a combination with oxygen and is known as stream tin. The Latin name for tin is stannum, and thus its compounds are called stannous or stannic compounds.

Tinplate and alloys containing tin are of enormous importance in the arts. Of those, bronze is chief. Gun metal, pewter, solder, type metal and britannia metal are other alloys. Salts of tin are used in dyeing, glassmaking and in calico printing, while tin itself melts at low temperature and is easily refined.

CHARACTER IN LETTERS

The superintendent of schools in one of our large cities said recently, in a private conversation, "I make it a point not to engage a teacher until I have received a letter from her. Experience has taught me that letters are wonderful revealers of character, and sometimes applicants with whom I have been particularly pleased in a personal interview, have failed to receive their appointments simply because 'they gave themselves away,' as the boys say, in their written communications. There I have discovered the carelessness, untidiness, inconsequity, indolence, narrowness and other traits which have been concealed in a brief conversation, but which I should have discovered to my sorrow, had the writers become teachers in my schools. On the other hand, a letter has sometimes shown me that an applicant of whom I felt doubtful, possessed the firmness, the accurate information and the high ideals, which I considered essential in those who undertake the training of our boys and girls.

"Naturally, I insist upon having our pupils taught the art of letter-writing, for I consider few things in education more important. The boy or girl who will take pains to write, in a clear hand, a carefully thought out, well-expressed letter, without mistakes in spelling, grammar, or arrangement, can almost always be relied upon to do other things well."

This is the testimony of a prominent educator. Let us hope that his words will inspire many of our young people to perfect themselves in "the noble art of letter-writing."—Selected.

TIPS FOR TIPPERS

He was dining alone and had much time to puzzle over the unusual phenomenon he noted. "Why is it flam," he asked, addressing the waiter, "that poor men give bigger tips as a rule than rich men?"

"Well, sah," replied the woolly-headed knight of the napkins, meditatively, "Looks to me 'that de po' man don't wan' nobody to know that he's po', and the rich man don't want nobody to find out that he's rich."

UNCERTAIN

"What's that for?" asked Jones, junior, pointing out a half-mast flag to his pa.

"Oh," said pa hurriedly, "that's because somebody's dead."

"But why is the flag in the middle of the pole?" persisted the youngster.

"Dunno! I don't know!" answered his sire crossly, burying his nose once more in the paper.

"I suppose," remarked the son and heir after two minutes' silence, "it's like that because the people aren't sure whether the man's gone up or down?"—The Dominion.

PERT PARAGRAPHS

Home women not as if they had obtained their husbands at a bargain sale of remnants and could afford to be extravagant.

Considering the high price of anything that merits the name of eatible, it must be conceded that we're all high livers.

It is a wise man who knows when to keep his mouth shut and an idle man who can not on the knowledge.

The worst case of insomnia is generally sojourning on its job about rising time in the morning.

A stitch in time makes a woman so proud that she wastes half the morning talking about her shiftless neighbors.

Misfortune wouldn't be so bad if it didn't develop the talking habit in its victim.

THE THIEF OF TIME

He was just going to provide help for his overworked wife when she took to her bed. Doctor, nurse, funeral, and then servants.

He was just going to repair the kitchen walk when a neighbor fell on it and broke a leg. Damages.

He was just going to insure his house when the fire got ahead of him and burned it down. No home.

He was just going to adjust his debts when his creditors closed in on him. Bankruptcy.

Finally, he was just going to take out life insurance when he died and left his young children to shift for themselves. Poverty.—Bulletin.

WE KNOW WHAT HE MEANT

"Who lives in that big house on the corner, Dennis?"

"The widdy O'Malley, sor, only she is dead."

"Indeed! When did she die?"

"If she had lived till next Sunday, sor, she would have been dead a year."—American Legion Weekly.

"I LOVE DRAMMAS"

A very young mother with her child entered one of the city's crowded street cars. Notwithstanding the plainness of dress, both were positive evidences of refinement, and revealed a spirit of cutting and beauty. The little one had reached that interesting age when her thoughts were being put into words.

Seated opposite them two was an old woman, ill-clad, whom the child watched intently. At last she became so restless that her mother let her slip down and stand by her knee, when suddenly the child threw herself against the old woman, and said in her sweet baby tones: "I got a drammas honey, I love drammas."

Startled by this unexpected display of affection, the hardened face softened and the eyes filled with tears and she pushed the baby from her saying, "I'm not fit for you to touch, child; you're so sweet and pretty." But the child still leaned against the old woman's knee and repeated again: "I love drammas."

And thus the heart which had years before shut its door to the world, was opened by one of Christ's little ones.

Girls

We manufacture Druggists' Rubber Sundries in a new, bright and sanitary factory.

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Your Dentist Knows!

People who have reached middle life invariably have gum trouble. The gums recede from the teeth, abscesses form at the roots and the teeth loosen. This disease is called Pyorrhoea, and unless checked at once, the only alternative is to have the teeth removed.

Then the age of artificial teeth begins—the age of the wintry smile. People with soft, spongy gums that bleed easily should use McCRIMMON'S MOUTH WASH. It prevents Pyorrhoea and corrects any inflamed condition of the gums, making them firm and healthy.

You cannot have good teeth unless you have healthy gums. If tartar forms, have it removed by your Dentist; then use McCRIMMON'S MOUTH WASH. You not only benefit your health, but insure your teeth and gums against Pyorrhoea.

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Debtors we truly are to the influences of the Christianity of past generations for high educational, social and moral standards.

What standard will our present course of life set up for the future?

Have YOU considered your Religious, Social and Financial obligations in the Reconstruction Period?

Editorial Comment Worth While

Brief Pointed Articles on a Wide Field of Subjects

We are naturally a little proud of our Editorial Page since we have been able to branch into a six page weekly. Every week these articles take up considerable time and attention. They are not written at random. Everyone is carefully considered and thought upon. Another feature of these brief Editorial Comments is the wide range of subjects covered every week—A complete synopsis of activities in all fields being carefully commented upon.

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Dominion, Provincial, Municipal

What paper other than a country weekly of the Free Press' standing could give insight into activities in so many spheres? The very things you are interested in. The things you talk about to your friends and neighbors. The things that concern your personal welfare and make the conditions around you more to your liking. You'll find all these things carefully considered in brief, easily understandable and in clear form in the Editorial Comments every week.

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