The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1920.

MY MOTHER'S DEATH

Her going yet seems veiled in mystery,
As ships in fog or vesper lights afar.
Oh when dawn dims at first then hides a star,
Thus she that led us sought infinity
And left a sheen of love for memory.
Life's cordage moaned, at last as she set sail
Mild breezes where the rocks and shoals prevail,
Until she reached the calm and fretless sea.
Thus was her soul unmoored from earth. Her hands
In mine I felt the last thin thread of life
And that last note of life's strange undertone,
I thought I knew yet could not understand
The sacrifice that gave her peace from strife
And swung the gates far wider than I'd known.

—Ulysses Grant Poole.

"NEIGHBORING 'ROUND"

"You just came from the Martins, didn't you?" asked Mrs. Dinsmore, as her new pastor drank a cup of tea before beginning the serious consultation on parish affairs for which he had been invited. "Miss Martin is really one of the most valuable young women in our church, isn't she, Dr. Clark?"

"I am inclined to say invaluable," said Dr. Clark with the cordial smile that had endeared him to the hearts of his various parishioners for forty years. "To a pastor coming to a new people, any person, young or old, who can give such intimate and sympathetic side lights into the hearts of his parishioners is a perfect godsend."

"I must tell her!" cried Mrs. Dinsmore. "Janet will be so delighted!"

"Janet!" repeated Dr. Clark in a puzzled voice. "Why, I thought her name was Anne!"

"Oh, you simply have confused the sisters," said Mrs. Dinsmore briskly. "There are two, Janet and Anne. It's Janet Martin who is active in the mission society, the social service committee, the needlework guild, the Sunday School. She told me yesterday that she went to a committee meeting every single night last week. She's in a great deal of other charitable work, too."

"And her sister, Anne? What does she do?"

"Why nothing really. She does have a Sunday School class, I believe, but aside from that—she doesn't do anything!"

"Just plays, at home? Or goes in for society?"

"Anne Martin is just queer, Dr. Clark. She's not like other girls. I don't mean that she shuts herself up at home; but she doesn't take her leisure for worth-while things. She doesn't even go in for society or clubs or anything like that, let alone church. Really, I can't think of anything to describe her but a phrase that a countrified great-aunt of mine once used. I asked her one morning where she had been, and she said, 'Oh, just out neighboring 'round.'

"That's what Anne Martin does. Just 'neighbors 'round.' Hears that the Samsons have a new baby, and goes over and stays hours to help. You'd think it was her family. And the same when it died, too. Meets somebody else, and stops to talk and laugh for ten or fifteen minutes. Hears from them that somebody else's grandmother's sister-in-law is sick, or that some new family has moved in on the other side of the town, and picks some flowers and starts off to call! Just informally, you know.

"As for her Sunday School class, I should think the mothers would be wild. They run to Anne with every little thing—the girls goes shopping with them!—Can't you see how it is? When she might be of such service in the church and the world?"

Dr. Clark laid aside his teacup. "I understand as I never did before," he said slowly, "how Miss Anne Martin has been able to help me as she has. Miss Janet is, as you say, an excellent worker, and the church is very fortunate to have such efficient hands; but the help that no committee can give has come from the girl who just 'neighbors 'round' and gets into people's hearts and lives."

"Perhaps you didn't know, Mrs. Dinsmore, that when the Samsons' new baby died, Mrs. Samson said that since God had taken her baby she wanted nothing of the church except to bury it. Anne Martin was 'neighboring 'round' on the day when Mrs. Samson suddenly broke down, and in just than ten minutes after that happened Anne had come for me in her car and had taken me over there.

"It was she who told me about two new families over on Victor Place who had been to our church half a dozen times without anyone's noticing. She discovered that one of them had lost a son in the war, and told me so that I could mention him when we had our church 'here day.' You know what that meant to his mother.

"It was she who told me that the girls wanted a Girls' Sunday just once. Nothing has ever helped us to get hold of the girls like that. It's Anne Martin who tells me the doubts that are perplexing our young people and the things that they need and long to find in their church, the joy that has come to one family, the anxiety that is worrying another."

"Anne Martin!" exclaimed Mrs. Dinsmore. "Doing all that! And I was criticising her for being useless! Well, I am ashamed!"

GEORGETOWN

Mrs. O. T. McKay, who has been undergoing treatment at Guelph General Hospital, is making splendid progress.

Miss Ryan, collector for the Hydro, has had her salary increased to $75.00 per month.

On Saturday the firemen were called to a fire in the residence of Mr. L. Cook, of the Canada Needle Works. The flames were making good progress but were soon subdued when the water was turned on. The damage to Mr. Cook's household effects would be in the neighborhood of $200. The damage to the house, which was a double one, owned by Mr. Morris Saxe, would be considerable. Mr. Alex. Kannawin, who lives in the other half of the house, had his effects considerably damaged by water and smoke.—Herald.

MILTON

Great regret is felt here for the death from pneumonia of Mr. George Andrew at Toronto last Wednesday. Interment was made here on Friday morning.

Mr. R. J. Hare has purchased the brick residence on Martin Street, at present occupied by Mr. J. L. Sanderson, and will take up his residence in town, having sold his farm to the Government acting for a returned soldier.

Last Wednesday afternoon Jasper Howes, of Drumquin, met with a bad accident. He went to the bush on an errand. Two men were cutting down trees, and as he approached they called to him, as a tree was about to fall. He stooped to pick up a little dog and is supposed to have tripped. The tree in its descent knocked a large limb off another tree, which fell on Mr. Howes, with the result that both arms and one leg were broken.—Reformer.

THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK TOWER

Well, winter begins to show some signs of letting go. Mary and I were talking about winters the other evening, and after ranging through our recollections, and notes in our diaries, we both concluded that the winter just closing has had the most constant cold weather in the last fifty years in this section. When we used to be on the farm, a few miles out, there were often very cold winters, but without exception there would always be one or more good thaws in January, sometimes in February, to relieve the strain. Since the first day of December, through that month, and January and February, there was no sign of a thaw. The sun's rays are getting to good work. Now we've gotten well into March and thaws and rain have begun to replenish the thirsty land, and empty wells and cisterns. Robie of you will talk about the constant severity of the weather of 1919-20 to your grandchildren forty or fifty years hence. As for Mary and me, we'll naturally soon be through criticising the weather, and have no more anxiety about the coal supply.

Speaking about coal, it's done my old heart good this cold weather to notice the supplies of coal that have been coming to town, though the dealers and others, all through the winter. There was a big scare in the fall about a coal famine, but I've talked to the folks about the Post Office, and on the street, and have not learned that a single family in town has suffered from want of coal all winter. The supply has been sufficient, though the price has been the reverse of the mercury. Away up. I don't think our Jim, the janitor, used a barrow load of sawdust in the furnaces which keep us warm in the big government building under the clock tower, all winter. You'll remember he told us a year or two ago he'd rather fire with sawdust than with coal after he got "the hang" of it. But Jim's supply of coal has been so ample that he's gone back on sawdust entirely.

Now I suppose you are anxious, as usual, for a continuance of my Main Street reminiscences. We've been travelling along the west side of the street the last six or seven weeks. Now we'll resume our recollections of the east side for a time, and will commence at West Bower Avenue, which was originally the farm lane running into the farm house of the late Zenas Adams, when he owned that part of lot 28, in the third concession of Esquesing, with the south west corner of his farm at what is now the corner of Mill and Main Streets.

The roughcast house at the corner of Main Street and Bower Avenue, now occupied by Mathias Lambert, was erected the same year as St. Alban's Church, and I think the first occupant was the Rev. Mr. Swallow, the first incumbent of the Anglican Church in Acton. I cannot recall who was the builder of this house, but it was put up about fifty years ago. When Mr. Donald McDonald came to Acton he purchased this property and owned it up to the time of his death. It has had many tenants, and has been the scene of varied experiences of joy and sorrow. The cradle, the altar and the tomb have each in turn received its quota here.

An incident, which was almost a tragedy, occurred during the residence here of the late Thomas Worsnop, for many years an esteemed citizen. His eldest son, Bill, when a lad of nine or ten, got in company with a couple of men one day who had in their possession a bottle of whiskey. They drank themselves and plied young Bill with the whiskey. The result was slaughting. The alcohol rendered him entirely unconscious. He was black in the face and it was thought for a time he was at the point of death. In this condition he was brought home, and medical skill was called in. After several hours the effects were overcome, and in a few days young Bill was all right again. It was a close call, and if Father Worsnop could have gotten hold of the thoughtless boozers who imperiled the life of his first begotten son, it would have been a hot experience for them.

The Worsnops moved to Toronto and it is a co-incidence that last week Mr. and Mrs. Bill Worsnop published in the daily papers the announcement of the approaching marriage of their eldest daughter.

A few years ago Harry McIntosh, blacksmith, lived here and during a visit of Mrs. McIntosh's father and mother from England, the mother died very suddenly. It was here also that Mr. and Mrs. William Mason were bereft of their bright son Frank, after a very brief illness.

The house on the next lot antedates this by fifteen or twenty years. My earliest recollection takes me back to the time when Emanuel Chapman lived there and had a blacksmith shop. He was succeeded by James Waldie, blacksmith, a brother of our esteemed friend, Alexander Waldie. The blacksmith shop was on the corner of the lot next to Malcolm Kennedy's, and in the rear there was a waggon shop where William Grant built and repaired waggons and other woodwork, and "Jim" Waldie ironed them off. In the course of time Mr. Waldie moved to Milton, where his friend John Wallace had preceded him and opened the Wallace Hotel. Waldie's blacksmith shop in Milton was opposite Wallace's Hotel on Main Street, with the Methodist Church property only intervening. The shop is still there and is operated by Mr. Waldie's son, Alfred, who learned the business with his father. The Wallace House has been transformed and is now the Hotel McDibbon.

When Mr. Waldie left the house in Acton William Grant moved in and he also took the blacksmith shop for his waggon business. Later he built a shop and residence at the corner of Mill and Frederick Streets, the site of the brick residence which Mr. Roy Arnold, of W. H. Storey & Son, calls home.

The old shops were finally torn down and only the residence remains. This was for years the home of Mr. and Mrs. Moses Smith. They lived a number of happy years here, and I think their only child, Hubert, had this for his birthplace. Mr. Smith, who was a successful leather manufacturer, died a good many years ago. Hubert, or "Bert" as he is familiarly known, now lives in Toronto, and is the happy father of a dear little babe of two or three months. Tenants, good, ordinary and indifferent have resided here through the years.

The next property up the street, now owned and occupied by our typical Irish friend, Thomas O'Brien, with his interesting wife and talented family, is an historic habitation. For two generations it was the home of the Malcolm Kennedy family, and was the centre of the social life of the town, and the scene of much genuine happiness and old-fashioned social fellowship. Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Kennedy, who were both of Scottish parentage of which they were very proud, settled here in their young married days. It was love in a cottage in earnest. Mr. Kennedy was a stone mason and built the walls, solid and true and substantial, with his own hands. When the family increased and more housing accommodation was necessary the original cottage roof was removed, the walls extended for a second story and a gable roof constructed. The Kennedy home was a home indeed and every member of the family grew up with the innate feeling that home, with father and mother there, was the best place on earth.

This home was opposite the old kirk and the old school. Both of these places of interesting memories were very familiar to the family. When any social functions were on, the Kennedy home was the place where most of the borrowing was done. "Oh, just run over to Mrs. Kennedy's, she'll lend us her pitchers," or a dozen plates, or forks, or spoons, or a candle or lamp. And there never was a refusal. Mrs. Malcolm Kennedy was known to the countryside as one of the most kind and tender-hearted friends and helpful neighbors known anywhere. If there was sorrow or trouble she was always there to help and to comfort. As a tender, sympathetic friend she was always in demand to perform the last offices in preparing the departed for burial. She was a mother, a sister, a daughter beloved and sought after.

When not far past his prime Mr. Kennedy was stricken with blindness. This was to him a great blow, as it ended his usefulness for manual labor. But he was always cheerful and as he sat by the door of the home always had a pleasant word for the children on their way to and from school.

This home gave to Acton half a dozen of its brightest young people—two sons and four daughters, Donald and Tom, Kate, Maggie, Lizzie and Colina. After clerking in local stores for a number of years Donald and Tom built a store on Main Street, in the ashes of Johnnie Mason's "Departmental Store." Boots and shoes and groceries were their lines. In a few years the business and property were bought by the late John Kenney, and the boot and shoe section is still continued by his sons William and John.

Tom Kennedy later went to Parry Sound with Charlie Symon and eventually became Registrar of Parry Sound District, which position he filled with great acceptance until his health failed a few years ago. He died in Toronto about four years ago. Donald went west and his death occurred quite a few years since.

The Kennedy girls were always popular, always well dressed and attractive. I remember Kate, the first evening she appeared on the street with her pretty new red jacket of the bright, scarlet military cloth. This was, I think, in the spring of 1870. You know, Company No. 5, the Acton company of volunteers of the 20th Battalion, was organized in 1866, the year of the Fenian Raid. The first uniforms served them had the regulation British red tunics, which always looked striking, and of which the boys were very proud. Four years later they were served with new uniforms, this time, I think, the rifle green, which they wore so long. The boys appropriated the old uniforms and Charlie Dean gave his to Kate Kennedy. Kate took it apart, cleaned it, and fashioned for herself, one of the prettiest young ladies' mantles ever seen in town. It was the envy of all the girls. The cloth was the very best English broadcloth. The military coats were then in demand. The soldier boys were besieged for them. In a little while other girls appeared clothed in the transformed scarlet military tunics. They wore well, were dyed and turned afterward and some of them did duty as ladies' coats for years. I don't know whether any others were as effective as the first one that passed into possession of the fair sex or not, but Kate married Charlie. Whether the coat was the turning point or no, I trow not. They lived for years happily together, and when Charlie departed this life three fine sons were left who have ever since been a comfort to their mother. She is now Mrs. Thomas Smyth, of Pontanguishene, and is still mother of a happy home. More anon.

THE OLD MAN.

HIS REAL MOTIVE

As the crowded car jolted and swayed the stout woman standing up lurched against a seated passenger, tearing his newspaper and knocking his hat over his eyes. Immediately he rose and offered her his seat.

"You are very kind, sir," she said, panting for breath.

"Not at all, madam," he replied. "It isn't kindness, its merely self-defence."—New Haven Register.

SINCE 1870
SHILOH
30 DROPS STOPS COUGHS

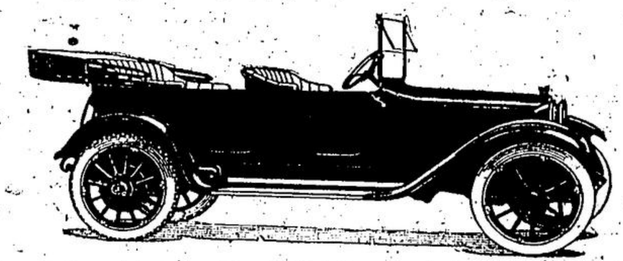
Your Eyes
Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggists or by mail 60c per Bottle. For Book of the Eye free write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

E. K. Cook
See us For
LADIES' CASHMIRE STOCKINGS
Reg. $1.25, for $1.15
MEN'S WINTER CAPS
$1.25
LADIES' KIMONA APRONS
98c.
See us for Overalls and Work Shirts
Shoe Repairing a Specialty
E. K. Cook
MILL STREET - ACTON

Roy Hindley
Auctioneer
LIVE STOCK, REAL ESTATE AND MERCHANDISE
Consolidated Phone Erin—4T 1-1
R. R. 3, ACTON

Hotel Pasadena, Rockaway Beach, N.Y., after the great storm of wind and sea. The damage along the Beach is estimated at $2,000,000.

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

Bargain-Hunters!

In this community are hundreds of individuals and families on the watch for an advertisement which will offer them what they want at an advantageous price.

Call them bargain-hunters if you will, but there is nothing wrong in waiting for a bargain, especially when the seller is anxious to sell at a reduced price. One family wants a new carpet--the need is not urgent. Another family is looking forward to buying a set of dining-room furniture--it may not be for a twelve month.

One man is thinking of buying himself a watch.

One woman a shopping bag--another an umbrella.

All can be made to buy earlier--by advertising.

A NOTE TO MERCHANTS

Stimulate business by the offer of some slow-moving lines at special prices. Brighten up business by advertising some desirable goods at reduced prices. Make advertising banish dull business. Often you can tempt the buyer who is bideing his or her time, to buy from you--at a time of your naming.

Shop Where You are invited to Shop

Let us Have Your Free Press' Renewal NOW

A Happy Face

gets through this world easier than a down-trodden one and carries good will along the way. If you feel that your "sole is getting worn with endeavors to carry your burdens,"

SEND TO US

and we will add new life to it. The cost is very moderate, and the benefit is very apparent when our careful system of

—SHOE REPAIRING

has been employed to make the repairs.

T. E. Gibbons — MAIN STREET ACTON

FLOUR!
CREAM OF THE WEST, PURITY, FIVE ROSES--The Popular Flours
CHEN FEED ALWAYS ON HAND
PROMPT DELIVERY OF ORDERS
Acton Electric Flour and Feed Mill
D. H. LINDSAY, Proprietor

The 1920 Phonograph
Before You Buy Any Phonograph This Year Just You HEAR The Brunswick—"All Phonographs in One."
With a Brunswick in your home you have the true first aid to a Happy New Year. You have an instrument that plays ALL RECORDS CORRECTLY. The Brunswick gives you absolutely UNRESTRICTED choice of Records and enables you to play every make as it has been specially designed for the Brunswick. This is due to—
The All-Record, All-Needle Ultona
This is one of the new ideas embodied in the Brunswick's exclusive and perfect method of reproduction. It plays all records infinitely better. By a mere twist of the wrist it provides the precise needle, the proper diaphragm and the exact weight for any make of record.
Nothing to take off—nothing to put on—simplicity itself. A child can adjust it.
The All-Wood Oval Horn
The laws of acoustics prove that sound waves travel in ovals or circles and that they are purer and sweeter when conducted through seasoned wood. This is the reason behind the Brunskwick's exclusive All-Wood Oval Horn. Like the sounding-board of a piano or a fine violin, it is built entirely of wood. No metal whatever. This feature alone accounts for much of the Brunswick's pronounced superiority in tone projection.
The Brunswick is the Final Phonograph
FIND OUT WHY?
Invest your Christmas money in a Brunswick. A small deposit will place one in your home. Your old model taken in exchange.
FRANK KING
(Next Door to Livingstone's Bakery.)
Main Street - - - Georgetown

Halton County Fourth Annual Seed Fair

Under the Auspices of the Halton Farmers' Association and Department of Agriculture

At Fair Grounds, Milton, Friday March 12 1920

PROGRAMME

10.00 a. m. ..... Sheep and Dairy Cattle
1.30 p. m. ..... Horses, Beef and Hogs

The following prizes will be given—1 Shorthorn calf; 1 Holstein bull, 2 months old; 1 Ayrshire bull; 1 Leicester ewe; 1 Berkshire sow.

All animals are pure bred, and from A 1 stock, winners have choice in turn. All prizes will be on exhibition and given out the day of the contest.

RULES

1. Open to all boys of Halton County who are not more than twenty-five years of age.
2. Who have not attended a regular course at the Agricultural College and have not been on a judging team to Guelph.
3. Who have not won prizes in a similar contest in past two years.

All boys whether winners in the local contests or not should attend the final contest.

SEED FAIR PRIZES

OATS—				CLOVERS—			
Early White	$2	$1	50c.	Sweet White			
Late White	2	1	50	Sweet Yellow			
BARLEY—				Red	$2	$1	50c.
Six Rowed	2	1	50	Alsike	2	1	50
Two Rowed	2	1	50	Timothy	2	1	50
PEAS—				Alfalfa	2	1	50
Small	2	1	50	POTATOES—			
Large	2	1	50	Early Round	2	1	50
WHEAT—				Late Round	2	1	50
Marquis	2	1	50	Early Long	2	1	50
Goose	2	1	50	Late Long	2	1	50
BEANS—				FALL WHEAT—			
White Pea	2	1	50	Red	2	1	50
				White	2	1	50

Special Prize of $5 for Best Exhibit of Seeds

RULES

1. All seed exhibits must be for sale and must be a representative sample of seed for sale.
2. All seed exhibits must have been grown by the exhibitor in 1919.
3. All seed must be correctly named and placed in hall before 11 o'clock, March 12.
4. An entry fee of 10c will be charged for each entry.
5. No exhibitor can have more than one entry in the same class, but he may enter in each class open to him.
6. The Executive Committee reserves the right to reject any entry, shall control arrangements of all exhibits to be labelled with the name of the variety, name and address of the exhibitor and amount of similar seeds.
7. Awards will not be made in cases where exhibit in the opinion of the judges is not of a quality to merit a prize of the quantity by weight required.
8. The Association will not be responsible for loss or damage to any exhibits.
9. Premium will be paid by the Treasurer by cheque as soon as possible after show is over.
10. Protests in writing will be received by the Association Secretary up to noon March 15, and will be considered by the Executive Committee.
11. No two persons from same farm will be allowed to exhibit any entry in the same class.
12. In oats, barley and wheat, one bag of grain must be shown; in peas, beans and potatoes, 1 bushel must be shown; in clover and timothy, 1-bushel.
13. Grain may be expressed (prepaid) to Milton, in care of A. L. MacNabb, and it will be expressed back or sold if the owner wishes.
14. Exhibitor should state the number of bushels of seed he has for sale and the price per bushel.

Meeting will be held in Town Hall at 8 o'clock. Prominent speakers are: W. J. Cardhouse, H. H. Harding, R. W. Wade, Mr. Mackenzie, J. C. Coke, Dr. Zavitz, W. J. Bell.