The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1920

ARE YOU TRYING TO CLIMB?

Are you trying to climb where the chosen are,
Where the feet of men are few?
Do you long for a job that is worth one's while?
Well, here's a thought for you;
The pots of gold at the rainbow's end
Are sought by the teeming mob.
But the fairies who guard them choose as friend
The man who loves his job.

No matter what grip of hand he has—
How poor or strong his brain,
There's always a place for the man who loves
His work with might and main.
Does he dig a ditch, or blaze a trail,
Where the dreams of most may run?
No clod of earth shall shoulder him
From his place out in the sun.

It isn't the kick, it's not the pull,
That brings the strong man out;
But it's long-time work, and it's all-time will,
And the cheerful heart and stout!
Have you faith in yourself? Do you want to win?
Is your heart for success athrob?
There's just one thing that can bring you in,
With the winners—LOVE YOUR JOB!

THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK TOWER

The brick house built in the ashes of Thomas Overton's homestead, which was destroyed by fire when the old California house was burned nearly fifty years ago, has been the home of the Ebbage family for about forty years. Mrs. Overton lived there, and a fine old lady she was. This property comprises at least two lots. The little creek which rises in Mr. Switzer's place, runs through Peter Jaxlee's, Mr. McIvor's, under the Grand Trunk Railway, and supplied water for Smith & McGarvin sheep skin tannery, later Storey's glove leather tannery, and Brown & Hall's shingle mill, runs through this property.

When Thomas Ebbage was burned out on the Acton Plow Company's property, he built a pump factory in the rear of this lot, over the little creek. Gasoline engines were just coming adapted to small shops about this time, and Mr. Ebbage with his customary enterprise installed one of the first that came to Acton. He had variously used hand power, water power, steam power, and he adopted the new gasoline explosive engine, one of the first built by Goldie & McCulloch, Galt.

Speaking of hand power, some of us remember when Mrs. Ebbage and the children of the home turned the crank of the big pump log boring machine in the old shop beside the Presbyterian Church. They all liked to help her and they did their work well. Thomas Ebbage always did his work well. When he undertook to install a pump in a well or cistern he invariably made it work satisfactorily. Even at this date there are hundreds of Ebbage pumps doing satisfactory service in Acton and surrounding country. Some of them have been in over fifty years too. When Mary and I were young folks on the farm Mr. Ebbage put the first pump in our new well. It was there until we left the old farm. The young man who succeeded us, of course couldn't be so slow and old-fashioned as we were, and he put in a windmill outfit. Let nature do what we had been doing so long.

Still, while his health was good, yes, and for a long time afterward, Mr. Ebbage worked busily in the shop with the assistance of sympathizing neighbors, had erected.

When cement tile came into vogue Mr. Ebbage went to London and investigated the industry and ordered a set of cement tile and cistern. For years he manufactured for the municipal councils of Esquesing, Nassagaweya, Erin and Puslinch. His tile were always perfect. There was no slop work. Inferior tile was thrown out as they were discovered. When Mr. Ebbage became too ill to continue the business his son Charlie continued the business and his reputation for good work equalled that of the father. Thomas Ebbage's well spent life ended several years ago, after a long period of illness.

Of this large family only the aged mother and Miss Clara remain in Acton. Two daughters and a son are in New York State; one son is in Detroit, the two printer sons, William and Frank are in the west, and Charles in Kitchener.

The little tannery which was built on this property by John Zimmerman, one of the early settlers, was the first tannery in Acton. Mr. Zimmerman was the maternal grandfather of Robert Bennett, who lives on Churchill Avenue, in view of his grandfather's farm, and who to-day has a partnership with Messrs. Beardmore in their tanneries. Mr. Zimmerman owned the farm which is now owned by Mr. Henry Wardlaw, and the rear hundred which belongs to Mr. John D. Brown's fine farm. When Mr. Zimmerman passed away the little tannery was closed; during its existence many a side of sole leather, French kip and other hides were tanned and finished. The building was utilized as a carpenter shop, a stable and a dwelling house. After Mr. Ebbage's death it was sold to R. J. Kerr, the present owner. He tore it down, found the lumber in its construction, and built a garage and stable on the new residence at the corner of Frederick Avenue and John Streets, some years ago.

Little house on the north west corner of the lot was, if I remember rightly, built by John Farmer, for many years an esteemed resident of Acton. He lived there with his family for years. His father, Michael Farmer, was the first colporteur of the British and Canada Bible Society in this district. Scores of the homes of new Canada were supplied with bibles by him. Farmer seventy or eighty years ago was a kind-hearted man, a great lover for children, and a scholar will remember the many apples handed to them by Farmer, when they were on their way from the old school, down the old lane, opposite this house.

In this house that Peter and Mary Moore lived in their married life. Peter was head of the Moore Brothers in their shingle factory above the railway, where Mr. McIvor's house and orchard are now situated. Mary Moore was a foster sister of the Moore Brothers, a daughter of the late James Moore, Sr. Her mother died in her infancy and Mrs. Thomas Moore, Sr., her aunt adopted the little girlie and gave her a comfortable home until her marriage. Mr. Sayers went into business for himself at Rockwood, between forty and fifty years ago, and later bought the Cargill Mills in Nassagaweya. He prospered in business and retired to Guelph. Mrs. Sayers died in Nassagaweya, and Mr. Sayers half a dozen years ago, while living in Guelph. Mr. Frank Sayers is a son of the first marriage. He succeeded his father, but sold out and moved to Toronto a couple of years ago.

For years the two-acre lot next to this house was a calf pasture, when James Cameron owned the Zimmerman farm and lived there with his large and interesting family. Over sixty years ago Acton Division No. 242, of the Sons of Temperance, was organized. Its members were practical and enthusiastic and backed up their temperance principles with their money and their muscle. They built Acton Temperance Hall as a place for holding their weekly meetings. Their numbers multiplied. The hall was well built for holding public meetings. In fact it was recognized as the "Town Hall" for this community for many years.

The Sons of Temperance had a strong influence on the moral status of Acton and vicinity. It is an historical fact that the early members with their families for two and three generations were largely responsible for the temperance sentiment which has so largely prevailed here. When the names of these early families are reviewed this fact is not to be wondered at. There were the Browns, the Nicklins, the Warrens, the Elliotts, the Moores, the Snyders, the Lashys, the Halls, the Matthews, the Speights, the Adams, the Wordens and such outstanding individual members as Malcolm McPherson and John Holt and John Farmer and others. There was not only the parent organization, but the Cadets of Temperance enrolled the boys from fourteen to eighteen. These were under the supervision of members of the older society and temperance principles were instilled in the minds and hearts of these youthful citizens which bore permanent fruitage.

Of course, with a large membership at this early day, there were lapses among the members. Hotelkeepers were prone to hint that members of the Sons were "drinking behind the door." Unfortunately some citizens who had become habitues of the barrooms found it exceedingly difficult to "put in the plug" and swear off permanently.

It was mighty hard on a newly initiated member, who had been accustomed to his cups, to be taunted as he passed the barroom door with the salute, "Ha, so you've got tied to your wife's apron strings, have you? I thought you were more of a man. Come in and show the boys you think for yourself. Have a Scotch on me. You're welcome." And often the poor fellow would be overcome. But many were freed from the whiskey yoke, and their children and grand children are proud to know to-day that "Father is one of Acton's strongest temperance men and hopes soon to see Canada 'bone dry'."

Well, the old temperance hall saw many and various scenes. There were concerts with local talent and concerts with artists from outside. The Nichol family, of Brampton, were always favorites when outside talent was engaged. They came time after time to Acton, and they made many warm friends here. There were panoramas held here, and sleight of hand performances, and singing schools and necktie socials and I think once or twice dances were held here, but these were not very popular with the Sons. There were too many Methody members on the roll to look kindly at this forbidden pastime. My, how the mighty have fallen. A private school was held in the hall for girls for a time by Miss Adams and some of the grandmothers in town to-day tell with a very considerable degree of pride that they were pupils of Miss Abbie Adams' private school.

In the course of time business and population travelled eastward, instead of westward, as was expected, and the old hall was found to be too far away from the centre of the town to be popular, and an agitation for its removal sprang up. This was eventually successful and the building travelled down Main Street to Church, across the corner of Mike Speight's lot and along Church to a lot beside the old Methodist Church which stood on the corner of John, where Mr. John C. Watson's fine new brick residence is now located. This was about the year 1870—fifty years ago this summer.

Here the Sons prospered again, and had a very large membership. Here in 1873 the incorporation of Acton was effected. Here the first Council meetings were held, with W. H. Storey in the Reeve's chair, and Messrs. Asa Hall, John Speight, Dr. McGarvin and Charles T. Hill, as Councillors. And James G. Hill was the Municipal Clerk at a salary of $75.00 per year. It was here that the famous strawberry festivals of the Sons of Temperance were organized, and they were most enjoyable affairs, always held on Dominion Day—1st July.

Along in the eighties, the older members having passed away, and the younger people finding modern conditions more exacting, the attendance at the weekly meetings of the Sons of Temperance began to dwindle. Smaller and smaller, the attendance grew. An organ was purchased to stimulate the interest. Debates were arranged, but finally, the Division became dormant. If I remember correctly it was under the regime of that enthusiastic prohibitionist, H. P. Moore, when he was the Worthy Patriarch that Acton Sons of Temperance finally departed this life. At any rate it was Mr. Moore as the officer in charge who, upon authority of the Grand Division at Toronto, sold the Temperance Hall and lot to John Cameron, an equally enthusiastic temperance man. The purchase money went to the Grand Division for temperance work. Mr. Cameron converted the building into two comfortable homes, and, during the past thirty-five years many families have lived here through joys and sorrows.

Thus endeth the chapter of the old Temperance Hall. It is a coincidence that it follows the chapter recounting the end of the old California Tavern.

THE OLD MAN.

P. S.—It has just occurred to me that when the Temperance Hall was moved from upper Main Street to the Church Street site, several magnificent maple shade trees, which grew on Mike Speight's corner, were sacrificed to permit of the big building turning the corner. They were cut down under the promise by the Sons of Temperance to replace them with trees equally as good. Two or three spasmodic attempts were made to get trees to grow where the others were cut down, but without success. However the erection of the double cement house there by Mr. McKenzie filled the gap, and the loss of those fine trees is now never thought of.

THE O. M.

CONSTITUTION AND DOCTOR

Physician—"You had a pretty close call, it's only your strong constitution that pulled you through."

Patient—"I hope you will remember that when you make out the bill."

Camping in Canada's New National Park.

Jasper Park Camp on LAC BEAUVERT

Horseback Riding over Mountain Trails

On Mount Edith Cavell Glacier

THE Dominion Government in creating the Jasper National Park has set aside for the enjoyment of the people one of the loveliest regions in the Canadian Rockies—a territory starred with beautiful lakes, snowcapped mountain peaks and gigantic glaciers. The area of the Park is approximately 4,400 square miles. The desire of the many travellers along the Grand Trunk Pacific line to stay over and inspect the beauties of the Park has led to the establishment of a novel enterprise in the form of a camp hotel on the shores of Lac Beauvert. The official count of the mountain peaks to be seen from the Jasper Park Camp is one hundred and fifty. From the Camp, with its floored tents and big canvas dining hall, trips are made to the famous Maligne Canyon, to Pyramid Lake and to the top of Fitzhugh Mountain. One of the more distant trips to be taken is to the foot of Mount Edith Cavell. This trip is made by saddle horse and is one of about sixteen miles. At the foot of this mountain nestles a beautiful lake, with a hanging glacier which has slowly moved down and filled the valley at the head of the lake.

TEMPERANCE THOUGHTS AT RANDOM STRUNG

Let every good citizen take the right side and stand like a stone wall in its defense.

The quantity of liquor drunk in the shape of patent medicines gives the devil much help in his murderous work.

The nature of a dog is very far removed from that of a man, because the dog is counted mad when he refuses to drink.

The "wet ticket" is what is usually called the whiskey ticket. A good name for it—wet with the tears of broken hearted women and children who have felt the curse and shame of this monster vice.

The Nashville Advocate says: "Prohibition will not come by the professed politician. It will ride over them to its destined triumph." Quite true of Canada also. It has taken more than 50 years of earnest, prayerful work by all the temperance people—men and women—to push prohibition over the old type of politicians.

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THE WITTY SURGEON

Dr. Simon Flexner told a story the other day about a witty surgeon.

"He was operating on a man one day," said Dr. Flexner, "when a fire broke out across the street. He continued to operate calmly while the fire gathered head. Finally when he finished, the conflagration was raging in the wildest way.

"Lower the blinds," the surgeon said to his assistant, "before we bring our patient to. I don't want him to see the flames, or he'll think the operation has been a failure."

VERY CRUDE

"Boy," said a spectator, looking out to sea, "what kind of a ship is that out there?"

"A cruiser," was the answer.

"And who are on board?"

"Her crew, sir."

"And by what means does she travel?" asked the interested man.

"Oh, its screw, sir!" came the smart reply.

"You are a very smart lad, and where do you come from?"

"Crewe, sir!"

And he asked no more questions.

THE "ISLAND OF THE SUN" IN TITICACA

Lake Titicaca is the largest body of fresh water in South America and in point of altitude, is unsurpassed by any navigable lake in the world, being 12,500 feet above sea level. It has an extreme length of 148 miles and an extreme breadth of sixty-nine miles, its shore line being broken and irregular. Its average depth is estimated at 492 feet and in the centre, or nearly so, of this lake lies "The Island of the Sun," which came into existence by a sudden change or upheaval in the physical features of the lake.

Vessels, some of them 1,200 tons gross register, ply this inland sea which forms part of the boundary between Peru and Bolivia, and the department of public works in Bolivia has recently appointed a commission of engineers to make the necessary surveys to have the railroad from Guaqui to Puno pass around Lake Titicaca's shores as the towns of Juli and Chuaqito are rapidly developing, and here are also found architectural ruins of the Empire of the Incas.

FROM THREE VIEWPOINTS

Ladies' dress, or more correctly speaking, the absence of it, has been the subject of much conjecture of late, and the following three viewpoints as expressed in different well known papers will not come amiss: The Winnipeg Free Press remarks: "The old-fashioned mother who used to suffer most of the winter from an inflamed chest now has a daughter that has a chest that will stand anything from a blizzard to a public inspection." The London (Eng.) Opinion says: "Women are said to show more endurance nowadays than ever before. They are certainly showing more back-bone." And last but not least comes the statement of the Orillia Packet that "the more women follow the fashion of showing their legs in public, the more inclination they manifest to adopt the United States idea of politeness and modesty by calling them 'limbs.' What a funny world it is." Thus, then, is the subject discussed "from head to foot." Next!

ON EASY TERMS

An old soldier, disliking the remarks of the chairman at a political meeting, shouted:

"Young man, I was a Tory before you were born."

"What of that?" came back the chairman. "I will be a Tory after you are dead. Hit down!"—Boston Transcript.

An old colored man was burning dead grass when a "wise guy" stopped and said: "You'go foolish to do that, Uncle Eb; it will make the meadow as black as you are."

"Don't worry 'bout dat, sah," responded Eb. "Dat grass will grow out an' be as green as you is."—Boston Transcript.

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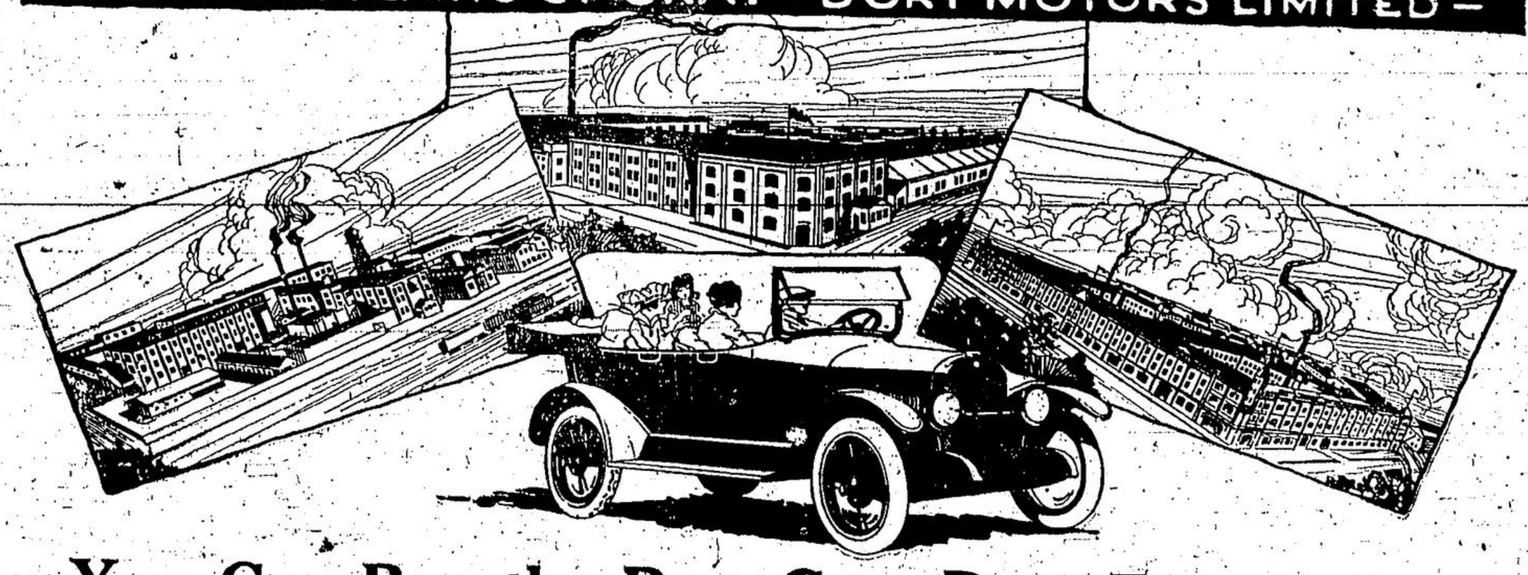

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