The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1920

TEN LITTLE DUTIES

Ten little duties! Does no good to whine;
Skip about and do one, then there are nine.
Nine little duties; it never pays to wait;
Do one quick, and, presto! there are eight.
Eight little duties; might have been eleven;
One done in on time; now they're just seven.
Seven little duties; 'tisn't such a fix;
Do one more, and—bless me!—they're only six.
Six little duties, sure as I'm alive!
Never mind, one's overt now there are only five.
Five little duties knocking at our door;
Lead off one to Dominland; that leaves only four.
Four little duties, plain as plain can be;
Can't be shirked—one's over—leaving only three.
Three little duties; like a soldier true
Meet them and vanquish one; then there'll be but two.
Two little duties between you and fun!
In just a minute longer there'll be only one.
One little duty; now what will you do?
Do it! Why surely, now you are through!

—Reformer Messenger.

HANDS AND HANDS!

"Typewriting," said Hue, "is very difficult, and, besides, I never was at all clever with my hands. I, think Mr. Porter is awfully funny to afold the way he does over a few mistakes. Everybody makes them."

"I read the other day of a man who took a 'two-and-a-quarter-hours' test and made only two mistakes," Aunt Madge replied.

"That was pretty good," said Sue, condescendingly, "but probably he was one of those very clever people or had awfully quick hands. Now I——"

"He had a pair of aluminum hands," said Aunt Madge. "And in 1916 he was in the British Army—"

"Aluminum hands! And only two mistakes! Tell me about it. There must be some catch. Had he been a stenographer in the War Department?"

"No. He was a bombing instructor. In September, 1916, he lost both hands and his eyes when a defective bomb exploded."

"You don't mean that he's blind too?"

"Oh, yes; he's blind. But at the school of St. Dunstan's they built a special machine for him and had the aluminum hands made, and then they trained him till he passed the test I spoke of."

"Only two mistakes in over two hours!" groaned Sue. "It isn't the hands that count so much, I guess, as the pluck and determination back of them!"

UNEXPECTED RESULTS FROM PROHIBITION

Whatever beneficient effects were promised as a result of prohibition, it was generally conceded that it would not boom the grape industry.

Nothing short of ruin was predicted for the Californian vineyards, representing an investment of seventy millions.

But apparently the lover of the invigorating juice has decided that if he cannot have the fermented extract he will take the whole grape.

Grapes sold for the manufacture of wine brought $20 per ton. Dried grapes are now selling as high as $40 per ton.

In spite of the "bone dry" law in the United States, the great vineyards on the Pacific slope will be cultivated on a larger scale than ever before.

HONOR THE PILGRIM FATHERS

Three hundred years ago the Mayflower landed on the stern and rock bound coast of New England. All honor to the memory of the seventy-four men and twenty-eight women who sacrificed ease and comfort for the preservation of the seed of cherished liberty.

A series of celebrations will be held this summer, starting in England this month, in Holland during July and August, and concluding at Plymouth, Mass., in December, to commemorate the heroic band who kept the torch of liberty brightly burning.

In the cabin of the Mayflower a few days before the historic vessel landed at Plymouth Rock on December 26th, was signed the famous compact establishing civil and religious liberty. A new Mayflower will sail from England in August bearing the British and Dutch delegation to America.

FOR A HEADACHE

A correspondent recommends the following simple remedy for headache—sick headache particularly. Cut a lemon in half and squeeze the juice into a tumbler. Add a few—a very few grains of sugar and fill the glass nearly three-quarters full of cold water. Now stir in half an eggspoonful of ordinary baking soda. This will fizz up, of course, and the draught must be swallowed during effervescence.

If one dose fails to relieve headache, repeat it three hours after. Taken fasting, the first thing in the morning, it will do much to settle the stomach after the sick headache, and probably prevent its recurrence for some time to come. This kitchen physic has prevailed when phenacetin and other nervequieters have signally failed to do so.

THE STRONG SHOULD BE GLAD

Every man and woman in the land ought to prise above almost every other quality the capacity for self-help; and yet every man and woman in the land will at some time or other be sorely in need of the help of others, and at some time or other will find that he or she can in turn give help even to the strongest. The quality of self-help is so splendid a quality that nothing can compensate for its loss; yet, like every virtue, it can be twisted into a fault to the point of cold-hearted arrogance, of inability to understand that age and then the strongest may be in need of aid, and that for this reason alone, if for no other, the strong should always be glad of the chance in turn to aid the weak.—Theodoare Roosevelt.

QUITE UNINTENTIONAL

A tramcar collided with a milk cart and sent can after can of milk splashing into the street. Soon a large crowd gathered. A very short man coming up had to stand on tiptoe to see past a stout woman in front of him.

"Goodness!" he exclaimed. "What an awful waste!"

The stout woman turned round and glared at the little man, and said, sternly:

"Mind your own business!"

CONFUSING

"You don't believe clothes make the man, do you?"

"No," replied the flustered citizen. "I don't. But since this overall craze started it's hard to tell a mere dilettante from an honest working man who's in a position to demand $10 or $12 a day for his services."

A former resident, now living in Detroit, who calls himself "An Old Timer" writes the editor the following interesting review of a certain class of men who did much for Acton in their day. He has handed it over to me and I gladly give the contents of his letter in this column, for I have found that readers generally enjoy the recital of local incidents of the former days!

Dear Sir:

Having been "an old-timer" in Acton, I am pleased to read the articles by "The Old Man of the Clock Tower," and I have from time to time thought of some of the men, who have left their mark on Acton. If you will permit me I will mention some four or five men, contractors, who left their marks on the village. I knew them personally.

The "Old Man" mentioned Richard Hamilton. He was a very pushing, energetic man. Everything had to go when he took hold of it. He built the Beardmore tannery, after it was burned down and also did their repairing for many years. He also built the Secord store and his own brick house, and another near the new cemetery, some smaller ones, and many in the rural sections.

The next was Ell Ryder. He was a fine mechanic. He built a house for himself on the present Wallace property; also the Methodist Church, and the brick store for Nicklin Brothers on the corner of Mill and Main Streets, and several smaller ones. He went to Guelph and Elmira, and then to Toronto, and made a bigger mark there.

Then Thos. Ebbage. He was a good cabinet maker and pumpmaker, and also a good carpenter. He built two or three houses for himself, also Edward Nicklin's house and a house for George Wilson on Wilbur Street, and factories. He had a pump factory. Of the bunch he could turn his hand to any of them and do it well. He also had a planing factory. Of course you old-timers are a little slow for us over here, but the reason I picked these men was because their marks remain so people can judge for themselves of the men. I would also mention others. There was Peter McCann. He had a shop on Willow Street where Mrs. Pearson's house now stands. I have to take some of my later information second-hand, but it is reliable. Mr. McCann did mostly repairing. He was a first-class mechanic. Then there was the Fulljames and Cameron firm. They built a lot of houses at the big mills, and in the country around Acton and in the village too, such as James Mann's store, the old post office store, Kenney Bros.' store, D. McDonald's houses, the Church of England, Harry Hall's house and factory and a house on the town hall lot for Josiah Adams, and others. Then Mr. Fulljames moved to Guelph.

The Camerons, Hugh and John, then built a house for Mr. P. McNab and the Congregational Church, now St. Joseph's; a residence for Mr. Haslett, now Nelson & Co., the first of which was burned; Jno. Lawson, Sr., and several houses for John Kenney, Sr., and also a number of others.

Then Mr. H. Cameron moved to Stratford and took charge of a gang of carpenters on the G. T. R., building bridges and elevators and station houses.

John Cameron built Mr. Little's fine residence, and Mr. Fyfe's across the street; then a residence for James Moore; then in Young's survey one for Mrs. James Ryder; Mrs. Swackhammer's house on Young Street, and three double houses for Mr. Selwood; a house for R. Denny; a house and store for W. H. Denny; a store for Mr. Havill; a house for John Kenney, Sr., a house for E. Forbes and others. Then he purchased the trunk factory and made a sash and door factory of it, and got out house supplies. He also did the carpenter work of Mr. H. F. Moore's fine residence, "Moorecroft," the brick house at the tannery and the residence of D. Henderson, M.-P., also Mrs. W. J. Gould's house. He also made three houses out of the old Presbyterian Church, then tore down the old factory and built Mr. Mowat's house and a bungalow on the site. This letter is longer than I intended. When the "Old Man" is through I intend to get a copy of his writings in pamphlet form.

Yours sincerely,

"AN OLD-TIMER."

Now, I think I had better finish up my reveries of the old school. So many memories clustor around me of those good old days that I find it hard to leave the dear old place. Few schools there are which have had as few principals in a stretch of sixty years of history. I think this comprises the list: John McPhee, Robert Little, John Ross, Thomas T. Moore, W. H. Stewart and J. M. Roszell.

The pupils who attended have always had great regard for their old teachers, especially after years of later experience they have realized the value of the foundations for an education which were laid in their youthful minds. The pupils of the late Robert Little, however, have given fuller demonstration of their appreciation of the days spent under his tuition. In July, 1904, the first re-union of old pupils was held at the school—twenty-two years after the revered old teacher had passed away. About half a hundred of the boys and girls of Mr. Little's principalship assembled, and the occasion was memorable and interesting. A group photograph was taken in which the following residing in Acton and at various outside points assembled: James A. Matthews, Hattie Speight, John E. Farmer, Jennie Hymon, Ida Nicklin, Charlie Cook, Emma Matthews, John Hutchison, Lizzie Cameron, Zalman Hall, Martha Cummings, John Moore, Annie Grant, John Secord, Jennie Hynds, Jessie Matthews, Nellie Gordon, George Hynds, Maggie Moore, Edward Cook, Samuel Worden, Albert Moore, Jamie Speight, Ed. McCarvin, Nellie Hill, John Hill, Eliza Cameron, Richard Thurtell, Maggie Kennedy, Betsy Milne, Maggie Homstruet, H. P. Moore, George Worden, Samuel Clark, Mary Vincent, Alonzo Worden, John Donoghue, Sarah Johnston, Austin Tubby, Lizzie Kennedy, Al. Nicklin, Jennie Cameron, Ed. Matthews, John Worden, Charles Davidson and George Wilds. Eleven of these have since passed away.

He greatly pleased were all who participated in this re-union that it was unanimously decided to hold a second one in five years. It was six years however, before this second gathering was held. Friday, 13th July, 1900, was the date fixed for this event. A much larger number of old pupils attended on this occasion and the one day extended into two, and then three days. My, but we had a good time together. It does my old heart good again just to think of those wonderful days together. There was a set programme—a real souvenir booklet—for Friday the first day, with sessions morning afternoon and evening. In the morning the old schoolmates strolled about the haunts of the old school days. "The old home nooks, the haunts of all affections pure." In the afternoon the large company assembled at the school at the call of the old school bell. Words of greeting were extended by H. P. Moore and A. E. Nicklin, the members of the local executive, and their greeting was a genuine expression of cordial welcome by the two local pupils who were most largely responsible for the success of this historical event. Austin Tubby was chairman. Impromptu speeches of numbers of the old pupils followed, and then an hour was spent in playing old school games.

At 3.30 there was a drive about the old town with Fairview Cemetery as the objective. Here the interesting ceremony of unveiling a memorial monument to the old master was held. This splendid memento stands at the head of the grave of the revered teacher, on high up on Monument Hill in Fairview. It was erected by the pupils, the result of a popular subscription among them of some $300.00. The company sang Mr. Little's favorite hymn, "O God of Bethel," and brief addresses were made by R. N. Thurtell, Ingersoll, and Rev. Dr. T. Albert Moore, of Hamilton, and the beautiful monument was unveiled by the chairman, George Hynds.

At 5 o'clock refreshments were served by citizens in the school. There was a feast of reason and flow of soul, and Z. A. Hall was master of ceremonies. Acton Cornet Band favored the company with an open air concert at 7.30, and at 8 o'clock there was an entertainment in the town hall, the programme of which was given by old pupils, and their sons and daughters. J. E. McCarvin presided and a feature was reminiscences by the following old boys: Jack Secord, Dan Mann, Jack Hutchison, George Vernon, George Wilds, Jim Matthews, Charlie Hill, John Douglas, Jack Firstbrook, Ed. Cook, Jim Wilds, Will Kenney, Oliver Anderson, Percy Secord, Zalman Hall, Sam Clark and Sam Worden. If I could just get my old "coco" to think up the yarns that were told that night what a fund of stories I'd have for this column.

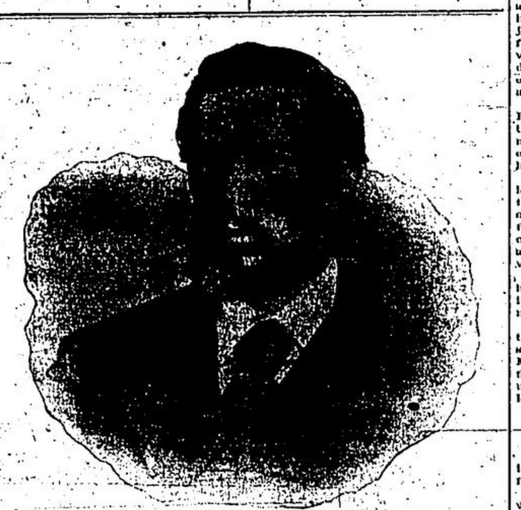
The old pupils' children who took part in the programme were Lina Craine, Clara Moore, Reta Nelson, Jennie Hall, and Ed. J. Moore.

Saturday was devoted to a general jollification and renewing of old-time friendships with citizens. It was on Saturday that Tom Kennedy made his famous stump speech from the big stump of the willow tree which stood on the site of the Merchants Bank and which gave Willow Street its name. After the speech the Fuss Fuzz presented each of the old pupils with a souvenir cutting from the old willow with a suitable inscription in black and red. My, how that souvenir was appreciated. I have mine yet and often take it out of the old "chist" to look at it.

When Sunday came it was easy to be seen that these old boys and girls were church goers. They crowded the churches. Rev. Dr. Charles A. Cook, Rev. Dr. J. E. Farmer, and Rev. Dr. T. Albert Moore, all old pupils, occupied the pulpits and each preached effective gospel sermons. That day will also be remembered always by Mr. Little's pupils.

Well, I guess now I'll say good-bye to the old school. It isn't likely there will ever be another re-union. But it was only last week that the editor handed me a letter from my and friend, D. D. Campbell, of Winnipeg, in which he appealed to the editor to work up another for this year, but the editor is getting old and rheumatic like myself, and loaded up with new responsibilities, and it's not likely he'll undertake the onerous work again, which he has already superintended twice.

The Old Man



THE LATE ROBERT LITTLE

WHY DID WARREN STEAL?

Warren was home from school. He had stolen some money that another pupil had left lying on his desk. The parents had been summoned; there had been a secret tribunal and Warren had been brought home until the mortified and astonished parents could decide what to do.

Warren's mother told me all about it. "What shall we do?" she finished tearfully. "He has disgraced himself for life and brought shame upon us. Can you imagine what would make my son steal?"

If I had fully answered Ada's question, I should have answered something like this:

"You did not know that you taught him to be dishonest!

"Your son has been surrounded by petty forms of dishonesty all his life.

"One day just before Warren went to school you tortured frog a drive in the country with a number of fine peaches in the bottom of the car. Some one remarked that you must have a good friend in the country. 'Yes,' you said laughingly, 'only he doesn't know it as yet himself.' While Warren helped his father gather those peaches to which you had no right.

"In your bathroom to-day I saw a towel stamped with the name of a hotel you had visited.

"One day last summer I heard you tell of the clerk's making a mistake of a dollar in your change. 'In your favor?' your husband asked. 'Of course in my favor,' you answered. 'I would have told him if it had not been.' Your boy heard that. I suppose he often has heard similar things.

"Another time as you gathered up your groceries at the store you accidentally picked up from the counter a pound of butter for which you had not paid. You discovered it after you reached home, but instead of returning it to the grocer you said, 'Oh, well, we're a pound of butter ahead! And at that it won't begin to pay back for the times he sent poor goods.'

"I have heard you tell how you escaped paying your fare to the city and how you used an old transfer on the street car.

"You glanced at a borrowed book one day and remarked that you might as well keep it now—you had had it so long that the lender had forgotten all about it.

"These are a few incidents of petty dishonesty that I have seen in my association with your family. I do not suppose they are the only ones. Now, frankly, what could you expect of a child brought up in your home?"

I did not put it so bluntly as that to Ada. I tried to make her see that Warren's notions of honor had been gained from his environment.

Ada and her husband think they are honest. They are in some things. You could place any sum of money in their hands without an accounting and years afterward receive it to the last penny. Anyone's property would be safe in their hands. They might control unlimited trust funds for helpless orphans and not a cent would be misused. Ada's husband might well have all the bank funds open to his hands and he would not think of appropriating any. If Ada's guests scattered jewels all over the house, Ada would feel no temptation. Yet side by side with this honesty they practise petty dishonesty, which for some unexplained reason, appears to have no disgrace attached to it.

Warren is yet too young to judge. He has as yet no feeling of loyalty to make him "square" with his schoolmate, and he could not see that wavering line his parents draw between honesty in things great and small.

Children respond quickly to high ideals of honor in history or story. If their home influences do not draw the other way; they can be trained to a fine sense of honor that we sadly call old-fashioned, but to which we all give ungrudging admiration when we meet it.

"But from his babyhood, we've told him never to touch anything belonging to another," says Warren's mother, weeping.

In many homes I have seen the tragedy of the child who has stolen something and has been detected. Most parents meet the situation with fierce, resentful shame; too few with understanding and a disposition to look for causes.

FINISH THE JOB

How you start is important, very important, but in the end it is how you finish that counts.

The victor in the race is not the one who dashes off swiftest, but the one who leads at the finish.

In the race for success speed is less than stamina.

Columbus finished his job. So did Wellington. So did Hale.

Look around to-day.

Andrew Carnegie earned most of his fortune by boldly buying out discouraged partners who lost their nerve and their stick-to-itiveness.

John D. Rockefeller held on grimly and resolutely when others lost their faith in so mercurial and uncertain a commodity as oil, with its frequent disasters from fire.

Finishing the job isn't always easy.

ARE WE DOWNHEARTED? NO

While the issue of a war for life or death rung in the balance we had to concentrate on war. Clearly, however, we were thus forced into expedients and experiments full of peril for the times of peace. Are we to lose the peace? Not on your life! This country of ours, and the rest of Europe, has been in even worse case. Yet Europe survived, with a few breakages, and we grew up to win the greatest war of history. We have now to win and establish the greatest peace on the ancient basis of liberty and law. It would be folly to pretend that the difficulties and dangers are not great. They are. But they are not greater than those we conquered in the war, and we shall only go wretchedly to wrack and ruin if we persuade ourselves that this is inevitable. Not a bit of it. Buck up!—London Express.

USED TO IT

Sweeping his long hair back with an impressive gesture the visitor fated the proprietor of the film studio. "I would like to secure a place in your moving picture company," he said.

"You're an actor?" asked the film man.

"Yes."

"Had any experiences acting without audiences?"

A flicker of sadness shone in the visitor's eye as he replied:

"Acting without audiences is what brought me here!"

SINCE 1870
SHILOH
30 DROPS COUGHS

A PAINTERS' PARADISE

Capri, beautiful in itself, offers an irresistible invitation to artists, since it has an inn where any one, by painting a picture on the wall, can get free board.

To the lovely island of Capri, with its perennial summer, its blue grotto and its lemon groves, came some fifty years ago a ruined artist. He opened an inn and died rich. In his will, leaving the inn to his heirs, he made these conditions:

"The charge per day, two bottles of red Capri wine included, is never to be more than 6 francs.

"If any artist is too poor to pay he shall paint a picture upon some wall space, receiving all the accommodation accorded those paying the highest price.

"If any German artist shall come to the inn he shall be accommodated and shall receive the amount of his fare to Germany upon his promising never to return to Italy."

The inn is conducted to-day on those conditions. Its walls are covered with paintings. Now and then a German artist gets his fare home.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WISE AND OTHERWISE

If you are troubled with a corn, kick it through a window glass and the pane is gone forever.

A wedding invitation we have recently seen hits the bull's eye. It reads: "Your present requested."

"What makes that fellow so popular?" "Well, listen to a funny story without insisting on telling another."

One of the surgeons of a hospital asked an Irish help which he considered the most dangerous of the many cases then in the hospital. "That, sir," said Patrick, as he pointed to a case of surgical instruments.

The lecturer inquired dramatically, "Can anyone in this room tell me of a perfect man?" There was a dead silence. "Has anyone," he continued, "heard of a perfect woman?" Then a patient-looking little woman in a black dress rose up at the back of the auditorium and answered: "There was one. I've often heard of her, but she's dead now. She was my husband's first wife."

A NEEDCESSITY

On a telegraph pole in the suburbs of a New England village was tacked this notice:

LOST

"Between here and the post office, a real lady's hair switch black mixt with gray with shoestring tide around one end the above which plase return to the pastmaster and git fifty cents with thanks of owner who needs it badly and will be thankful for the kindness of any lady or gent who will return what cannot be of no use to them but which is a needcessity to her."

NO ONE FOR THE ENGLISHMAN

An American visiting England remarked to an Englishman what remarkable things they had in their country. "For instance," he said, "we have a whistle that blows at noon hour and can be heard for a year after."

The Englishman hesitated, then replied, "That is nothing; why here in England we have a bugle which we blew in 1914, and it wasn't heard in your country until 1917."

GOOD EXCUSE

"I have failed to see why your daughter hasn't attended school lately," said the school visitor as he stood at the cottage door.

"'Cause I think she's learned enough," retorted Emily's mother, shortly.

"Why," exclaimed the visitor, "she has only passed through two classes yet."

"Ain't that enough?" asked the woman. "I dunno what eddification in reading, rot! When I was young if a gal commanded the elements of distraction, provision, an' replenishing, an' the common dominion, an' knew all the rivers an' their ohlturiod, the currants and the doorntories, she was virtuous and the umpiress, we was reckoned to have eddification enough to see us through."

Is Your Mouth Tender?
Are Your Gums Sore or Bleeding?
Are Your Teeth Loosening?

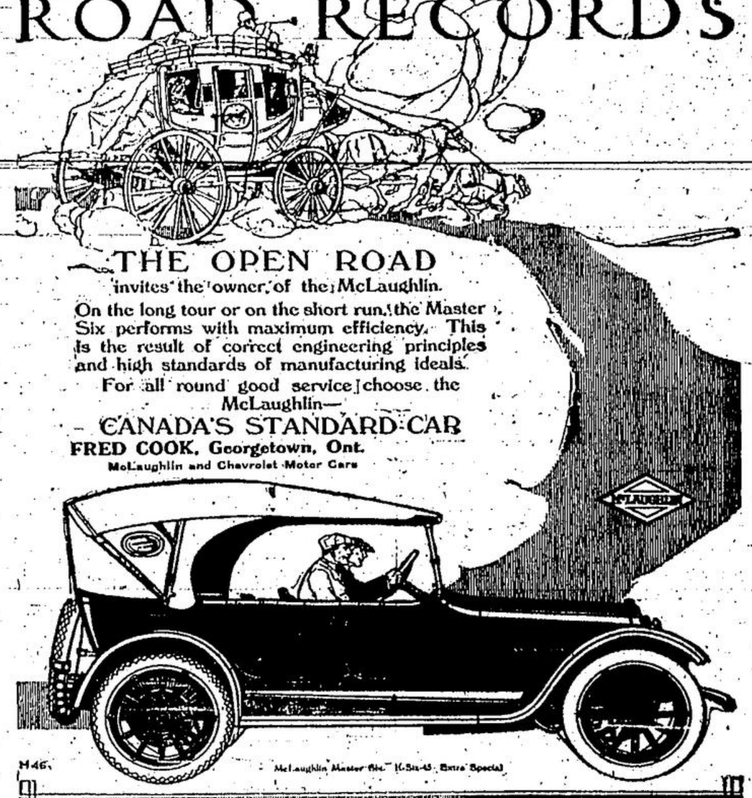
If so, you have "Riggs" Disease, Pyorrhea, or Trench Mouth, and you need

Riggs Remedy for Riggs Disease

Why suffer when you can easily treat yourself in the comfort and privacy of your own home by this sure, safe and painless method, which will give you immediate relief? Write

RIGGS REMEDY COMPANY, Limited
Pyorrhea Specialists 144 Carlton Street, Toronto, Ont. 30

ROAD RECORDS



THE OPEN ROAD
invites the owner of the McLaughlin.
On the long tour or on the short run, the Master Six performs with maximum efficiency. This is the result of correct engineering principles and high standards of manufacturing ideals.
For all round good service choose the McLaughlin—
CANADA'S STANDARD CAR
FRED COOK, Georgetown, Ont.
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The McLAUGHLIN MASTER SIX

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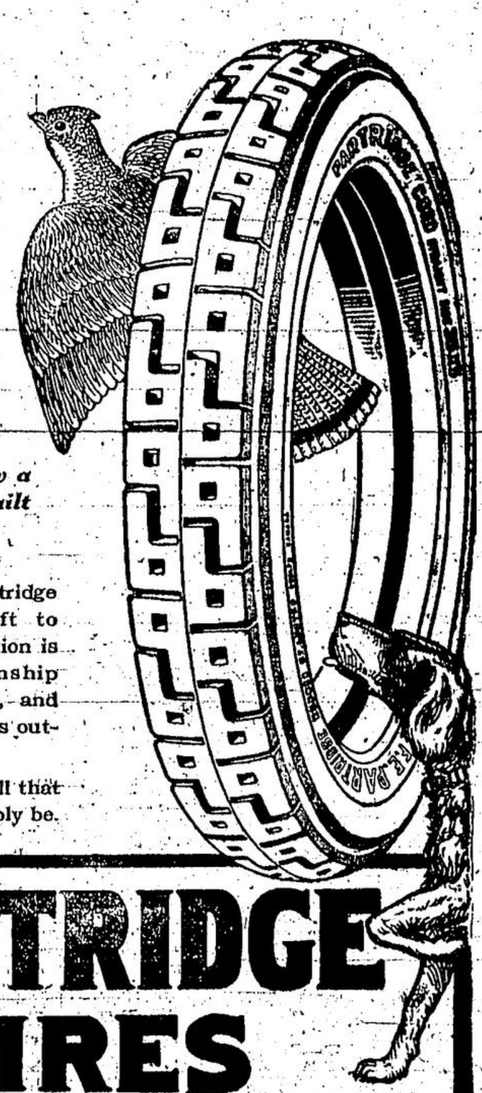

Chance never drew a neat picture nor built a fair house.

In the making of Partridge Tires nothing is left to chance—detail perfection is secured by craftmanship scientifically directed, and rigid inspection insures outstanding quality.

Partridge Tires are all that good Tires can possibly be.

PARTRIDGE TIRES
Game as Their Name

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