Press
1, 1920

D FIGHT

th all thy might,
, and Christ thy
it shall be
ternally.
ee through God's
and seek His face.
before us lies,
ht Christ the prize.
n on thy Guide;
y will provide;
rusting soul shall
nd Christ—its love—
His arms are near,
and thou art dear;
thou shalt see
in all to thee.

R A PIC-NIC

un than a pic-nic?
games out-of-doors,
mic, the unconven-
the green grass, the
birds singing in the
day schools have an
it is always looked
scholars with great
the other hand, there
e number of small,
never have a pic-
w officers and teach-
afraid of the trouble
would be involved.
ry school, however
e at least one pic-
mmer.
ig a family or, better
y, affair. Insist upon
community being re-
yone will enjoy the
ll increase the inter-

ssary to go a great
ns, but select an open
ld or meadow with
re there will be plen-
day games. Of course,
ne is always desirable,
varied the scenery the
uccess of the pic-nic,
not depend upon the
ut upon the spirit of
The young people will
n a hayrack covered
uch as in an automo-
have no difficulty in
ans of conveyance.
about the games. I
c-nics are spoiled by
otyped programme of
tests with prizes for
The games which give
ment are always those
eatest number can take
u will see a few sit-
s and watching. This
insist upon everyone,
ly at, taking part in
course you will have
suitable for the ages
the various persons,
be difficult. Remem-
rents should get as
f the pic-nic as the

should you play? If
w, buy a copy of
ayground, Home and
e H. Bancroft. (Mac-
is probably the best
the subject, and you
aluable in providing
social gatherings of

provisions should be
refreshment committee,
ad one common table
see that everyone sits
al together. Do not
ll parties to eat by
of their own baskets.
to spoil the spirit of
Richard R. Nicholson.

ISTERS' SONS AL-
GO WRONG!

a tongue long enough
sit in the parlor and
the kitchen, as Sam
once asked this ques-
d many others have
In a recent editorial
said: "One third of
go wrong, one third
between, and the other
world."
Babson, the econom-
ing rather more de-
line. He says: "A
made a study of the
undred leading in-
ca. Those men are
ires and the lead-
ries. Five per cent.
sons of merchants
, ten per cent. are
nd country lawyers,
r cent. are the sons
se salaries did not
ar." There are two
in the first place,
neglects the minds
the second place,
their morals—The

NUTS GROW

nuts have "eyes"?
ralists, in the rea-
erally grow at the
rivers, and a good
s they become ripe
r. The nuts are
husk, which has
ing, so that they
y float, the three
at one end of the
top.
r, nature goes to
of the eyes there
sends forth broad
sails. The wind
and wafts the
may that may be
As it sails, the
t out roots, which
the fibres of the

nut is swept on
haps on another
embed themselves
and becomes the
shortly a thrifty
owing where none

OF SORTS

when you are out
ou are in danger?
of injuring your-
Your mind will
here will be a let-
standard of ef-
ot do your work
erly and system-
ink up new ways
will not be um-
ur best.
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get yourself in
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istry you could
It is a simple
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SEY

ertion for this
ong-hailed poet,
editorial stand-
le it as a com-
lew, permit me
ent," replied the
hilistic courtesy.

When I looked up the calendar the other day and found that this issue came on Dominion Day I was struck with the number of anniversaries which jibe in with Canada's natal day. Naturally, I thought of this being the Free Press' birthday, but, bless you, I can't remember how old the paper is. I know its a long time since I went home one night and said to Mary, "We're going to have a real newspaper in Acton. A man named Hacking from Guelph, who edited the Guelph Advertiser for a time, is to be the publisher." "Well," said Mary, "I think that's real good news. Acton's big enough to support a paper now, and we'll not have to depend on the Guelph Mercury any more for any local news that's published. You'll go right in to that man Hacking and subscribe so that we'll get the very first number. What's the subscription price?" "Oh, I believe its a dollar, but we don't have to pay till the crop is marketed. We can pay up when we pay Christie & Henderson's grocery bill and Anthony Stephenson's blacksmith account. The new editor doesn't seem keen for cash. He's more anxious to get 400 subscriptions by fall than to get the money. I think I might palm off a load of that doxy wood or a bag of fall apples for the subscription.—I guess he'll have to keep house, for they say he has a wife and two daughters and a son."

"Well, John, see here, I don't like commencing that way. Pay up your subscription when you give him our name. There'll be lots of other people who'll load him up with wood and apples and potatoes. We'll be better friends to the new venture if we pay cash, and pay it in advance." Well, I paid the cash and if you'd seen Joe Hacking's eyes bulge out when I handed him that dollar, you'd have smiled. He looked as if that was the first Acton dollar he'd seen since he came to town. I call him "Joe" because he took to me from the time I opened my old pocket book and handed him the dollar. We were the warmest kind of friends for the two and a half years he lived here and run the Free Press. By the way, we've always paid for our Free Press with cash in advance for the good feeling it always gives. "Well," Mary says, as she looks over my shoulder, "you can't help yourself now; you needn't take credit now for paying in advance, because you know you couldn't get it at all if you didn't pay in advance." Well, anyway, we couldn't keep house now if we didn't get the newsy home paper and we are not going to try.

Another Dominion Day anniversary which I remember with a good deal of interest was the Sons of Temperance strawberry festivals which were always held on that day. The strawberry festival was an event of the summer here in Acton, and it was kept up for years without any let up. I think the Sons must have celebrated the first Dominion Day with a strawberry festival. In those days there was often anxiety as to whether the strawberries would be ripe for the First. In the early times the berries came from Oakville; then they used to be brought from Standish's at Georgetown; then the Nicklins went into the strawberry and other small fruit growing, and they supplied the berries. This was of course very natural, as both Benjamin and Edward Nicklin were charter members of the Sons of Temperance. The strawberry festival was very popular. It grew in popularity and the attendance became so large that the temperance hall, on Church Street, became too small and the drill shed was utilized for the purpose. It stood where Mrs. H. S. Holmes' residence now stands, at the corner of Bower Avenue and Elgin Street, next to the old Baptist Church. The crowds came from all directions, and there were no motor cars in those days either. But it took longer to drive home after the festival and naturally the young folks enjoyed that. There was an abundance of berries and cream, real cream from the top of the milk pans, no 50% separator cream in those days. There were cakes galore to go with them, a first-class programme of music, speeches, and the the band, and all for 25c. Why, bless you, a menu and programme like that to-day with an ice cream cone and peanuts thrown in would spoil a young fellow's little two dollar bill for himself and his girl. Well, the Scott Act came and the Sons thought there was no more use for them and the society became dormant, and those dear old Dominion Day strawberry festivals passed out, never to be revived by any other society or organization.

An anniversary which is memorable took place on Dominion Day, 1876, when what was called then the big new Methodist Church was opened and dedicated. It was a great day for the Methodists of this community. They put it over the rest of us with their fine new brick church, the first in town. But it cost them a penny. I remember they had the great Dr. Ives to preach the opening sermons, secure subscriptions and officially dedicate the new meeting house. He preached a great sermon, but his big coup was his soliciting for subscriptions toward the building fund. He was a past master at getting promises and it was reported that he secured sufficient during his visit to cover all indebtedness. But according to reports it was many a day after before all these subscriptions were paid. Well, be that as it may, the Methodist folks have really enjoyed their church these forty-four years, and none of the rest of us have begrudged them their blessings. We've all got good comfortable churches now, and I think I am pretty safe in saying there is now no burdensome debt on any Acton church. This fact makes us proud of the community in which our lot is cast.

Speaking of the building and opening of the Methodist Church the minister and members of the building committee are all passed away. Rev. George W. Calvert was the minister. He died at Sand Lake, Muskoka, Nov. 4, 1916, after forty-eight years in the ministry. W. H. Storey, John Speight, Edward Moore, Asa Hall, William Stephenson, Dr. McGarvin, Eli Snyder, Michael Speight were all on the building Committee, and all have passed over Jordan.

Well, I hope you folks who enjoy the Dominion Day holiday to-day will remember the Dominion Days spent in Acton in the earlier times, and don't think because you live faster and travel in automobiles and have picture shows and electric lights and can talk to your neighbors over the phone, that you have one whit better times than me and Mary and your grandfathers and grandmothers had when we were your age.

The editor told me quite a story the other day about the old cemetery, which he said a Toronto man, who lived here thirty-five years or so ago, told him. This old-time resident said that when Storey's Glove Works added the manufacture of purses and hand bags and satchels to the glove business, and brought over some experts from Philadelphia to superintend the new line, these Yankee bag makers said one day, when commencing their operations, they would require two or three marble slabs for their work. The local managers were in a quandary. There was then no marble works nearer than Guelph, and work was at a standstill. A neighboring business man happened in to the shop and heard of the need of the slabs. Oh, he said, I'll help you get them all right. Just wait until tonight. At night under his guidance, Billy Frick and one or two others followed the guide to secure the slabs. He marched them up Main Street and in a few minutes they found themselves in the cemetery behind the old Presbyterian Church. Here three or four marble footstones were selected. They were wrapped in sheets of the Globe, supplied by one of that journal's faithful voturies in town, and the quartette marched back again down Main and Mill Streets with the footstones under their arms. Some of their chums met them and exclaimed: "Hello, boys. Your lodgers seem to be pretty heavy. Where have you been with them?"

Next morning W. H. Storey, who, it will be remembered was Acton's leading magistrate at the time, walked into the shop. His scrutinizing eye at once detected the marble slabs. He exclaimed: "Where did these come from—boys? Why there's moss on them. Surely you didn't go to the cemetery for them." A little while later David Henderson came in. He also was a magistrate. He noticed the slabs and began making enquiries. "Well," said Mr. Frick, "I don't know much about them, but the papers they came in are lying out by the pump; they might give you some evidence. Mr. Henderson went out, looked up the title page of one of the Globes, and there found the little yellow label bearing the name "George Havill." The cat was out of the bag. It is said there were some fervent words spoken, and it is also said that my good friend Havill never voted for Davy Henderson again. Needless to say I can't vouch for the truth of this story. The editor says this is just what the Toronto man told him, and—O yes, he also said that when the quartette were hurrying out of the cemetery in the darkness that Ed. McGarvin, who was one of the four, fell headlong into an open grave.

Well, well, here I am at the very end of the space at my disposal and I haven't even set my foot on Bonne Street to tell you more about Bill Stewart's pranks of fifty years ago, or of Charlie Holmes' green peas and cabbage patch of three thousand plants of this summer.

The Old Man

THE CITY OF VICTORIA

Parliament Bld'g, Victoria

The charming city of Victoria, on Vancouver Island, the portal to the Pacific, the ocean gateway to the Orient, is one of the most favored spots in the world in beauty of situation, equability of climate and magnificence of scenery. Surrounded by water on three sides, the city is situated in a setting of low-lying wooded hills, in a foreground of the loftier ranges of the Island Cascades. Across the Georgian Straits, the Olympian range is distinctly visible the drowning glory of the scene being Mount Baker, which lifts its dazzling cone in solitary splendor, to a height of 11,000 feet.

Victoria is recognized as possessing one of the finest climates in the world. The winters are very mild and the summers cool. In May and June Victoria is especially enchanting with the gardens of roses, hedges of laurel, bushes of sweet briar. In the stately groves, the air is laden with the pungent odor of the pines.

The city is approached through a channel of wooded islands. On the left stretches the harbor, sheltering craft from all climes. Directly in front, behind a crescent-shaped embankment, the Empress hotel stands out from its surroundings of lawns and gardens. This stately C.P.R. hotel could not better have interpreted the character of the city.

Victoria is the new home-centre for hundreds of English folk, a reminder of the British Isles in Canada. Rockland avenue, with its lovely homes and enclosed gardens, is one of the most picturesque winding driveways in the city.

Scene—Beacon Hill Park, Victoria

To the motorist, Victoria is the gateway to the land of pleasure, for Vancouver Island is enterlaced by miles of excellent roads and pleasant scenes. There are many places of interest—the Dominion Experimental farm at Bazan Bay, the high explosives works at James Island; the big cement plant at Tod Inlet; the provincial prison farm; the naval station at Esquimalt; the coshophepical and meteorological observatories, and numerous mountains and lakes. The trip over the Mahahat Mountain is one of the most famous expeditions the tourist can embark upon.

Within easy access to the city are innumerable beaches. A pleasant memory picture is the view obtained from the yacht Clubhouse overlooking Cadboro Bay.—C. C.

UNCLE EBEN'S PHILOSOPHY

"Well, if that ain't just a little the worst piece of new road I ever seed!" Silas Atkins, driving to town with a load of grain, was irritated to find the way strewn with a large number of loose stones, which gave the wagon a severe jolt every time that a wheel struck one of them. Just on the edge of town the irate farmer pulled up his team and accosted a man who was working in a field beside the road.

"Hay, Sam, ain't you the overseer in this here road district?"

The man looked up. "Why, good morning, Mr. Atkins! Yes, I'm the overseer in this district."

"Then why in all get out don't ye finish a road when ye make one?"

The overseer folded his arms and leaned on his hoe.

"Everybody's too busy," he replied. The men just had time to grade the road. Later on they're going to put another day's work on it, and then the stones will be removed and the job fixed right. But they won't be able to get at it for a while yet."

Uncle Eben Benson, taking his cow to the pasture, overheard the conversation. A smile hovered on his face as he trudged patiently over the strip of new road toward the pasture, and his eyes carefully noted the cause of the farmer's complaint. He walked slowly, with bent head and hands clasped behind him, and every now and then he placed his foot beside a stone and kicked it out of the wheel-track. Near sun-down, when he went to bring his cow home for the night, he still seemed to be in deep thought, for he acted precisely as he had done in the morning.

The next day Silas Atkins, driving over the stretch with another load of wheat was surprised to find it not so rough as it had seemed before. In the afternoon the road was still smoother; in fact, Silas was just passing off the bothersome strip before he realized where he was. He was completely mystified when the overseer, congratulated on his enterprise, disclaimed any knowledge of the improvement.

The following morning, however, he overtook Uncle Eben returning from putting his cow in the pasture. The old man was walking slowly, removing with his foot the few remaining stones which were of sufficient size to be troublesome. "Well, now, if that don't beat me!" he exclaimed. "Good mornin', Uncle Eb! Have a ride?"—Uncle Eben climbed up and took a seat beside him. Silas glanced at him quizzically.

"Some one hire ye to do it?" he asked.

"Do what?" inquired Uncle Eben, innocently.

"Kick them stones out of the road."

"No," replied the old man, after a short silence, "no one said anything to me about doin' it. But I go over that bit of road four times a day, and seein' what nuisance the stones was to travellers, why, it wasn't much of a job to knock one out of the way now and then."

"What I don't understand," said Silas, "is why ye should do it when ye get nothing for it."

"Get nothing?" Uncle Eben retorted. "I get more than I would if Sam hired me to do the job. Ye see, it's this way. Sam would pay a man seventy-five cents of a dollar for doin' what I've done. Now, everybody up in your part of the country that drives over that road will have a kind thought for me if they know I've cleared the stones away just to make drivin' pleasanter. If Sam had paid me a dollar for doin' it, they wouldn't think any more about it.

"Ye see," he continued, as he climbed down over the wagon-wheel, "it's the little things ye can do, quietly, to make others happy, that bring in the largest returns; that piles up a bank-account where no cashier nor robber can get at it."

Silas drove on toward town, with his eyes on the dashboard and his horses taking their own gait.

He was roused from his reveries by the jounding of the wagon as one of the wheels passed over a loose stone. He halted the horses, got out, picked up the stone and dropped it carefully at the side of the road.

"Eben don't get down along as far as this," he said, half-aloud, "and I ain't startin' an account of my own. But I reckon thy ain't anything to prevent my contributing a little interest to his. Mebbe some persons will think he's been here."—J. D. Paddock.

THE CHEERFUL WORKER

Work is never what it should be unless it is animated by cheerfulness. Some people who are very industrious are industrious under protest. They pity themselves continually for their hard lot, and are embittered when they see others eating the bread of idleness. It means impoverished health, unstrung nerves and shortened life.

Stolid work is little better than reluctant work. Some people toil all their lives as if they were some sort of machines. They do not grumble and neither do they rejoice. There are no rewards in work of this kind, no inspiration. When cheerfulness is blended with the daily tasks so that the two cannot be thought of separately, then the work of life becomes the joy of life as well. Workers of this sort can do a prodigious amount without breaking down. They continue to look young and to feel young, after their contemporaries have retired to the easy chair. They are much more likely to make money than other of the other sullen hatted, but even without that, the joy of their work is reward enough.

Form the habit of doing your work cheerfully. Go to it, not with dragging feet, but alertly and with anticipation. No one who works happily can think of life as anything but as a success.

PROFESSIONAL CRUELTY

"The trouble with this tooth," said the dentist, probing it with a long, slender instrument, "is that the nerve is dying."

"It seems to me, doctor," groaned the victim, "that you ought to treat the dying with a little more respect."

SHE IDENTIFIED HER

A ridiculous experience, as the heroine very properly called it, was that reported in the News of Baltimore, as befalling a young woman of that city. "You see I met a friend of mine," she began, "a girl from one of the lower counties.

"'How do you do?' she said, in a melancholy way. 'Come here and listen to my tale of woe.' Of course I went, and she told me that she had come to town to do a lot of shopping, but that when she went to the bank to cash the check her father had given her she found she would have to be identified. 'And I hardly know a soul in town,' she finished, desperately.

"'What bank is it?' I asked.

"As soon as she told me I said gally, 'Oh, consider your troubled at an end, for my fortune is deposited there, and they know me. I'll identify you.'

"So away we went, chattering like magpies, for we had agreed to have a little luncheon as soon as we had the money safely in our clutches.

"Well, you know, if there is one thing I just can't remember, it's names. I forget my own sometimes. No sooner had we entered the doors of the place and I saw all the men looking out of the little barred windows at us and heard the quiet—you know it's so quiet you can positively hear it—than I got confused.

"'I want to introduce my friend, Miss—or—Miss—or—' I said weakly to the paying teller, but I couldn't go any further, for I'd forgotten Nan's name entirely. And there that girl stood, like a stick and never helped me out a bit. Perhaps she thought it would ruin her chances of getting the money if she did.

"Finally, in desperation, I said, 'What is your name, anyway, Nan?' and she responded, demurely, 'White.'

"Then we both giggled; but the gentleman who counted out the money and gave it to us didn't even smile."

WHETHER, OR NO

There'll be a panic soon or late, and things will creak and bust. How happy then the prudent skate who's salted down the dust! Financial prophets all agree that present things can't last; fate's brewing soup for you and me, and soon we'll stand aghast. It may be that the seers are wrong, for prophets sometimes fall, and life may be a grand sweet song, and men may still have kale. But as for me I take no chance; and when I have a bone, I do not down the main street prance to see it spent and blown. I take it to the banker's vault, a modern vault and fine, and watch him put it down in salt, with other bucks of mine. And if the panic men foresee should come to fill its date, it will not put a crimp in me, or my glad smiles abate. Each pay day, with a certain sum, down to the bank I trend; and if the panic doesn't come, I'm just that much ahead.—Walt Mason, in Evening Star.

HE WASN'T THERE

A negro was trying to saddle a mule, when a bystander asked, "Does that mule ever kick you?"

"No, sub, but he kick 'nomottmes When I'se lee' been."

A NEW EXCUSE

Teacher—"Why were you not at school yesterday?"

Sammy—"Please, sir, it was all through the games of all the oceans you gave us to learn. I was seasick."

THE PITY OF IT

We learn from an exchange that an Englishman and a Scotsman who travelled to Egypt together paid a visit to the Pyramids.

The Englishman was lost in admiration, and asked his companion for his opinion.

The Scotsman shook his head sorrowfully.

"Ach, man," he said, with a sigh, "what a lot o' mason work not to be brought in any root!"

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Notice to Creditors

OF THE ESTATE OF SURNEY ANN ROSS, DECEASED

The creditors of Surney Ann Ross, late of the Village of Acton, widow, who died at the City of Toronto, on or about the sixth day of June, A. D. 1920, and all other persons having claims against her estate, are required on or before the twenty-fourth day of July, A. D. 1920, to send by post prepaid or otherwise deliver to the undersigned solicitor for the Executor, a statement of their accounts, the nature of the security, if any, held by them, and full particulars of their names, addresses and descriptions.

And notice is hereby further given, that immediately after the said twenty-fourth day of July, A. D. 1920, the said Executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate among the parties entitled thereto, and he will not be responsible for any claims of which he shall not have received notice at the time set forth for such distribution.

Dated at Acton, Ont., this twenty-fourth day of June, A. D. 1920.

FREDERICK WILLIAM HUNTER, Executor.

By H. N. Farmer, his Solicitor. 52-3

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