The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1920.

THE KINGDOM OF EASTERLAND

Do you know where the kingdom of Easterland lies?
Is it north, is it south, little man?
Scan the east and the west with your mischievous eyes,
Thrust your hands in your pockets and try to look wise,
And tell where it is if you can.
Do you know is this kingdom far off or quite near?
Now, please tell me that, little chap.
Can you see it at night when the moon's shining clear?
If you were to sail there which way would you steer?
Does it lie in the sunshine or shade?
But, dear little man, little maids, this you know—
'Tis the loveliest land ever seen.
With dells full of rabbits and lilies like snow,
And houses of sweetmeats wherever you go,
With bridges of eggs in between.
There are chimings of bells and music most sweet
And sometimes most beautiful toys,
New frocks and new bonnets trimmed so fine and neat
And drums, swords and trumpets, an outfit complete—
That is, if you're good girls and boys.
And this wonderful land with such joy and such cheer,
A land you would love to explore,
That sends you remembrances once every year,
Let me whisper a secret quite close to your ear—
It lies at your very own door.

JIM'S EASTER

Jim had been "one of the boys" and a favorite because he was always so cheery and on the lookout to "help a fellow." Every newsboy in the crowd would swear by Jim. Many times when he had sold his papers he would help one of the "midgets," as he called the smaller boys, by crying his papers for him, and being bright, quick and pleasant, trade usually came his way.

There were many sides to Jim's character; he was a hard worker, a good fighter if it was necessary, a fine story teller between working hours, and in his soul was a great love for the beautiful, especially for flowers.

When he was missed from the usual corner, some one would say "Jim? Oh, he's likely looking at the posies in the flower store," and every Saturday night would find him with a blossom of some sort in his buttonhole. He longed to see the country with its stretch of hills and fields, its clear blue sky and the woods where the violets grow.

"Just think," he said to his little friend Bob," "you can pick 'em right off the ground without payin' or even askin'; mother said so."

Jim had no anticipation of seeing the outside of the busy city streets, but he did, and it came about in this way:

There was a large fire and the boys were rushing headlong after the engine, when a little fellow stumbled and fell in front of a moving car. Jim saw the danger and made a hurried leap to his rescue, fairly throwing the child from the truck, but he had no time to save himself, and when he opened his eyes again it was in the hospital ward.

The weeks went by and Jim was sadly missed. He said to one of the boys, "Seems to me if I could go to the country I'd be well again," and then his voice grew husky; "but I couldn't sell papers there, could I?"

Easter was very near, and Jim began to ask the boys how the flower stores looked.

"Lot of fine lilies, ain't there? My! but they're fine; I thought sure I'd have one this year, all my own; been saving up for a long while, but now I'll forget it."

There was a special meeting of the boys that night, and it was decided that Jim was to go to the country, but how?

The boys had planned to buy an Easter lily for him; but it had not entered their minds that they could do more, but when the heart is in the work it usually wins, and it did this time. They decided to tell Jim's story to his old customers; they knew many of them by sight, and were sure they would listen, for they had often asked for him. One old gentleman was especially interested in him, and after asking many questions, he said if one of the boys would go with him, he would go to the hospital to see Jim.

Bob was chosen to go, as he had been there the most often, living not farm from the hospital. When Jim saw Bob and the old gentleman, his face brightened with pleasure.

"It's very kind of you, sir, to come to see me."

"I have missed you, my boy; you have sold me my evening paper for a long time."

He then talked of many things, drawing out the story of Jim's life. He promised to come again, soon, and when he and Bob were alone, he said earnestly; "Jim is a worthy fellow, and I will help you to get him to the country, but you must do your best first."

The boys did their best, and their funds grew steadily, nickel by nickel, and sometimes a dime found a home in the box. The day before Easter the boys again counted their money, and the old man stopped on the corner.—

"Well, boys, what have you by this time?"

"Five dollars—will that pay his fare, do you think, sir? (We could send him more after a while.)"

"You're a plucky lot of boys; but what about the lily you were going to buy? That will cost something."

"Oh, we've bought it."

Inquiry told that the boys had gone without their dinners to buy Jim's lily.

"Well, boys, to-morrow morning if you will come to my house and bring the lily along, I will contribute my share to the fund."

The boys were puzzled, and yet they believed in the old gentleman, and on Easter morning, with as clean hands and faces as they could muster, they wended their way to the beautiful house on Lowell Street.

A colored servant opened the door, and treated them as politely "as if we was real gents," Bob said, afterward. He led them upstairs and through a long hall, and opened a door into a beautiful sunny room.

"Come right in, boys," the old gentleman said, cheerily, but they stood motionless in the doorway; there sat Jim in a big wheel chair.

Bob nearly dropped the lily, but Jim put out his hand and said, "Oh, boys, did you bring it to me?" How good of you!" And then such a visit as they had!

The old gentleman slipped out of the room, and then Jim told them how he had been to see him each day, and finally brought him here.

"He lives alone, boys, and hasn't a child in the world," and here Jim broke down, but the old gentleman was there to finish the story.

"Yes, Jim is to be my boy now, and he has you, his true, staunch friends, to thank for what has come to him in the time of his misfortune, and the sacrifice you have made for him will some day be rewarded."

The boys' faces were radiant, and as jealously found a place in their hearts, for, as I said before, they would stand by Jim.

He shook their hands warmly, and some color stole into his face. "I thank you more than you know for the lily and all the rest."

With lighter hearts the boys went out into the world again.

Jim's lily nodded, and the Easter bells rang on.—Selected.

THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK TOWER

Well, well, well. My broken remarks on local history seem to be making people think. Here's another letter which I think worth publishing, and which also I think will cause most of you old residents some serious reflection, and perhaps a medium of self abasement. This is a glimpse of a period covering fifty-five years of the history of our community, and the perusal of the long list of names given will afford much material for calling up recollections of former days. Here's the epistle and the list so kindly gathered:

DEAR OLD MAN:

As a native of Acton, and a long-time resident, I am much interested in your reveries in the Old Clock Tower. I took to heart your story of the old graveyard in the rear of the old Presbyterian Church. The other day, having a bit of leisure, I spent an hour or two in the old place which ought to be regarded with more sacredness and reverence than seems to obtain.

For the edification and interest of other folks like myself I took a record of all the names of our former friends, progenitors and early settlers, and some of the founders of this community, that I could decipher. Some tombstones and monuments have fallen over on their faces and I could not get the names chisled thereon. But the following long list will, I think, afford much of interest:

	Died
Adams, Phineas	1830
" Patience	1837
" Elphalet	1844
" Rev. Zenas	1847
" Deborah	1853
" Amasa	1870
" Josiah	1881
" Charles	1881
" Augusta	1884
Allan, James	1861
Anderson, Catharine	1871
Baird, Alfred	1876
Burns, Elizabeth	1859
Buchanan, Peter	1868
Brown, Alexander	1872
" Richard P.	1874
" Mary	1875
" Alex. H.	1885
" Cormick	1860
" Ann McIntosh	1860
Burns, Jeremiah	1872
Black, Duncan	1881
Bain, Margaret	1860
Campbell, Peter	1851
" Janet	1856
" John	1856
" Mary	1859
" Mary	1862
" Archibald	1870
" Ann	1871
" Duncan	1858
" Margaret	1871
" Charles	1848
" Christian	1848
" John	1853
Davidson, Lawrence	1861
" John	1862
" Agnes	1867
" Mary	1869
" Barbara	1870
" Thomas	1870
Ebbage, Thomas (Capt.)	1857
Edgar, Janet Brown	1874
Fernley, Eliza Matthews	1877
Gordon, John	1874
" James	1877
Gardner, James	1876
Henderson, Margaret	1854
Hemstreet, George	1863
Hannah, John	1874
Hutchison, Matt.	1851
" Alexander	1851
King, Sarah	1854
Kilgour, Mary	1853
" Robert	1856
Kennedy, Lachlan	1881
" Janet McD.	1877
" Alexander	1873
" John Robert	1848
" Anne	1848
" Janet	1853
" Anne McE.	1863
" Duncan	1866
" Lucy E.	1870
" Duncan	1869
" Angus	1866
" Alexander	1866
" Lucy Evans	1870
" Duncan	1869
" Ann McEdw'ds	1863
Lawson, Ann	1860
" Amelia	1860
" James	1850
" James	1869
Lighthart, Anna	1864
Lane, Henry	1858
Mann, Ann	1875
Medland, Joseph	1873
McColeman, Peter	1857
McDonald, Isabel	1860
" Alexander	1862
" Ronald	1868
" Lilly	1875
McDougall, Nancy	1859
McArthur, Sarah	1860
" Alexander	1870
McNabb, Betty, widow	1847
" Beatrice	1883
" Archibald	1882
McKerracher, Duncan	1879
McLean, Neil	1862
McGillivary, Mary	1863
McKenzie, Malcolm	1863
McGregor, Donald	1860
McGill, John	1855
McIntosh, William	1864
McPherson, Malcolm	1863
" Eliza	1885
McMillan, Betsy Morris	1876
McTavish, Dugald	1870
" Mary	1870
Nicolson, Mary	1873
" Catharine	1871
Nickell, Mary	1871
Patterson, Marion	1885
Plewes, John	1851
" Ann	1873
" Alfred	1867
" Simon	1876
" Mary	1877
Rae, John	1857
Robertson, Isabella	1875
Ross, William	1865
" Duncan	1879
Rutherford, James	1861
" Helen	1865
Russell, Sarah	1881
Stalker, John	1877
Smith, Ronald McD.	1881
" Samuel	1870
Stafford, Peter	1874
" Esther	1868
Steel, William	1868
Scott, Andrew	1880
Shanks, Charlas	1853
Torrie, Arthur	1849
Thomson, Allison	1883
Walters, Jessie	1880
Wright, George	1878
" John	1871
Warden, Ellen	1883
" Jerusha	1885
Zimmerman, Mathias	1848

A few observations on these old gravestones in Acton's oldest cemetery may be timely. The first was evidently erected there in 1830, ninety years ago, and the last in 1885. Thus we see the old cemetery was in use for fifty-five years, and it was closed thirty-five years ago, when the fine new property, Fairview Cemetery, was opened.

Some of the inscriptions I found give information about who caused the erection of the stone and whose memory is commemorated. Some tell where the departed were born, from what country they were natives of, when they emigrated to Canada, where and when they died and how old they were. Some died in infancy; some lived to ripe old age, and some sleep in nameless graves. Some stones have many names inscribed, and others have one or more with spaces left for added names.

In some cases the dates are so close to each other that an epidemic is indicated with fatal results to the family. Some stones record the death of more than one wife and none of the husband. All were erected to honor the memory of some one—a beloved child, a promising young man or woman, a gracious companion, and of faithful friends. But sorry I am to write it, for written words are more lasting than are those spoken, too soon and in too many cases it may be recorded that those places which are known as "God's Acre," are absolutely neglected. We are told that He cares for us always, and many of those who lie buried here are very evidently entirely left to His care and keeping.

The shame of this is added to here by the fact that many stones have fallen face down. Rabbits, cats, mice and other vermin burrow under and about them. Many stones are broken; some are scattered away from their bases, and grass and moss have overgrown them.

I want to appeal strongly to the people, and especially to those whose departed relatives sleep here, to rise up and organize some plan for the renovation and restoration of the old graveyard. I would like to have the opportunity to pilot the members of that disbanded Memorial Committee through this place; but I fear some are afraid of ghosts and snakes, et cetera.

ONE WHO REVERED THE DEPARTED

Acton, March 27, 1920.

Well, this old friend of mine does rub it in. The list he supplies merely records the names of the deceased and the years of their death. What's list of the early families are recorded. Surely his appeal will touch effectively some of their descendants. I incidentally heard the other day that a year or so ago the Boy Scouts and Scoutmaster N. F. Moore undertook to clear up the graveyard and make it more presentable. They worked for an hour or so at their self-imposed task, and the effect of their work is still creditably manifest. In the midst of their labors an aeroplane flew over and it looked as if it was alighting in the park. The Scouts hurried over to see the descent. The plane rose again and sailed away westward. The boys never resumed their job. But boys will be boys, you know. They set a good example so far as they went, for their elders. Let the men whose fathers sleep in the old churchyard now unite and get busy. My kin, who were buried there, were all removed to Fairview when it was opened, but nevertheless it would gladden my old heart to see this once hallowed place restored to presentable conditions.

Mary says it's time for old folks to get to the land of nod, so I guess it's up to me to go, and let Main Street and its history be away-back days rest for another week.

THE OLD MAN.

LIFE IS A FUNNY PROPOSITION

Man comes into this world without his consent and leaves against his will. During his stay on earth his time is spent in one continuous round of contraries and misunderstandings by the balance of the species. In his infancy he is an angel, in his boyhood he is an imp, in his manhood he is everything from a lizard up; in his old age he is a fool; if he raises a family he is a chump; if he raises a small check he is a thief, and then the law plays the mischief with him.

If he is a poor man he is a poor manager, if he is rich he is dishonest; if he is in politics he is a grafter; if he is out of politics you can't place him; and he is an undesirable citizen.

If he is in church he is a hypocrite; if he is out of church he is a sinner, and is damned. If he donates to foreign missions he does it for show; if he doesn't he is stingy. When he first comes into this world everybody wants to kiss him; before he goes out they all want to kick him.

If he dies young there was a great future before him; if he lives to a ripe old age he is simply living to save funeral expenses.

Life is a funny road—but we all like to travel it just the same.

ENTHUSIASM

Enthusiasm is the greatest business asset in the world. It beats money and power and influence. Single-handed the enthusiast convinces and dominates where the wealth accumulated by a small army of workers would scarcely raise a tremor of interest. Enthusiasm tramples over prejudice and opposition, spurns inaction, storms the citadel of its object, and like an avalanche overwhelms and engulfs all obstacles. It is nothing more nor less than faith in action. Faith and initiative rightly combined remove mountainous barriers and achieves the unheard of and miraculous. Set the germ of enthusiasm afloat in your plant, in your office or on your farm; carry it in your attitude and manner; it spreads like contagion and influences every fibre of your industry before you realize it; it begets and inspires effects you did not dream of; it means increase in production and decrease in costs; it means joy and pleasure and satisfaction to your workers; it means life, real and virile; it means spontaneous "bed-rock" results—the vital things that pay dividends.—Ex.

DON'T BE NARROW

Not to be able to put yourself into the place of your friend or acquaintance, so as to look at matters from his standpoint, shows extreme narrowness of nature; and not to wish to do so shows incurable selfishness. The whole of it is this: you have made up your mind that your view shall prevail, and have determined that nothing looking in a different direction shall even be considered.

MURINE YOUR EYES
Lasts, Refreshes, Soothes, Heals—Keep your Eyes Strong and Healthy. If they Tire, Smart, Itch, or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists in Canada. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Company, Chicago, U. S. A.

THE SOLACE OF BOOKS

A book well chosen serves, as a buffer between one's homes and the racking world. Erasmus advised: "A little while before you go to sleep, read something that is exquisite and worth remembering and meditate upon it until you fall asleep."

Choose by your own fancy what you will read. Let it be a novel or manual of the profession you practise; a scene from some familiar play of Shakespeare; a piece of Wordsworth's verse; a book of travel or biography; a detective story; a piece of humorous nonsense; an essay or what you will, so that it takes you out of yourself, out of the present moment, far, far away from the external clacking pressure of anxiety.

If you do not intend to allow the tension of life to harass your spirits beyond all endurance, temper distress by the sedative of reading.

Whatever is stinted and discouraged, the production and dissemination of literature ought to be directly protected by the state. What will be the profit to us if we gain the whole world and lose our souls? Far from placing vain and tiresome obstacles in the way of the publication of literature, our rulers would be wise to take it under their special guardianship. There is no weakening of the national effort, there is no vain expenditure of material and of energy involved in keeping alive the generation of books. It is a national benefit to pour oil into the lamp by which the hunted spirit of man may trace its path over the dark moorland to victory.

DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU

That we live only one day at a time?

That only one man in five can get life insurance; and while you may be one of five who can get it this week, you may be one of four who can't get it next week?

That your breath and liabilities don't end at the same time?

That only one fire insurance policy in 1,200 ever becomes a claim, while every life insurance policy is bound to mature?

That an insurance certificate is a will that no lawyer can set aside?

That neighboring sympathy for the widow is good, but the company's draft is better?

That the greatest protectionists in this country do the most toward protecting their families?

That the most worthless assets I ever found in any man's estate are his good intentions and lapsed certificates?

That you don't mean that you will take the chances, but that you will let your family take the chances?

That next year's dollars are made out of this year's dimes?

That a cyclone can lift the house off the farm, but a fraternal life insurance certificate can lift the mortgage?

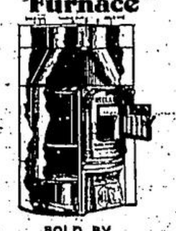
POISONED APPETITES

"See that the dry law does," says the scoffer as he points to the headlines recounting a growing death list from indulgence in beverages with a poisonous kick.

But the scoffer is wrong. This is not the result of the dry law; this is the result of years of licensed liquor selling. The saloon created appetites which are now seeking satisfaction in a quicker poison than it used to provide. The wood alcohol victim is the product of the days when whiskey was plentiful.

Prohibition must be judged not by what it can do for those whose appetites were formed under the old regime—although many of these may be helped—but by what it will do for the rising generation and for generations to come. We cannot eradicate the appetite where it has been acquired, but we can prevent its acquirement by millions of young Americans who will grow to manhood and womanhood in a saloonless land. — Chicago Evening Post.

Hecla PIPELESS Furnace



SOLD BY
W. F. Mooney, Acton
Heating and Plumbing Engineer
Estimates on metal ceiling, roofing, and all kinds of sheet metal work.
IF MY WORK SUITS YOU TELL YOUR FRIENDS—IF NOT TELL MOONEY

KEEP IT SWEET
Keep your stomach sweet today and ward off the indigestion of tomorrow—try
KI-MOIDS
the new aid to digestion. As pleasant and as safe to take as candy.
MADE BY SCOTT & BOWNE
MAKERS OF SCOTT'S EMULSION

W. Philp
Teacher of Piano, Violin and Other String Instruments
ALSO PIPE ORGAN
Will visit Acton on Wednesday of each week until further notice.
Pupils prepared for Conservatory Examinations. Messages left at Acton Free Press office will receive prompt attention.

Boot Sale This Week

It will pay you to buy an extra pair of these for future use.

Children's Shoes, sizes 4 to 10, at $1.25, $1.75 and $2.00.

Boys' Boots, sizes 12 to 5½ at $2.75 to $3.50.

Girls' Boots, sizes 13 to 4, at $2.25 to $4.00.

Ladies' Light Boots, sizes 4 to 7, at $2.50 to $4.00.

Ladies' Cotton Stockings, specially priced at 35c pair.

L. Starkman

NOW IS THE TIME TO ORDER YOUR
Spring Suit
BEFORE THE RUSH STARTS
All orders cut from actual measures, thereby ensuring a good fit.
Your requirements are studied and carefully carried out.
A Pattern is Cut for Each Order
Your Satisfaction is Our Aim
Place your order with a returned soldier, and thereby help him to re-establish himself.
J. P. SCARROW
TERMS STRICTLY CASH
Main Street - Acton, Ont

2 IN 1
BROWN AND OX-BLOOD
SHOE POLISHES
THE BIG VALUE BOX
Also for Black, Tan and White Shoes
THE F. F. DALLEY CORPORATIONS LTD., HAMILTON, CAN.

The Sole of a Shoe
is the part subject to the most wear. You will find the soles of all shoes repaired here to be made of the
BEST OAK TANNED LEATHER
Which means that in addition to style and comfort you get long wear out of the shoes repaired here. You could afford to pay a little more for such work, but we don't charge that little more. Our prices are as low as possible.
T. E. Gibbons - - - MAIN STREET ACTON

CONCERNING PROVERBS

The man who wants to know "what's the use of proverbs?" sets a bit of a poser. His contention is that nearly every proverb has its contradiction, and that both cannot be right. Against "To many cooks spoil the broth" there is "Many hands make light work." If you quote "Look before you leap," someone will retort "Care killed a cat." "Familiarity breeds contempt" may be capped with "Out of sight, out of mind." But, after all, there are a few proverbs which stand alone, and are not flatly contradicted by others.

"Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

"Never count your chickens before they are hatched."

"We forget a wrong in the best revenge."

"A new broom sweeps clean."

"Half a loaf is better than no bread."

Put up bird houses about the place. This might be a good time to make a bird bath to be set up for the spring. Birds are good neighbors.

ESTABLISHED 1872

HEAD OFFICE HAMILTON

MONEY IN LIVE STOCK

CAREFUL selection of breeding cattle and the right kind of financial backing will put you in a position to make money from your herd. The Bank of Hamilton is prepared to promote any legitimate development along this line.

BANK OF HAMILTON
GEORGETOWN BRANCH—G. C. MacKay, Manager

Do not forget to file your

Income Tax Return

on or before the 30th of April, 1920.

Dominion of Canada

Department of Finance

ALL persons residing in Canada, employed in Canada, or carrying on business in Canada, are liable to a tax on income, as follows:—

1. Every unmarried person, or widow, or widower, without dependants as defined by the Act, who during the calendar year 1919 received or earned $1,000 or more.

2. All other individuals who during the calendar year 1919 received or earned $2,000 or more.

3. Every corporation and joint stock company whose profits exceeded $2,000 during the fiscal year ended in 1919.

Forms to be used in filing returns on or before the 30th of April, 1920.

ALL INDIVIDUALS other than farmers and ranchers must use **Form T 1.**

FARMERS AND RANCHERS must use **Form T 1A.**

CORPORATIONS and joint stock companies must use **Form T 2.**

Penalty

Every person required to make a return, who fails to do so within the time limit, shall be subject to a penalty of Twenty-five per centum of the amount of the tax payable.

Any person, whether taxable, or otherwise, who fails to make a return or provide information duly required according to the provisions of the Act, shall be liable on summary conviction to a penalty of $100 for each day during which the default continues. Also any person making a false statement in any return or in any information required by the Minister, shall be liable, on summary conviction, to a penalty not exceeding $10,000, or to six months' imprisonment or to both fine and imprisonment.

General Instructions.

Obtain Forms from the Inspectors or Assistant Inspectors of Taxation or from Postmasters.

Read carefully all instructions on Form before filling it in.

Prepay postage on letters and documents forwarded by mail to Inspectors of Taxation.

Make your returns promptly and avoid penalties.

Address INSPECTOR OF TAXATION, HAMILTON, ONT.

R. W. BREADNER,
Commissioner of Taxation.

2

Assuring Your Business

A policy of advertising is a policy of life assurance, and the protection thus secured is well worth its annual cost.

Old customers die or move away---they must be replaced.

Old customers are subject to the influence of temptation---they may be induced to divide their custom---to do some of their shopping at a competitor's.

New comers to this community will shop with you---become regular customers---if they are invited to do so.

Your competitor's advertising is an influence which must be offset if you are to maintain your trade.

Not to advertise regularly to the readers of the ACTON FREE PRESS is to leave your business unprotected.

A WORD TO THE PUBLIC

It is no sign of weakness to follow the lead of advertising. You owe it to yourself to get all you can for your money, the best goods and the best service. And if you find that your inclination is to shop where you are invited to shop rather than to continue being a customer of a shop which never solicits your goodwill, you need have no compunctions of conscience.

Shop where you are invited to shop