The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1920

SHINE WHERE YOU ARE

Don't waste your time in longing
For bright, impossible things;
Don't sit supinely yearning
For the swiftness of angel wings;
Don't spurn to be a rushlight
Because you are not a star,
But brighten some bit of darkness
By shining just where you are.

There is need of the tiniest candle
As well as the garish sun;
The humblest deed is ennobled
When it is worthily done;
You may never be called to brighten
The darker regions afar;
But till, for the day, your mission
By shining just where your are.

—Selected.

THE WIFE OF ONTARIO'S PREMIER

"My life has been so full with my home and my children."

These words spoken by Mrs. Ernest C. Drury, of Crown Hill, wife of the chosen leader of the United Farmers of Ontario, in answer to a question about her chief interests in life, sum up briefly the outstanding characterization of the wife of Ontario's premier-elect.

The home of the Drury family is a spacious and comfortable farm-house on their splendid two-hundred-all-fifty acre farm.

"How will I like it? I can scarcely say," said Mrs. Drury thoughtfully. "I don't quite know what I think. Naturally it will all be very interesting. It is all so new. I am not and never was a 'society woman,' she went on. "I have lived practically all my life on a farm. I've been so busy with my home and my life has been so full with the children that I have found little time to give to other things. We live very simply."

Work with the local Women's Institute and the work in the little Methodist Church nearby have been almost the only interests for Mrs. Drury outside her home. And as you glanced about the big rooms which necessarily entail so much work, and your thoughts dwelt on the family of five stirring children, all under fourteen, you realized how completely they must have monopolized the mother's time.

There is a gentle serenity about Mrs. Drury's manner. In spite of the amazing news that, from the quiet life of the farm she was to be plunged into new and untried responsibilities as the wife of the Premier of the Province, she was not nonplussed. Though it was impossible to turn the current of one's thoughts into the untried paths ahead without serious thought, there was a quiet dignity in the way she accepted the new conditions. Her blue eyes, beneath the crown of light brown hair, looked interested, perhaps a little amused at moments, serious yet undisturbed.

Of the five children, Charlie the eldest, a manly looking lad of thirteen is taller than his mother. Varley, the second boy, is eleven. Then comes nine-year-old Beth, six-year-old Mabel, and last baby Harold.

As a girl, Mrs. Drury, then Miss Partridge, lived not more than three miles from her present home. Educated in the rural school and in Barrie high school, she taught for three years in the Crown Hill School where the children are now being educated. Both Mr. and Mrs. Drury come of pioneer families, the great grandparents of each having settled in that neighborhood in the same year, 1820. The present Drury home is on the original Drury acres, and was built in 1890, to replace the old homestead. There it was that Mr. Drury took his wife as a bride.

Mrs. Drury's daily life is that of any woman in a large farm house. While she has a house worker to help her, necessarily she superintends everything, from supervising the planting of the kitchen garden to the work of the house and the care of the children. Only home-made bread, home-made butter, home-made preserves, jellies and pickles find their way to the table, and any housewife knows the work that entails.

The general impression left with the visitor is of a home of happy, contented people, and the words of Solomon in the last chapter of Proverbs, insistently force themselves into one's mind—"She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread idleness.—Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."—The Montreal Weekly Witness.

TO-DAY IN BUSINESS

When Marshall Field first got a job as a clerk in a store he lost it almost at once. The proprietor was amazed to see him represent goods for exactly what they were, and then charge only a reasonable profit.

"He's a good lad," said the shopkeeper, as he helped him to depart, "but he has no capacity for business."

Yet the foundation of an imperial business and a princely fortune was laid in holding but those principles of fair dealing.

To-day the opportunity of Marshall Field stares at a thousand merchants. They may not have so brilliant a career as his, but they can solve the problem of success on his principles. To-day men are tempted, as never before, to get all they can, and not merely all they are entitled to have. They are tempted, perhaps as never before, to substitute something just as good.

Every merchant who feels a temptation to charge "all that the traffic will bear" should remember Marshall Field. He should remember that the great wealth of the English Quaker was founded on the fact that the housewives of England soon learned that a Quaker storekeeper would not impose on a child sent on an errand.

"Make all the money you can" is good advice for a man in any commercial occupation. But no merchant can make more by overcharging or substituting than he can make in the long run by reasonable profits and sound dealing. The temptation to charge the limit price is great, and therefore the opportunity to try the method of the Quakers and of young Marshall Field is multiplied.—The Dearborn Independent.

INTERESTING BISHOP

A bishop in full robes of office, with his gown reaching to his feet, was teaching a Sunday School class. At the close he said he would be glad to answer any questions.

A little hand went up, and he asked: "Well, my boy?"

"Can I ask?" said the boy.

"Certainly," said the bishop) "what is it?"

"Well," asked the boy, "is dem all you've got on, or do you wear pants under dem?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

GETTING A SNAP

"You want to manage the business?" asked the employer.

"I do," answered the employee.

"Well, I don't understand it at all. A little while ago you were demanding eight hours' work and the assurance of good remuneration. Now you want to shoulder responsibilites that will keep you worried at least eighteen hours a day, besides taking a chance on going broke if the markets happen to slip the wrong way."—Washington Star.

THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK TOWER

Talking of strikes, we hear of them every so often. Big ones, little ones, here and there and everywhere. Strikes are seldom successful. The big clock up here puts it this way:—

Everybody's striking,
Hold the big clock on the shelf;
It seems to be the fashion,
So I think I'll strike myself.

But striking is my business—
Did you ever see such luck?
I'll have to give up striking
Just to show folks that I've struck.

Well, I don't want to hear of the big clock giving up striking, though it does bother Mary and me sometimes in the "wee small hours" but I think all the working folks would be better to give up thinking of striking.

Early residents of Acton have a keen interest, yes a reverent love for the old home town. Although circumstances have rendered it necessary in numbers of cases to remove to other points, there is almost invariably an inherent desire, and frequently a premortium request, to be laid away amid the scenes of childhood and youth, and with the companions of early days, in the old home town. Three cases of this nature occurred last week. The body of John P. Reaoch was brought from Orillia, and that of Miss Hannah Stafford from Guelph, as well as Mrs. Elizabeth Gray, Toronto, for interment in our beautiful Fairview. Each of these esteemed former citizens had genuine love and veneration for the home of the earlier days. None of them ever lost an opportunity to say kind things for Acton.

The following highly-interesting letter reached me, by way of the Free Press letter box, from Mr. Charlie Young, the successful publisher of the Cornwall Freeholder. It will give my column a real zest this week, and I give it place with very cordial agreement. When I think of Charlie Young of fifty or sixty years ago my thoughts always revert to the trout streams which abounded here in those good old days when we were young. I have followed Charlie's career for a long time, and, while he has a reputation as a weekly newspaper publisher of the selected class, I find his reputation as a fisherman is just as widely known. They say Charlie never let a summer go by in fifty years without spending two weeks to two months on a fishing excursion. Even the years he was a Canadian Commissioner to the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, and during his term as President of the Canadian Press Association, he stipulated that he must have his annual trouting or salmon fishing outing. Charlie's striking John A. rod tie and his calabash invariably went with him on these trips, but often when he returned his tie was like a nine string, and a tenent corn cob replaced the finely colored meerschaum calabash.

Well, there I go again, one would think after all I'd gone back on my decision and was going to fill the Clock Tower column myself again this week, without giving Charlie Young a look in. I stop short right here. Here's Charlie's A. 1 letter:

Dear Old Man:—

I read your musings in the Free Press pretty regularly and with great pleasure, finding as I do occasionally names and circumstances that awake pleasant memories. Possibly a few recollections of the village, of my own, might interest you. When I was a very little fellow, my father, James Young, of Georgetown, who was a keen fisherman, drove a party up to Acton including myself; there we picked up as guide, Frank Taylor, who, as I remember, was a harnessmaker. Taylor afterwards moved to Georgetown where he conducted the same business for many years. Where we went from Acton I do not remember; I think it was to the Grand River up the second line, near Copelands. Anyway, it was a small stream in very thick woods. I recall that my father carried me in on his back, and left me after a while to fish. There were plenty of small trout and I recollect plearly that I caught a good many, and that my adventures, as I considered them, were afterward the envy of all my schoolmates. I was then attending a private school in Georgetown, kept by the Rev. J. G. D. Mackenzie, who was rector of St. George's Anglican Church in that village. Mr. Mackenzie afterwards was High School Inspector, and died many years ago in my father's house in Stratford.

Subsequently, I attended the private school kept by my uncle, Rev. Charles Dade in a house on the seventh line between Georgetown and Stewarttown. He was a ripe scholar. Our school work was principally the dead languages and mathematics. He required a good deal of memorizing, of which we could not see much use then, but the results remain after over half a century in the ability to recall odes of Horace, and many lines of Virgil and Homer, and an intimate acquaintance with the classics which few now acquire, when the old authors are only crammed sufficiently to pass exams.

The only other Acton man I can recall was Capt. Allan, a fine old soldier who was afterwards Colonel of the 20th Battalion, was he not?

Another recollection of Acton is in the 80's, when there was an ice famine in most of western Ontario; but there was a plentiful supply in Fairy Lake and the Acton pond. The crop was got out by Andrew and James Robb, of Stratford, the latter being publisher of the Herald. At his invitation I went over one day to see the big force at work on the pond. The ice was freighted to Stratford and other points on the Grand Trunk to relieve the local scarcity.

We used to make frequent fishing trips to the Cataract Falls and Forks of the Credit and camped out near where the big trestle on the C. P. R. now is. It was a long and tiresome journey over terrible roads but when we came to Tubtown (now Hollefountain) and called in to see our old friend Bush, who lived in an octagon house, we thought our trip was near its end. The Forks was a great place for trout in those days and 100 of good size was quite an ordinary catch. A year or two ago I fished on the same old ground, but the only result was a few fingerlings—quite a contrast to the experience of a week or two later on the Petawawa River at the north end of Algonquin Park, when there were no small trout, but plenty of big ones up to four or even five pounds.

Then there was the longer trip to Shaw's Lake, Cajedon, where Manasseh Lessan kept a hotel. Manasseh was a queer customer, anyway you took him. He built a saw mill a short distance below the lake and the dam raised the water of the lake to an extent that killed all the trees for a number of yards from the shore. He never made any money out of the saw mill and it served him right. Succeeding generations have no doubt often heaped negative benedictions on his head for his mendacious.

Mr. Bush, of Tubtown, latterly moved to Bristol, on the seventh line, where he built a hotel, since destroyed. The name of the hamlet was changed to Brisbane, which it no doubt still retains if it has a name at all. There was an octagon church on the hill east of Bristol overlooking the big swamp but I think it has disappeared—at least I did not see it the last time I was in that neighborhood.

There were two hotels at Bristol at the time I speak of. The other one kept by Bill Higgins, who was an old-time sport, without whom no fishing or hunting party was complete.

There were plenty of deer and all kinds of game in those days. In the bar-room of Higgins' tavern was a huge fireplace, and it was the custom of the landlord to haul in a log three or four feet long with a pony, and hoist it onto the big iron dogs with a couple of handspikes where it could burn for a day or two. It was a mighty comfortable place to sit after a hard day in the woods and many were the stories of hunting and fishing that never lost in the telling.

Both hotels were burned long ago and nothing but the foundations remain.

Do you remember the old plank road, or did you have them about Acton? It must have been in the early fifties that it was built. Possibly it extended up the seventh line of Esquesing towards Hillsburg. I cannot recall that, but there certainly was a plank road from Stewarttown to Lake Ontario at Oakville. My father at that time owned large flour and saw mills at Stewarttown and was the only buyer of grain which was brought in from a very wide area as far as Erin, Caledon and Garafraxa, and even farther. I can distinctly recall that day after day there was a procession of teams pouring into Georgetown and a double staff of weighers was employed, working sometimes all night to relieve the congestion of grain. One heard a great deal of frosted grain in those days before the clearing of the woods and swamps moderated the temperature.

The state of the roads was awful, if they could be called roads, and I have always heard that James Young was the active agent in securing the Hilton plank road. It was made of planks 24 ft. or longer and was like the little girl of whom Longfellow wrote: "When it was good it was very good indeed.

But when it was bad it was horrid."

As long as the planks remained solid it was like driving on a big sidewalk. As a result thousands of barrels of grain and barrels of flour were hauled from the Stewarttown mill to Oakville, there to be loaded in schooners for Montreal, for that was the only means of transportation before the Grand Trunk was built. In fact, it represented to the people of those days what the National Highway now means to the expectant automobilist of to-day.

My memory does not go back to the good plank road. I can only remember it in the days of its decay, when the planks were loosened up by the constant traffic and the frost, and some of them broken, making driving deficient and dangerous.

I recall a trip taken by my father and mother and myself to the Provincial Exhibition at London. We started from Georgetown before daylight. It was 18 or 20 miles to Oakville, visiting for a few hours with old family friends, George K. Chisholm, Frank Romaine and Peter McDougall, and then took the steamboat to Hamilton where we stopped all night. We were further in miles from London at Hamilton than we were at Georgetown in the first place, and here we made our first acquaintance with a railway train on the old Great Western. Not even the faintest memory of the fair remains—probably the other adventures were so much more wonderful.

A great deal of the material used in the construction of the Grand Trunk was freighted from Montreal and Toronto in schooners and on the plank road to Georgetown and vincinity. It remains a tradition that when the high railway bridge across the river Credit was projected, a short distance below the Harber paper mill, it was intended to make it a trestle, and the contract for the iron was given to William Harber and James Young. This was mostly in the shape of long iron rods with a head at one end and a nut at the other. These were to be taken from Oakville by the teams that took flour and grain down.

Before much was done in the way of building the bridge the plans were changed. It was decided to build a tubular bridge, the same as it is at present, though probably renewed since then. The railway people wanted to get out of the contract for the long bolts, but James Young was a Scotchman, and insisted on completing his contract or getting paid for it. His firm won out with a very substantial profit. The price for the iron bolts, it might be stated, was 12½ cents a pound, which would more than cover the entire cost of many an iron bridge erected since, though possibly not at present inflated prices.

By the way, the name of James Young is perpetuated in Young Street in Acton where he owned considerable property. He subdivided the property east of the G. T. R. tracks and Young Street ran through it. Mr. Young died in Cornwall, where he was manager of the Toronto Paper Co., in 1888, and was buried under the shadow of the pines and the hemlocks in the picturesque old cemetery of his early home at Georgetown, the village he founded and where most of his life's work was done.

C. W. YOUNG.

Cornwall, February 17, 1920.

Do I remember the old plank road. Well, you may bet your bottom dollar I remember it. Any teamster who has hauled sixty bushels of wheat from Acton, across the Acton crossroad to the plank road on the seventh line, and then down to Oakville, and back with a load of groceries and barrels of vinegar and whiskey, will never forget that trip. That old plank road was built of the best cedar stringers and covered with three-inch clear pine plank—easy to get in Esquesing and Trafalgar in those days. It was a mighty fine road for about three months. Then the plank began to break, and it wasn't so good.

After the first winter of heavy frost and spring thaws and the attendant heaving that plank road was a sight. It cost tens of thousands of dollars even in those early days. It's life was hardly half a dozen years.

Charlie didn't tell us in his letter how long it took to make the trip to Oakville in those days. Well, there were twenty-seven taverns, two distilleries and a brewery in the twenty-eight miles from Acton to Oakville. Figure it out for yourselves.

THE OLD MAN.

DELUSIONS DISPELLED

Sentimental Youth—"Do you know, darling, I used to kiss the very stamps you sent me because I knew they had touched your sweet lips."

Unsentimental Maid—"Oh Jack, and I used to damp them on dear old Fido's nose."—London Bystander.

A GOOD MAN

The story is told of a man in Port Hope who one day was looking for someone to chop wood for him. He had hired three men on consecutive days, but not one of them had turned out to be worth his salt. He was standing on the street corner of the town, talking to a neighbor, when there passed by on the other side of the street, a man, rather on into the mellow years, but who still looked as if he might chop wood, or do a similar task if it came his way.

"There's a likely old man," he said to his friend. "I believe I shall get him to come and chop wood for me."

The neighbor man answered, "You might be able to get him to chop wood for you if you weren't able to do it yourself, and were in dire need of it, but not for money! That's James Heriven and he will chop wood for anyone he thinks needs the help and is unable to do it himself. But he won't accept pay."

And that story is indicative of James Heriven—an Irishman, who lived many years in the town of Port Hope. His life was devoted to doing good and helping the helpless and needy. For many years he tended the cows of an old widow woman and she sold the milk to the neighbors. He received no payment, for this, other than the reward he had in knowing that he was doing good. This widow woman, in order to try and repay his kindness, knitted socks and mitts for him, but it was quite a task to keep him supplied, because if he met anyone in the street without mitts he would take his off and give them away. And sometimes at night he would come home without socks or mitts—having given them to someone more needy than himself.

And so all through his life he went about doing good.

He lived to be a very old man and was well loved by all the people in his community. When he was dying, a man who was sitting with him at the death-bed, happened upon a scrap of paper, on which was written the words of the now well-known hymn: "What a Friend we have in Jesus." He asked Mr. Heriven if he had written them and he replied: "Yes, God and I wrote them. I wrote them to comfort my mother in Ireland."

There was a sad tale connected with this good man. Early in life he fell in love with a beautiful girl, but after a lingering illness, of three years, she died and was buried in a little cemetery on the shore of Rice Lake, Durham County, Ont. He cherished her memory and love all through his life and when he died he was buried in the churchyard beside the remains of his old sweetheart, to whom he had been true all down through the years.—F. M. C.

OVER-FEEDING IS THE CAUSE

In spite of the high cost of all kinds of poultry food over-feeding appears to be the cause of many failures to get the pullets and hens laying and, where they have started, to keep them at it. In almost every instance where poultry keepers have sought advice as to why their fowl are not laying the birds have been found to be in an over-fat condition. In most cases, too, not only were the fowl being over-fed, but they were being under-worked. Too much food and not enough exercise had combined to cause the fowl to lay on so much fat that egg-laying for them had become an utter impossibility for the present, or until they have been brought back into shape by careful dieting and a course of exercise that will train them down. The high price of straw or litter has been offered as a reason why fowl have been allowed to pick their grain from an almost bare floor. True, baled straw has about doubled in price, but grain has done more than that. To hand out high-priced grain to fowl and allow them to gobble it up without having to scratch for it is to waste more in food than would buy all the straw necessary to create a deep litter many times over. It is the fowl that is compelled to work hard for the bulk of its food that turns the food that it secures into eggs. The fowl that does not have to work, and work hard, for all the grain it gets will lay on fat instead of laying eggs.

THEY MAKE A MISTAKE

We should not make a practice of indulging in doing that which irritates other people as eccentric and peculiar, unless we have a very good reason for so doing. We are to strive to be ourselves, it is true, but that does not mean that we should not try to smooth off the rough edges of our personalities and round the sharp corners. Some of he great have been eccentric; but they were great in spite of their eccentricities, not because of them. The young people who cultivate a reputation for being eccentric make a mistake.

VALUATION

"Politeness cost nothing," remarked the old-fashioned person.

"Possibly," commented Miss Cayenne, "that is the reason so many people nowadays seem to have so little respect for it."

REAL MUSICAL CRITICISM

The Girl—"I admire that pianist's finish. Don't you?"

The Man—"Yes, but I always dread his beginning."—Boston Transcript.

Girls Wanted

Operators Experienced and Girls to Learn Operating in a New Factory Just Completed, to make

Whitewear

The prices paid Operators are the same as those being paid in Toronto, where girls are earning from

$20 to $30 a Week

The hours are short—46½ hours a week. Saturday afternoon free. A nice, clean, warm workroom with new up-to-date equipment.

LIBERAL GUARANTEE

To New Operators While Learning

Hudson-Parker Sales Corporation Limited

MILTON, ONTARIO

WE BUY OR SELL

Victory Bonds

Bearer or Registered

J. E. CARTER

Investment Broker Guelph

SINCE 1870 SHILOH 30 DROPS STOPS COUGHS

STORAGE BATTERIES!

You may put anti-freeze in your radiator, but not in your battery. Why Neglect it when it plays the most important part in your car's satisfactory running? Get after it at first sign of trouble.

Leave your battery with us this winter and have it in First-class Shape Next Spring. We keep them in wet or dry storage as customer desires.

All kinds of batteries repaired. Work guaranteed.

BRIGDEN'S Fresh-o-lite Battery Station

Fred Cook's Garage, Georgetown

Corrugated Metal Roofing

W. F. Mooney

Is the agent for the best grades of CORRUGATED METAL ROOFING and PRESTON SAFE-LOCKED SHINGLES.

Farmers de others requiring roofing or shingles will find MOONEY can save them money. Ask him.

HILL'S STORE, MILL ST. ACTON

ASK MY TRAINING AT THE Guelph Business College Herald Building - Guelph HAS PROVEN TO BE THE

TO A SUCCESSFUL START

I advise all my friends to attend the G. B. C.

(Signed) An Acton Boy.

You Can Start on Monday

A. L. BOUCK - PRIN.

February Bargains

Heavy velour, 30 ins. wide. A special, yard 59c.

Cotton Gabardine, double width, yard 69c.

Heavy Prints, light and dark shades, yard 20c.

Apron Gingham, 36 ins. wide, yard 45c.

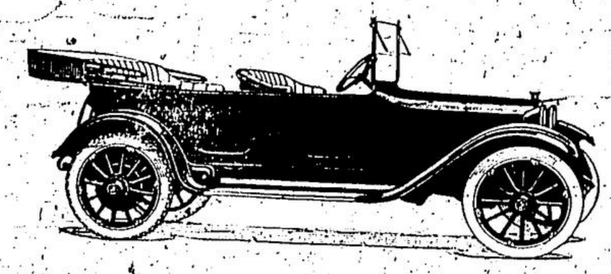
Factory Cotton, 36 ins. wide, yard 30c to 60c.

Flannelette, different widths, yard 25c.

Men's blue and white and black and white striped shirting, 45c.

L. Starkman

Dodge Bros. Motor Cars



The owner of a Dodge Car can safely depend upon consistent, continuous and economical daily secive, universally low gasoline consumption and high tire millage.

J. N. O'NEILL

Acton & Georgetown

John Leishman, Representative for Acton

Should Enthuse on Advertising

Advertising is not an expense, it is an investment. That's an old saw now that sounds stale to the average merchant, he has heard it so much. But it is well to hammer it in a little, for there are still those who seem to look upon it as among the items classified as expense, even if it is not entered in the ledger under that heading. It is a matter of mental classification, not one of bookkeeping that keeps the expense idea alive. When one has such feelings he cannot enthuse over the matter of advertising, and if there is one thing a business man should enthuse over it is the subject of advertising.

Plan and Study Your Advertising

But let us assume that those who read this article are enthusiastic and thoroughly alive to the possibilities and advantages of advertising. The first advice is to prepare the copy in plenty of time. It is always best to prepare your ads. at least two or three days in advance of the day of publication. Let us assume your ad. is to appear on Thursday; then make all preparations and have it ready for Tuesday. That means that you should write the ad. on Monday.

Do Not Make it a Last Minute Job

By this plan it gives more time for you to write the advertisement and more time for the printer to set the ad. Neither good copy can be written nor a good ad. be set when done in a hurry. It will also be seen that interruptions can be attended to better by adopting this plan than by adopting this method than when one puts it off till the last minute. In fact there is everything in favor of this plan against the hurry-up way of writing ads. for it requires some thought to prepare copy for a convincing advertisement that will pull.

—Shoe and Leather Journal.

The Free Press will gladly assist you in every possible way