The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1920

PLANT A TREE

He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through thorns blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heaven's sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy!
Every day a fresh reality,
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

He who plants a tree
He plants peace.
Under its green curtain jargons cease;
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree
He plants youth;
Vigor won for centuries, in sooth;
Life of time, that hints eternity.
Boughs their strength interpret
New shoots every year
On old growths appear.
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree
He plants love;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant; Life does the rest.
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

—Lucy Larcom.

MOTHER MYRA'S MOVING PICTURES

The Mother's Club was discussing a recent lecture on education.

"And the lecturer said," worried the anxious member, "the most important part of a child's education even after he is of school age should be given in the home. Isn't that appalling? Why, I don't know anything about teaching! I can hardly help Bobby with his arithmetic."

"It's all bosh!" declared the positive member. "What do we pay the teachers for, I'd like to know. I could teach arithmetic, I suppose, quite as well as my Nannette's teacher does, and history and grammar, too. But I don't intend to. That's flat! What about you, Mrs. Streeter? Do you live up to that man's idea?"

"Well, yes, I consider that I do," answered Mrs. Streeter complacently. "I look at manners as much more important than either grammar or arithmetic. And of course no public school teacher has the time to teach all the little refinements of manner. So I train my children in those every day of my life. It's 'hammer, hammer, every day and all day long but it is a' duty and I do it.'"

"Oh, of course, manners," returned the positive member. "I do consider those most important, but we all teach them, I hope, and as you say it's ding, ding, ding! What have you got to say, Myra Marsden? I suppose you keep a regular school every night! What do you think about home education being the most important?"

"I think it is," returned Mother Myra with her little smile. "Just as all of you do, too, really. And you all teach. Why, every home teaches all the time—in spite of itself, doesn't it?"

"Heavens, no!"

"How?"

"Grammar and arithmetic?" returned several members in chorus; and everybody leaned forward to listen to the answer. Whether they agreed or not, everybody always listened when Mother Myra talked.

"Well to begin with, I do not keep a regular school every night. And I rarely help with the grammar and arithmetic, directly. And I try not to ding, as you call it, any more than I actually must—even for such important things as manners. I was thinking of the unconscious teaching. It's an old phrase, but it's come home to me in a new way and with a new slant—just recently.

"You see, I read an article about a mother who had four sons. They lived far inland, but everyone of them when he grew up went to sea. Not one had ever seen the ocean in his boyhood; but the first one, when he began to think of his life work, had such a yearning for the sea that he was allowed to go. The other boys followed one by one and all became sailors. The mother couldn't understand it, and grieved considerably, for she wanted to keep them near home. She was talking about it one day to her pastor and he said, 'Why, the explanation of their choice is plain. You recall that fine large painting which hangs over the mantle in your living room —a picture of a majestic ship sailing the sea. Your boys have grown up admiring that picture, and they have unconsciously come into a longing to be master workers on such a vessel. The heart hunger and the life choices were produced by the repeated appeal to the eye.'

"Such a story as that is enough to make any mother think, isn't it? That very day I went around my house and rigidly tested out every picture in sight with a view to its effect on the children and their characters and their life choices. And you won't be surprised to hear that quite a number of the pictures came down. Not that they were bad pictures. They just weren't worthy of their high calling as moulders of my children's future.

"Then I began to look at the rooms themselves as pictures, then the ...nds, even the street outside, and ...ve them as far as I could. ... course I thought I was ...-picture business. But ...usual mother-ex- ...d it, I fancy. ...en and some ...borhood were ...r in the play- ... do some re- ...r. They did ... me but the ...he home life ...rs were most ... irritability ...ne woman's ...tuping and ...e aims and ... as those ...ther people ...rench say, ...ht I talked ...e then we ...e of father ...d wife as ... have our ... jokingly ...cture in- ...mber that ...as set in ... to eter-

My last series of reveries took us up Main Street as far as the G. T. R. tracks. That same Main Street railway crossing has been a thickening point ever since it was built, sixty-four years ago. Why it was ever made a level crossing, it has always bothered my old head to determine. There never was a better place for a subway anywhere. And the railway builders of those old days conveyed trainloads of gravel to make approaches which at the crossing must have had 14 or 15 feet of depth to fill in.

This has been a tragic point in Acton's history. There've been scores of narrow escapes and several fatalities. Between fifty and sixty years ago Philip Hemstreet—the maternal grandfather by the way, I believe, of the editor of this paper—was driving over this crossing to the stave factory with a load of stave bolts. He was deaf and failed to hear a train coming from the west. As he was on the crossing the engine struck the rear of his sleigh. The bolts flew in all direction; the horses ran up the street, but the driver escaped, only serious injury.

About thirty years ago or more a little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Ebbage was playing on the crossing with other children. A train came along which she did not notice. She was struck and her injuries resulted in death in a few moments. It was a great blow to the parents and family.

A few weeks ago a little toddler from Scene Street was coming down the track to the crossing when the eleven o'clock train struck it and Douglas Hair Caswell lost his life.

I remember an incident which occurred at this crossing about forty years ago, which had an amusing side to it. One of the boys employed at the stave factory had been down to Coates' cooper shop with a cart load of staves. He was returning to the mill with the empty cart, and, overtaking Archy McNabb, who lived in a little house beside the track, back from Scene Street, asked him to have a ride. Archy accepted the invitation, and the tail board being out, he sat in the rear of the cart. When they came to the crossing Archy went to step off to the ground. Unfortunately the heads of several loose nails in the floor of the cart had worked through the seat of his trousers, and as he stepped down the horse started forward. The result was disastrous. The nails held and the whole seat went out of Archy's trousers. He exclaimed, in his well-known, lowland Scotch: "Mine goodness, I might have had mine lnards torn out." It made a sorry afternoon's mending of pants for mother Janet at the home.

Nearly fifty years ago Paddy Powers—one of the section men of the G. T. R., who lived in a house by the side of the track, about a hundred yards west from the crossing—and his family had a rude awakening one morning when the early train from Chicago was coming in. A few rods west of the Powers shanty a rail broke. The train came thundering along over the ties. When opposite the house a coupling gave way and a passenger car toppled over the side and straight into the doorway where Paddy and his family were sitting at breakfast. No one was hurt, but it is needless to say there was a badly scared family and a seriously marred front door and door yard.

A few years later tragedy overtook Paddy in the same house. He and his wife had been entertaining some cronies one night. Whiskey was plentifully supplied with the refreshments, and all who were there were evidently rendered too drunk to know what was going on. The house took fire and was burned to the ground with the contents. The wife and visitors got out some way, but poor Paddy was unable to help himself and the others too drunk to even think about him. Anyway, when citizens began to gather in the morning all that was left of this kind-hearted Irishman was a limbless trunk in the smouldering ruins of the section man's home. The house was never rebuilt.

I am very glad to learn that the Council is taking steps to induce the railway company to remove this level crossing by constructing a subway there.

In the early days the section of Acton above the railway was dubbed "Shinglestown," presumably because most of the houses there in those times were occupied by employees of the two shingle mills which were operated there for years. Just over the railway on the east side of Main Street there were, side by side, a lane through the Ridany Smith farm, and an entrance to the property which was first a tannery and then a shingle mill. After serving his apprenticeship with the McClonaghan's, who operated a small kip and calfskin tannery on a part of the present site of Beardmore's sole leather tannery, William Hemstreet built a tannery on this property, and a residence where Mr. Peter Measles' brick house now stands. This tannery he operated for a number of years, I think in partnership with Edward or Samuel Smith. Business failed to thrive and he left it and built a tannery at Crewsons Corners. The building was leased by Edward Moore and Edward Smith and they commenced manufacturing barrel staves, heading and shingles. The story is handed down that their capital was very limited, one copy, young go out to a neighboring bush, purchase a tree or two, cut and bring it in and copy it the bolts into staves or shingles, roll the product and buy more trees. By this means a business was gradually built up. After a year or two Mr. Smith retired from the partnership, and Edward Moore's brothers joined him. First there was Thomas, who in their young manhood, over sixty years ago, had been in partnership as carpenters and framers. They had put up many fine barns together in this locality. They built the first frame barn on the farm of Hugh Mann on the fourth line above Hannockburn School, when Sir Donald Mann was just a wee toddler about the house. It stood true and level until burned by an incendiary fire ten or twelve years ago. They also built Sandy McDonald's barn on the third line, one for Duncan Keith's father on the second line, now owned by ex-Reeve Job, and one for their father on the first line where R. L. Johnston's farm is now. They built the house on Bower Avenue where Mr. James McIntosh now resides. In 1857, as well as several other houses in town. Well, Thomas went into partnership, then James and John, two other brothers, and the firm was known for years as Moore Brothers.

They were noted for first-class clear pine shingles, prime flour barrel staves and heading, and not only supplied neighboring farmers and cooper shops but shipped many hundred car load to London, St. Marys, Granton, Oshawa, Burlington and other outside points. The flour mills at Everton, Rockwood, Norval, Salmonville and Stewarttown, all shipped flour in barrels in those days, had cooper shops of their own and made their barrels from Acton staves and heading. And there were cooper shops galore in Acton in those times. There was one on the factory premises near the entrance to the mills; and there were cooper shops at various points of the town. There was one on the lot opposite the Methodist Church on the property now owned by Mr. Peter McNab; another on the site in front of the livery stable now owned by Lou Atkinson. There was another in rear of the lot next to Nelson Jr. Co.'s store, and one across the street where Stephen Cordiner's residence now stands. And coopers; they were numerous in town. There were the Lighthearts, the Lamberts, the Butlers, the Beals, the McMackens, the Coates, and others.

About the year 1870 the Moore Brothers' mill was burned down. It was immediately rebuilt, and a few years later sold to John Coates, who pushed the stave and heading business, the good old pine for which Eglington and Nassagaweya were famous, seeming to be about all cut up. Mr. Coates built the brick residence which is now Mr. McIvor's farm house.

The old days, and many faithful employees at this mill. There were the Mooneys, father and four or five sons; the Bayers, all of them from Peter to Morris; there were Bullis and Watsons, and Stewarts and McDonalds, and Grants and McGuires, and Wardens and Forbes, all good faithful men working from year to year. Franks were played about the place too, and I think the Stewart boys, Bill and Jack, were the ringleaders in this. One Hallowe'en Bill Stewart took one of Abram Matthews' calves out of the pasture near by and shut it up in the tan yard of the old tannery, this part of which was not used for the shingle mill. Unfortunately it got into one of the vats during the night and in the morning was found drowned. For another prank Bill got his "walking ticket," one fine summer day. Edward Moore had taken one of his boys with him to the factory after dinner for the afternoon. I don't remember now whether it was the present editor and Peltier Magistrate, or the Doctor of Divinity, whose office is in Toronto. Bill got the little chap alone, produced his plug of chewing tobacco and persuaded him it was "really good," lots of molasses in it, and gave him a copper to take as big a bite off the plug as he could. As a result the lad was fearfully sick. When he was able he told about what Bill did and Bill promptly "got his cheque." It is perhaps a co-incidence, but at any rate proves how events of life revolve, when I tell you that a little while later, Eliza Stewart, Bill's sister, married Rev. John Coburn, the blind preacher, who frequently preached in Acton in later years. Mr. and Mrs. Coburn's son John became a preacher of note in Toronto and Toronto Conference, and last week he was selected by the Board of Evangelism and Social Service of the Methodist Church to be a field secretary under Rev. T. Albert Moore, D. D., the General Secretary of the Board.

There was another shingle mill on this property. It was built, I think, by Edward Smith, and stood where Mr. McIvor's front lane now is and about opposite the side door of his house. It was operated for only a few years, but one of the most harrowing accidents that ever took place in an Acton mill occurred there, and Fred Smith, son of the proprietor, was the unfortunate victim. Fred was trying to put on a jointer belt on a main shaft pulley, with the machinery in motion, when his coat was caught in the shafting and his right arm was dismembered at the shoulder joint. Fred fell to the floor at one side of the shaft and his arm on the other side. Dr. McCarvin dressed the wound and Fred got around in a few months and was as lively as ever for years. The only serious accident I remember ever to have occurred in the Moore factory was when Christopher Measles had the second, third and fourth fingers of his right hand amputated while, sawing shingle bolts with a crosscut saw. I'll perhaps have more to say about Shinglestown next week.

The Old Man

Perhaps You Need A Bicycle—But Don't Know It

If you are a workingman you need a bicycle. It will save you long waits and tiresome rides in jammed street cars.

If you are a carpenter you can carry your kit from job to job and save valuable time. A collector can collect a very much larger amount of money.

With a bicycle you can make double, often triple, the number of business calls in a day. You can call on out-of-the-way prospects off the car lines.

Hundreds of teachers and thousands of pupils ride bicycles to school.

The bicycle solves the emergency delivery problem of the grocer, butcher, druggist and other merchants. It is the cheapest form of quick transportation.

Bicycling saves time. Saves car fare. Saves expensive shoe leather. Saves money.

Do you need a bicycle?

If you do, you'll want one that you can depend on.

C. C. M. Bicycles are famous for easy-running and long service. They are built to stay out of the repair shop.

And the *new Hercules Positive Drive Brake*—the Coaster Brake without a side arm—is included without extra charge.

C·C·M· Bicycles

PERFECT—MASSEY—RED BIRD
CLEVELAND—COLUMBIA

90% Made in Canada —
100% Value

Canada Cycle & Motor Co., Limited
WESTON, ONTARIO
Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver

This trade mark is on the frame of every C.C.M. Bicycle.

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LANKA TEA

Announcement

Lanka Tea retails at 75c per pound

Owing to unfortunate clerical errors a number of advertisements recently appeared in which the retail price was given as 70c. per pound.

We hasten to set our dealers and our patrons right on this point.

In the present condition of the tea-growing industry it is impossible to retail as high a grade as LANKA TEA at 70c. and still leave a fair margin of profit for the dealer and the importer.

But you can't match LANKA at any price

Its supreme quality, its superb flavor, its smooth body, fragrant aroma and clear, sparkling color, are all attributes peculiar to LANKA.

It is the finest tea that can be produced—British grown in the famous hill gardens of Ceylon. It is blended with consummate skill and care.

You will like Lanka. You will drink nothing else after your first cup.

Ask for LANKA. Insist on LANKA. Look for the striking LANKA package at your grocer's. LANKA costs 75c. per pound—no more than you pay for any good tea.

Imported and Packed by
WM. BRAID & COMPANY

SASKATOON'S UNIVERSITY FOR THE P

Upper Picture.—One end of the Administration Building, University of Saskatchewan, with the Engineering Building in the background.
Lower Picture.—A Travelling University, showing how instruction is carried to the farmers of Saskatchewan.

Long after the ivy peered in at the upper windows of such splendid universities as Oxford, Cambridge or Harvard, such an institution as the University of Saskatchewan had not even been imagined. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who laid the corner stone of this new university July 29th, 1910, was a student poring over his books few but Indians had stood on the height of land which is the site of the buildings shown in the accompanying photographs, and watched the waters of the South Saskatchewan River gliding swiftly and silently northward.

Although the prairie soil was as rich and the river as broad and full then as now, the City of Saskatoon was unconceived. Even as late as twenty years ago, where now stands a city of 30,000 people on three lines of railway, there were not one hundred men, women and children and these were housed in a few tents and shacks. The wildest enthusiast would hardly have dared to prophesy that one day a university would grow there—yet there it stands!

The buildings of the University of Saskatchewan crown the height of land north east of Saskatoon and the site could hardly have been more fortunately chosen. It includes half a mile of well-wooded river front and altogether embraces 1,333 acres of rich land, 293 acres of which are set aside for a campus, 160 acres for purposes of agricultural experimentation and 880 for the Agricultural College farm. The plan provides for the eventual accommodation of 5,000 students.

The present buildings consists of an administration building, containing a hall and offices for the different departments as well as class rooms, two students' residences, one containing a spacious dining hall and the other a gymnasium and swimming pool; an engineering building; livestock pavilion and up-to-date model farm buildings. All the buildings conform to the preconceived plan and will, like those already erected, be of stone in the Gothic style. Work has just recently begun on a new science building. There are also several private residences on the campus, the two principal stone ones provided for in the architect's plan being those of the President of the University and the Dean of Agriculture. The buildings of Emmanuel College, a church of England Divinity School, the first of its kind in Saskatchewan also occupy a part of the campus. The University grants sites of from three to five acres to such affiliated colleges at a nominal rental. Eight thousand dollars has already been subscribed towards a beautiful structure which will be the home of the Presbyterian College.

The university provides degrees in Arts, Science, Law, Agriculture, Civil Engineering and a Diploma in Pharmacy.

The present enrolment is between 1,400 and 1,500, including returned soldiers who are retraining in various branches of skilled work, particularly engineering. Scores of promising returned soldiers have been turned out as capable motor mechanics. Steam engineering and the handling and repairing of farm tractors are also taught. Agricultural students, principally the sons of farmers, are training in livestock handling and judging, and even in the care and management of poultry.

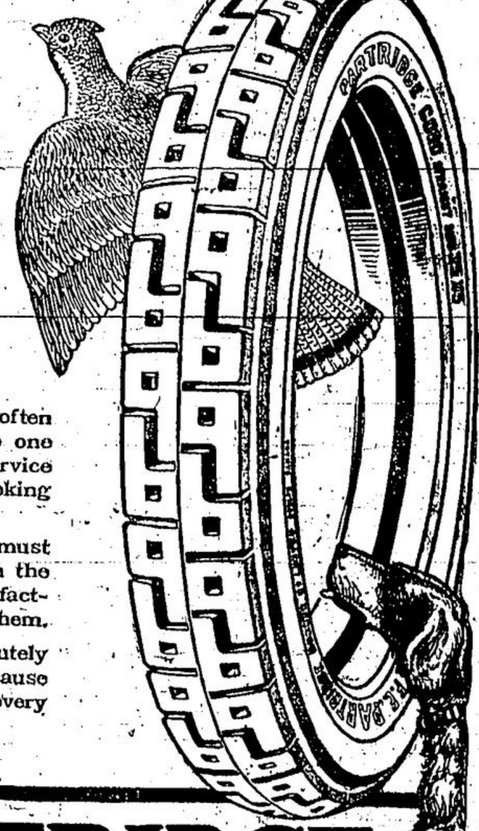
An important feature of the work of the University of Saskatchewan has been its Extension Department consisting of short instructional courses at seasonable times for farmers and farmers' wives. Each year a special train is fitted out and a regular course of instruction mapped out including lectures to farmers. This train is widely advertised as the "Better Farming Train." It makes a tour of the Province, stopping at all important points and the farmers drive in for miles to examine the exhibits, talk over their problems with experts and hear the lectures. Realizing that the average busy farmer cannot go to the University, an effort is made to take the University ... and to let him know at first ... results of experiments with ... varities of grain, the latest ... tion about methods of soil ... and the like.

During the recent winter ... lecture courses have been ... nominal fee for the benefit ... residents. Some of the best ed... people in the community ha... tended these classes.

From an educational standpoint Saskatoon offers as great opportunities as any city in Canada. Complete training from Kindergarten to University is provided through a fine set of public schools, thirteen large public schools, which ranged in cost from $115,000.00 to $156,000.00 at pre-war building prices. An accompanying photograph shows two of them in one block in the working class section of the city. The enrolment of pupils in the public schools is now well over 4,000.

The Collegiate Institute, which provides the intermediate stage between the Public Schools and the University, has an enrolment of about 2,000.

Cord or Fabric.



APPEARANCE is often deceptive—and no one can tell how much service a tire will give by looking at it.

In buying tires you must rely almost entirely on the integrity of the manufacturer who produces them.

You can depend absolutely on Partridge Tires because the factory is back of every tire they make.

PARTRIDGE TIRES

Came as Their Name

Sold by FRED BLOW, Acton