The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1930

SELF-CONTROL

Here's to the man who holds his peace
When provocation's strong;
Who shuts his mouth and keeps it shut
When a word would not him wrong;
Who grips his temper firm and fast,
Nor loses self-control—
Though he's tempted sore to vent his wrath—
And silence scars his soul!

Here's to the man who holds his tongue
When you'd like to make him swear;
Who listens to all your stinging words
With a cool provoking air;
Who keeps his grip on his rising wrath,
When his temper's really bad;
Whose self-restraint you can't disturb!
Say! Doesn't he make you mad?

O'CONNELL AND THE WITNESS

Daniel O'Connell, in his career at the bar, says Judge Parry in the Cornhill Magazine, was rightly acclaimed by the people as "The Counsellor." He remained a stuff gownsman to the end; he never asked for silk, and refused the judgeship offered him. No government ennobled him. He had two titles, but they were given him by his fellow men. In the greater world of politics he was "The Liberator"; in his own domesne on the Munster Circuit and among the peasantry of the West he was "The Counsellor."

Of The Counsellor's intuition and quickness of perception in guessing the secret in a lying witness's heart many stories are told. He certainly had a very intimate knowledge of the thoughts and feelings of the lower classes, but in the following story it is difficult to believe that he had not received some inkling of the real truth before he went into court. The story is told, however, as an example of his marvellous power of insight, and is in any case a curious record of humor, villainy and superstition.

It was a will case, and the validity of the will was in dispute. The witnesses for the defense all swore that the testator had signed the will while "life was in him." Other counsel had ordeal-examined the witnesses, and the last was handed over to O'Connell. He, too, swore by the same phrase that "life was in the testator when the will was signed."

"By virtue of your oath, was he alive?" asked O'Connell.

"By virtue of my oath, life was in him."

"Now," continued O'Connell, with great solemnity, and assuming an air of inspiration, "I call on you in the presence of your Maker, before whom you must one day be judged for the evidence you give here to-day, I solemnly ask,—and answer me at your peril,—was it not a live fly that was in the dead man's mouth when his hand was placed on the will?"

The witness fell on his knees and confessed that they had indeed placed a fly in the mouth of the deceased, that they might swear that "life was in him."

DO WE FORGIVE?

Rose and Florence had had a misunderstanding that ended in angry words and bitter accusations. They did not speak for days and Rose went about the house with a look of settled gloom upon her usually happy face. Her mother, who had heard all about the trouble within an hour after it had happened, was urging her to apologize.

"You are sorry, dear; why not tell Florence so?"

"Yes, I'm truly sorry," Rose admitted after a moment of honest thought, "but if I tell Florence she'll put on such a superior air that I shall be sorry I apologized. She will make me eat humble pie all summer."

Most persons know exactly how Rose felt. It would be easier to speak the humble words, "I am sorry," if only the other person knew how to receive them. There are those who consider an apology as an opportunity to go over the whole ground of the trouble, point out their own blamelessness and to emphasize the transgressions of the other. Unless the one who offers the apology is a marvel of patience and humility, she is likely to be goaded into an angry retort that will widen the breach beyond mending.

Then, there is the person who listens to a sincere appeal for forgiveness with an air that seems to say, "Yes, I'll forgive you, for that is the right thing to do; but I can never trust you again. Things can never be the same between us as they were before the trouble occurred."

The girl who can meet an apology more than halfway and forgive with a graciousness that makes the aggressor feel almost glad that the trouble occurred, but very certain that it shall never occur again, is the one who will make those life-long friendships that are so beautiful to see.

FORCING WATER INTO A TREE

By using a sort of hypodermic injection of water, you can do a great deal toward increasing the prospect of success in transplating a fruit or shade tree of several years' growth.

Fasten one end of an ordinary iron pipe into the bottom of a wooden pail in such a manner that it is watertight. Insert the other end into a short piece of rubber hose and wrap the hose tightly with twine.

Expose a root of the tree and cut it off at such a point that the stub will make a close-fitting plug for the hose. Insert the root and bind the hose firmly as at the other end. The two connections of the hose should be water-tight.

Bring the pipe to an upright position and support it securely either by tying it to the tree or by some other means.

Fill the pail with water and set it on something a foot or so above the top of the tree. The water will then be forced through the entire vascular system of the tree, and will give it the moisture that it needs, but that its insufficient root system is sometimes unable to supply when the tree is first transplanted. The water in the pail should be constantly renewed.

Even a tree that shows indications of dying can sometimes be saved by this method. With a healthy tree the experiment is interesting because of the luxuriant growth that it produces.

WET AND DRY SPOTS OF NATURE

The region just northeast of Calcutta, India, has the record of being the wettest place on the globe. There the annual rainfall is about four hundred and ninety inches, or over an inch a day. This is twelve times what most of us have in America. The driest region, by contrast with Calcutta district, is on the coast of Peru, some three hundred and fifty miles south of the equator. At one time that spot went for a full eight years with no rain whatever; in February, 1909, the long drought broke with several hours of rain. The only plant to endure this severe test is the colored Peruvian cotton plant. As for the United States, Albuquerque, New Mexico, is the place having the least annual rainfall.

I've been spending considerable of my leisure time these days watching the digger diggin'. That is, my time previous to the book down of the affair a week or so ago. My but it's a caution what machinery is doing these times. I'd never seen one of these trenching machines before and didn't have any idea how it would work. But the blamed thing isn't so complicated after all. It's something like the old grain elevators that have been in use for years in the old mill here, only the sharp toss are necessary on the front of the buckets. However, she's quite an affair when she's running all right, but like everything else in the machinery line she goes out of "kilter" occasionally.

You know I never thought they'd get a machine to dig successfully. I've pitched any amount of dirt and gravel with a shovel but this thing makes a bunch of men with picks and shovels look like "thirty cents." It just seems to go ripping up one street and down another; and of course it makes a muss around, but who ever saw an improvement inaugurated without a little inconvenience. I've been rambling up and down the streets of the good old town recounting the doings of past days and I'll leave some of the things I've heard and seen about the laying of the mains for the reminiscence of the future to recount. The excitements of installation will be over then and people of those days will be able to look at things a little more calmly than some of our ratepayers view them at present.

I noticed by the Free Press last week that my old friend, P. B. Hassett, of Port Arthur, who lived at Everton when we were boys, was visiting one of the parsons here. Sorry I didn't see him during his visit. We'd have had a mighty interesting review of the old days away back. I happened to hear a good story he told during his visit of one time he came down to Acton from Mount Forest. He put up at the Dominion Hotel and naturally got into friendly conversation with our old friend Rob Agnew, the landlord, who asked Mr. Hassett if he was interested in turkeys. "Well," he said, "I've not had much experience with turkeys but my mother was considered a champion raiser of turkeys when we lived up in Kramosa." "What was considered a real heavy weight in turkeys in those days?" interrogated Rob. "Oh," said Mr. Hassett, "we always thought a 25 or 30 pounder a topnotcher those times." "Ah, I can beat that by a good deal," said the host of the Dominion. "Come out to the kitchen and I'll show you," related the visitor from Port Arthur, "and there Mr. Agnew showed me the biggest turkey I ever saw. It tipped the beam at forty pounds dressed, and was a beauty." Mr. Agnew then said: "We'll have him for dinner to-day. They're having a Sunday School convention up in the Methodist Church, and some of the delegates are to be with us. I'll show them the kind of turkey the Dominion House serves to its guests." And the old man from the head of the lakes concluded, "I was there for dinner that day and the big turkey was prime and the Sunday School folks said so, too," and everybody praised Mrs. Agnew as a queen of cooks, I tell you."

The farm next to Mr. Asa's Hall's was settled in 1844 by Oliver Lasby, father of Joseph and Oliver Lasby, who now reside in town. I think I told you before of the four families who were neighbors in Nichol and Pilkington, near Elora and Fergus, who came to Acton and bought farms close to each other. Those were the Lasbys, the Matthews, the Moores and the Nicklins. Abram Matthews, who was the son of Roswell Matthews, first white settler and founder of Elora, took up the farm lot opposite the Lasbys which is now the home of Mr. Herbert Switzer. Thomas Moore with his family settled on the farm on the first line in the rear of the Lasby and Hall homesteads and the Nicklins bought the mill and mill privileges which the Adamses, the founders of Acton, had secured and built in 1818. They also bought the farm adjoining, which comprised all the property from the corner of Mill and Main Streets, including Mount Campbell, Cobble Hill, the farm of Robert Campbell and Acton's beautiful public park and athletic grounds of fourteen acres.

Robert Swan, who was a brother-in-law of the Nicklins, an uncle of Postmaster Matthews, and Acton's first postmaster, and the settler who gave Acton its name, came down from Pilkington a year or so before, spied out the land and induced the above quartette of settlers to follow him here.

When I think of these early settlers, their hardships, the splendid foundations they laid for this community and the rich heritage they left behind them, I am sure they should be held in highest esteem and reverent memory by all who to-day read this screed of mine.

When Mr. and Mrs. Lasby settled on their newly-purchased farm it was a solid forest of beech and maple with a few acres covered with ash and cedar swamp. By hard toil and persistant effort they made it one of the best farms in this section. At the same time they raised a family of whom any home might be proud. There were Joseph, Oliver, Alexander, John and Charles, Mary, Margaret, Louisa, Susan, Catharine, Harriet and Charlotte. They were an industrious family independent of thought, earnestly seeking an education, and preparing to teach others. Charlie was one of the first of Acton's sons to aspire to a university education. Through his friendship with Rev. George W. Calvert, the Methodist minister here during his young manhood, he was induced to register as an undergraduate at Victoria University, Cobourg, from which institution he graduated in arts in 1879. Charlie then decided to study law and had about completed his course when he was seized with typhoid, came home very ill, and died at the homestead where he was born. I remember the funeral of this gifted man. The whole countryside turned out to pay their respects and shed a silent tear. I have been trying to recall the pall bearers who carried his casket to the grave in Fairview, but can now at this distance of over forty years remember but two. These were Hon. J. W. H. John, who was afterwards speaker of the Provincial Parliament, and H. P. Moore, our new police magistrate. The former was a classmate and warm friend at Victoria University, and the latter was a schoolmate under Robert Little in the old home school, and was a student at Albert University at Belleville when Charlie was at Cobourg, during which time they exchanged visits at these two educational towns.

Of this large family of twelve sons and daughters I think only five now remain. Louisa, Mrs. Hannon, Toronto, and Charlotte, Mrs. Nicklin, in Grand Rapids, Mich. Both are widows. Of the sons, Joseph, the eldest, who is now considerably over eighty, lives on Bower Avenue, Oliver on Main Street and John in Michigan. Mrs. Lasby was a Swan and two of her daughters, Margaret and Charlotte, married—Nicklins. Mary, the eldest, married William Crowson, a school teacher, and later a Disciple minister. Her son, Joseph, became a noted educationist, and is I think head master of Cornwall Collegiate Institute. Some one told me, too, that he has a son or daughter, or both, who are teachers. Joseph and Alexander were both trustees of Acton school. Alex. was for years an active member of the Sons of Temperance, and a member of the Official Board of the Methodist Church.

The old Lasby farm continues in the hands of competent farmers. Peter McDonald owned it after it was sold by the Lasbys and died there. His brother Alexander then bought it and lived there until he retired from farming. He sold it to Mr. Charles E. Bailey, and last fall Mr. Fred Denny became the owner. Every time the property has changed hands it has brought a considerably increased price. On the rear of this farm, there is adjoining the bush of Mr. Hugh McCutcheon, the old Axe Hall farm, one of the finest groves of maple and beech to be found in this county.

Speaking of the quartette of families that came together from Wellington County seventy-five years ago brings to my mind many stories and incidents respecting them which I heard in my boyhood days. The progenitors of the Matthews family arrived at the junction of the Grand and Irving rivers, where Elora now stands, in the beginning of the winter of 1817. One of Canada's leading historians gives this interesting picture of the early experiences of this pioneer family: "Accompanied by his wife and nine children, the eldest of them no more than eighteen, Roswell Mathews followed his way through the jungle and around fallen trees, arriving after days of incessant toil upon the present site of Elora. Night was then closing in. A log fire was lighted, a rude tent of hemlock boughs was set up, branches were spread for beds. During the night a heavy snow storm set in, heaping down great flakes upon the ground with branches. The morning broke gray and dismal on the benumbed settlers. The cattle were turned loose to browse. Later Matthews went to find them, but in his search became lost in the cedar woods. After continued shouting he was cheered by the answering voice of his son, and so found his way back to his anxious family. With the aid of his brave lads, Matthews built a log shanty, filling the chinks with moss, and forming the roof of hewn poles. By May a clearing had been made and was soon planted; the rich mellow soil responded with good crops of wheat, corn and potatoes. A few seasons onward, and then there was a surplus for market. But how to get there? Matthews and his sons improved on the recollection of Robinson Crusoe by hollowing out a pine log thirty feet long. Eagerly launching this dugout a mile or so below the falls, they embarked with sixteen bags of wheat, and paddling away, Ooh! they found a purchaser in Absalom Shade, who paid them fifty cents a bushel in cash. The dug-out was sold for two dollars and a half, and they returned home afoot, blyth as any birds of the forest. The traces of a mill, near the scene where the dug-out was launched, remind us that Matthews did better as a river than as a millwright. Two mill dams he built were in quick succession destroyed by ice packs which, with the opening of spring, rushed down the gorge. This enterprise then languished."

Abram Matthews, father of Postmaster Matthews, was one of the sons above mentioned. He married a daughter of Mr. Nicklin, who lived in Pilkington, a few miles east of Elora, settled on a farm there, and when his neighbors, the Lasbys and the Moores and the Nicklin family came to Acton in 1845, he and his family accompanied them. As above stated they settled on the farm opposite the Lasbys. Part of the farm is now within the corporation of Acton. Here Mr. Matthews lived until he retired from farming and came to live in Acton. A large and highly esteemed family also blessed this home. There were four sons and four daughters, James, George, John and Edward, each of whom married here in Acton and settled in their boyhood's home. The daughters were Mrs. John Burns, Mrs. (Rev.) James Bruley, Mrs. Joseph Fernley and Mrs. Robert Sims. They were popular young folks and entered largely into the life of the community. Ed. the youngest son, was, and still is, a great lover of horses. There was only one thing he liked better than driving horses, and that was trout fishing. The Acton creek runs through the back field of the old farm. There were numerous enticing pools where the wary trout abounded. Ed. knew every one of these, right up to Rutherford's line fence. When he went to plow or to harrow in that back field there was always a fishline and hook in his pocket. Sometimes when fishing was good the work went badly. One day Ed. and Tom Kennedy were there having great luck at fishing. Father Abram came back and found only a few furrows had been turned. Tom was marched home in quick order and Ed. was given his orders about keeping the plow going and letting the fish alone until some rainy day when he couldn't plow, or mow hay.

Ed's love for horses never waned. He started one of the first, if not the first, livery stable in Acton. He's never been happy without horses, and in his home in Kitchener he's still driving horses.

Abram Matthews moved to Acton when he became too old to conduct the farm longer. He built two cottages, one at the corner of Bower Avenue and John Streets, now owned by Mr. Cameron McEnery and the other on Frederick Street where Mr. W. P. Mooney resides. He lived to W. J. Mooney resides. He lived to a ripe old age. Some years before his death his lower extremities became paralyzed, but he did not give up, but constructed a wheeled conveyance by which he got about with a fair degree of comfort. Two of his sons, James, who is the oldest postmaster in America, and Edward survive. George died over forty years ago at his home on Main Street and John several years ago in Toronto.

The name of Matthews will always be identified with the history of Acton and of the Methodist Church.

After Mr. Abram Matthews' retirement his son-in-law, Joseph Fernley, had the farm for a number of years. Following him Mr. Frank Brown, who now lives at the corner of Church and John Streets, was the owner for about a quarter of a century.

Perhaps next week I'll have something to say about Thomas Moore, the little Irishman who came from Belfast, whose family was one of the quartette who came here from the settlement between Elora and Fergus.

The Old Man

THE EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE

1826-1920

All once proud mistress of the Tuileries,
Belon of Bruce, daughter of Montijo,
How vain was all thy tinsel and thy show!
How soon to be a memory only, those
Of the sad fate that waits e'en nonentities
Who fall the prey of a relentless foe.
How lofty thy ambition's—sight—how low.
The Peruvian laid thine alms and images
Exalted beauty! dazzling power! a throne!
Humiliation! flight! all these were thine
Long years a widow, sonless and alone.
The heaped up measure of thy life's regime
Yet now, the Hohenzollern, weak and prone
Thou canst in passing say "revenge is mine."

Acton, July 16, 1920. T. D. J. P.

OVERWORKED OR "UNDER-PLANNED?"

There is such a thing as being so busy that we really accomplish nothing. The person who tries to do a great many things and rushes madly from one job to the next, may be overworked, but he may also be "under-planned." System will do things that more energy, badly directed, can never attain. Using time is merely deciding what to do with a piece of a lifetime. It may be treasured up or wasted, prodigally as money. The need for all of us is to be, systematic enough so that we waste no serious moments on undoing mistakes. In doing tasks twice because poorly planned the first time, and in making odd minutes count something.

The use of a day may be compared to the spending of money in many ways. For instance, we all hear a great deal nowadays about the advisability of making a financial budget. That means deciding before spending a penny exactly what things shall have our money and exactly how much shall go to each. Why not have a time budget?

In deciding on a time budget, we should all of us be likely to allow more than for worth-while "reading;" we should make time for the "little unremembered acts of love" that are far too apt to be crowded out of our busy lives; we should surely get far more done without encroaching upon the few hours of the day that should be saved for recreation and outdoor exercise.

Given a little time given to wise planning, life may be full of work and still be spacious enough for leisure, for friendships and for kind deeds.—Ruth Davis Stevens.

"GETTIN' OUT AN' SEEIN' THINGS"

"It's gettin' out an' seein' things,
An' doin' things an' doin' things,
That helps a fellow live!"

Did you ever know of a real recluse, one who deliberately separated himself from his fellowmen, who was of any use in the world? You never did. And people of this type are friendless. Of course they prefer to be so, which is itself proof of the fact that they are of an abnormal type of which there cannot be too few in the world because they are more cumberers of the earth.

No one can "dook alone," and get the best out of life, or put anything of much value into it. It is a law of life that we should associate with our kind. Normal people are what is called gregarious. That is, they like to associate in flocks and are at their best when they are with others. Dull people often "brighten up" in a wonderful way when they get into the society of others. Get out into the world and see things and do things is the best prescription in the world for some people. It is especially good for the young when they find themselves inclined to do nothing but sort of "lazy around" at home doing nothing, seeing nothing, helping nothing.

THINK FOR YOURSELF

A boy had been employed in a shop for a year. The proprietor was engaging him for the second year and was raising his wages. He told the boy that he was pleased with the way he got along with his work, with his writing, and customers. "But," said he, "there is one thing I want this year. I don't want to have to tell you what to do, I want you to think for yourself, to see what is to be done, and do it without being told."

The conversation put the boy on the road to efficiency, and greatly added to his value to his employer. It is always a great advantage for one to think for himself and to see what is to be done and do it.

A good many people stand around waiting to be told when they do see what is to be done and should, for every reason, go and do it. Among intelligent people there should not be need for a leader to constantly outline the work for this one and that one. A large aggregate cannot be accomplished by men who always wait for the word of the master. Individual initiative should come into every life, and the sooner one learns it the more will he be worth to himself and to everyone else.—F. W. Muttuy in East and West.

POOR SERVICE

The rector of a rural parish in England, says the Manchester Guardian, was trying to make conversation with a parishioner whose son was in the army. Not meeting with much success, he finally ventured, "Naturally I take deep interest in this force at Saloniki. Are you aware, Mrs. X., that these are the Thessalonians to whom St. Paul sent a letter?"

Mrs. X. looked up from the washtub. "Well, he may have written there; I'm not saying he didn't. But I'm sorry for 'im if he sent parcels. I sent two to my boy months since, and they ain't been delivered yet."

THE HEAVIEST LOAD

According to the Engineering News the Pennsylvania Railroad recently carried the largest railway carload in combined weight and also ever moved by rail. It was the 8000-kilowatt generator of a steam turbine power unit, which weighed 80 tons, and which when in place on the car stood 15 feet 7½ inches above the rails. It was shipped from Greenville, New Jersey, to Joplin, Missouri, on a new flat car built to carry a load of 70 tons. In order to avoid low bridges and other obstacles, it was necessary to send the car by a circuitous route.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

MOUNTAIN SCENERY, IMPRESSIONS, ETC.

The writer never expected to be so greatly favored as to witness the scenery so imperfectly described in this letter. Having been appointed, for a four-years' term, a member of an important church board—one of the annual meetings were held in Vancouver. On our trip thither, we, of course, passed through the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia. By travelling westward one cannot but rejoice in Canada's magnificent distances, and in her sublimity of prairie and mountain. Our very sky, which we have been told is the same as in the rest of the world, yet to our eyes appeared wider, higher, bluer and more majestic than any we had witnessed heretofore. To swing at the wild strides of steam—far days, westward—always westward, and still be made, our own flag and on our own soil, awakes us dream wide dreams, and Et. Ida voice, "Canada forever!"

Briefly after leaving Calgary we applied the foothills and for some four or five hundred miles the towering mountains are to be seen on every side. The writer of Job regarded the mountains as the earliest of created things—to our spiritual fathers they revealed the eternity, the might and the majesty of God. David said: "Thy righteousness is like the great mountains." He formed his conceptions of the greatness and righteousness of God from the mountains he saw in the East, but our Rockies and Selkirks equal in grandeur any mountain scenery in the world and no devout or thoughtful person can pass through them without receiving an enlarged and uplifting view of the judgments, righteousness and majesty of the great God, and lifting up the devout heart will through nature worship and adore Nature's God.

It is one thing to hear or read about the mountains, but it is truly another thing to see them. And yet we have heard of some people who passed through this marvellous scenery without being impressed by it. A young lady from Ontario, was asked, as she alighted from the train at Vancouver, "What did you think of the mountains?" She replied, "Oh, the mountains were very nice, but, do you know I think I would have had more fun at a pic-nic." Anyone who could dismiss the subject of the mountains by simply describing them as "nice" would likely find more entertainment in a pic-nic. The writer was deeply impressed with them from the first and every car-length but served to deepen that delight and wonder.

Impressions:

1. Their wonderful extent—the idea of vastness seizes the traveller as he guess at the size of mountains. From morning until night the passenger on the C. P. R. can feast his eyes on the most glorious scenery in the world, and at this season (September) it appears at its best—then retire, and, after several hours' sleep hear the porter call out "Spence's Bridge," arise and enjoy another twelve hours of sightseeing unsurpassed anywhere.

2. Their infinite variety—there is such an absence of sameness. Canyons and mountains, peaks and crags, jagged and awful are in every hand, furnishing the most pleasing variety. Every car-length and every turn of the road reveals some new and attractive view.

Field is one of the important points in the journey. As the long train stood there, we looked about and found towering mountains literally surrounding us, and we wondered how we got in, and no less a cause for wonder as to how we were to get out. I was forcibly reminded of David's language, expressive of his confidence in God's protecting care of his people, "As the mountains are around about Jerusalem, so is the Lord round about his people."

At the very summit of the Rockies, 5,360 feet above the level of the sea, we find what is called the "Great Divide." The spot is marked by a sign-board and a rustic arch spanning a stream. By one of those curious freaks of nature—the waters divide here—hence the name, "the Great Divide," one half losing itself in the embrace of the Pacific, while the other half becomes a part of Hudson Bay. One need not be very profound to draw a lesson at such a place, concerning the parting of the ways in life.

Truly, "all power belongeth unto God." What human power could push up those mountains until they pierce the clouds? It has ever been regarded as a great feat of engineering to push a way through those five or six hundred miles of mountains, stretching from 25 miles beyond Calgary to Vancouver, and make it possible to cover in three days a distance which required a much longer time, previous to 1885. But making a way through them is quite a different proposition to creating them. Engineering science knows of no machinery adequate for so gigantic a task. Gaze at the gilded peaks as they glisten against the sunset sky. The imagination of the most gifted architect could not evolve their jagged beauty, nor the most artistic hand surpass the tinting and form of those sun-crowned summits.

"Thou dread ambassadors from earth to heaven,
Tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and, tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God."

The mountains speak to us of Eternity. Men are born and buried, battles fought and won, generations rise and pass away, whole races disappear but these mountains remain. Torn of fire and earthquake, and subjected to the disintegrating influences of heat, water and frost, they still stand fast. Great beacons of eternity, the everlasting hills. On my homeward journey the following lines were repeated to me by a friend who has lived for years among the mountains, and I take pleasure in reproducing them here:

"There is always another peak
Whichever way we gaze,
Lifting its rugged form
Dim, through the mountain haze.

"Always one more range
Clad in eternal snow,
Frowning in majesty bold
Over the valleys below.

"O mountains, what lessons ye teach
To mortals here below!
If we lift our eyes to the hills,
This lesson, we may know!

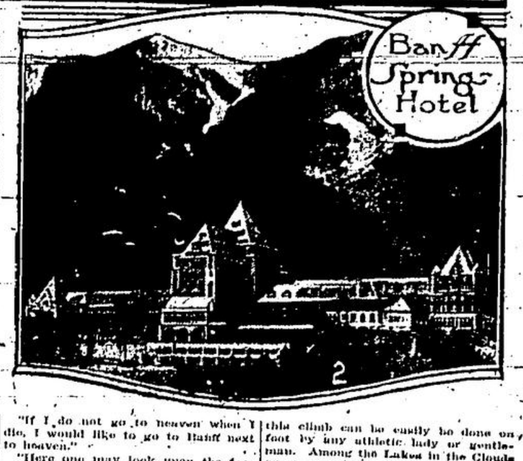
"That as the mountains seem to stretch
Infinitely far away—
So God's love is boundless and wide,
Enduring forever and aye.

Always one more gift,
Given us here below,
And at the last the best gift—heaven,
Far beyond the peaks of snow."

—Rev. D. Rogers, in Times-Journal, St. Thomas, July, 1920.

Acton Granite Works.
J. NICOL
EXPERIENCED GRANITE CUTTER.
Is prepared to supply monuments of all kinds with skillfully cut inscriptions at low prices. See samples of work and styles of monuments at the monument works.
PERRYMAN BLOCK
MILL STREET - ACTON, ONT.

Lovely Regions in the Canadian Rockies



If the beauty of the Canadian Rocky Mountains, north of the line between the Dominion and the United States, is not the grandest in the world it is certainly lovely as any anywhere, and it is the loveliest on the American continent. The glory of the European Alps is dimmed by the towering snow clad peaks of the Rockies. Travellers on the Canadian Pacific Railway from Calgary, through Banff, Lake Louise, Field and Glacier on to the Pacific Coast view a land in which they feel themselves transferred to an earthly paradise.

The gigantic heights, the snow capped peaks, the rugged boulders, the pines growing in the sand and rock crevices up as far as the snow line are amongst the most impressive features of the Rocky Mountains. How the builders of the C. P. R. ever were able to excavate their way through this region is one of the wonders of the world.

Visitors whose time is limited should anyway explore a portion of the Rocky Mountain region and stay at least over one Sunday at Banff. There is a beautiful drive of 9 miles to Lake Minnewanka, and a longer drive of 14 miles to Lake Louise, and a still longer drive of 26 miles to Lake Louise, Laggan and Lake Louise, points where the C. P. R. has built luxurious hotels. Besides, good roads radiate from these spots and automobiles or ponies can be engaged to bring the tourist right into the heart of the most scenic regions.

Banff is situated at an altitude of 4,521 feet in the Canadian National Park. This Park is a natural reservation of 5,732 square miles embracing part of the Bow river valley, numerous small rivers and several towering mountain ranges. Banff National Park is the largest in the world. Cascade Mountain, 9,825 feet high, looks down on Banff Springs Hotel, and the hotel looks down on the Bow river valley. Bears still roam in the Park, and the Zoological Garden contains many Canadian wild animals. Their Museum possesses many valuable objects of curiosity. In the Museum there is a visitors' book in which space is provided for remarks on Banff. Looking over the book, one is interested enough to take note of some of the opinions on Banff. Here are a few:

"Banff is unexcelled for beauty."

"Oh, would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me."

"Almost broke, but happy. Banff to me is just the place to spend a lovely holiday. Let us be happy while we can."

"What more can anyone desire?"

"Cannot be beaten."

"Beyond description."

"If I do not go to heaven when I die, I would like to go to Banff next to heaven."

"Here one may look upon the face of God."

Bloodhounds are employed to give visitors to Banff unequal thrills this year. They are being used in preference to aeroplanes because the lakes in the mountains offer landing and take-off stations for them, whereas such facilities are not available for the ordinary machines. The lake at Banff has been secured as the base of operations, and flights over the mountains and to other isolated lakes are projected.

The lake known as Lake Louise is a small sheet of water surrounded by mountains on all sides but one, and on this open side stands Chateau Lake Louise looking out on the lake and the heights above. The water in Lake Louise at different periods of the day puts up the most wonderful hues of green which baffle description. Some of the mountains at Lake Louise are Beehive, 7,883 feet high; Fairview, 9,000; Lefroy, 11,220; Victoria, 11,355; Whyte, 9,776; Hig Beehive, 7,340. Swiss guides conduct mountain climbing parties at Lake Louise. Ponies are largely used for climbing the trails on the mountain sides. From the Chateau Lake Louise it is a nice climb to the Lakes in the Clouds, and this climb can be easily be done on foot by any athletic lady or gentleman. Among the Lakes in the Clouds one may enjoy tea in the comfortable log cabin erected for this comfort of the climbers.

There is opened to tourists this summer a new resort of rustic design in the Canadian Rockies on the sandy beaches of Lake Windermere, the loveliest warm water lake in British Columbia. Lake Windermere is situated about 170 miles south of the Main Line of the Canadian Pacific and is reached from the main line at Golden, or from Colwmill on the Crow's Nest, the station being Lake Windermere.

The scenery of this region combining as it does, pastoral softness with rugged mountain grandeur will attract visitors from all parts and become a favorite playground.

The summer visitor will find here everything that he could wish, bathing, boating, riding on mountain ponies to great Canyons and Glaciers, golf, automobiling, fishing and big game hunting in season.

The Canadian Pacific has erected a number of cabins fully equipped with every convenience, of the modern home. An auto road from Banff is in the course of construction by the Dominion Parks Board.

DATES OF THE FALL FAIRS

In Which Free Press Readers and Exhibitors are Most Interested.

The official list and dates of Ontario fall fairs have been published. Those which the people of this section are most likely to attend are:

ACTON	Sept. 31 and 32
Aberfoyle	Oct. 1 and 2
Brampton	Oct. 1 and 3
Burlington	Thanksgiving Day
Caledon	Sept. 23 and 24
Erin	Thanksgiving Day
Fergus	Sept. 23 and 24
Georgetown	Thanksgiving Day
Galt	Oct. 1 and 2
Georgetown	Sept. 29 and 30
Milton	Oct. 5 and 6
Oakville	Sept. 23 to 25
Rockwood	Oct. 7 and 8
Streetsville	Sept. 29
Toronto	Aug. 28 to Sept. 11
Waterdown	Oct. 5
Woodbridge	Thanksgiving Day

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Just You Hear
The Brunswick
Plays All Records at Their Best
Concerts Daily
Frank King
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
Open Evenings

Notice to Creditors

OF THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM B. CUTTING, DECEASED

The creditors of William B. Cutting, late of the Township of Esquesing, Farmer, who died on or about the twenty-eighth day of June, A. D. 1920, and all other persons having claims against his estate, are required on or before the fifteenth day of August, A. D. 1920, to send by post prepaid or otherwise deliver to the undersigned solicitor for the Administrator, a statement of their accounts, the nature of the security, if any, held by them, and full particulars of their names, addresses, and full descriptions.

And notice is hereby further given, that immediately after the said sixteenth day of August A. D. 1920, the said Administrator 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 this fifteenth day of July A. D. 1920.

ROBERT JOHN KERR,
Administrator

By H. N. Farmer, Acton, Ont., his Solicitor. 3-3

TANNERY CO-OPERATIVE

Groceries and Provisions

Always Fresh---Prices Lower Than the Lowest

EMPLOYEES ARE ABLE TO EFFECT A CONSIDERABLE SAVING IN THE HIGH COST OF LIVING.

LEAVE YOUR ORDER WITH US AS EARLY IN THE WEEK AS POSSIBLE, YOU WILL GET BETTER SERVICE BY AVOIDING THE RUSH AT THE END OF THE WEEK.

FARMERS CAN HAVE EITHER CASH OR GOODS FOR PRODUCE.

Tannery Co-Operative
C. A. CONWAY, Manager
Mill Street Acton

Free Press' Ads. Mean Increased Business